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## HEROES OF AMERICA.

### THE FLAG-BEARER.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



In no war since the close of the great Napoleonic struggles has the fighting been so obstinate and bloody as in the civil war. Much has been said in song and story of the obstinate courage of the Guards at Inkerman, of the charge of the Light Brigade, and of the terrible fighting and loss of the German at Mars la Tour and Gravelotte. The praise bestowed upon the British and Germans for their valor, and for the loss that proved their valor, was well deserved. But there were over one hundred and twenty regiments, Union and Confederate, each of which in some one battle of the civil war suffered a greater loss than any English regiment at Inkerman or at any other battle in the Crimea; greater loss than was suffered by any German regiment at Gravelotte, or at any other battle of the Franco-Prussian war. No European regiment in any recent struggle has suffered such losses as at Gettysburg befell the 1st Minnesota, when 82 per cent. of the officers and men were killed and wounded; or the 141st Pennsylvania, which lost

76 per cent., or the 26th North Carolina, which lost 72 per cent.; such as at the second battle of Manassas befell the 101st New York, which lost 74 per cent.; and the 21st Georgia, which lost 76 per cent. At Cold Harbor the 25th Massachusetts lost 70 per cent., and the 10th Tennessee at Chickamauga 68 per cent.; while at Shiloh the 9th Illinois lost 63 per cent., and the 6th Mississippi 70 per cent.; and at Antietam the 1st Texas lost 82 per cent. The loss of the Light Brigade in killed and wounded in its famous charge at Balaklava was but 37 per cent.

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These figures show the terrible punishment endured by these regiments—chosen at random from the head of the list—which shows the slaughter roll of the civil war. Yet the shattered remnant of each regiment preserved its organization, and many of the severest losses were suffered by regiments in the hour of triumph, and not of disaster. Thus, the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg suffered its appalling loss while charging a greatly superior force, which it drove before it; and the little huddle of wounded and unwounded men who survived their victorious charge actually kept both the flag they had captured and the ground from which they had driven their foes.

A number of the Continental regiments under Washington, Greene, and Wayne did valiant fighting, and suffered severe loss. Several of the regiments raised on the Northern frontier in 1814 showed, under Brown and Scott, that they were able to meet the best troops of England on equal terms in the open, and even to overmatch them in fair fight with the bayonet. The regiments which in the Mexican war, under the lead of Taylor, captured Monterey, and beat back Santa Anna at Buena Vista, or which, with Scott as commander, stormed Molino Del Rey and Chapultepec, proved their ability to bear terrible loss, to wrest victory from overwhelming numbers, and to carry by open assault positions of formidable strength held by a veteran army. But in none of these three wars was the fighting so resolute and bloody as in the civil war.

Countless deeds of heroism were performed by Northerner and by Southerner, by officer and by private, in every year of the great struggle. The immense majority of these deeds went unrecorded, and were known to few beyond the immediate participants. Of those that were noticed it would be impossible even to make a dry catalogue in ten such volumes as this. All that can be done is to choose out two or three acts of heroism not as exceptions, but as examples of hundreds of others. The times of war are iron times, and bring out all that is best as well as all that is basest, in the human heart. In a full recital of the civil war, as of every other great conflict, there would stand out in naked relief feats of wonderful daring and self-devotion, and, mixed among them, deeds of cowardice, of treachery, of barbarous brutality. Sadder still, such a recital would show strange contrasts in the careers of individual men—men who at one time act well and nobly, and at another time ill and basely. But though the ugly truths must not be blinked, and though the lessons they teach should be set forth by every historian, and learned by every statesman and soldier, yet these are not the truths on which it is best worth while to dwell. For our good-fortune the lessons best worth learning in the nation's past are lessons of heroism.

From time immemorial the armies of every warlike people have set the highest value upon the standards they bore to battle. To guard one's own flag against capture is the pride, to capture the flag of one's enemy the ambition, of every valiant soldier. In consequence, in every war between peoples of good military record, feats of daring performed by color-bearers are honorably common. The civil war was full of such incidents. Out of very many, two or three stand as especially noteworthy.

One occurred at Fredericksburg on the day when half the brigades of Meagher and Caldwell lay on the bloody slope leading up to the Confederate entrenchments. Among the assaulting regiments was the 5th New Hampshire, and it lost 186 out of 300 men who made the charge. The survivors fell back sullenly behind a fence, within easy range of the Confederate rifle pits. Just before reaching it the last of the color-guard was shot, and the flag fell in the open. A Captain, Perry, instantly ran out to rescue it, and, as he reached it, was shot through the heart; another Captain, Murray, made the same attempt, and was also killed; and so was a third, Moore. Several private soldiers met a like fate. They were all killed close to the flag, and their dead bodies fell across one another. Taking advantage of this breastwork Lieutenant Nettleton crawled from behind the fence to the colors, and bore back the blood-won trophy.

Another took place at Gaines Mill, where Gregg's 1st South Carolina formed part of the attacking force. The resistance was desperate, and the fury of the assault unsurpassed. At one point it fell to the lot of this regiment to bear the brunt of carrying a certain strong position. Moving forward at a run, the South-Carolinians were swept by a fierce and searching fire. Young James Taylor, a lad of sixteen, was carrying the flag, and was killed after being shot down three times, twice rising and struggling onward with the colors. The third time he fell the flag was seized by George Cotchet, and when he in turn fell, by Shubrick Hayne. Hayne was also struck down almost immediately, and the fourth lad, for none of them were over twenty years old, grasped the colors, and fell mortally wounded across the body of his friend. The fifth, Gadsden Holmes, was pierced with no less than seven balls. The sixth man, Dominick Spellman, more fortunate, but not less brave, bore the flag throughout the rest of the battle.

Yet another occurred at Antietam. The 7th Maine, then under the command of Major T. W. Hyde, was one of the hundreds of regiments that on many hard-fought fields established a reputation for dash and unyielding endurance. Toward the early part of the day at Antietam it merely took its share in the charging and long-range firing with the New York and Vermont regiments, which were its immediate neighbors in the line. The fighting was very heavy. In one of the charges the Maine men passed over what had been a Confederate regiment. The gray clad soldiers were lying, both ranks, soldiers and officers, as they fell, for so many had been killed or disabled that it seemed as if the whole regiment was prone in death.

Much of the time the Maine men lay on the battle-field hugging the ground under a heavy artillery fire, but beyond the reach of ordinary musketry. One of the privates, named Knox, was a wonderful shot, and had received permission to use his own special rifle, a weapon accurately sighted for very long range. While the regiment thus lay under the storm of shot and shell he asked leave to go to the front, and for an hour afterwards his companions heard his rifle crack every few minutes. Major Hyde finally, from curiosity, crept forward to see what he was doing, and found that he had driven every man away from one section of a Confederate battery, tumbling over gunner after gunner as they came forward to fire. One of his victims was a general officer, whose horse he killed. At the end of an hour or so a piece of shell took off the breech of his pet rifle, and he returned disconsolate: but after a few minutes he gathered three rifles left by wounded men, and went back again to his work.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was suddenly called upon to undertake a hopeless charge, owing to the blunder of a brigade commander, who was a gallant veteran of the Mexican war, but who was also given to drink. Opposite the Union lines at this point were some hay-stacks near a group of farm buildings. They were right in the centre of the Confederate position, and sharpshooters stationed among them were picking off the Union gunners. The brigadier, thinking that they were held by but a few skirmishers, rode up to where the 7th Maine was lying on the ground, and said, "Major Hyde, take your regiment and drive the enemy from those trees and buildings." Hyde saluted, and said that he had seen a large force of rebels go in among the buildings, probably two brigades in all. The brigadier answered, "Are you afraid to go, sir?" and repeated the order emphatically. "Give the order so the regiment can hear it, and we are ready, sir," said Hyde. This was done, and "Attention!" brought every man to his feet. With the regiment were two young boys, who carried the marking guidons, and Hyde ordered these to the rear. They pretended to go, but as soon as the regiment charged came along with it. One of them lost his arm, and the other was killed on the field. The colors were carried by the color corporal, Harry Campbell.

Hyde gave the orders to left face and forward, and the Maine men marched out in front of a Vermont regiment which lay beside them. Then, facing to the front, they crossed a sunken road, which was so filled with dead and wounded Confederates that Hyde's horse had to step on them to get over. Once across, they stopped for a moment in the trampled corn to straighten the line, and then charged toward the right of the barns. On they went, at the double-quick, fifteen skirmishers ahead, under Lieutenant Butler, Major Hyde on the light, on his Virginia thoroughbred, and Adjutant Haskell to the left, on a big white horse. The latter was shot down at once, as was his horse, and Hyde rode round in front of the regiment just in time to see a long line of men in gray rise from behind the stone wall of the Hagerstown pike, which was to their right, and pour in a volley: but it mostly went over their heads. He then ordered his men to left oblique. Just as they were abreast a hill to the right of the barns, Hyde, being some twenty feet ahead, looked over its top and saw several regiments of Confederates, jammed close together, and waiting at the ready; so he gave the order left flank, and, still at the double-quick, took his column past the barns and buildings towards an orchard on the hither side, hoping that he could get his men back before they were cut off, for they were faced by ten times their number. By going through the orchard he expected to be able to take advantage of a hollow, and partially escape the destructive flank fire on his return.

To hope to keep the barns from which they had driven the sharpshooters was vain, for the single Maine regiment found itself opposed to portions of no less than four Confederate brigades, at least a dozen regiments all told. When the men got to the orchard fence, Sergeant Benson wrenched apart the tall pickets to let through Hyde's horse. While he was doing this a shot struck his haversack, and the men all laughed at the sight of the flying hardtack. Going into the orchard there was a rise of ground, and the Confederates fired several volleys at the Maine men, and then charged them. Hyde's horse was twice wounded, but was still able to go on. No sooner were the men in blue beyond the fence than they got into line, and met the Confederates, as they came crowding behind, with a slaughtering fire, and then charged, driving them back. The color corporal was still carrying the colors, though one of his arms had been

broken; but when half-way through the orchard Hyde heard him call out as he fell, and turned back to save the colors, if possible. The apple-trees were short and thick, and he could not see much, and the Confederates speedily got between him and his men. Immediately, with the cry of "Rally, boys, to save the Major," back surged the regiment, and a volley, at arm's-length, destroyed all the foremost of their pursuers: so they rescued both their commander and the flag, which was carried off by Corporal Ring. Hyde then formed the regiment on the colors, sixty-eight men all told out of two hundred and forty who had begun the charge, and they slowly marched back toward their place in the Union line, while the New-Yorkers and Vermonters rose from the ground cheering and waving their hats. Next day, when the Confederates had retired a little from the field, the color corporal, Campbell, was found in the orchard dead, propped up against a tree, with his pipe beside him.

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## A CHINESE CREW.

Over the mantel in Grandfather Sterling's dining-room hung the picture of a great Newfoundland dog, painted so true to life that it seemed possible to run one's hand through the masses of rough curly hair as the big honest brown eyes looked down wistfully at the table just below the heavy oak frame.

One winter day when Ralph Pell and his grandfather met at breakfast-time, a northeast wind was whistling around the corner of the old mansion, and hurling the snow with a musical tapping against the window-panes.

The white-haired sailor looked up at the picture of the noble animal, saying, with a touch of affection in his voice: "Well, Nero, good old fellow, this is one of the kind of days you used to love. How you enjoyed plunging and rolling into a big snow drift, and making the white flakes fly!"

"Grandpop," said Ralph, "you have never told me about Nero. Did he ever go to sea with you?"

"Go to sea with me, boy? Why, Nero was first mate with me once, and a good one, too, when I had a Chinese crew on my vessel."

"Oh, do tell me the story, please, grandpop," exclaimed Ralph, "for it must be a funny one."

"Um! Not so funny as you think, perhaps; but I'll spin you the yarn, and let you judge. Well, when I was a strapping young fellow, 'way back in the forties, I sailed out of the port of Boston as mate of the bark *Eagle*, bound to Hong-Kong, which place, as your geography tells you, is in China. We had a quick passage out, but found nothing in the way of a good freight just then offering for home, so we remained for several weeks with our mud-hook—as sailors call the anchor—dropped in the same place. It was the unhealthy season, and, one by one, our crew sickened, and were sent on shore to the hospital. Next the Captain was taken down, and I found myself, with the second mate, the only man left on board the vessel.

"Just at this time the Captain was offered a good paying charter to carry a cargo up the coast, so he ordered me to ship a new crew for the trip, and to take his place as Captain, saying that he would be himself again when I returned. There was not a white sailor to be engaged in the port, so I shipped a crew of coolies, as the lower class of natives are called, stowed my cargo, and set sail; but as this class of Chinamen are very dirty in the way of their clothes and habits, I took care to lock the door of the forecabin-house, in which the sailors sleep, and to make the natives take up sleeping quarters on a lot of mats thrown on top of the cargo in the hold.

"As ill luck would have it, the poor second mate, who had made several voyages to the pig-tail country, and could talk pigeon-English so as to be understood by the moon-eyed sailors, went out of his head with the fever, and jumped overboard in his delirium the second night after leaving port. This left me to deal with a crowd of men who could not comprehend a single order I gave them. However, as the place to which we were bound was only about two days' sail away, and as the wind was favorable, I kept the ship on her course.

"Of all the exasperating times I have ever had, that was the worst. When I wanted the crew to man a certain rope, I was obliged to cast it off the pin, put it in their hands, and make signs to them what they were to do with it; but half the time they would slack away when I wanted them to haul, so that between my anxiety and ill-humor and their surliness we speedily got on very bad terms, and I soon noticed an ugly disposition on their part toward me. I believe that the men would have turned on me if it had not been for the Captain's big dog Nero, who followed me wherever I moved, and who growled wickedly at the evil-looking crew whenever he saw them look threateningly at me.

"In addition to the navigating of the ship, I was obliged to constantly superintend the setting and taking in of the sails, the steering of the ship, and many other matters, so that I dared not go below even for my meals. The afternoon of the day before I expected to reach port I was completely worn out with my labors, and almost sick from lack of sleep. At last I could stand guard no longer, so I went through a regular pantomime with the man at the wheel, signifying that he was to keep the ship going just as she was. Then I threw myself down on top of the cabin-house, and immediately fell asleep.

"It was quite dark when I was awaked by Nero shaking me roughly and uttering loud and angry yelps. In one jump I made the wheel, jammed it hard over, brought the vessel to her course again, then called Nero, who stood on top of the cabin whining in an ugly way at the Chinamen who were grouped about the door of the carpenter's shop alongside the galley.

"I saw through the trick at once. The wheelsman had calculated that by deserting his post, the ship would fly up into the wind and be wrecked in the strong breeze then blowing. In this way the vengeful spirit of the men was to be satisfied. When they saw that their plan had failed they sullenly entered the hold through the booby-hatch, and that was the last I ever saw of my Chinese crew.

"I waited a little while, then lashed the wheel, pulled off my shoes, and sneaking forward noiselessly closed the door of the hatch and slipped the bolt into its socket. That accomplished, I went back to the wheel much easier in mind, for I knew that the crew could not gain the deck in any other way.

"During the night the wind died completely away, leaving the vessel becalmed, and the sea subsided into long, easy swells. I dozed at intervals, trusting to Nero to warn me of any new danger, and so obtained some little rest. Just before daybreak, upon awakening from one of these cat-naps, I became sensible that the ship was lifting in a very sluggish way to the seas, and that her motion was new and strange. Casting my eyes over the side, I was almost petrified to see that the vessel had settled in the water almost to her deck-line, and was rapidly sinking under my feet. At the same instant there came a violent pounding forward from the inside of the booby-hatch and a chorus of wild and agonizing yells.

"In a flash the heathenish trick was revealed to me. The Chinamen had determined not to be cheated out of their revenge, so had bored holes in the ship with an auger taken from the carpenter's chest. They had expected to rush out on deck in time and escape in one of the boats, probably leaving me to go down in my vessel, but found their way blocked by the locked door of the hatch.

"However devilish their action had been, I could not let them drown like rats in a trap, so I started forward to their release, and had just laid my hand on the bolt when the deck blew up, owing to the confined air, with a report like that of a cannon, and I was hurled into the sea.

"I quickly gained the surface, but was immediately drawn down again in the suction of the sinking vessel, and when at last I once more found myself on top of the water I was so far spent, strong swimmer though I was, that I would have sunk helplessly, but Nero caught my collar and held my head up until I recovered my breath and strength.

"Shortly after this some floating object bumped up against us, which to my joy I discovered to be the large wooden chicken-coop that had rested on the deck. I climbed on top of it, and pulled Nero up beside me, and we drifted about on it until late that afternoon, when we were picked up by a Chinese junk, and carried into port.

"And now, my boy," said Grandfather Sterling, in conclusion, "you have the story of the time that I went to sea with a Chinese crew, and had Nero for my first mate."

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## THORNTON'S USELESS STUDY.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"I wish to gracious goodness that Thornton J. Seabury would make better use of his time!"

That was the earnest exclamation of Mrs. Seabury, mother of Thornton; and it was her earnest conviction that her son was going to turn out to be an idle, unpractical, shiftless young man.

"It's not that he's lazy," said Mrs. Seabury, when, in the distress of her heart, she went to consult the minister about her boy. "No, he's not exactly what you might call lazy; but he works on useless things. He spends hours and hours in studying things that may be very interesting and very fine to know; but what good will they ever do him? He's got to make his way in the world, and I'd like to know who's going to pay him for learning the names of the stars, and orbits, and diurnal motions, and such things as he talks about! He ought to be giving his attention to something that will help him to earn an honest living."

"But, my dear Mrs. Seabury," said the Rev. Thomas Tatter, who was a man of education, "there is hardly any study that cannot be turned to account in earning a living; though I must admit that I can't help admiring your son for loving a study for its own sake."

"Well, I'd admire him too," said Mrs. Seabury, "if he loved some such study as civil engineering or architecture."

"Yes, I dare say that these would promise a more brilliant future for him: but we must admit the fact that his gifts are for astronomy, and you know it is almost impossible to overcome the impulses of a boy's natural gifts. Even as an astronomer a man may earn a living."

"Well, I suppose there's no help for it," sighed Mrs. Seabury.

All this time, Thornton, grieved at his mother's opposition to his favorite pursuit, was nevertheless more passionately attached to it than ever. From early childhood he had always regarded the heavens with delight and devouring wonder. What were those beautiful golden stars that filled the splendid dome of night with their gentle radiance! Why had God put them there, and what were they doing? Little by little he began to absorb the elementary facts of astronomy, and after a time he found that he could make no further progress without becoming a thorough mathematician. So he set himself resolutely to work, and soon knew all that his school-teacher, a college graduate, could teach him. Thornton really was a complete master of geometry, trigonometry, higher algebra, and even the more advanced branches of mathematics. His advance in astronomy was now rapid. He even put in a summer at uncongenial labor in order to earn money enough to buy three or four second-hand instruments. He never dreamed that he might turn his knowledge to practical use; but he studied simply because he loved the subject. And in the course of time astronomy repaid him for his devotion in ways that had never entered his mind.

At the time when this story begins Mr. Seabury had left home, on the Maine coast, and had gone to New York to see about a good situation which had been offered him in that city. Times had been hard up in Maine, and Mr. Seabury had been out of work and could not get in again. One day he returned home and told his wife that he had secured an excellent situation in New York, but hardly knew how to stand the great expense of moving his family and his household goods such a distance. Fortunately, however, an old friend, Captain Josiah Whitby, of the schooner *Three Elms*, came to visit them that evening. As soon as he heard of the difficulty he slapped his stout knee and said:

"Why, lookee, my lad, it's lucky I came. I'm goin' to sail for New York on Saturday with the *Three Elms* in ballast to get a cargo there for Bermuda. Now it ain't agoin' to hurt me to carry all your fixin's for nothin', an' you an' your fam'ly for the price o' what you'll eat."

Mrs. Seabury had some feelings of timidity about the sea-voyage, but of course such a kind offer was not to

be refused, and, moreover, Mr. Seabury and Thornton were both delighted at the prospect of the voyage. So during the next two days there was a great bustle in the Seabury household. All their furniture, carpets, and other belongings were carefully packed up and stowed in the capacious after-hold of the *Three Elms*, for Mr. Seabury's intention was to live in a little house at Williamsbridge. Early Saturday morning Mr. Seabury and Thornton superintended the storage of the last load of goods, including the trunks containing their clothing and Thornton's precious books and instruments. Then the little family sat down to breakfast with Captain Whitby in the schooner's cabin, and Mr. Seabury added to his unfailing prayer before eating a petition for their safety during the voyage which they were about to undertake.

"I can't get away from the wharf before three o'clock this afternoon," said the Captain, "because the *Three Elms* can't get over the bar here except at high water."

"It's spring tide to-day," remarked Thornton.

"Hello, boy!" exclaimed the Captain; "are you a sailor?"

"Oh no, sir," said Thornton. "I don't know one sail from another, but I know the age of the moon, and I know it's time for the spring tides here."

"Well, even that's worth knowin'," said the Captain, "and if you keep your eyes open while you're aboard here, you'll learn a lot of other useful things."

"It will be funny to see Thornton learning *useful* things," exclaimed Mrs. Seabury.

"Let the boy alone, mother," said Mr. Seabury, "he'll come out all right."

In the afternoon the schooner got under way, with a fine westerly breeze abeam, and stood out to sea. As she passed the lighthouse at the entrance to the little harbor, the Captain took certain bearings of it with his compass, while Thornton stood by and watched him with interest.

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"I suppose you are fixing the schooner's position by bow-and-beam bearings," said the boy.

"That's what I'm doin'," said the Captain; "but how'd you know anything about them?"

"Oh, I've heard of them," said Thornton, modestly.

"Well, come and see me set the patent log," said Captain Whitby.

Thornton seemed to know something about that too, and the Captain decided that although the boy might have a good deal of useless knowledge in his head, he had hold of some facts worth knowing. He said as much to Mrs. Seabury, but she replied:

"What's the good of his knowing those things? He isn't a sailor."

"That's true enough," answered the Captain, remembering that the boy did not know one sail from another.

By six o'clock the schooner was well out to sea, and as it grew dark the Captain came on deck with his sextant. Thornton became intensely interested.

"Going to take Jupiter for latitude, Captain?" he asked.

"That's what," was the reply; "but what do you know about it?"

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant that I can't tell what latitude and longitude are," said Thornton; "and I know that Jupiter will be on the meridian at 8.32 to-night."

"Well, then, you know some more things that are worth knowin' to a sailor-man, anyhow," declared Captain Whitby.

For twenty-four hours the schooner glided along slowly and quickly, the wind constantly drawing ahead and forcing her off her course. Then it fell dead calm, and a heavy swell began to roll in from the southeast.

"Mother," said Thornton, "don't be frightened, but we're going to have a storm."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Seabury; "how do you know? The Captain hasn't said so."

"The barometer has fallen rapidly for the last six hours, and the wind has been backing from west to southwest and so on around to southeast," said Thornton, "and there's going to be a gale. The Captain hasn't said anything, because he does not wish to frighten you."

Two hours later it began to blow in short uneasy puffs from the southeast, and Captain Whitby ordered the top-sails and foretopmast stay-sail taken in. He laid the vessel by the wind on the starboard tack, intending to push out as far as possible from dangerous proximity to the coast. At six o'clock in the evening it was blowing freshly, and the long swells were cut up into foaming ridges.

"Get the fore-sail off her!" cried Captain Whitby to his little crew, and presently the big sheet of canvas was furled snugly on its boom.

"In jib, and lay aft to reef the mains'!"

It was wild weather now, and no mistake. The big roaring green billows came raging down out of the dusk in the southeast, and as the schooner would lean far over to meet them it looked as if they were going to bury her. But as each sea approached, the schooner's bowsprit would swing upward with a great heave, the sea under-ran her, and down she came with a crash and a cloud of spray into the screeching hollow.

"I'll have to ask you all to go below," said the Captain; "it isn't safe for you to be on deck. You might get washed overboard."

Shut in the badly lighted little cabin, with the one lamp swinging madly, the agonized groaning of timbers all around them, and the thunder of tons of water falling on the deck above them, the Seaburys began to wish that they had never left their little home to go out on the treacherous ocean. They did not go to bed, but sat on the lockers, holding fast with both hands, and momentarily expecting that some terrible catastrophe would happen. About three o'clock in the morning they heard a loud shout and a heavy thump

on the deck, followed by a rapid shuffling of feet.

"What can have happened?" exclaimed Mr. Seabury.

"Oh, they're coming to tell us that we must take to the life-boat!" cried Mrs. Seabury.

The cabin door was pushed open, and three sailors stumbled in, bearing the inanimate form of the Captain.

"One o' the main throat-halyard blocks fell from aloft," said a sailor, "an' hit him. I reckon he's hurt bad."

The Captain was laid in his bunk, and Mrs. Seabury forgot her fears in her anxiety to do something for him. And being one of those "handy" New England women, she could do a good deal, too. She could not find any broken bones, so she decided that the poor man had been struck on the body and injured internally. With the help of her husband, she prepared and administered a soothing drink which put the sufferer to sleep. Poor Thornton stood about idly, and keenly feeling his helplessness. But at eight o'clock he eased his mind a little by winding the chronometer.

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In the mean time the storm had broken; it was only a summer gale, and at nine o'clock the wind shifted to northwest, and the sun came out. Thornton and his father went on deck, leaving Mrs. Seabury to attend to the Captain, who was awake and in much pain. The mate came up to Mr. Seabury, and said:

"This are a ser'ous business, sir."

"Yes," answered Mr. Seabury; "I suppose you're in command now."

"Waal, I am: but I wish I wasn't."

"Why, how's that?"

"Why, ye see," said the mate, scratching his head, "I kin sail the schooner all right: but I can't navigate her. I'm blowed ef I know w'ich way to steer now."

"Why not sail west till you sight land?"

"'Cause I might hit a shoal or rocks, not knowin' they was there."

"Please may I speak?" said Thornton.

"Well, what is it?" asked his father.

"I can navigate the schooner, though I can't sail her," said the boy, earnestly.

"You! Why, you never were at sea before!"

"That makes no difference," said Thornton; "sailors navigate by the sun, moon, and stars, and I know all about them. Father, I *know* that I can navigate this schooner into New York Bay. The chronometer is running; I know where the captain's sextant is, and I wish you'd let me try."

"We must speak to the Captain about this," said Mr. Seabury.

They went below and laid the matter before the Captain. In spite of his sufferings he became deeply attentive. He asked Thornton this question:

"How are you goin' to find the position o' the schooner now? I've lost her reckonin'."

"I'll take a chronometer sight right away, and another two hours from now, and work out the position by astronomical cross-bearings—Sumner's method, I think you sailors call it."

"Can you work Sumner's method?"

"Certainly, with sun, moon, or stars."

"Then you know more navigation than I do," said the Captain.

"It's nothing but applied astronomy, you know," said Thornton, "and I've always been studying astronomy."

"You go ahead and see what you can do, my boy," said the Captain. "Let Bowers, the mate, handle the schooner, and you tell him which way to steer."

Thornton went at once to the chronometer and set his watch by it. Then he went on deck with the Captain's sextant in his hand, and the crew stopped work to stare at him. He had a short talk with Bowers, who explained the situation to the men.

"If the Captain says it's all right," said one of the men. "I s'pose it is."

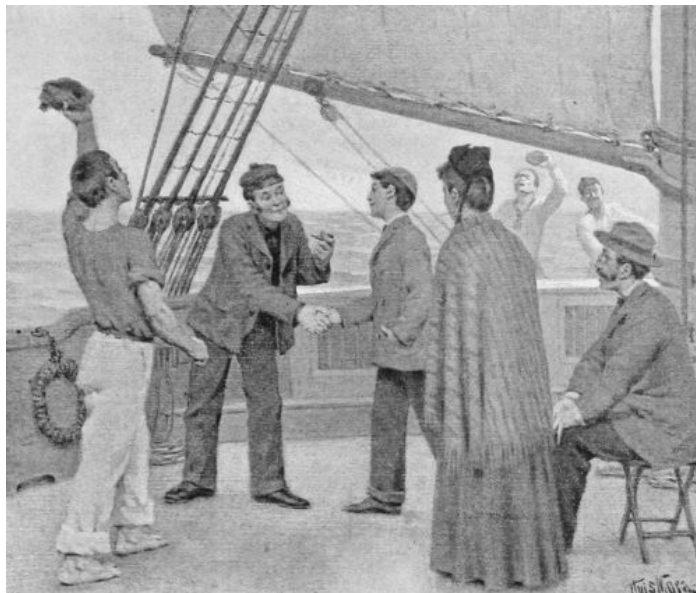
But, nevertheless, they could not understand how any person not a sailor could be a competent navigator, though the simple fact is that navigation has not necessarily anything to do with seamanship. The schooner was hove to for two hours, because Thornton explained to the mate that he desired to keep her in one place until he ascertained her position. At 11.15 the boy took his second sight and went below to work out his problem. His father stood over him in wonder while he filled a sheet of paper with sines, cosines, secants, and such things. At last the computation of the position was completed, and Thornton had to ascertain the course to be steered. He got the Captain's chart, and, marking the ship's place on it, went into the sufferer's cabin and showed it to him.

"I guess you must be about right, boy," said the Captain. "In settin' the course, you want to get well out here."

And the Captain indicated with his finger certain dangers that must be given a wide berth. Thornton set a safe course, and, going on deck, told the mate to get the schooner under way S. 1/2 W. The men sprang to their work willingly, and in a very few minutes the *Three Elms* was cleaving her way over a comparatively quiet sea. For three days Thornton continued his labors as navigator, and on the morning of the fourth he announced that the Highlands of Navesink ought to be sighted from the masthead at eleven o'clock. A sailor was sent up to look out for them. The hour of eleven came, and he was silent. The mate and the crew looked gravely at the anxious boy. Could he have been in error? Five minutes passed, and the men began to

talk angrily. Then the man aloft cried:

"Land, ho! It's the bloomin' old Highlands! I know that lump!"



**A CHEER WENT UP, AND THE MATE SHOOK HANDS WITH THORNTON.**

Then a cheer went up, and the mate shook hands with Thornton. Before supper the schooner was in tow of a tug, going up the Swash Channel.

"Well, mother," said Thornton, "do you think astronomy is such a useless thing now?"

And she was obliged to admit that she had never thought of it as the foundation of navigation. Thornton is at present the assistant to the government astronomer of a European country, and is receiving a comfortable salary.

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## **HELEN'S CHOICE.**

**BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.**

Helen set the baby down on the floor, and the pan of clothes-pins beside her. "There, now, we'll see," she said, gayly. She got down, too, and arranged the pins in an orderly little circle astride the pan's edge. They went way round, and then Helen, with a sweep of fingers, sent them all clattering into the pan again. The baby crowed in wide-mouthed, toothless glee.

"*You* do it now, baby—see, just as I do," Helen said.

She sprang lightly to her feet and went back to her dishes. The water was cold, and the teakettle almost empty, and mutton-chops did make such greasy plates. But Helen splashed in cheerfully. She was thinking of Uncle 'Gene's letter on the mantel-piece, and the final decision about it that very morning over the mutton-chops. It made her sing in sudden ecstatic anticipation. What did she care about cold dish-water and uncanny dishes, when she was going to— She filled out the thought with pantomimic action, running scales up and down the edge of the sink with dripping fingers, and executing intricate tuneless measures amid dying soapsuds.

"Helen, Helen!" called a sweet plaintive voice from the bedroom.

"Yes'm." The musical "selection" came to a quick stop. Helen hurried in, wiping her hands on her apron and rescuing the baby from an ignominious descent upon her nose on the way. "What is it, motherdie? is your head worse?" she asked, anxiously. "I'm afraid it's those noisy clothes-pins."

"No, dear, but there's a draught somewhere. I can feel it on my neck. And I wish you'd rub my shoulder again. It's unusually achy this morning."

Helen found the liniment bottle, and went to work with practised, gentle touch. It was one of the dear invalid's bad days, and she had not tried to get up. Her pale face looked up into Helen's with wistful appreciation of the loving care. She was thinking of Uncle 'Gene's letter too.

The clock out in the kitchen struck eleven ponderously as Helen set the bottle away and put the screen before the window. In half an hour the primary children would be home, and close on their heels the older ones. And what hungry, hurrying-scurrying little mortals they would be!

"Dear little mother, poor little mother, I'll shut the door and keep the Arabs as still as I ever can."

Helen always called them the Arabs when she spoke of them collectively. It was a family pet name for them. The baby had toppled into the big pan, and was fast asleep when Helen went out. She picked her up and laid her tenderly beside the mother. Then with wonderful ease she flew about, finishing the dishes, setting the table for lunch, and doing three things at once with nimble dexterity. She met the Arabs at the door with hushing forefinger. They trooped in on tiptoe, sniffing anxiously for dinner smells.

"I'm awful hungry!" Archie whispered, shrilly.



"So be I—*awful!*" Harry echoed. "Are there sweet-potatoes, Helen?"

"I smell 'em! I smell 'em!" Molly cried, under her breath, dancing across the floor.

"Sh! 'sh! Yes, there are sweet-potatoes, but not for Arabs with dirty faces. Come here this minute, and let me polish you up. Oh, Harry, where ever did you tear your trousers so? A great big hog tear!"

"Folks oughter not have fences with splinters to 'em, then," Harry spluttered, with his mouth full of soapy water. "I was crawlin' under to see if Pat Curran's cow chews gum. Bill Miller says so."

"Does she?" Molly asked, eagerly.

"Well, I'm not certain sure, but I think so. She wouldn't open her month more'n a crack for me to look."

"I bet she does," little Archie chimed in, "'cause I've seen her my own self. She makes her jaws go just this way—look!"

Helen smiled in her sleeve, and laid the little discussion away in her memory for "Motherdie's" delectation. The older boys arrived, and dinner was presently in animated progress, though everybody tried to keep still—and didn't. As by magic the sweet-potatoes vanished under the eager forks and spoons, and the creamy rice followed rapid suit. The Arabs were a hearty little tribe. Nothing pleased Helen more than to have them appreciate her cooking. She sighed a little now over the thought that perhaps Mahala would scorch the rice after she was gone.

"Well, I dread her!" suddenly exclaimed Roy, as if in answer to Helen's sigh.

"Who?" asked Archie, between mouthfuls.

"Mahala. She'll scold us like sixty-nine when we make tracks over her floors, and Helen never does."

"She'll wear hoops," said Molly, holding her little silver fork in reflective suspension.

"And make-b'lieve bangs."

"And cloth slippers, with 'lastics criss-cross over her ankles."

"And *white stockings!*"

Helen contracted her eyebrows sternly. "Stop, children!" she chided. "Mahala's a good woman from the top of her head—"

"Make-b'lieve bangs," murmured irrepressible Archie.

"—to the soles of her feet."

"Cloth slippers, you mean."

Helen's eyes tried not to twinkle. "She's as much better than I am as—as—you can think," she ended, lamely.

The Arabs laughed in derisive chorus.

"But, honest, Helen, it's goin' to be so lonesome an' poky!" Molly wailed over her empty saucer. "We sha'n't have a speck of fun till you come home again."

"A whole year!"

"Twelve months. Four times twelve's forty-eight. Forty-eight times seven's—"

"Three hundred 'n' sixty-five!" concluded Roy, scornfully. Roy was in the grammar grade, and was regarded as an oracle in arithmetic.

The baby woke up and lifted her voice hungrily, and Helen ran away to her. The busy afternoon followed the busy morning on swift wings, and it was almost supper-time before she could sit down and think a minute. Then she held Uncle 'Gene's letter in her lap and thought about that. "Let her come soon," it said, "and stay anyway a year. She has real musical talent, and Bab's Professor Grafmann will develop it if anybody can. He's a genius. Besides, we all want her, and the child must need a breathing-spell after trying so long to tame those wild Arabs. Yon can surely find somebody else to tutor them."

Yes, oh yes, there was Mahala! She was all engaged to come and do it. She was good-hearted and strong. She would be sure to treat them all well and take splendid care of Motherdie. Helen rocked back and forth contentedly. They wanted her to go—father and mother, and the Arabs would soon get used to doing without her. Dear little Arabs! She looked down at the smallest one of them, still trying to stand the clothespins round the edge of the big bright pan. She was improving steadily.

Let's see—to-morrow—day after—day after that. Then she was going. It would be a new world opening suddenly to her, and she shut her eyes to dream the wonderful dreams more uninterruptedly. Ever since she had drummed baby tunes on the tin cake-box, by the hour at a time, she had been growing hungrier to learn to materialize the untamed melodies that ran riot in her mind, and made her fingers tingle with impotent longing. And now it was coming—her chance! Three days away! But as the three days came and went Helen's visions grew more clouded and overcast with secret misgivings. She found herself worrying for fear Mahala would not remember some of the little trivial comforts she herself had taken such delight in remembering for Motherdie. And there were the baby's soft little shoes that needed patching, and Harry's trousers, and the dish-towels were in dire need of replenishment. If she only had a dozen hands these last days, and a dozen times a dozen hours to use them! Her heart misgave her uncomfortably. But they *wanted* her to go—of course it was just right. Nevertheless, her face grew sober and thoughtful, and something tugged distressingly at her heart-strings.

The day after, and the day after that came. Helen kissed her mother over and over, and hugged the little Arabs fiercely, and went away. The houses and people on the way to the depot danced about dizzily in a mist, and she felt dizzy and topsy-turvy in acute sympathy with them. Her father walked beside her, talking briskly and constantly. Roy walked on ahead with her valise and umbrella, and never once looked around. Helen watched him through the same confusing mist, and his straight, slim little figure was oddly

contorted. He had never looked bow-legged before, Helen thought in dismay!

The train puffed in and puffed out again, with a little maid, stricken with sudden, overwhelming forlornness, in the corner of one of its seats. A plump, benign-looking old lady sat just behind her, and watched her with curious sympathy. The baby two seats ahead leaned over toward her insinuatingly, and made her think of *the* baby and the clothes-pins. Mahala would never remember the clothes-pins—*never!* And she had forgotten Harry's patch, that she meant to see to last night surely. Mahala'd forget *that*, too. Helen started involuntarily to her feet.



**"WHAT IS IT, DEARIE? YOU FORGOT SOMETHIN'?"**

"What is it, dearie? You forgot somethin'?" The plump old lady leaned ahead and touched her arm in friendly solicitude.

"Yes, oh yes! I forgot the patches on Harry's pants." Helen lamented, "and the baby's clothes-pins."

"Oh lor, dearie, never mind—never mind! Patches ain't nothin' much, nor clo'es-pins, neither. I'm comin' over an' set with you. I guess you're sorter humsick, ain't you? I've got some pep'mints in my bag. I'm goin' to see if I can't chirk you up."

Helen moved her umbrella and hand satchel, and made room for her new neighbor. The arrangement had its immediate good effects. Somehow the little old lady reminded her of Mahala, though Mahala was angular and tall and wore steel-bowed spectacles; but she always associated Mahala and peppermints together—perhaps that was the reason. Anyway, if Mahala was as kind and thoughtful as this plump old lady, why need she be anxious and troubled? Helen was young, and travelling was a delightful novelty. She grew cheerful and chatty, and parted with her new friend at the Junction with real sorrow. There was nearly an hour to wait at the Junction. Her train met the down train home there, she remembered, and she might send a postal back. But when she began to write, all the old misgivings and conscience-twitchings surged upon her. She felt selfish and cruel and wicked. What business had she running away from home, where she belonged, taking care of Motherdie and the baby and the Arabs? They all needed her—they all needed her. The words said themselves over with dreary repetition in her heart. Back and forth, up and down the platform, she paced restlessly. Conflicting emotions fought in hand-to-hand struggles. She ought to go home again. She wanted to go the other way. The old tingling in her fingers grew almost irresistible—the longing to touch piano-keys and draw from them the music she knew was in her soul. No, of course she couldn't give it up now. And why need she?

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Two whistles sounded in opposite directions. Helen walked faster than ever. Oh, dear, dear, dear, why must the two trains meet right before her eyes? There they were now. She watched the home train come jerkily to a standstill, and *her* train approach it on another track. She stood suddenly still, and began to talk aloud. "That train goes home," she said, "and *that* one doesn't. Which one are you going on, Helen Scott? Quick! Are you going home like a decent girl, or are you going to Uncle 'Gene's to practise scales like a heathen and a sinner?" The passengers were almost all aboard. "Well, you can do as you please, Helen Scott. *I'm* going home to patch Harry's trousers and rub my blessed mother with liniment!"

She darted ahead, and in another minute was on the train. She never knew how she got on, but there she was. She settled back in her seat with a deep sigh of relief. The other train started first, and she shut her eyes so she wouldn't see it. "Good-by," she murmured, wistfully; "good-by."

She felt weak and tired. It wasn't easy work having hand-to-hand conflicts in her heart. But she was glad she was going home. How the Arabs would shout! In her excitement she had not thought of getting a return ticket, and it didn't occur to her now. She put the ticket her father had bought for her in her button-hole, and leaning back in the seat, went sound asleep.

At an hour's end she woke up decidedly refreshed, and looked at her little silver watch. They would be just about at Thompson's Crossing now, she thought, glancing out of the window. But *that* wasn't Thompson's Crossing! They were drawing into a big bustling station that Helen didn't recognize in the least. Men were darting about hurriedly, and trucks were clattering by her. What did it mean? She clutched at the sleeve of a brakeman going down the aisle, and questioned him nervously. "Oh yes. Thank you." He passed on. Then that was it. She was going to Uncle 'Gene's, after all, in spite of herself! In her hurry and mental perturbation she had boarded the wrong train at the Junction, and it had been the one not going home to Motherdie and the Arabs. She had said "good-by" too. All her brave fighting in vain—no, it wasn't either. She would stay at Uncle 'Gene's a day, and then go home. When that was fully decided, Helen felt better, and began to rather enjoy the fun and complication of it all. Uncle 'Gene and Bab met her at the depot, and overwhelmed her with cordial welcoming.

"There's a letter up home for you, Helen," Bab announced. "I guess they're homesick and want you back."

"But they won't get you, you know," Uncle 'Gene said, fiercely, tucking her under his arm.

"No more they won't!" answered Bab.

Helen took the little home message up stairs with her into her pretty new room. She opened it wonderingly. Why, what was this?

"Dear Nell," father said. "This is for a bit of a welcome and surprise, to make you feel quite contented and easy about us all. Did you think the mother and I didn't notice your conscience-stricken little face, and know just how troubled you were? But we took a notion to make it a real surprise to you—that Aunt Dolly is coming to help Mahala out. There, now, open your eyes wide, my dear, and shut all the windows and squeal! Aunt Dolly's coming, as sure as you live. She has given up her boarder and rented her little nest, and is this blessed minute on her way usward. So you will not worry about us any more, for Aunt Dolly's a host in herself, and *almost* as good as our Helen (the Arabs would scalp me!), only, if you please, I'll swap her for Helen when the year's up!"

Helen forgot to shut the windows, but she squealed. A great weight of care slipped off her shoulders on to Aunt Dolly's.

"She won't forget the patch or the clothes-pins or *anything!*" she exclaimed. "Aunt Dolly's remember is miles, miles long!"

Downstairs a door opened, and through it was wafted up to Helen a low, sweet strain of music, that grew, second by second, fuller and deeper, till it seemed to embody all her own glad feelings, and to bear up on its wings beautiful, prophetic hints of the joy that was on its way to her.

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## SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOST IN THE FOREST.

It was not difficult to find the Fox River, for it was the first stream flowing into the Pelly on the right, and as the ice in the latter river was much smoother than it had been on the Yukon, our sledge travellers turned into it on the second day after leaving Harper's.

"Now," said Phil, "we must keep a sharp lookout for Cree Jim's cabin; for as no one seems to know exactly where it is located, we may find it anywhere between here and the head of the stream. At any rate, we can't afford to miss it."

They did miss it, though, and after camping one night on the river, reached its head in a lake that they knew must be the Fox. Although the day was but half spent, Phil decided to camp at that point.

"You and I, Serge," he said, "must go back down the river, one on each side, making long detours away from it, in hopes of finding either the cabin or some trail leading to it. At the same time we must keep a sharp lookout for game. Anything from a bear to a rabbit would be acceptable now, for if we don't replenish our stock of meat pretty soon we shall lose our dogs."

"All right," replied Serge. "Only, Phil, do be careful and not get lost."

"Never you fear on that score," laughed the young leader. "I'll look out for myself; but see that you do the same."

So the two lads set forth, leaving Jalap Coombs to prepare camp and boil the oatmeal porridge, which, mixed with a small quantity of fish, now formed the dogs' daily meal.

Phil plunged directly into the forest, deciding to start out with one of the detours that he had planned. Once within shelter of the trees, he found the snow so deep that but for his snow-shoes he could have made no progress. By their aid he was able to push forward at a fair rate of speed, which he determined to maintain, on as straight a line as possible, until within half an hour of sunset. Then he would bend to the left until he reached the river, which he was certain could not be very far away, and which he could follow back to camp even in the dark.

So for several hours he plodded sturdily forward, keeping a sharp lookout for any trail of man or beast, and making as little noise as possible in the hope of surprising something worthy of a shot. All at once the surprise came from the other side; for, with a rush from behind a clump of young hemlocks, a huge brown animal, with great palmated horns, crossed his path only a few rods ahead, and dashed away at right angles, flinging the snow to both sides like a rotary railroad plough. Rapid as were his movements, Phil got in one flying shot just as he disappeared.

"It was a moose!" thought the excited lad; "biggest one I ever saw. And I hit him!" he cried aloud, a minute later, as he examined the broad trail left by the flying beast. "Hit him hard, too," he added, as, noting blood stains on the snow, and forgetful of everything else, he set forth in hot pursuit of his stricken game. "He can't hold that pace long, wounded, and through snow as deep as this," he reflected, "and I shouldn't be surprised if I found him at bay inside of a mile. Oh, if I can only get him, it will settle the food question for the rest of the trip!"

So, with high hopes, and with all his hunting instincts fully aroused, Phil followed that blood-stained trail, not only for one mile, but for several more, though without catching another glimpse of the flying moose. Nor could he discover any sign of slackened speed or diminished strength on the part of his huge quarry. The strides were just as long as at first, and the snow was flung just as far on either side of the trail. But for the crimson stains betokening a steady loss of blood Phil would long since have given up the chase. They encouraged him to keep on. "For surely," he said to himself, "no animal, not even a moose can stand a drain like that forever."

All at once he stopped short and gazed about him with startled glances. The trail was growing dim; stealthy shadows were creeping through the forest. The day was spent and night was at hand. "Now I *am* in for it?" he cried, bitterly. "Here I am miles from camp without an idea of its direction or that of the river. My only guide to either is the trail by which I have just come, and I should lose that in the darkness before I had gone half a mile. The only thing to do is make a hungry camp, and make it quick, too, before the light is wholly gone."

Thus deciding, Phil left the trail and hastened towards a bunch of dead timber that stood a short distance to one side. He scraped the snow from a prostrate log, and then, using one of his snow-shoes as a shovel, dug out a small space down to the ground beside it. A little pile of dry twigs and bark and a few sticks of larger wood were hastily collected and heaped against the log. When he got his fire well started he would gather more. Now to whittle a handful of shavings, and then for a blaze. Oh, how good it would seem! How it would drive away the horrid loneliness, push back the encroaching shadows, and replace the deadly chill of the on-coming night with its own genial warmth! It could not furnish food, of course, and he must endure long hours of hunger, but even that could be borne with its cheery aid.

And now to light it. Phil had a match-safe in one of his inner pockets, where he always carried it for just such emergencies as this, and at length, after a struggle with his close-fitting parka, he drew it forth. As he opened it and gazed into its empty interior a chill penetrated his very marrow.

"What a fool I am! what a miserable careless fool!" he cried, in tones of despair. "I knew it was empty two days ago and meant to refill it. But I didn't, and now I must suffer the consequences. What shall I do? What shall I do? A night in this place without a fire will drive me crazy, even if I don't freeze to death before morning."

As Phil gazed about him in a very agony of apprehension his glance rested on his rifle leaning against a tree, and a ray of hope entered his heart. There was fire if he could only capture and control it. How was it that wrecked sailors, and lost hunters, and all sorts of people always managed to obtain fire from a gun, or rather from a pistol, which was practically the same thing? He tried to recall what he had read of such experiences. Oh yes! It was by flashing powder in the pan. But his gun hadn't any pan. He had never seen one that had, unless it was Kurilla's flintlock. Of course, now he remembered, it did have a place into which the Indian used to pour a little powder every time he wanted to fire his old blunderbuss. How Phil wished his Winchester were a flintlock musket just at that moment. But it wasn't, and it didn't have any pan, and loose powder was not used in connection with it. But there was plenty of powder encased in its metallic cartridges if only he could get at it, and could contrive some plan for adapting it to his purpose.

All these ideas passed like a flash, and Phil had hardly thought of powder before he was examining one of his cartridges, and trying to dig the bullet out of its metal shell with the point of his knife. But it was held too tightly, and he only pricked his fingers.

Then another plan came into his mind. He laid his rifle on the ground. Over its stock he spread a square of cotton cloth, such as he and Serge were accustomed to tear from the great piece provided among their stores whenever they needed clean handkerchiefs. On the cloth Phil laid a cartridge, that he held in position with the sharp edge of his knife blade, placed so that it would cut just at the base of the bullet. Then he struck the back of the blade a smart blow with a billet of wood, and the job was done. He had got at the powder.

He poured out two-thirds of the precious mixture, and rubbed it well into one side of the cloth, which he doubled twice and used against the log. Then, after stopping the open end of the shell with a tiny wad of lint to keep the remainder of the powder from running out, he inserted it in the chamber of his rifle. Aiming it at the cloth, with the muzzle about one foot away, and trembling with cold, or excitement, or anxiety, or with all three, he pulled the trigger.

The report that followed was hardly as loud as that of a small fire-cracker, but the success of the scheme was instant. The little flame poured from the muzzle of the rifle into that powder-impregnated square of cotton cloth ignited it at once. A moment later it was nestled amid the bundle of twigs and shavings, while Phil, on hands and knees, was puffing at it like a pair of bellows.

In two minutes more his fire was a certainty, the black shadows were already beginning to retreat before its cheery attack, and Phil Ryder's spirits had jumped from zero almost to the figure that represents light-heartedness.

Throwing off his fur parka, that he might the better appreciate its warmth later, and seizing a snow-shoe, he cleared the whole space between the first log and another that lay a few yards beyond. Into this opening he dragged all the logs and dead branches he could find, working with such energy that at the end of an hour he had a fine large pile, and was in a glow from the exercise. Now he built another fire against the further log, and piled his spare wood so that it was beyond reach of either flame.

He next spread a few spruce and hemlock boughs on the ground between the two fires, selected a medium-sized chunk of wood for a pillow, donned his parka, drew its great hood over his head, and, with his rifle by his side, lay down on a much warmer and more comfortable couch than he had dared anticipate a couple of hours before.

Phil meant to keep awake so as to tend his fires, but instead of so doing he fell asleep within an hour, and slept soundly right through the night. When he at length awoke and sat up, he was chilled and stiff with cold, for the fires were very nearly extinguished by a fall of snow that had sifted down through the forest while he slept. As the poor lad discovered this, he became filled with terror, for he knew that the back trail was obliterated, and that all hope of regaining camp by its means was cut off. Now he was indeed lost. As he gazed hopeless and bewildered about him he caught sight of something that he at first took to be a dog sitting only a few yards away, and regarding him hungrily. He spoke to it and the animal started to sneak away. Then he saw that it was a wolf, and hastened its movements with a rifle shot.

As it was not yet light enough to commence his search for the river, or for some stream that would lead him to it, he began to throw wood on the fires that he might at least get warm before starting. While thus engaged he was startled by a cry apparently in the voice of a child that rang dolefully through the silent forest. Again he heard it, plaintive and long-drawn, and this time nearer than before. It was so weird a cry to be heard in that place and at that time that he shuddered as he listened for its repetition. Its very

humanness added to its terror. At its third utterance Phil seized his rifle, cocked it, and faced the direction of the sound, expecting in another moment to be confronted by the tawny form of a mountain-lion.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### PHIL ASSUMES A RESPONSIBILITY.

Phil had never met nor even seen a mountain-lion, but he had often heard that its cry sometimes imitates that of a child so closely as to deceive the most expert of hunters. He had heard too of its ferocity, its boldness in attacking human beings, and its terrible strength. In some respects it is even more to be feared than that monarch of the North American wilderness the grizzly bear, for the former, belonging to the cat family, is a famous tree-climber, which the latter is not.

These thoughts, together with all the stories he had ever read of mountain-lions, flashed through the lad's mind in the few minutes that elapsed between the first and third of those terrible cries. Before it could utter another the fearful beast would be upon him, and with tense muscles he braced himself for the coming conflict. He would not have a chance for more than one shot. If it failed him, all would be lost.

The sound of the third wailing cry had hardly died away when, with a gasp half of relief that the suspense was ended, half of dread, Phil caught a momentary glimpse of a brown furry object moving through the trees. It would next appear from behind yonder clump of bushes. The rifle was slowly lifted, a deliberate sight was taken along its shining barrel, and then, as the furry object appeared at the precise point where it was expected, the forest echoed with its ringing shot. But the bullet had not been allowed to fulfil its fatal mission. One blessed instant had been granted, even as the trigger was pressed, in which to give the barrel a slight upward jerk, and deflect the leaden messenger from its deadly course.

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The rifle fell from Phil's nerveless hand, as weak and faint he leaned against a friendly tree trunk. As he stood there, staring with still unbelieving eyes, a little fur-clad child, not more than four years old, walking on the tiniest of snow-shoes, came close to him, smiled trustfully up in his face, and, holding out a small mittened hand, said:



**"COME, MAN. COME WIF NEL-TE. MAMMA SAY  
COME."**

"Come, man. Come wif Nel-te. Mamma say come."

If Phil had been nearly paralyzed with horror to discover, as his eye glanced along the levelled rifle-barrel, that he was aiming at a human being, he was almost equally staggered at hearing the fur-clad atom who called himself Nel-te, address him in English. How could it be? Who was he? How came he there, alone in that vast wilderness of trackless forest, ice, and snow? Where had the child spent the night just passed, that had been so filled with terrors to him? How had he lived through it? Where was his mother?

All these questions and more he asked the child, as he sat on a log, and, drawing the little one to him, gazed at him as though he were unreal, and might at any moment vanish as mysteriously as he had come.

But the child evidently had neither the time nor the inclination for explanations. He gravely repelled all the lad's friendly advances, and turned to go away, as though confidently expecting him to follow. As Phil hesitated for a moment he looked back, and in a voice that had a slight tremble, together with a lower lip that quivered just a little, he repeated:

"Come. Mamma say come."

And Phil, picking up his rifle, followed after the unique little figure like one who is dazed. A happy smile lighted the child's face at this compliance with his wish, and after that he plodded sturdily onward without turning his head, as though satisfied that his mission was accomplished. After thus going something less than a quarter of a mile, they emerged from the forest, and came to a log cabin standing on the bank of a small stream.

Though fairly well built, this cabin did not differ in outward appearance from ordinary structures of its kind in that country, save that its single glass window was hung with white curtains. These caught Phil's eye at

once, but ere he had time to speculate concerning them his little guide had reached the door. Slipping off the small snow-shoes he pushed it open and entered. Phil followed, but had not taken a single step into the interior ere he started back in dismay.

On the floor close beside the threshold lay an Indian—a tall handsome fellow, but with a terrible gash in one side. From it his life's blood had evidently drained some time before, for it needed but a glance to show that he was dead.

From this startling sight the lad's gaze wandered across the room. It caught the white curtains, a few poor attempts at ornamentation of the walls, an empty hearth, on which was no spark of fire, and then rested on a rude bed in one corner, to which the child had just run with a joyful cry.

On the bed lay a woman, and, to Phil's utter amazement, she was a white woman, who was feebly speaking to him in English. Her bloodless face, terribly emaciated, was surrounded by a wealth of dark brown hair, and her great eyes were fixed on him with a pitiful eagerness.

"Thank God! thank God, sir!" she said, in a voice so near a whisper that Phil was obliged to bend his head to catch the words. "Now that you've come, I can die in peace, for my Nel-te will be cared for. I prayed, oh, how I prayed! But it seemed as if my prayers were to be of no avail, until at length the answer came in the report of your gun. Then I sent the child to find you. And oh, sir. I do thank you for coming. I do thank my Heavenly Father for sending you. And you will care for my baby? You will take him far from here, where he may grow to be a good and useful man? You will, won't you, sir? Promise me. Promise me you will."

"But you mustn't die," answered poor Phil, who was so bewildered by the perplexities of the situation that he knew not what to say. "I have two companions who will know what to do for you, and we will stay until you get stronger. What does it all mean, anyway? Are you wounded? Did that Indian attack you?"

"He was my husband, my Jim," whispered the woman, again opening her eyes, which had closed wearily after her recent effort at talking. "He died for me, and I am dying for him."

Here she was interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing, and a gush of blood from some internal hemorrhage.

After a few minutes she continued: "He shot a moose, and with its last strength it charged on him. When he did not come home I went in search of him. I found them lying together. Jim still breathed. Somehow I managed to bring him home on my back. But he was dead when I got him here, and the strain had been too great for me. I had burst a blood vessel, and had barely strength to crawl to the bed. That was two days ago. I should have died that first night, but fought with death for Nel-te's sake. Now I can go, and I am glad, for I am so weary—so weary."

This pitiful story was told in whispers, with many pauses and many struggles for breath. When it was finished the great pleading eyes again closed, and the woman lay so still that Phil thought she must be dead. He tried to feel of her pulse, but started at the touch of her hand, for it was like ice. The chill of it seemed to reach his very heart, and he shivered in the deadly cold of the room.

"I can at least make a fire," he thought, and he began to search for matches. There were none, and finally bethinking himself of the blaze he had left in the woods he set forth to fetch fire from it. In a few minutes he returned with a couple of burning brands. Then he brought in wood, and, after a little the great fireplace was filled with leaping flames.

Nel-te came to him and begged for water. Phil had noticed several times that the child was eating snow, and now berated himself for not realizing that the little fellow was thirsty. He melted snow in a kettle, and the boy drank eagerly. Then from some hiding-place he produced a smoked salmon that he began to eat ravenously. After a little he paused, looked hesitatingly at Phil, and then shyly, but with inborn hospitality, held out the fish to his guest, saying: "You hungry?"

"Indeed I am, little chap," answered Phil, who was just remembering how very hungry he was, "and I shall be only too glad to take a bite with you." So he cut off a piece of the fish, and as the two ate their strange meal in company Phil knew that the little stranger had won his heart; for never had he felt so drawn to any child as to this one.

While they were thus engaged, the woman again unclosed her eyes, and made a slight movement. Phil held a cup of water to her lips, and she drank thirstily. It seemed to give her strength, for she said:

"You have not promised me, lad. But you will— I know you will; for God has sent you in answer to my prayers. You will care for my baby, and try to love him, and never let him forget his mother. You will promise, and I know I can trust you, for you have a brave face and honest. You will promise me?"

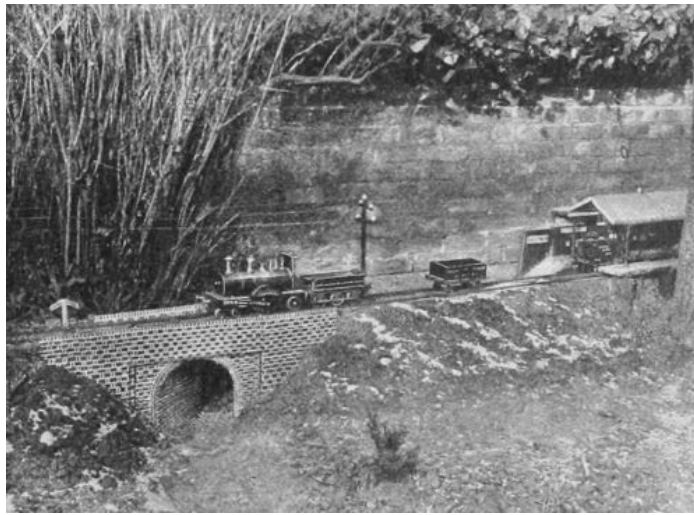
"I do promise," said Phil, solemnly, "that if you are taken from your boy I will care for him to the best of my ability, and be to him a brother and—"

"That's enough, lad. Now hand him to me, for I canna see him. His name is Nelson McLeod."

This last came in so faint a whisper that Phil barely caught the words; but as he lifted the little one to the bed the woman seemed to gain new strength, for she flung her arms about the child, strained him to her breast, and kissed him.

Then the wasted arms unclosed. She fell back, a smile glorified her face, and the great brown eyes opened for one parting look at her boy. In another moment, with a sigh of content, she fell into the sleep that knows no waking; and Phil, recalling the long-ago story of the missionary, knew that the sorrows of Ellen McLeod were ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



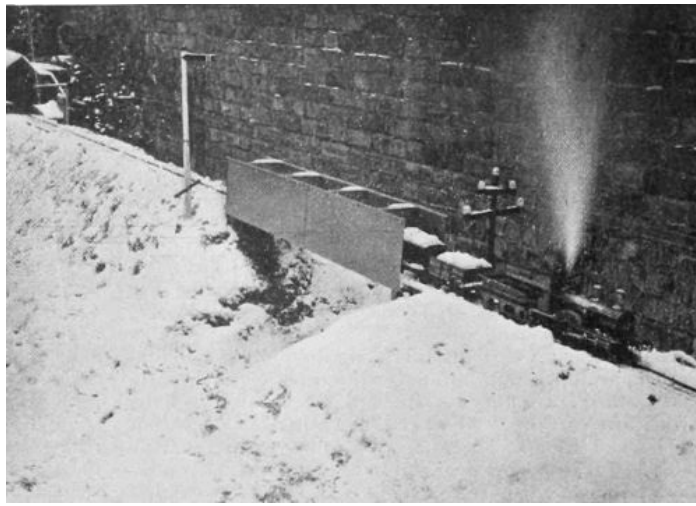
**CHICAGO, AND THE SKEW BRIDGE.**

One of the most interesting models perhaps ever made, in a popular way, has been prepared by an English clergyman, the Rev. H. L. Warneford, of Windsor, England. Dr. Warneford has a small yard in the rear of his house, surrounded by an ordinary brick wall, which may be seen in each of the illustrations accompanying this article. Along the rear end of the garden he has built a railroad from wall to wall, in that distance overcoming the inconveniences of the ground which usually require the mechanical ability of railroad builders. The road runs from a little station called Chicago at one end to a small station at the other end known as Jericho. It is complete in every detail, and as thoroughly so as if it were one of the great lines that run across England. The two stations even have advertisements pasted over them, as any ordinary station does; and the terminal facilities, though they are small and rather simple, are in their way as complete as in any full-size railroad.



**THE AMERICAN TRESTLE BRIDGE AND TUNNEL  
ENTRANCE.**

The track is over 80 feet in length, with a gauge of 2-5/8 inches; and in order that he might get in in these 80 feet all the different forms of railway construction Dr. Warneford has made the track so that it runs over some of the uneven spots in his yard, and in this way, in the places where bridges are required, he has constructed that form of bridge which would naturally be best suited to the particular form of ravine or cavity over which the road is to run. One of the prettiest of these bridges is a thoroughly constructed cantalever bridge, on the form of the great Forth Bridge between Scotland and England, which passes over a little excavation immediately after the train has come out of a long, thoroughly constructed tunnel, the entrance to which appears in two of the illustrations. Another bridge is a perfectly constructed skew arch, which the train crosses a few feet after leaving Chicago. Then comes the model of an American trestle, and after passing over this the road runs through the tunnel, over the cantalever bridge, through a cutting, and finally over a steel tubular bridge into Jericho.



**THE STEEL TUBULAR BRIDGE.**

Besides all these constructions, the proportions of which can be easily seen by comparing them with the ordinary size bricks of the stone wall, the road is fully equipped with complete sets of signals, which can be and are worked with telegraph wires and posts. There are not only signals for connections and ordinary use, but Dr. Warneford has even constructed a fog-signal apparatus, which is worked by a spring when the engine passes over it, causing a hammer to fall on a small blank cartridge; and this, exploding, is the signal for the train to come to a stop at a time when, either on account of fog or similar impenetrable mist, the ordinary signals would be of no use.



**JERICHO.**

As to the train itself, that consists of a locomotive, which is a complete model of an ordinary English engine. The steam is generated by spirits, and the engine draws a couple of trucks and a passenger-car. When the steam is up, and the train is started, the reverend gentleman has to run his level best to get to the next station before the train, otherwise it would be "missing." When it does arrive at its destination, the fact is made known by an electric bell ringing automatically; and on close inspection of the photograph of the Jericho station the electric button may be seen at the end of the tracks inside the depot. On the line between the stations there is a signal-box, with levers to work the signals, as complete in its way as any signal-tower in existence; and, as some one said who visited the line a short time ago, the only thing that is lacking on the line is the stentorian call of the conductor, "All tickets ready."

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**SIGNAL TOWER, AND ENGINE WITH SNOW-PLOUGH.**

The accompanying illustrations, which are taken from photographs made especially for HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, are interesting in many ways. They were taken during the last winter, when snow was on the ground,



and when experiments were being tried with a tiny snow-plough on the front of the engine to see if the track could be cleared. One of the illustrations shows the plough at work in the cutting; and, as any one may see, the job is not a light one to clear the track at that spot. In one or two of the illustrations interesting comparisons may be made as to the size of the bridges and the train with some of the small shrubs which have sprung up near the track; but such are the perfect proportions of the model track, signals, and station that unless some such object is compared with them or the size of the bricks in the wall is noted the photographs might be those of a normal train taken from a great distance.



**THE CANTALEVER BRIDGE.**

The parts of the road representing masonry are not, of course, built of true stones, but simply of boards painted to represent them. The bridges, however, are sincere constructions in every part, each "timber" being set in place by itself, and the whole construction made to rely on its own strength, without any false support. The steel tubular bridge Dr. Warneford had made for him, and it will bear the weight of a boy. All the castings for the wheels and machinery of the engine and cars are perfect in their way.

The readers of the ROUND TABLE will remember that last fall we published a photograph of the perfect model of a trolley-car which not only ran by electricity, just as an ordinary car does, but had all the details, even to advertisements, that the trolley has. This trolley-car was an extraordinary piece of work; but whereas the Warneford engine is not more than eight inches long, the trolley was between two and three feet long. The care taken in constructing the English train, engine, and road must have been infinitely greater and the difficulties considerably increased on account of its smaller size; but such work is not impossible for any one with a mechanical turn of mind.

This whole railway, in fact, is a most interesting and suggestive piece of work, and illustrates what mechanical ability and ingenuity can do, and how much amusement and profit even so busy a man as an English clergyman may find in working on such a thing as a hobby.

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## **SOME DONT'S FOR SWIMMERS.**

**BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.**

It is just as dangerous to play with water as it is to play with fire. Probably no sport is more dangerous than swimming, just as none other is quite so delightful. If you use proper caution no exercise is safer than swimming.

But what is proper caution? It is almost impossible to learn how to swim by reading any amount of printed instructions, but it is easy to learn how to take care of one's self in the water. One of the best swimming teachers I ever knew summed it all up in these words: Don't be rash. Don't be frightened. It seems to me that no advice can be better than that. I think that one more rule is safe to follow, Don't "show off."

Let us look at what happens to the rash swimmer and diver. Probably every one of you has known or heard of some poor over-confident fellow who has lost his life by diving overboard without knowing the depth into which he was plunging. Nothing can be more dangerous. There is a fine swimming-beach at the upper part of the Harlem River, near Farmers' Bridge, on the Manhattan Island shore. There are bath-houses in plenty, and a long stretch of firm sandy shore. One of the best oarsmen of his year went swimming there a few years ago. He had just come to the end of five months' hard training and racing. During that long period swimming had been forbidden to men in the crew, because it was feared that they might tire themselves out at it, and use up strength that should be applied to rowing. But now the restraints of training were off, and J— was having a delightful frolic with his friends. He was a strong swimmer and a graceful diver. Running down the beach he splashed out until he was knee-deep in the river, and then gathered himself for a dive. He plunged head first on a sand-bar. His neck was dislocated. He did not live five minutes.

That young man had been swimming from the same place last year. He thought he was familiar with the shore. Really he had forgotten just where it was safe to dive. If he had been cautious enough to ask his comrades, or even to wade out a little further and learn the depth for himself, he would not have lost his life.

Do you think it childish to be cautious? Put away the idea. The bravest men are nearly always the most careful.

"Your Majesty knows not what fear is," said a courtier to King Oscar of Sweden, who had fought in many hand-to-hand battles with wonderful success.

"The man who does not know what fear is," replied the King, "is a fool."

And fear is only another name for over-cautiousness.

"No matter how well you think you know a swimming-place, take nothing for granted. So many changes take place in a year. Sand bars are formed by the tides. If you dive from a pier, how can you know without actually investigating what timber may have been swung loose by the water's action since last year, and be now lurking for you beneath the surface? And as for swimming in strange water, never do it without learning all you can about the conditions. Henry Guy and I were chumming for bluefish in Fire Island Inlet recently. We had fine luck for a while. Suddenly the bluefish disappeared. After waiting idly a few minutes I began to yearn for a swim. The air was very warm, and the cool, green water was rippling a thousand invitations. Just as I was about to dive off the stern of our cat-boat the skipper touched my arm and shook his head.

"Don't!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Sharks."

That was all of the conversation. Before I was half dressed the skipper touched my arm and pointed at a long, dark gray object that loafed along against the tide six or eight feet below our keel. It was a shark. My hair bristled. You see it is advisable to know sometimes just where you are "at."

Diving is certainly the best way for you to enter the water—always provided that you know all about its depth. Nothing can be more unhealthful than the dawdling habit of wading out ankle-deep or knee-deep, and waiting to get your courage up. The hot sun beats down on your head. Your feet and legs are in the cool water whose temperature is anywhere from ten to twenty-five degrees lower than that of the air.

You can't remain long under these conditions without injuring yourself. Nature's plan is to have the head cool and the extremities warm. Go contrary to this, and you are in trouble. Probably most of you can remember having had a headache some time or other from this very cause. Indeed, physicians will tell you that many attacks of cramps in the water are due to the swimmer's foolish habit of wading in very slowly. Deranged circulation causes cramps. In places where it is not safe to dive you can easily stoop over and throw a few handfuls of water on your head. Then hurry forward and throw yourself in—fall in. Will other fellows laugh at your precautions? Well, let them laugh, and pay for it with the twinges of cramps. I have been swimming twenty years, and I've never had a cramp, simply because I've followed the rules laid down here.

Never let yourself be frightened in the water. A boy I know found himself far outside of the breakers at Cape May. He swam deep—that is, with his feet far below him—and found that in spite of his efforts he was making no headway, or very little. Instead of howling for help, and using up his strength in struggles that would drown him before help could arrive, he put his wits to work. He soon found that the off-shore current was below the surface, and that at the very top of the water the flow was toward the shore. Thereupon he drew up his legs and swam as near the surface as he could. Even then it was a long swim for a twelve-year-old boy, but he got the beach under his feet at last. Another boy I know was dragged far out by a "sea-puss" at Long Branch—one of those deadly, swift, sudden currents that pounce on a bather unawares and carry him away from shore. This boy waved his arm and shouted for help. When he saw the men on shore running toward a surf-boat he calmly turned over on his back and devoted all his energies to floating. He had been carried nearly a mile before he was rescued. If either one of these boys had been frightened he probably would have drowned.



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.

I heard of a society the other day, a society which has a beautiful name. I am sure you will agree with me about the name when I tell you that it is called "The Cheer and Comfort Society." Its object is to send good reading matter, particularly magazines, papers, and interesting books, to people too poor to obtain them by purchase, and not likely to get them from lending libraries, and the lady who can tell you all about the society and its work is Miss Emily Campbell, of Short Hills, New Jersey.

The sweet words "Cheer" and "Comfort" are repeating themselves in music in my mind as I write. Perhaps you would like to know where I am writing this Pudding Stick letter to you, dear girls. Well, the place is in the country, in a lovely valley with green hills rising around it on every side, and standing like guardian sentinels about the pleasant homes which are scattered over the breezy fields and plains beneath them. The morning is very cool, and the blue sky is just breaking through the heavy clouds which a while ago threatened rain. Wrapped in a shawl, think of it you who are reading this on a day too warm for shawls, and established in a big easy-chair, with my paper resting on a book in my lap, I am thinking of you. I write these little letters almost always in this way; they seem more intimate and confidential than if I sat down beside my desk, and shut my door, and put on a sort of let-me-alone-if-you-please business air. I fancy that most of the letters I receive from you are written in this same easy and friendly way, and that you keep your note-paper in little boxes and portfolios, and perhaps sometimes in a dear old atlas, which makes a delightful portfolio.

To go back to "Cheer" and "Comfort." There are always chances in life to do both, for turn where you will, there are those who are in need of help. Not always bodily help. Often those who have every earthly thing they need—shelter, money, food, clothing, books, all sorts of opportunities—are in want of the heavenly things which "cheer" and "comfort" mean. They are depressed, low in their spirits, sad, and troubled. They are even cross and disagreeable because they are unhappy. To such persons young people, with bright faces and light hearts, can bring both the cheer that gives courage and the comfort that takes away pain. You haven't to do anything in a grand and heroic fashion either. Simply be yourselves, and let the gladness that is in you bubble up and overflow, and you will make tired people happier.

Two school-girls sat behind me in a car the other day, chatting together in low voices, and laughing immoderately every few minutes at the happenings of their day. Bless them, the sweet, gay, merry-hearted creatures! The car seemed lonesome after they reached their station, and went tripping along the road up the long hill to their home out of sight from my point of view. Just be yourselves, dears, and you will make older people happy. I sent a loving little word of thanks after my school-girls, for they had been a help to me. If they read the ROUND TABLE, here's a bit meant for them.

One afternoon, passing a church on a city street, I read this announcement on a bulletin-board at the door, "The Pleasant Words Society will meet at four o'clock." Wasn't that fine? The "*pleasant* words" society! Whatever we think of, however we feel, we may speak pleasantly, our words and our tones being in our own control. The effort to speak pleasantly will usually cause us to feel pleasant, and it is pleasant people—people who please—who get together and form societies and clubs. Who ever heard of a Fault-finders Society or a Cross Words Society? Fretful fault-finders have to sit in corners alone.

Another society of which I know is the T.M.D.S., which, being interpreted, is the Ten Minutes a Day Society. This is an association of young girls which requires of its members only that they shall devote ten minutes every day, or sixty minutes every week, to sewing, or in some other way working for orphans and the poor. It sends garments to hospitals and asylums, boxes to home and foreign missions, and accomplishes a wonderful deal of good, by simply using ten minutes of each day in a bit of unselfish work.

*Margaret E. Langster.*



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. 3.**

#### **GETTING READY TO DEVELOP.**

If there is one place more than another where one needs to be methodical it is in the dark room. It is lighted but dimly, and groping about for materials or apparatus often results in disaster to that most susceptible of all things, the sensitive plate. One should have his materials so arranged that he can put his hand on any one in the dark.

Besides knowing where the materials are, and always having them in their place, the materials and apparatus used for developing should be placed the same way each time when arranging them for developing. Place the hypo-tray far enough away, and in such a position, that there shall be no danger of getting any of the hypo into the developer. If the water for rinsing the plates is at the right hand of the developing-tray, place the hypo-tray at the left hand of the water. Then in washing the developer from the plate before placing it in the hypo it will be clear of the developer, and if one is unlucky enough to let the plate slip into the hypo, drops will not spatter into the developer.

Never, under any circumstances, set a vessel on the floor which contains any liquid beside water. The dismay which has followed an unfortunate step in the dark, when one has set the hypo-tray on the floor with a well-developed plate "fixing" in it, can only be understood and appreciated by the amateur who has been so rash as to invite such a disaster.

Get the water for washing and rinsing the plates ready first, and if one has running water this means simply attaching the hose to the faucet and getting the washing box ready. Next fill the hypo-tray and put it in its place, then the developing-trays should be placed in front of the lantern, and the developing solution mixed in the glass graduate ready for use.

Look at the lantern and be sure that there is enough candle or oil to last during the developing. To be left in darkness with a plate at its most critical point of development is, to say the least, a great annoyance.

See that the dishes are perfectly clean. This should always be attended to after each development. It not only saves time, but the possibility of fresh solutions being spoiled by the decomposing of chemicals left in the trays is thus avoided.

Having everything in readiness—the bottles of restrainer and accelerator where they will be at hand if needed—get the plates which are to be developed. These should be placed on a convenient shelf, or stand where they will be out of the way of liquids, but where they can be easily reached. If the plates are still in the holder, of course they do not need to be covered, as they are already shut away from the light, but if they have been removed from the holders and placed in a box, have a cover from a larger plate box to turn over the box after it is open. This will prevent fogging the plates, and is easier to adjust than the cover which fits the box.

It is a good plan to provide one's self with light wooden covers a little larger than the trays. These can be made from cigar boxes, and a little white porcelain knob, such as druggists use on small drawers, screwed on for handles. The cover for the hypo-tray should have a white band painted across it, or marked in some way by which it may be easily distinguished from the covers for the developing-trays. These covers are very convenient to place over the trays if one wishes to leave the dark room for a moment, or to open the door to admit a little fresh air. They can also be placed over a tray when the plate is first covered with the developer if the plate is extremely sensitive. A screw eye can be put in the end of the cover to hang it up by when not in use.

Having once decided on the most convenient way for arranging the materials for developing, stick to it. The task of finding and using what is needed will soon become mechanical, and the mistakes which occur from a haphazard way of arranging the developing outfit will be avoided.

In the next paper for beginners we shall suggest some home-made appliances for the dark room which have been designed by skilful amateurs for saving time, space, and money. Any of our amateurs who have improved ways of doing things are requested to send descriptions to the Camera Club. We have already several on hand, which will be published in their appropriate places. When sending a description of home-made apparatus, send a photograph with it if possible.

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## KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

### I.—UTHER PENDRAGON, THE FATHER OF ARTHUR.

Jack and Mollie had joined the Order of the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table, and had become Sir Jack and Lady Mollie in consequence. They were proud of it, too, not so much because of the titles they were thereby permitted to use, but because they knew that it was a great thing to be knightly enough to become members of a society which had high aims and lofty purposes in view. They were both sturdy little Americans, and to be known as *Sir* Jack and *Lady* Mollie did not add at all to the good opinions they had of themselves, except in so far as these honorable prefixes to their names showed that they were members in good standing of a flourishing organization.

Who the original Knights of the Round Table were and what they had done they did not know, but they set about finding out as soon as they received their membership cards, for, as Jack said, "What's the use of going into a thing without finding out all about it?" And Mollie, as usual, agreed that that was the thing to do.

So they asked their father about it, and it turned out that he knew very little more about the Knights of the original Round Table than they did. He did know that at the head of the table had sat a certain King of England, Arthur by name, who was a Knight of great prowess, but beyond this he was quite ignorant on the subject. He said, however, that he would look the matter up when he had time, and let them know whatever he might discover. And he did so, and whenever he discovered anything which he thought would interest the children, he would tell them about it.

"Arthur's father, according to the legends," said their father, "was King of England, and his name was Uther Pendragon."

"What a terrible name," said Mollie.

"It was indeed," said the story-teller. "It was meant to be, for the title Pendragon signified in those days that he who bore it was the chief leader in war, which is a terrible thing. Uther Pendragon, the King, married Ingraine, who was beautiful and good, and Arthur was their son, but for some reason or other it was thought well that the boy should be brought up in ignorance of who his parents were, and on the advice of Merlin he was sent away to a certain lord of Uther's land, one of the noblest and most faithful of his day, who would look carefully after the bringing up of the child, and see to it that he should become well fitted in every way for the position he was some day to occupy. Merlin had looked into the future, and had seen that Arthur would grow to be a better man if he were kept away from his father's court, where in all probability every one would have flattered and spoiled him, and lead him to believe that he was a much finer fellow than he really was. So Arthur was sent to Sir Ector, who brought him up as his own son, and no one but the King and Queen and Merlin really knew that he was a Prince, and would some day become King of England."

"I'm glad they don't do things that way nowadays. I'd hate to be brought up by one of the neighbors without knowing that you were my papa."

"Must have been worse than going to boarding-school," said Mollie.



### JOURNEYING TOWARDS LONDON.

"Well, however that may be," said the story-teller, "it was a good thing for Arthur, for he was well brought up, and he made a good friend in Sir Ector's son Kaye, with whom he spent most of his time, and whom he believed to be his brother, and when Uther died and it became necessary to put some one in his place, he made his claims to the office of King much greater by having to prove that he was fitted for it, not so much because of the fact that he was Uther's son, which some ill-natured, jealous Princes who wanted to be King said he was not, but because of his wonderful prowess, which he showed when the time came. It was but two years after Arthur was born that King Uther was taken sick, and all the rebellious lords in his kingdom thought that the time had come for them to rise up against him, but Merlin went to the King and told him that even though he was ill it was necessary for him to go out and fight the enemy, and Uther, sick as he was, went into the battle carried on a litter and took command of his forces. Aided by two splendid knights, who were among his closest friends, Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias, Uther fought a great battle at St. Albans with the forces from the North, in which he was victorious, and after which he returned to London. Here within a short while he died, first having gathered his Barons about him, and at the suggestion of Merlin proclaimed his son Arthur his successor. Then, as the chronicles tell, the kingdom was in great danger for a long time. Years passed, and all the lords who were strong and possessed of small armies of their own wished to make themselves King, and doubtless one of them would have succeeded had it not been for Merlin, who, when Arthur had become old enough to make his plans possible, went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and persuaded him to summon all the lords and gentlemen at arms to appear in London on Christmas eve. Now these men all stood in great fear of the Archbishop, because the Archbishop stood for the Church, and not one of them dared disobey. So Christmas eve found them, one and all, gathered in London as Merlin had wished, for Merlin hoped, in the words of the legend, that, gathered on Christmas eve, the lords of the kingdom might by some miracle from Heaven be shown who should become the rightful King of England, in which hope he was not disappointed, as you will shortly see."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 585]



The date of the dual games between Andover and Worcester Academies has been definitely set for next Saturday, and the arrangements have been put in charge of Colonel Sam Winslow, who was Captain of the champion Harvard nine of 1885. These games, which were spoken of in greater detail in this Department last week, will take place in Worcester on the same day the Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. will hold its annual track and field meeting on Pratt Field, Amherst. From the interest already manifest the latter should be the most interesting and profitable sports ever held in that section. Monson Academy has won the championship for the past three years, but the other schools of the League have now determined to make a desperate effort to change the established order of things. My opinion is that they will succeed, and that the pennant will go either to Chicopee or to Springfield. It will be no walk over in any case, for the Amherst, Westfield, and Holyoke High-schools have strong men, and will make a good showing both on the track and in the field.

The 100-yard dash has always been a hard-fought race, and this year it will be closer than ever. E. J. Murphy, of Springfield H.-S., will probably win, however, with Schute of Westfield second, and Phillips of Monson third. The same men will dispute the places in the 220. Kennedy of Springfield H.-S. ought to take the quarter, although he will not, by any means, have an easy victory, for Schute, in spite of his many previous heats in the dashes, will run hard. Thayer of Holyoke is a pretty sure winner in the half-mile. In practice he has covered the distance in 2.07, and I feel confident that he can do better in public. Christy of Monson is the best man for the mile. Last year he ran in 4 min. 38 sec. on time, but injured his ankle just previous to the I.S.A.A. meeting, and then covered the distance in 4 min. 55 sec. Shea of Chicopee H.-S. has covered 19 feet in broad jumping, and ought to win that event Saturday. Scott of Westfield H.-S. will take the high jump, and ought to clear at a good figure, as he did 5 ft. 7-1/2 in. in-doors last winter. The pole vault will furnish a hot struggle between Smith of Springfield H.-S., Bryant of Chicopee H.-S., Austin of Monson Academy, and Scott. The winner will have to go 10 feet, and I should not wonder if the best

performance even exceeded that mark.

The Western Massachusetts Association, in addition to a one-mile bicycle race, has a half-mile event for the wheelmen, and Elmer of Chicopee H.-S. is expected to finish first in both of these. Sullivan of Holyoke H.-S. and Pike of Springfield H.-S. will get places. In the hurdles, Phillips of Monson and Baker of Amherst are about even, and their race will be as exciting a contest as the day will afford. They will be closely pushed by Barry of Chicopee H.-S. and Stiler of Westfield H.-S., both of whom are strong runners and clever at clearing the sticks. In the weight events the Monson men will try to maintain the record they established by winning first place in both for the past five years. Austin has put the shot nearly 35 ft., and may do better, but he will have formidable rivals in O'Connor of Holyoke H.-S., Spence of Chicopee H.-S., and Winslow of Amherst H.-S., all of whom can do better than 30 ft. But Chisem will, beyond a doubt, take the hammer event, with O'Connor second, and Bush of Westfield H.-S. third.



**GERMANTOWN ACADEMY BASEBALL NINE.**

The championship of the Pennsylvania Inter-academic Baseball League was decided on Friday, May 24th, when Germantown Academy defeated the Cheltenham Military Academy nine at Stenton. This is the second consecutive time that the Germantown team has taken the pennant with a clean record of victories, and this last victory of theirs is all the more creditable because of the strength of the opposing team. The feature of the players' work the past season has been the pitching and batting of McCarty, the fielding of Captain Sharpe at short-stop, and the strong batting of the entire nine. All their victories have been won by heavy hitting at opportune moments. On Friday especially McCarty distinguished himself. In addition to making three hits that were factors in the victory, he struck out fifteen of the Cheltenham batters. Lamberton, who was in the box for the soldiers, also pitched a good game, but he was so poorly supported at times that his work did not count for much.

[Pg 586]

The Pennsylvania Interscholastic championship having been settled, there now remains the New England championship, the decisive game of which will be played in Boston on Friday, and the Inter-City championship of the N.Y. and Long Island I.S.B.B. Associations, which will be decided at Eastern Park on Saturday.

Another important and decisive baseball game will be the Andover-Lawrenceville match at Andover a week from to-morrow. This will be the third annual contest between these two big schools, and I am glad to record that neither nine just now is burdened with over-confidence. Andover won the first two matches of the series, by the scores of 5-4, in 1893, and 5-2, in 1894. This year, however, the teams are so nearly matched that it is hardly possible to forecast the result of next week's game. Of last year's Andover players only three have returned to school, the rest of the nine being new players, with whom Captain Drew has labored hard and conscientiously to develop a winning team. But with Drew behind the bat, and Greenway or Sedgwick in the box, P.A. has a battery that it will be hard to find the equal of on any school baseball team. The infield, however, is weak. Barton, at first, plays well, but should cover more territory, and have more confidence in himself. For a man of his small stature Harker covers second in pretty good style, but both he and Elliott, at third, are erratic and somewhat unreliable at critical moments. Edwards has taken Davis's place at short for the past week or two, and has proved equal to Captain Drew's most sanguine expectations. Lawrenceville need not count on any base hits through his territory, as his fielding is clean and his throwing sure. The outfield is much stronger than the infield. Dayton at centre, and Greenway or Sedgwick at left, are sure catchers and strong throwers. Waddell, at right, is the best man in the position that P.A. has had for years, covering all his own territory and part of his neighbors', and throwing with the precision of a veteran. Several times this year he has thrown men out at the plate who were running home from third after a fly caught in deep right field. As for batting, the Andover players have only fair ability, Greenway, Sedgwick, Barton, and Drew being the heaviest hitters. The team work I consider poor, but this will doubtless be greatly improved before the day of the game.

At Lawrenceville the natural opportunities for practice and for the perfection of team-work are no greater than at Andover, but the school system is such that fine ball players are a necessary result of its enforcement. Every scholar at the Lawrenceville School, unless physically disabled, must play ball for at least an hour every day in the spring-time. In the autumn everybody has to play football. In this manner no man goes without exercise, and the best material at hand is discovered and developed. When I was at Lawrenceville last week, nine diamonds were in full operation at one and the same time. In the fall there are eleven football fields in use daily. No wonder Lawrenceville sends good material to the colleges.



**Mattis, l. f. Cadwalader, 3rd b. Hastie, r. f. Righter, 2d  
b.  
Slidell, c. f. Ross, 1st b.  
M. Gibbon, s. s. Kafer, c. (Capt.) Arrott, p.**

#### **LAWRENCEVILLE BASEBALL NINE.**

As for the team this year, it is about up to the average of former seasons. Kafer, who has been catching for three years, is Captain, and is doing very satisfactory work. His batting is sometimes erratic, but in a recent game with Pennington he lined out a home run with the bases full in the ninth inning, thus saving the day, as the score then stood 4 to 1 against Lawrenceville. Arrott, the pitcher, is doing well for his second year in baseball. He has not very full control of the ball, but his curves are good, and he possesses more than the average speed. In addition to this, he keeps cool and plays a steadier game as the innings go by. Ross, Righter, and Cadwalader cover the bases, and so far this season Ross has maintained the highest average, scarcely making an error. Righter is a poor thrower, but his batting is very strong. With a little longer experience Cadwalader will develop into one of the best men on the team, and if he can get off some of his 200 pounds of flesh his running would be vastly bettered. McGibbon, at short, is a clean fielder and an accurate thrower; in addition, he bats well. He and Edwards of Andover will no doubt furnish some grandstand plays for the delectation of their followers. The fielders are only of average ability. As a whole, the nine seems to fall out of harmony in almost every game, and on several occasions this weakness has almost proved disastrous. But most of the players are new men this year, and will be better seasoned a week from now.

In spite of the heavy rain-storm of May 18th the Princeton Interscholastic Tennis Tournament was held at Princeton, resulting in the championship remaining at Lawrenceville. Several of the contestants failed to appear on account of the bad weather, but the playing was nevertheless spirited and exciting. In the finals, Beaman of Lawrenceville met his schoolmate Richards, who had won by default from Robb, and defeated him only after five hard sets, 6-2, 3-6, 9-11, 6-2, and 6-0. By virtue of Beaman's victory the championship silver cup now becomes the permanent property of Lawrenceville.

Scholastic track and field meetings are being held in so many different places just at this season that it is difficult to keep account of them. On May 25th the New York State I.S.A.A. met on the Syracuse University Field under the auspices of the Syracuse High-School and the Cornell A.C., and the Ithaca High-School won by making 31 points. Her nearest rivals were Rochester High with 21, and Buffalo High with 18-1/2 points. Seven schools were represented. At the first spring meet of the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, there were some good records made. Dyer won the 100 in 10-3/5 sec., and the 220 in 23 sec.; Sanford covered the mile in 5 m. 22-4/5 sec.; Hixon cleared 5 ft. 4-1/2 in. in the high jump; and Conner covered 20 ft. 10 in. in the broad jump. The Hotchkiss athletes will no doubt be heard from at the Connecticut I.S.A.A. games on Saturday.

As has been the case with a number of Eastern field days, rain interfered with the success of the California Academic Athletic League's meeting on May 4th, and few of the athletes were able to do good work. Dawson ran the quarter in one minute flat on a heavy track. McConnell cleared 18 ft. 6 in. in the broad jump, and got a bad scare from Cooley, a new man, untrained, who came dangerously close to him. Cooley will show up well next year, and would, no doubt, have done better if the conditions had been more favorable. The Oakland High-School and San Jose High-School held a fifty-mile bicycle road race relay, last week, of which I hope to be able to speak more in detail as soon as space is available. It was an exciting event, and is a good thing for Eastern bicycle-riders to think of, for there are many places in the neighborhood of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, and other cities where similar races might be arranged.

Although baseball seemed to languish in the early part of the season, the A.A.L. completed a successful schedule on May 18th, when the Oakland High-School defeated the Alameda University Academy 9 to 1. The O.H.-S. team started out strongly, and had the reputation of the '94 nine clinging to it, '94's players having been the strongest amateur team of California that year. Hall at first, Lanyon in the box, and McCabe behind the bat, were the steadiest players this season. Lanyon caught last year, and is cool, strategic, and quick. He has good speed and good curves, and safe control of the ball. McCabe is a very calm player, bats well, but is weak in throwing to bases. The team work of the nine was good, and in several cases won them games against stronger teams.

As soon as the regular Interscholastic League season of baseball, tennis, track athletics, and cricket closes

there will be more time to devote to other branches of sport. During the summer months tennis, rowing, swimming, and sailing will receive their share of attention in this Department, and from the looks of things just now there is every promise that yachting and small-boat racing will be more popular this year than ever before. Many of the large clubs have introduced special classes on their racing programmes. In addition to the Larchmont 21-footers and 34-raters, the Seawanhaka's half-raters, and the Douglaston dingies, the Indian Harbor Yacht Club are now trying to promote a 20-foot racing length, or one-rater class. The imported boats *Wave* and *Shrimp* will form a good nucleus to start with, and I understand that several members of the club have promised to build racers of this class.

Probably the most interesting and exciting contests in the small-boat class will be the sharpie races of the Shelter Island Sharpie Club. This club was organized two years ago with about twenty members, and has grown rapidly in size and popularity. A regular race is sailed every week over a club course of five miles, and three races are sailed around Shelter Island during the season, a distance of twenty-five miles. These races are always most exciting, for the boats are limited to 16 ft. on the water-line, with no limit to the sail area. Consequently some of them get over-rigged, and an occasional upset adds zest to the sport. In addition to these races the Sharpie Club holds athletic games, including, among other events, swimming, rowing, weight-throwing, etc., and at the end of the season medals are awarded to the best all-round athletes. Last year the sharpie *Frolic*, owned by S. M. and G. H. Milliken, won the highest number of points, with the *Chip-Chip*, owned by H. V. Whitney, and the *Mary Jane*, owned by A. E. Whitney, tied for second place. In the athletic events H. V. Whitney took first, with W. B. Cowperthwait second.

The New England Interscholastic baseball season has thus far proved most interesting. A number of the games have already required more than nine innings play to determine the winner, and so far the Cambridge High and Latin nine has escaped defeat. At the present date of writing the standing of the clubs in the N.E.I.S.B. League is:

Clubs.	Per	
	Won.	Lost. cent.
Cambridge High and Latin	2	0 1.000
Hopkinson	3	1 .750
Boston Latin	1	1 .500
English High	1	1 .500
Roxbury Latin	1	1 .500
Somerville High	0	3 .000

The Hopkinson players received their first defeat on Friday, the 17th, but they played a good game, and showed the results of Joe Upton's coaching. The batting especially has improved. Hopkinson and C.H. & L. will have a hot fight for the pennant. Dakin of the English High-school is pitching up to his old form again, and held Somerville High down to a single hit in their recent game, which E.H.-S. won by the score of 14 to 1. But S.H.-S is one of the weakest teams in the League. The Roxbury Latin nine show want of practice, and their only redeeming virtues just now are the pitching of Morse and their general batting strength. But the New England school teams are all well provided with good pitchers this season, so that Morse's proficiency counts for little when it comes to a decisive contest. Team-work, after all, should be the mainstay of every nine.

In the tabulated record of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. games printed on p. 538 of Harper's Round Table of May 21st, a typographical error shows Hackett's time in the mile walk as 7 min. 4-2/5 sec. instead of 7 min. 46-2/5 sec., which it should be.

THE GRADUATE.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR,—I noticed in the first number of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE a reference to the "timid people" who object to football. There have been many other remarks of this kind, at various times, made in the Round Table. If you can grant me a little space, I should like to point out the injustice of sneers of this kind.

In the first place, in order that it may not be said (as it generally is said when any one lifts up his voice against the game) that I am ignorant of the subject, I may say that I am a football player myself in a small way, and until recently was heartily in favor of the game. My position is thus rather inconsistent, but it is that of many other sincere well-wishers of the game. The objection to the game that seems to me most important is its roughness, both necessary and unnecessary. First as to the latter. It is all very well to say that if players would behave like gentlemen, this would be done away with. This may be so, but it is not in the nature of boys or men, in the midst of an exciting struggle on the gridiron, to keep calm, and control their strength and their temper. In their excitement they will do things that they are sorry for afterwards, and I have never seen anything proposed that would prevent such things.

Then football as played at present is a game in which there is abundant opportunity for the natural brute to display himself. It is claimed that the game teaches one to control his temper; but I think it just as often gives one an opportunity to vent it on some one else. The remedy proposed for this—to have several umpires—should be repulsive in the extreme to every true sportsman. A game in which the players have to be watched lest they commit murder on each other is simply unfit for a gentleman to play. If that is to be done, why not call in the police at once, as they did in the Yale-Princeton game last fall.

The *necessary* roughness of the game is considered by some to be an advantage, in that it teaches courage and endurance, and develops the physique of the players. But is not that a sort of "kill or cure" method? Surely one can develop his body without risking his life! A



man or a boy has no right to risk life and limb in a game simply because if he escapes injury he will be more healthy than before. I am not exaggerating; a broken limb, a strained back, or some similar injury, is not such a trifling matter as some seem to think. To say the least, it means several weeks taken from our work in life, which is a big price to pay for one afternoon's fun. The development of our strength can be procured in better ways than that. Our bodies were given to us to be used, not abused.

That the game is a fascinating one I would be the last to deny, having played it myself. In its present state, however, I do not see how anyone who candidly and fairly considers the arguments of the opponents of the game can hold to the opinion that it is a fit game for school-boys or collegians, without changes of the most radical nature.

In this letter, the length of which I hope you will pardon, I have said nothing about the other objections to football urged by many, for most of these do not concern the actual game, and will probably correct themselves in time; but I wish to point out that something must be done to rid the game of its objectionable features, and also that it is unjust and discourteous to those who oppose the game from conscientious motives to brand them as weaklings and cowards.

C. S. WOOD, R.T.F.

[Mr. Wood brings out many interesting points in his letter regarding football, and though most of his objections to the game refer more to intercollegiate than to interscholastic football, still, to a certain degree, they apply to both. We do not deny that the game is rough and dangerous; but what was meant in the phrase to which Mr. Wood refers was not that people are timid who do not approve of football, but that those people who say that football is the most dangerous game there is, that it is cruel, that it should be stopped by law, that it is worse than the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome, are either timid or not in their right senses. Football is not as rough as polo; it is not as dangerous as coasting (as coasting is now understood); it is not as dangerous as cross-country riding, and the proportion of injuries in both polo and cross-country riding is far greater than those in football. The facts of the case are that so much has been written and so much said implying that the game is necessarily a villainous game, that many people who know nothing about it, have grown to talk about it, and depreciate it because they fancy it contains injuries which it does not contain. These people have done a great deal to bring a fine game for boys into bad odor, and it is to these, and not to those who understand the game—both its good and its bad points—that the remark referred to was addressed.—THE EDITOR.]

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# 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.

This week's map explains itself. It is a unique chart of the city of Brooklyn, showing by black lines the asphalted or macadamized streets within the city limits, and by corduroy lines those main avenues which, though paved with granite pavement, are fair riding, and which make the best exits from the city.

In the first place, it should be mentioned that on Sundays and holidays the Kings County Elevated Railroad of Brooklyn has a car, or throws the smoking-car open, for the use of bicyclists, who, carrying their wheels up the steps to the station, may put them on the train, and ride from the Bridge or Fulton Ferry out on Liberty Avenue to the city limits, from whence it is good riding out into Long Island. On other days bicycles cannot be carried on the elevated trains from Fulton Ferry after 3 P.M., nor from East New York before 10 A.M.

If the bicyclist intends to ride through the city from New York, he should take the ferry at Grand Street, and follow in the corduroy roads, and, leaving Broadway, get into Bedford Avenue. Bedford Avenue carries him on asphalt pavement to the Boulevard, and turning left into this, he rides until he strikes granite pavement at East New York Avenue. Turning again to the left into East New York Avenue, he continues until he reaches the fork, and then keeps to the right into Liberty Avenue, riding out Liberty Avenue, and so out of the city. Another course from Grand Street is by ferry to Broadway, Williamsburg, which is shorter but perhaps not so good riding, thence out Broadway direct to Wall Street, turn left into this and right into Bushwick Avenue to Jamaica Avenue, which is a turn to the left, and is a continuation of East New York Avenue, and soon to the left again into Highland Boulevard, which skirts along the cemetery, Highland Park, and the Ridgewood Reservoir. This is somewhat hilly, but commands a beautiful view of the city and of Jamaica Bay and the ocean, and is the most picturesque way of getting out of Brooklyn. Continuing on the Highland Boulevard, and running down the hill on Barbey Street, which is very steep, he comes again into Jamaica Avenue, and may keep on this, which is not very good riding, but nevertheless carries him out of Brooklyn towards Jamaica. The most direct route out of the city is, of course, on Jamaica Avenue. The Highland Avenue detour is hilly, and affords an opportunity for the rider to get a good view of the city.

Everything considered, however, for any one who is down-town in New York city, or who lives in the central part of Brooklyn proper, decidedly the best method is to take the Kings County Elevated as described above, and, on the whole, this is the better plan also for any one going from New York, for the only other route from Thirty-fourth Street down is by the Thirty-fourth Street ferry, thence to Manhattan Avenue, after going two blocks from the ferry-house, turning right and crossing Newtown Creek. Thence turn left into Driggs Avenue, and run a block and a half to Ewen Street, and from there on into Broadway, and so as described. There is no way in which a Brooklynite can ride out into Long Island without going over some granite pavement, since the only asphalted or macadamized road is the Boulevard, running from the circle at the entrance of Prospect Park to East New York Avenue. After going beyond the city limits on Liberty Avenue the road is better, but this will be described in the Long Island maps which are to be published in this Department.

There are, however, in the city of Brooklyn many pleasant rides for an afternoon which are almost entirely on asphalted or macadamized roads. For example, using the map, any rider from Brooklyn Heights, or a New-Yorker crossing the Bridge or Fulton Ferry, may easily get to the circle at Prospect Park by keeping on asphalted roads to the south and west of Fulton Avenue. For example, on leaving Fulton Ferry, the rider should make for Hicks Street by the shortest route, turning thence left, keeping to asphalt pavement, until he reaches Schermerhorn Street, thence direct to Flatbush Avenue, and so on to the circle at the entrance to the Park. Running through the Park on any of the roads, he should leave it on the south at Franklin Avenue by the parade-ground, thence turning to the right on Franklin Avenue, keeping on until he reaches the Ocean Parkway, which is now the famous bicycle route to Manhattan Beach. This in itself is a pleasant ride.



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Another and quite as attractive a route in this way is to continue on the Ocean Parkway until reaching Parkville, thence turn to the right into the Old Bath Road, which is nearly all macadamized at this writing, and will be entirely so within the next month or two. The rider may continue on this to Bath Beach, and then, keeping to the right and running westward on Cropsey Avenue until he reaches Seventh Avenue, he may turn to the right into this, and either run down to Fort Hamilton near the Government lands, and thence straight on down to Second Avenue and into Bay Ridge, or he may keep straight on Seventh Avenue, passing Fort Hamilton and running up to Sixtieth Street, and so back, turning to the right into Old Bath Road, and home through Parkville on the Old Bath Road, Ocean Parkway, and Prospect Park. Still another trip is to run southward and eastward after reaching Bath Beach on the Old Bath Road, to Bensonhurst and Unionville. In fact, the reader has but to refer to the map of Brooklyn to pick out his own route on any of the black marked roads, which are in this district macadamized.

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. New Jersey, from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813.

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## Round Table Chapters.

No. 712.—The Busy Bee Chapter, of Readington, N.J. Edwin Russell Opie, Readington.

No. 713.—The Harry Harper Chapter, of Newtown, Conn. Officers are Agnes E. Platt, Samuel B. Brown, Carrie Jonas, Frank Andrews, John O. Pitzschler; Mabel E. Morris, Newtown.

No. 714.—The Active Athletic Club, of Utica, N.Y. Albert H. Gabel, 764 Bleecker Street.

No. 715.—The Allen Chapter, of Allentown, Pa. Claude T. Reno, Allentown.

No. 716.—The George Washington Chapter, of Troy, N.Y. George P. Paul, 824 River Street.

No. 717.—The Knights Outing Chapter, of Davenport, Iowa. Ned C. Crosssett, 309 Mississippi Avenue.

No. 718.—The General O. O. Howard Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Members are Marcella, Hanley, and Norman Dale, Bella Moorehead, Mary Moore, George Oliphant, Frank Garrison, Amy Hamilton, John Steltz. Chapter address, Charles C. Oliphant, Girard College, Philadelphia.

No. 719.—The Eagle Social Club, of New York city. Max Epstein, Paul Gumsberg; Abe Sandler, 12 Pitt Street.

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## Stamps and the School Fund.

Several members have kindly offered to sell some stamps in aid of the School Fund, and the Table thanks them. The Dorchester Exchange, W. J. Paul Sweeney, corner High and Highland streets, Dorchester, Mass., has good facilities, and so we suggest that others co-operate with it. Its offers are two: 1, It will give to the Fund the ten per cent. commission on all stamps sold to members during July and up to August 15th, and 2, It will give to the Fund the entire proceeds of the sale of all stamps contributed by members to be sold for said purpose.

The Exchange rules are easily complied with, and may be had on application, enclosing self-addressed and two-cent stamped envelope. Members who may want to purchase stamps to aid the Fund, and members who may be willing to contribute a few stamps to be sold for the Fund, are asked to send addressee and stamps to us as early as possible. Contributed stamps should be neatly mounted, and the price plainly marked in ink under each. Send not later than June 25th to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York, and put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope the words, "For Stamp Department." The Table warmly thanks Sir Knights Lantle V. Blum and Claude T. Reno for their offers in this direction, and begs them to help under this arrangement. Let's have a big list of names of possible buyers and as many contributions as possible. All who help in this way shall have their names on the Fund Honor Roll, to be published and preserved in the Good Will Building.

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## "The Wheelman's Mecca."

Springfield is a flourishing city of 50,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the left bank of the Connecticut River a few miles above the Connecticut State line. It was first settled by a brave trader, William Pynchon, and became a city in 1852. The largest United States arsenal is situated here and gives employment to many men.

The river is spanned by four bridges, and at one point is 1136 feet wide. The last battle of Shays's Rebellion was fought here, and the spot is marked by a monument. Springfield takes great pride in her schools, which are among the finest in Massachusetts. In a few months electric cars will be running to the "Paper City"—Holyoke, which is nearly as large a city as Springfield. Forest Park is the summer breathing-place of the city. It contains picnic grounds, fine drives, duck, lotus, and lily ponds, drinking-fountains, a "zoo" of small size, and many pavilions.

Paper, bicycles, railroad passenger cars, buttons, skates, and pistols are largely manufactured here. The Public Library contains about 90,000 volumes. Hampden Park has the best bicycle track in the United States, and Springfield is called the "Wheelman's Mecca." The famous "Yale-Harvard" football games are also played on Hampden Park.

ALBERT W. ATWATER.

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## A Glimpse of "The Glorious."

Most people who live in the Eastern States consider California a great distance off, and so it is; yet it takes only five days to cross the continent, by rail, and bring one from January snows to sunshine and flowers. Petaluma is a thriving town of three thousand, situated in Sonoma County, and connected with San Francisco by tide-water. The chief occupations of the people in the surrounding country are dairying, fruit-

raising, and wine-making. The varieties of the Sonoma fruits most raised are cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, plums, apples, figs, olives, and grapes. There are many large dairies and creameries owned by the Swiss people, who find the surrounding country a good substitute for their native land. Before California came into the possession of the United States the swarthy Mexican and his fiery mustang roamed through the tall grass, tending enormous herds of cattle, sometimes slaughtering several hundred for their hides, and leaving the carcasses to the buzzards.

SAMUEL T. BUSH, R. T. K.  
EAST OAKLAND.

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## **A Collection of Newspapers.**

We advised a member to write to the American Minister at Athens for a copy of a newspaper printed in modern Greek. Elsa Roeder kindly amends by suggesting the *Atlantis*, printed in New York. It is wholly in Greek, and no address other than New York city is necessary. Thanks, dear Lady Elsa. This collecting of present-day newspapers as a means of broadening and increasing one's knowledge of the world is most useful and interesting. It is also inexpensive, and as an educator equals or exceeds the collecting of stamps. Did you ever see a present-day newspaper that is published in Brussels or Rome, or even Paris or London? The American Consuls can give you the names and the amounts to remit for single copies. Or, if you send stamps for postage, the Consuls would in most cases forward the newspapers, we think. You can get a list of Consuls from the State Department, Washington, or can find them in the Congressional Directory, which your Member of Congress will gladly send you upon request.

Consuls are always desirous of serving the interests of fellow-Americans in such matters. The spread of English-speaking humanity has led to the founding of English newspapers in many foreign cities. In the Orient there are newspapers printed in English, and they are full of what to us are quaint items. Such papers are to be found in Constantinople, Cairo, Calcutta, Yokohama, Honolulu, and even in Teheran and Jerusalem. The Indian *Mail* and Japan *Mail* are interesting newspapers, and you would read the South Australian *Chronicle*, published in Adelaide, and the Tasmanian *Mail*, published in Hobart, with a great deal of curiosity. Then your collection ought to include such famous journals as the *Gazette*, of Cologne, Germany, printed in German, of course; the *Gazette*, of St. Petersburg, and the *Novoe Vremya*, of Moscow, printed in modern Russian; the *Petit Journal*, of Paris, and *Independence Belge*, of Brussels, in French; the *Nacionale*, of Madrid, and the *Journal*, of Rio de Janeiro, in Spanish; and papers from Constantinople, in Turkish, and from Tokyo, in Japanese. You should also include the *Scotsman*, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in your collection, and you might learn much that you do not know from a careful reading of newspapers published in North and South American cities. Did you ever see a Caracas newspaper? The study is a fascinating one, and as surely broadens and liberalizes as does knowledge on other studies, collegiate not excepted.

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## **Out-door Entertainments.**

Once every year there is held at Good Will Farm a Summer Celebration, which a great many of the Farm's friends attend. There are picnics, feasting, and, of course, some speeches. This summer Mr. Kirk Munroe is, we believe, to be a guest at the Farm, and will, of course, make a speech.

These Farm outings are held in July. Now, why may not the Table, during that month, or during the August vacation, hold as many outings as possible, the proceeds to go, little, whole, or in part, to the Round Table Industrial School Fund? The trouble is very slight, the fun great, and the satisfaction not to be measured. We urge this subject upon the attention of all Chapters, and upon all members of the Order.

Do you belong to a Sunday-school class? Ask it about undertaking it. If you are just the least bit interested, write us for particulars, with full and easily planned programme. We will give them promptly. You can carry out the details. All that is needed is a small company of half a dozen persons, old or young.

This school is for some boys who need a school-house—and have none. The Table is earning the Fund. Won't you help?

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## **A Close View of the Shah.**

I was in Paris during the great exhibition of 1889. While I was there the Shah of Persia came to France to see the World's Fair. I was at an outdoor show one day, which the Shah attended, and I happened to be very close to his box and had a good view of him and all his suite. He was a very dark man of Jewish type. He was attired in a long black cloak of soft cashmere which came to his knees. It was devoid of any ornament except heavy black silk frogs which fastened it. He wore a tall brimless Astrakhan hat, with a single precious stone on the front. It looked like a moonstone and was quite large. He wore a beautiful, curved sword, the only elaborate ornament that he had on. It was a magnificent weapon, containing many gems set in the hilt and scabbard. He also had on black boots of soft leather reaching to the knee. His staff had a great many more ornaments than he had, but were all attired in the same black coats and fur caps.

JACK RANDALL CRAWFORD.

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## **The Gum on Stamps.**

The gum on the back of the postage-stamps of the United States is made from alcohol one part, acetic acid one part, dextrine two parts, and water five parts.

A. S. H.  
PEABODY, MASS.

---

## Answers to Kinks.

### No. 83.

G or E  
E veN  
R in G  
Mil L  
A re A  
N ooN  
Y ar D

### No. 84.

B  
ARE  
BREAK  
EAT  
K

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No. 85—A kiss.

No. 86.—Holmes.

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## AN UNPLEASANT MISTAKE.

It is well always for boys to learn how to spell, as the experience of a little lad in England recently proved. He tried to write a verse to his teacher, and in using the word "bonny" to describe her face he wrote, "and oh your *bony* face."

The teacher did not like having her face referred to as bony, and the poor little fellow was kept in for an hour after the rest of the boys had gone home.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A 25c. package makes 5 gallons

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Approved: { H. I. KIMBALL, *Pres't Departmental Committee.*

{ JOHN BOYD THACHER, *Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.*

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## **BY THE SEA.**

"Those rays, Tommy," said Mrs. Judkins to her little boy, "means that the sun is drawing the water up to the sky for rain."

"And then," replied Tommy, "are we soon going to have a salt-water shower."

---

## **AN EXPLANATION**

I know why the elephant by a thick skin  
And a tough one is ever begirt:  
It is so when he's struck by the trainer's crowbar,  
He can laugh in his trunk all unhurt.

---

## **THE WHALE'S SPOUT.**

"Mr. Tompkins," said Willie Smith to his teacher the other day, "when the whale spouts does he do it to bale himself out?"

---

I'm very fond of buckwheat cakes,  
I'm very fond of pumpkin-pie,  
I love the cookies mommy makes,  
I love upon the grass to lie.

I dote upon a lot of things,  
Like toys and apples, curtain-rings,  
But like must boys  
I think that noise  
Is just the best thing known to man,  
And that is why an old tin pan,  
And battered spoon,  
This afternoon,  
Have kept me busy as a bee;  
Bang! bang! Boom! boom! Hurrah for me,  
I don't need toys  
When I have noise.

---

## **A STAMP-ALBUM GEOGRAPHER.**

Nobody can deny that postage-stamp collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly.

"It's on page ninety-eight," said Jack, "and it produces more sets o' stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

---

## **A PUZZLER.**

"What I can't understand about the sun's light," said Wallie, when he first heard how many millions of miles away from the earth the sun is, "is how it manages to get here so early in the morning without travelling all night."

---

## A GREAT FEAT.

"Mamma," sobbed Bessie, "make Willie stop smellin' my roses. He's took all the perfloomery out of one of 'em already."

---

## A REPLY.

Jimmielboy's small brothers had both got out of bed on the wrong side, as the saying goes, and their differences had been frequent.

"What are those babies fighting about?" finally asked Jimmielboy's mamma.

"About all the time," said Jimmielboy.

---

## A BETTER ONE.

"MY daddy's got a little watch on his bicycle that shows how far he goes. Every time he goes a mile this thing marks a mile," said Tommie.

"My pa has a better one than that," retorted Bobbie. "Every time he goes a mile his registers two miles."

---

## A BAD RULE.

"What has become of your club, Harry?"

"Oh, it's broken up," said Harry. "We made a rule that no boy could be President twice, and after we'd been President once we couldn't go on with it."

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## SAM LEE AND THE FLYING-TOP—A CELESTIAL TALE.





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