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SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEL-TE QUALIFIES AS A BRANCH PILOT.

Although disappointed of their guide there was nothing for the sledge party to do but push on and trust to their own good judgment to carry them safely to the end of their journey. So as much of the moose meat as could be loaded on a sledge, or several hundred pounds in all, was prepared and frozen that evening. Both then and in the morning the dogs were given all they could eat—so much, in fact, that they were greatly disinclined to travel during most of the following day.

The latest addition to the party, after being rudely awakened from the slumber into which Jalap Coombs's singing had lulled him, called pitifully for his mother, and, refusing to be comforted, finally sobbed himself to sleep on Phil's bear-skin in front of the fire. Here he spent the night, tucked warmly in a rabbit-skin robe, nestled between Phil and Serge with all his sorrows forgotten for the time being. In the early morning he was a very sober little lad, with a grievance that was not to be banished even by the sight of his beloved "doggies," while the advances of his human friends were treated with a dignified silence. He was too hungry to refuse the food offered him by Serge; but he ate it with a strictly businesslike air, in which there was nothing of unbending nor forgiveness. To Phil's attempts at conversation he turned a deaf ear, nor would he even so much as smile when Jalap Coombs made faces at him, or got down on hands and knees and growled for his special benefit. He was evidently not to be won by any such foolishness.

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He was roused to an exhibition of slight interest by the tinkling music of Musky's bells when the dogs were harnessed; and when everything being ready for a start, Phil lifted him on the foremost sledge, and tucked him into a spare sleeping-bag that was securely lashed to it, he murmured: "Mamma, Nel-te go mamma."

The loads having been redistributed to provide for the accommodation of the young passenger, this foremost sledge bore besides Nel-te only the Forty-Mile mail, the sleeping equipment of the party, and their extra fur clothing, the *chynik*, in which was stored the small quantity of tea still remaining, what was left of the pemmican, and an axe. As with its load it did not weigh over two hundred pounds, its team was reduced to three dogs, Musky, Luvtuk, and big Amook. Serge still drove seven dogs, and his sledge bore the entire camp equipment and stock of provisions, except the recently acquired moose meat. This was loaded on the last sledge, which was drawn by five dogs, and driven by Jalap Coombs according to his own peculiar fashion.

As soon as the sledges were in motion, and Nel-te conceived the idea that he was going home his spirits revived to such an extent that he chirruped cheerfully to the dogs, and even smiled occasionally at Phil, who strode alongside.

They crossed Fox Lake, passed up the stream that connected it with Indian Trail Lake, and finally went into camp on the edge of the forest at the head of the latter earlier than usual, because they could not see their way to the making of any further progress. Although they felt certain that there must be some stream flowing into the lake by which they could leave it, they could discover no sign of its opening. So they made camp, and leaving Jalap Coombs to care for it Phil and Serge departed in opposite directions to scan every foot of the shore in search of a place of exit.

On reaching this camping-place Nel-te looked about him inquiringly, and with evident disappointment, but he said nothing, and only gazed wistfully after the two lads when they set forth on their search. For a time he hung about the camp-fire watching Jalap Coombs, who was too busily engaged in cooking supper and preparing for the night to pay much attention to him. At length the little chap strolled over to the sledges, and engaged in a romp with the three dogs who dragged his particular conveyance. Every now and then his

shrill laughter came to Jalap's ears, and assured the latter that the child was safe.

Alter a while the explorers returned, both completely discouraged and perplexed.

"I don't believe there is any inlet to this wretched lake!" cried Phil, flinging himself down on a pile of robes. "I've searched every foot of coast on my side, and am willing to swear that there isn't an opening big enough for a rabbit to squeeze through, so far as I went."

"Nor could I find a sign of one," affirmed Serge, "though perhaps in the morning—"

"Hello! Where's Nel-te?" interrupted Phil, springing to his feet and gazing about him anxiously.

"He were about here just as you boys kim in," replied Jalap Coombs, suspending operations at the fire, and gazing about him with a startled expression. "I heered him playing with the dogs not more'n a minute ago."

"Well, he isn't in sight now," said Phil, in a voice whose tone betrayed his alarm, "and if we don't find him in a hurry there's a chance of our not doing it at all, for it will be dark in fifteen minutes more."

As he spoke, Phil hastily replaced the snow-shoes that he had just laid aside. Serge did the same thing, and then they began to circle about the camp with heads bent low in search of the tiny trail. At short intervals they called aloud the name of the missing one, but only the mocking forest echoes answered them.

Suddenly Serge uttered a joyful shout. He had found the prints of small snow-shoes crossed and recrossed by those of dogs. In a moment Phil joined him, and the two followed the trail together. It led for a short distance along the border of the lake in the direction previously taken by Phil, and then making a sharp bend to the right struck directly into the forest.

When the boys reached the edge of the timber they found a low opening so overhung by bushes as to be effectually concealed from careless observation. The curtaining growth was so bent down with a weight of snow that even Nel-te must have stooped to pass under it. That he had gone that way was shown by the trail dimly visible in the growing dusk, and the lads did not hesitate to follow. Forcing a path through the bushes, which extended only a few yards back from the lake, they found themselves in an open highway, evidently the frozen surface of a stream.

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil, who was the first to gain it. "I believe this is the very creek we have been searching for. It must be, and the little chap has found it for us."

"Yes," replied Serge. "It begins to look as though Cree Jim's son had taken Cree Jim's place as guide."

Now the boys pushed forward with increased speed. At length they heard the barking of dogs, and began to shout, but received no answer. They had gone a full quarter of a mile from the lake ere they caught sight of the little fur-clad figure plodding steadily forward on what he fondly hoped to be his way toward home and the mother for whom his baby heart so longed. Musky, Luvtuk, and big Amook were his companions, and not until he was caught up in Phil's arms did the child so much as turn his head, or pay the slightest heed to those who followed his trail.

As he was borne back in triumph toward camp his lower lip quivered, and two big tears rolled down his chubby cheeks, but he did not cry nor utter a complaint; nor from that time on did he make further effort to regain his lost home. The boys had hardly begun to retrace their steps when another figure loomed out of the shadows, and came rapidly toward them. It looked huge in the dim light, and advanced with gigantic strides.

"Hello!" cried Phil, as he recognized the new-comer. "Where are you bound?"

"Bound to get lost along with the rest of the crew," replied Jalap Coombs, stoutly. "Didn't I tell ye I wouldn't put up with your gettin' lost alone ag'in?"

"That's so; but, you see, I forgot," laughed Phil. "Now that we are all found, though, let's get back to the supper you were cooking before you decided to get lost. By-the-way, Mr. Coombs, do you realize that this is the very stream for which we have been hunting? What do you think of our young pilot now?"

"Think of him!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs. "I think he's just the same as all in the piloting business. Pernicketty—knows a heap more'n he'll ever tell, and won't ever p'int out a channel till you're just about to run aground. Then he'll do it kinder careless and onconsarned, same as the kid done jest now. Oh, he's a regular branch pilot, he is, and up to all the tricks of the trade."

Bright and early the following morning, thanks to Nel-te's pilotage, the sledges were speeding up the creek on their way to Lost Lake. By nightfall they had crossed it, three other small lakes, descended an outlet of the last to Little Salmon River, and after a run of five miles down that stream found themselves once more amid the ice hummocks of the Yukon, one hundred and twenty miles above the mouth of the Pelly. Of this distance they had saved about one-third by their adventurous cut-off. The end of another week found them one hundred and fifty miles further up the Yukon and at the mouth of the Tahkeena. It had been a week of the roughest kind of travel, and its hard work was telling severely on the dogs.

As they made their last camp on the mighty river they were to leave for good on the morrow they were both glad and sorry. Glad to leave its rough ice and escape the savage difficulties that it offered in the shape of cañons and roaring rapids only a few miles above, and sorry to desert its well-mapped course for the little-known Tahkeena.

Still their dogs could not hold out for another week on the Yukon, while over the smooth going of the tributary stream they might survive the hardships of the journey to its very end; and without these faithful servants our travellers would indeed be in a sorry plight. So while they reminisced before their roaring camp-fire of the many adventures they had encountered since entering Yukon mouth, two thousand miles away, they looked hopefully forward to their journey's end, now less than as many hundred miles from that point. To the dangers of the lofty mountain-range they had yet to cross they gave but little thought, for the mountains were still one hundred miles away.

THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH CREATES A SENSATION.

One evening late in March the smoke of a lonely camp-fire curled above a fringe of stunted spruces forming the timber line high up on the northern slope of the Alaskan coast range. Kotusk, the natives call these mountains. Far below lay the spotless sheet of Tahk Lake, from which the Tahkeena winds for one hundred miles down its rugged valley to swell the Yukon flood. From the foot of the mountains the unbroken solitude of the vast northern wilderness swept away in ice-bound silence to the polar sea. Far to the westward St. Elias and Wrangel, the great northern sentinels of the Rocky Mountain system, reared their massive heads twenty thousand feet above the Pacific. From them the mighty range of snow-clad peaks follows the coast line eastward, gathering, with icy fingers, the mist clouds ever rising from the warm ocean waters, converting them with frigid breath into the grandest glaciers of the continent, and sending them slowly grinding their resistless way back to the sea.

On one side of this stupendous barrier our sledge party from the Yukon was now halted. On the other side lay the frontier of civilization, safety, and their journey's end. Between the two points rose the mountains, calmly contemptuous of human efforts to penetrate their secrets of avalanche and glacier, icy precipice and snow-filled gorge, fierce blizzard and ice-laden whirlwind, desolation and death. It is no wonder that, face to face with such things, the little group, gathered about the last camp-fire they might see for days or perhaps forever, should be unusually quiet and thoughtful.

Still clad in their well-worn garments of fur they were engaged in characteristic occupations. Phil, looking anxious and careworn, was standing close to the fire, warming and cleaning his rifle. Serge was making a stew of the last of their moose meat, which would afterwards be frozen and taken with them into untimbered regions where camp-fires would be unknown. Jalap Coombs was thoughtfully mending a broken snow-shoe, and at the same time finding his task sadly interrupted by Nel-te, who, nestled between his knees, was trying to attract the sailorman's undivided attention.

The little chap, with his great sorrow forgotten, was now the life and pet of the party. So firmly was his place established among them that they wondered how they had ever borne the loneliness of a camp without his cheery presence, and could hardly realize that he had only recently come into their lives. Now, too, half the anxiety with which they regarded the perilous way before them was on his account.

"I'm worrying most about the dogs," said Phil, continuing a conversation begun some time before, "and I am afraid some of them will give out before we reach the summit."

"Yes," agreed Serge; "To-day's pull up from the lake has told terribly on them, and Amook's feet have been badly cut by the crust ever since he ate his boots."

"Poor old dog!" said Phil. "It was awfully careless of me to forget and leave them on him all night. I don't wonder a bit at his eating them, though, considering the short rations he's been fed on lately."

The dogs were indeed having a hard time. Worn by months of sledge-pulling over weary leagues of snow and ice, their trials only increased as the tedious journey progressed. The days were now so long that each offered a full twelve hours of sunlight, while the snow was so softened by the growing warmth that in the middle of the day it seriously clogged both snow-shoes and sledges. Then a crust would form, through which the poor dogs would break for an hour or more, until it stiffened sufficiently to bear their weight. Added to these tribulations was such a scarcity of food that half-rations had become the rule for every one, men as well as dogs, excepting Nel-te, who had not yet been allowed to suffer on that account. Of the many dogs that had been connected with the expedition at different times only nine were now left, and some of these would evidently not go much further.

As the boys talked of the condition of their trusty servants, and exchanged anxious forebodings concerning the crossing of the mountains, their attention was attracted by an exclamation from Jalap Coombs. Nel-te had been so insistent in demanding his attention that the sailorman was finally obliged to lay aside his work and lift the child to his knees saying,

"Waal, Cap'n Kid, what's the orders now, sir?"

"C'ap'n Kid" was the name he had given to the little fellow on the occasion of the latter's début as pilot; for, as he said, "Every branch pilot answers to the hail of C'ap'n, and this one being a kid becomes 'Cap'n Kid' by rights."

For answer to his question the child held out a small fur-booted foot, and intimated that the boot should be pulled off.

"Bad foot, hurt Nel-te," he said.

"So! something gone wrong with your running rigging, eh?" queried Jalap Coombs, as he pulled off the offending boot. Before he could investigate it the little chap reached forward, and, thrusting a chubby hand down to its very toe, drew forth in triumph the object that had been annoying him. As he made a motion to fling it out into the snow, Jalap Coombs, out of curiosity to see what had worried the child, caught his hand. The next moment he uttered the half-terrified exclamation that attracted the attention of Phil and Serge.

As they looked they saw him holding to the firelight between thumb and finger, and beyond reach of Nel-te, who was striving to regain it, an object so strange and yet so familiar that for a moment they regarded it in speechless amazement.

"The fur-seal's tooth!" cried Phil. "How can it be?"

"It can't be our fur-seal's tooth," objected Serge, in a tone of mingled incredulity and awe. "There must be several of them."

"I should think so myself," replied Phil, who had taken the object in question from Jalap Coombs for a closer examination, "if it were not for a private mark that I scratched on it when it was in our possession at St. Michaels. See, here it is, and so the identity of the tooth is established beyond a doubt. But how it ever got here I can't conceive. There is actually something supernatural about the whole thing. Where did you say you found it, Mr. Coombs?"

"In Cap'n Kid's boot," replied the mate, who had just restored that article to the child's foot. "But blow me

for a porpus ef I kin understand how ever it got there. Last time I seen it 'twas back to Forty Mile."

"Yes," said Serge, "Judge Riley had it."

"I remember seeing him put it into a vest pocket," added Phil, "and meant to ask him for it, but forgot to do so. Now to have it appear from the boot of that child, who has never been to Forty Mile, or certainly not since we left there, is simply miraculous. It beats any trick of spiritualism or conspiring I ever heard of. The mystery of the tooth's appearing at St. Michaels after my father lost it, only a short time before at Oonalaska, was strange enough; but that was nothing to this."

"There must be magic in it," said Serge, who from early associations was inclined to be superstitious. "I don't care, though, if there is," he added, stoutly. "I believe the tooth has come to us at this time of our despondency as an omen of good fortune, and now I feel certain that we shall pull through all right. You remember, Phil, the saying that goes with it: 'He who receives it as a gift receives good luck.'"

"Who has received it as a gift this time?" inquired the Yankee lad.

"We all have, though it seems to have been especially sent to Nel-te, and you know he is the one we were most anxious about." [Pg 620]

"That's so," assented Phil, "and from this time on Nel-te shall wear it as a charm, though I suppose it won't stay with him any longer than suits its convenience. I never had a superstition in my life, and haven't believed in such things, but I must confess that my unbelief is shaken by this affair. There isn't any possible way, that I can see, for this tooth to have got here except by magic."

"It beats the *Flying Dutchman* and *Merrymaids*," said Jalap Coombs, solemnly, as he lighted his pipe for a quieting smoke. "D'ye know, lads, I'm coming to think as how it were all on account of this 'ere curio being aboard the steamer *Norsk* that she stopped and picked you up in Bering Sea that night."

"Nonsense!" cried Phil. "That is impossible!"

Thus purely through ignorance this lad, who was usually so sensible and level-headed, declared with one breath his belief in an impossibility, and with the next his disbelief of a fact. All of which serves to illustrate the folly of making assertions concerning subjects about which we are ignorant. There is nothing so mysterious that it cannot be explained, and nothing more foolish than to declare a thing impossible simply because we are too ignorant to understand it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOB, AND BIMBER, AND THE BEAR.

Bob Torrey was cantering slowly over the mesa, returning from an errand to a neighboring cattle ranch, when he caught sight of a hawk's nest in the top of a large cedar, and determined to learn whether it contained any eggs. So he rode up to the tree and dismounted, the pony understanding by the dropped bridle-rein that he was not to stray away. His dog Bimber at once began a diligent investigation of the premises of a badger, the front door of whose burrow opened between two large roots.

Bob had just reached the nest, after some hard scrambling, and was intent upon its four brown-splotched eggs, when he heard Bimber begin barking furiously.

"Guess he's found somebody at home. Teach him to keep out of other people's houses," Bob said to himself, gleefully, but was too busy to look down. The racket continued, and seemed to go away and come back. Lowering his head below the nest to ascertain what was going on, the boy forgot those eggs instantly, for he saw a grizzly bear loping over the ground in close pursuit of that fool of a dog, who was *ki-yi-ing* and doing his best to reach the tree, while Bob's pony, head and tail up, was making a record for speed in the opposite direction.

The bear seemed as big as an elephant, and was growling savagely. "Oh," he thought, "if I were only a hawk, like that one soaring overhead; or a horse, like that one tearing across the prairie; or even a dog, like Bimber, who—" But where *was* Bimber? He had disappeared. Had the bear eaten him up? No; the boy must have seen the capture if that had happened.

Then a horrible thought came and nearly chilled his bones. Could a grizzly bear climb a tree?

Suddenly the barking was heard once more, but in a queer, muffled tone, as if the dog were far away, yet no glimpse of his white coat could be caught anywhere, though Bob's eyes searched on all sides. Next the barking would ring out sharp and clear close by, and the bear would give a new roar, but nothing be visible. It was most puzzling.

"Where in the mischief is Bimber?" the prisoner kept asking himself, until he almost forgot his own peril.

Then the terrier suddenly appeared, facing his big enemy, and scolding the best he knew how. The grizzly whirled round and made a dash, but the dog was twice as agile, and in an instant was safe, in that burrow between the roots.

The bear tried to reach in, first one paw and then another, and so drag its small enemy out, but such tactics were of no avail. The dog simply retreated until Bob could scarcely hear its voice, and never once ventured within reach of those formidable claws.

"Maybe I can frighten the beast," thought Bob, as he drew his small double-barrelled pistol from his belt and fired.

The bear gave a roar as the little bullet stung his shoulder, and, dropping the shot-gun, came rushing back to the tree, where it reared up savagely, only to receive the contents of the other barrel, making a scalp wound, which brought out another terrific growl, while Bimber was able to take a nip at a hind leg and escape.

This last bit of impudence was too much. Bruin was thoroughly enraged. He tore at the mouth of the burrow as though he meant to dig it out in three minutes, but the tough roots were in the way, and before long he gave up the task, and, as if decided upon a siege, lay down squarely across the hole and began rubbing his sore head.

For an hour or more the boy sat there, when suddenly an idea occurred to him.

His powder-flask still hung around his neck. Unscrewing its cap, he poured into his left hand as much gunpowder as it could conveniently hold, and replaced the cap. Reaching up to the nest, he lifted out one of the hawk's eggs, broke it gently, and let a little quantity of the sticky "white" run into the powder in his palm. This done, he mixed the two together, adding more of one or the other as needed, until he had formed a paste that suited him. This paste he shaped into a roll or cord around a raveling from his coat lining, which served as a sort of wick, coiled it closely, and laid it on the branch beside him. This was a "spitting devil," such as he had often used to make Fourth-of-July fun with. He then made two more.

With as little noise as possible Bob crept down to the lowest limb, where he was directly over the huge mass of fur, and twisted his legs round the limb so as to leave both arms free. Holding the three "devils" in one hand, he took a match from his pocket and lighted them rapidly, then dropped the blazing things, one after another, upon the dozing beast beneath him.

If Bruin noticed them at all, he doubtless supposed some twigs had fallen upon his back; but before long their fizzing and snapping woke him up, and the next moment they began to warm him well, especially one, which had caught firmly in the ruff around his neck, and another among the long hair on his haunches. He rolled over and over, but this only ground the devils deeper into the fur, while Bimber, aroused by the rumpus, rushed out to add his clamor to the commotion. Suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air, and nearly knocked Bob off his perch with surprise. The bear, in floundering about, had sat down upon the gun, and, entangling the hammers in his hair, had discharged it; but as the barrels were bent, of course the gun had burst.

That was the finishing touch. Singed, stung, and panic-stricken by the powder on his back and the explosion in his rear, the grizzly uttered a great howl and galloped away at the top of his speed.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

III.—ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS.

"Arthur must have been tickled to death," said Jack, when his father told how Sir Ector and Kaye knelt before him and hailed him as King. "Wouldn't it be fine, Mollie, if somebody should ring our front-door bell now, and come in and prove that you and I were King and Queen of somewhere, and that papa was bringing us up for Queen Victoria or Emperor William, for instance?"

"I don't think so at all," said Mollie. "I don't want to be Queen, and I don't think you'd make a good King, either. You slide down the banisters too much to make a very royal King. Kings don't do such things."

"I guess they would if they could," said Jack. "What's the good of being a King if you can't do whatever you wanted to?"

"I'd rather be a President, though," put in Mollie. "Kings have to wear solid gold crowns with prongs on 'em all the time, and it must be dreadfully uncomfortable."

"Very true, my dear," said her father. "A crown is about the most uncomfortable possession a man can have, and Arthur, I fancy, felt very much at first as you do. He felt very badly indeed when he learned that Sir Ector was not his father, and that Kaye was nothing but a chum, instead of a brother, as he had always thought, for he loved them both more than he did any one else in the world. So when Sir Ector knelt before him and said, 'You are the rightful King of England,' Arthur opened his eyes as widely as he could and started back in amazement."

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"I guess he thought it was an April-fool," laughed Mollie.

"At first he may have thought that," said the Story-teller, "but when he remembered that great Knights like Sir Ector wouldn't play jokes of that kind he didn't think it any more. He began to grow uneasy and unhappy, for instead of throwing his cap into the air and crying hurrah, as Jack would do if he were elected President of the United States to-morrow, he gave a groan and an exclamation of dismay.

"'Alas!' he cried; 'why do my father and brother kneel before me?'

"'I am not your father, nor is Kaye your brother,' replied Sir Ector.

"'Then who am I?' cried Arthur, in great distress.

"'That I know not,' returned Sir Ector, 'save that you are our King. You were brought to me by Merlin to care for when you were an infant, and from that day to this you have been treated as my son. Whose child you are I do not know, nor have I ever known—nor has any one known except Merlin.'"

"Didn't Sir Ector know who paid his board?" asked Jack. "Who'd he send his bill to?"

The Story-teller smiled. "I don't believe Sir Ector charged anything for his services," he said. "He was a true Knight, and was willing to perform a knightly service for another without charging anything for it or asking too many questions."

"You couldn't get anybody to do that nowadays, I imagine," said Mollie, thoughtfully. "I think very likely they'd ha' sent him to an orphan asylum if he'd lived now."

"I am not at all sure that you are not right about that," said her father; "but whether you are or not, the fact remains that Sir Ector took Arthur in, and without knowing whence he came or who or what he was, was as good to him as he was to Kaye, his own little boy; and when Arthur learned that Ector was not his father, it

pained him deeply, and he heartily wished he had never seen the sword in the stone which had made known the secret of his high position to the world."

"Then Sir Ector asked Arthur to be his gracious lord when he had become King, and to make Kaye the steward of all his lands. This Arthur promised, for, as he said to Sir Ector, he owed more to him and his wife than he did to all others in the world. The promise made, Sir Ector took Arthur to the Archbishop, and told him all that had occurred, and the Archbishop was as much surprised as Arthur had been, and being a wise man, he foresaw that all others would be surprised as well, and some of them unpleasantly so, so he advised that the matter be kept secret for a little while, when he would summon the Knights for another trial, at which Arthur could do publicly what he had already done unobserved.

"On Twelfth Day the plan was carried out. The Knights again rode to the church-yard and tugged at the sword, but no more successfully than before. Then Arthur came forth to try, and they all laughed at him. Some of them sneeringly asked why a mere boy should be brought forward to try to do what they, the most gallant and the strongest Knights, had been unable to do, but they soon stopped smiling and sneering and began to frown. Arthur, as he had previously done, walked easily up to the stone, and grasping the sword by the hilt, pulled it out with as little effort as if it were a weed in a garden."

"That ain't always easy," said Mollie, who had tried weeding in her own little garden patch.

"No," said her father; "not always, but sometimes they come up with scarcely an effort, and that is the way the sword came out of the stone as soon as Arthur grasped the hilt."

Jack chuckled. "You can bet on a boy to beat a man in a game o' stunts every time," he said, proudly.

"Well, you can in many cases," said his father, with a smile, "but the Knights did not like it any the better for that. They were not used to playing games of stunts with boys, and in this particular instance the prize was so great a one that their anger ran very high, and they asked some very embarrassing questions.

"Who is this boy?" asked some, and nobody was prepared to answer the question. All Sir Ector knew was that he had brought him up from a baby, and that he had been a very good boy, but this was not enough for the Knights. With the crown at stake, they wanted to be certain that his parents were people of high birth. They didn't want the son of a stable-man to rule over them and to sit on the throne, and they grew so bitter about it that to save trouble the Archbishop ordered another trial to be held at Candlemas."

"I don't think that was fair," said Mollie. "He'd won, and they'd ought to have given him the prize."

"True," said her father. "He certainly had won it, but the Archbishop felt that having won it once, he would do it again, and it was better to wait."

"He was all right," said Jack. "I think it wasn't quite fair as Mollie says, but it was good business."

"Yes," said the Story-teller; "for, as you will soon see, Arthur didn't lose anything by it except time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SIR ECTOR TOOK ARTHUR TO THE ARCHBISHOP AND TOLD HIM ALL.

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NUMBER 100.

FRANK HOWELL'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURE IN A PRIVATE CAR.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

It was in a handsome private car without any name that I made the acquaintance of Frank Howell. He was already in the car when I boarded the train; and as the owner of the car, who was also the owner of the railroad we were riding over, was busy at the moment dictating letters to his private secretary in the little office at one end, Frank and I were left alone together in the principal room, and we soon became acquainted. I was surprised to see him there, for although I had made frequent journeys in the car, I had never seen any boy in it before; but he seemed very much at home and quite contented. He was a handsome boy—or, rather, I should say he is a handsome boy, for this was only a few weeks ago—with dark bright eyes and wavy brown hair, and a pleasant manner that would make almost any one take an interest in him at once.

We soon fell into a little conversation, and I learned that he was a Chicago boy, fourteen years old, and that he was spending the winter with his father and mother in the Seminole Hotel, in Winter Park, Florida. This accounted for his presence in that neighborhood, for we were then riding through one of the central counties of Florida; but it did not account for his presence in the private car, and when I dropped a hint in that direction, he told me that he had known the owner of the car for only about a week. When we had reached this stage of our acquaintance, Mr. H. B. Plant, the owner both of the car and the railroad, came out of his office and spoke to us. After shaking hands with me he introduced Frank Howell.

"He doesn't look like a dangerous boy, does he?" Mr. Plant said, smilingly. "But he had hardly got down into

this country before he ran away with my car, so I thought I had better take him along with me to Jacksonville, for fear he might run away with the whole railroad."

"Indeed I think it was the car that ran away with me, Mr. Plant," Frank broke in. "Anyhow, I brought it back again."

"He is the first person I have ever known," Mr. Plant went on, "to travel about the country in a private car, without a cent of money to buy anything to eat with. You must tell that story, Frank, while I finish my letters; and try to tell it as well as you told it to me the other day."

"How far did you go with the car, Frank?" I asked, when we were left alone together again.

"About twenty-five hundred miles," he answered.

"What!"

"Twenty-five hundred miles, they say it was. I'll tell you about it," he replied.

I saw there was a story coming, and that Frank was able to tell it well in his own words; so I made no further interruptions.

"You know, after you've seen the lakes at Winter Park," he began, "and the pine woods and the caged alligator, and a few hundred orange groves, there isn't very much more for the people to see, so they go down to the station about six o'clock every evening to see the last mail come in. That brings through cars from the North—one sleeper from New York and one from Chicago, that meet in Jacksonville. I got into the habit of going to the station every evening too, and, of course, I soon got to know all the sleepers by name. There were the Olivia, and the Tagus, and the Marion, and perhaps a dozen in all, but only two in any one train.

"Well, one evening I was in the crowd looking at the passengers get off, when I happened to see that there were three big cars in the train, instead of two. The biggest of all, and the finest of all, was the last car in the train, and I was sure I had never seen it before, so I pushed down the platform to see its name. Queerly enough, it didn't have any name at all: it just had the figures '100' painted in gilt letters on its side. I looked in the windows, and saw that it was a great deal handsomer than any of the sleepers. There were only two or three gentlemen in the car, and they were sitting in big, comfortable arm-chairs in a room that shone with mirrors and polished oak. There were flowers on a table in the centre, and, at one end a couch that looked as soft as down. But I needn't describe it to you, because it was this very room, in this very car.

"It was only a glance I had before the train started, but that was enough to show me that it was a private car, and to make me wonder whether I should ever have a chance to take a ride in one. I didn't suppose I should, at least not for a great many years. But you never can tell about things, can you? After that the car seemed to be going up or coming down every day or two, and I always looked into it whenever I had an opportunity. One morning I happened down by the station, and there stood No. 100 on a side track, with no engine, and nobody about it.

"'Here's my chance,' I thought to myself, 'to see the finest car on the road'; and I went up to it, and walked all around it, and climbed over the platforms, and saw just nothing at all, for all the shades were pulled down tight.

"'That's too bad,' I was just saying to myself, or I guess I must have been saying it out loud. 'I do wish I could see the inside of that car'; and the minute I said it I heard somebody alongside of me say:

"'Do you? Then come along with me, for I am going into it.'

"I looked around, and there was a gentleman I often saw in the hotel, and, of course, he often saw me there.

"'Oh!' said I; 'can you get into it?'

"'I think so,' said he, half laughing. 'I am the superintendent of the road.'

"He unlocked the door with a key, and took me in, and that was the first time I ever set foot in this or any other private car. It fairly took me off my feet to see how fine it was. He showed me the office at the end, with its big windows on three sides, and its soft sofa and velvet carpet and rugs; and the two big state-rooms, each with its broad double bed and its bath-room; and this dining-room where we're sitting, as big as the dining-room in a French flat, and much handsomer; and the two 'sections' like a sleeper; and another bath-room; and the tiny baggage-room; and at the end of the car the kitchen, all stocked with copper kettles and pans; and the refrigerator, and away up over that a berth for the cook. My, but didn't it all look fine! You see, it was the first time I was ever in a private car; I wasn't so used to them then as I am now.

"I asked whose car it was, and the Superintendent said it belonged to Mr. Plant, who owned the hotel I was staying in and the other big hotel in Tampa, and was president of that railroad and a dozen others, and two or three steamship lines. No wonder he had a beautiful car all to himself, was it? Well, I was just going to say that that was the way I happened to get acquainted with the superintendent, and it was through him that I happened to go down to Tampa alone a few days afterwards to see the big hotel and the Steamships, because he was going down, and he said he'd see me safe in the train to come back.

"You know how the trains start just back of the big hotel in Tampa? Well, I was to take the 3.15 train in the afternoon to come home, and I was there in good time; but I didn't see any thing of the superintendent at first. I saw this car standing there, though, with its shades all down; but it was some ways down the track, and not coupled to any train. The last car of my train was the parlor car, and I got in that, for I had exactly fifty cents left to pay my parlor-car fare with, besides my return ticket, of course. In a minute or two the train began to back, and I saw the conductor outside making signals to the engineer, so I went to the rear door and looked out.

"What do you think? They were backing right down to this car, and in a minute they had it coupled to my train; and just as the coupling was made the superintendent opened the door and came out on the platform, and as soon as he saw me he told me to come over there.

"I was sure then that he was going to ride somewhere in this car, and maybe he might let me ride with him

a little ways. Wasn't it the luckiest thing in the world, I thought, that I happened to be there just at the right minute? We both went inside, in the little office at the end where Mr. Plant is now; and the first thing the superintendent said, said he, 'I am going to take this car up the road, and if you like you can ride up to Winter Park with me.'

"Well, sir, it was so sudden I didn't know for a minute whether I stood on my feet or my head. But the train began to move off, so I saw it was really true.

"Isn't Mr. Plant going to use it?' I asked him—for I was so excited I hardly knew what I said.

"Mr. Plant sailed for Jamaica this morning,' he answered, 'and will not be back for two weeks. The car is going up to New York now to bring Mrs. Plant and some of her friends down. It has just been thoroughly cleaned for her use, so I do not care to open it up much and let the dust in; but you can make yourself comfortable here in the office while I look over some papers. I am only going as far as Lakeland myself, about thirty miles up the road; but you can go on to Winter Park in the car if you'll be sure to slam the door when you get out. It locks with a spring lock.'

"Make myself comfortable! Well I should rather say I could. I was as proud as a peacock. It was foolish, of course, but, you see, I'd never had a ride in a private car before. I was sorry none of my friends had seen me start off in it, and that none of them would be likely to see me get out, for the train was not due at Winter Park till after eight o'clock. It seemed just like being in a house, it went so smooth and firm; and when people looked in the windows at stations, I'd imagine they were wondering what nabob that boy was, to be travelling in such style. And then I'd think of having only fifty cents in my pocket, and I'd have to laugh.

"It seemed just no time at all before we got to Lakeland, where the superintendent left me. He told me to take a nap on the sofa if I got sleepy, for I still had a four hours' ride, and to be sure and slam the door when I got out. Then I had the grand car all to myself, and wasn't I just prouder than ever! I wanted to go all over it and look at all the handsome things, but I wouldn't do it, because that would be just like sneaking over anybody's house. I staid right in the office, and pretty soon it began to grow dark, for there was nobody to light the lamps in the car, and I began to grow sleepy. So I spread out a newspaper for my feet, and lay down on the sofa.

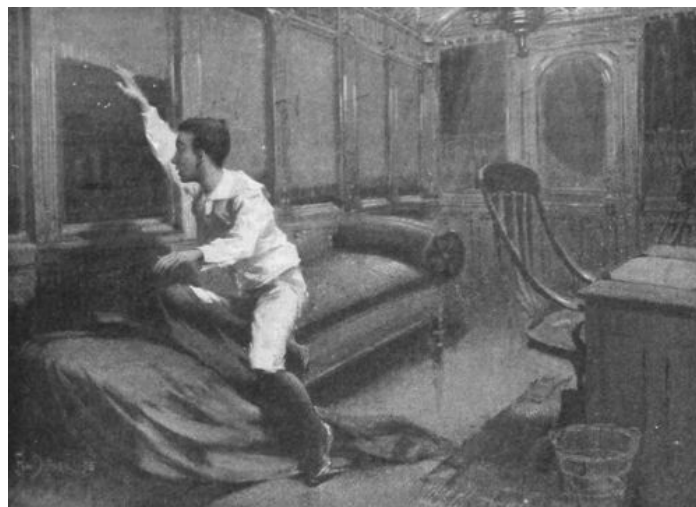
"Did you ever see anything as soft as these sofas? It was like floating in the air, and I imagined myself riding on that magic carpet in the *Arabian Nights*. But there was something lacking, as there always is. I was as hungry as a bear, for I'd eaten nothing since morning. Then I thought of the fifty cents in my pocket, and the buffet they always have in the sleepers and parlor cars in Florida, and how easy it would be to go into the next car and buy some supper. But didn't I fasten back the catch of the door carefully before I went out? You see, I'd have been only an ordinary passenger if the door had locked after me, for I couldn't have got back.

"The waiter in the parlor car looked at me a kind of queer when I ordered my supper. 'Do you belong in this car?' said he.

"Oh no,' said I. 'I have a private car in the rear.' Well, sir, after that you'd have thought I was the President of the United States from the way he waited on me. My fifty cents didn't buy very much, but it was enough.

"In a few minutes I was back on my sofa in No. 100, with the door locked. It was almost dark, and getting chilly, but having a fine private car all to myself more than made up for that. Just think of it! It was almost as though I owned the car. Even the conductor didn't come in, for they don't go into a railroad president's private car to ask for tickets.

"I took a soft rug off the floor and pulled it over me, and thought I might as well take a nap. It would be safe to sleep for an hour, or even two, and I was tired with my day's travel. Of course I was asleep in no time. My, how good it felt!—a private car all to myself, soft sofa to sleep on, nobody to bother me."



**"WELL, SIR, IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE A BOY'S HAIR
TURN GRAY."**

"Suddenly something woke me up. I didn't know where I was at first, but it came back to me in a minute, and I was awfully cold. A little scared, too, for if I had slept any longer I might have been carried past Winter Park, and a pretty thing that would have been. I jumped up and looked out, but it was too dark to see anything much. We were running very slow, and I thought by the way things looked we were just getting into a station. So I sat down by the window and watched, and, sure enough, we were just about to stop. When we did stop, my car stood right square in front of the bay-window of a station. And what do you think I saw? Well, sir, it was enough to make a boy's hair turn gray. There was a big sign on the front of the building, WAYCROSS; and the clock inside the window said 4.35.

"Then I knew I was in for it; for Waycross, you know, is in Georgia, about half-way between Jacksonville and Savannah, and nearly three hundred miles above Winter Park. Instead of taking a little nap, I had slept for eight or nine hours, and I was three hundred miles away from my friends, without a cent in my pocket. My first thought was to get out, but while I had my hand on the door-knob I thought better of it. What would become of me if I got out? I had no money to go home with—not even a cent to telegraph to my folks with. Go to the conductor, do you say? You see, we were on an entirely different railroad from the one we started on, and had a different conductor, of course. This one wouldn't know anything about me, and probably would not believe my story.

"It was a pretty tough place, wasn't it? Private car, soft sofa, fine rugs, great style, and not a cent of money. While I was trying to make up my mind what to do, the train started. But that was all right; for somehow I couldn't get it out of my head that the best thing I could do was to stick to the car. You see, I figured it this way: when I didn't come home at nine o'clock, they'd begin to worry about me. They'd telegraph to the superintendent, and he'd understand how it was, and telegraph along the line, and have me found and sent home.

"Had it all reasoned out fine, didn't I? And it would have turned out so, only for one thing. The superintendent drove out in the country somewhere from Lakeland, where he couldn't be reached by telegraph, and he didn't get back to Winter Park for two days. Nobody else knew that I was in this car. Wasn't that a fix for you?

"But I'm getting ahead of my story. I'd made up my mind to stick to the car, if I had to ride all the way to New York. But of course my folks and the superintendent would find me long before that. You see, I've read in the papers how lost boys in New York are taken care of by the police, and their friends telegraphed to. But I had a better plan than that to try first, if it came to the worst; I'd go to a good hotel and get them to telegraph, and my father would send on money for me. The summer clothes I wore would be some proof of my coming from Florida. You see, I had to think out every little point.

"Well, I'll not tire you with telling you how I rode on and on and on, and how nobody came into the car after me. You know the road, of course. We were in Savannah, and then we were in Charleston, and in Wilmington; but nobody inquired for me. I may as well own up that I was pretty well frightened when night came on again. I kept the door locked, of course, and most all the shades down, for somehow I didn't care much about looking at the scenery.

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"But I had to break my rule about not going through the car, for by night I was almost starved. There must be something to eat in the kitchen, I thought; and I went and looked. Not a thing there! Closets empty, and all scrubbed out clean, refrigerator open and empty, not so much anywhere as a scrap of bread. I'd have eaten some, you know, if there'd been any there—for what would a railroad president care for a slice of bread when a fellow was hungry? That made me kind of desperate, and I tried the dining-room—this room. Well, sir, in the closet under that cabinet in the corner I found a big earthenware jar half full of Boston water-crackers—those fearfully hard ones, you know. But didn't they taste good, though! I felt kind of mean about eating them, but it was all right— Mr. Plant says it was, and he's sorry I didn't find a porter-house steak there.

"Lying down that second night was the worst time of all. Did I cry, you say? Yes, sir, I did cry. Mind you, I'm only fourteen, and a bigger boy than that would have cried. Then sometimes I laughed, too. When I began to wonder whether I was a nabob travelling in a private car, or a tramp looking for a supper, that made me laugh. It was frightfully dark, and of course I did not dare light a lamp. It was cold, too; but I managed that with more rugs. There were plenty of rugs. By that time I was nearly a thousand miles away from my friends, and nobody seemed to be making any inquiries about me. But I knew that was nonsense, for do you think my mother wouldn't hunt me? When I thought of how she must be worrying about me, it made me cry again, and I cried myself to sleep. The next thing I knew somebody was shaking me by the shoulder.

"Wake up, young man!' the somebody was saying. 'Are you Frank Howell?'

"Yes, sir,' said I, as soon as I got my senses.

"It was a tall young gentleman, as I could see by the light through the window, and the train was standing still.

"Then come along with me,' said he. 'It's half past five in the morning, and this is Washington. You've only about twelve minutes to eat your breakfast in.'

"Then I knew I'd been found, and do you know it almost took away my strength. We were in the railway restaurant, and I was eating like a starving man before I had a chance to ask any questions, and then it was the gentleman who did the asking.

"Have you come far?'" said he.

"Come far!' said I; 'I was carried past Winter Park. Didn't you know?'

"I didn't know anything about it,' said he. 'I'm just obeying orders. I got this telegram only about two hours ago.' And he laid on the table a telegram which read:

"To FRED ROBLIN,
Washington.

"Mrs. Plant desires you to find Frank Howell, a boy probably coming North in her car in Train 14. See that he has breakfast and anything else he wants, and send him on to New York. Telegraph Seminole Hotel as soon as found.

"H. S. HAINES,
Vice-President.'

"That's all right, then,' said I. 'Somebody's found me; I don't know who it is.'

"All right!' said he; 'I should say it was. You're the luckiest boy in the country if Mrs. Plant is looking after you. There goes the bell. Now is there anything more I can do for you?'

"I told him not a thing more, and he said he would telegraph to my father, and that of course somebody

would meet me in New York. Well, sir, it was a different ride after that, though the car got colder all the time. I pulled up all the shades and made things look cheerful, and unlocked the door, for I wasn't afraid any longer of being put out. And somebody did meet me. It was a man in livery, and he had a warm overcoat for me, and took me across the ferry, and put me in a beautiful coach with two horses, and in a few minutes I was in one of the finest houses I ever saw in my life, and a beautiful lady was stroking my head.

"'Why, you poor child,' Mrs. Plant said (for the lady was Mrs. Plant), 'what a fright you must have had! But your troubles are over now, for I shall take you back with me to Florida to-morrow. I was so afraid you would be starving in the car, as it was all cleaned out.'

"I told her about the crackers I found, and that made her laugh. After a while I asked her how she had found me out, and why my folks had not hunted me up.

"'Hunted you up!' she repeated. 'Why, child, we had the whole line turned upside down looking for you. The whole trouble was that the superintendent did not get back to Winter Park till late last night, and no one else knew that you were in my car. But as soon as he returned he telegraphed the New York office what had happened, and they sent word to me. It was after midnight then, and Washington was the first place I could catch the car.'

"Say, did you ever see such a kind lady as Mrs. Plant? She said I was her guest, because it was her car had carried me off; and that night she took me to the opera, and the next day we started back for Florida. We didn't live on crackers on the way down, either, I tell you; nor the car wasn't cold or dark. I didn't find out till after I got back that Mrs. Plant thought my folks would be so worried that she'd telegraphed to a dozen of the agents to find me, and had told them all 'the boy is to be treated as my guest, wherever found.' And you see how kind Mr. Plant was about it after he got home. This is the second time he has had me out to ride with him. Oh, it's jolly, being carried away in a president's private car—after you're found.

"Some of the boys at the hotel say I was a chump not to tell the conductor after I found I was carried past, and have him send me home. But was I? Well, I rather think not. They're jealous, that's all."

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A NAUTICAL FIRE-BALLOON.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

It was blowing fresh from the eastward and southward, and the *Alice Tree*, under two lower topsails, spanker, and a bit of head-sail, was roaring along on a taut bowline, and looking well up toward her course. That was as nearly due east as a good compass, a cool hand at the wheel, and an honest desire to cross the fiftieth meridian in latitude 40° 30' could make it. All the way from Sandy Hook Light-ship the stanch ship had leaned to a soldier's wind till the mid-watch of this day, and even now, under shortened canvas and with weather clews a-tremble, she was making eight knots an hour on her great circle track. The wind boomed out of the arching, creamy hollows of the two topsails, and hummed through the tense shrouds and back-stays.

Out forward the sweeping curve of the clipper bow swung swiftly upward, with bobstay and martingale dripping with sparkling brine, and again plunged down with a thunderous roar and a boiling of milk-white foam up to the hawse-holes. Ever and anon a hissing shower of iridescent spray would hurtle across the fore-castle deck, and lose itself in the smother of yeasty froth that blew along the lee rail.

Up to windward the sea hardened itself against the luminous horizon in a steel-blue field of cotton-tufted ridges, leaping and falling in wide unrest. Overhead sheets of wreathing vapor rushed across the dense blue sky, and in and out of the rifts the dazzling white sun shot wildly as if in meteoric flight. Captain Elias Joyce leaned against the weather rail of his poop deck, and looked contented.

"It'll blow harder before it blows easier, Mr. Bolles," he said to his mate, "but it'll go to the south'ard."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. "And I reckon we'll do very well as we are."

"Yes, let well enough alone," said the Captain. "Come, gentlemen, let's go to dinner."

The gentlemen were Joseph and Henry Brownson, the twin sons of the owner of the ship. They were making this voyage on a sailing-ship for health and recreation after a hard struggle with their final examinations at college. They were well used to the sea, and had served an apprenticeship in many a hearty dash around Brentons Reef Light-ship and the Block Island buoy. They were enjoying every minute of their voyage, but they had yet one great desire to gratify. They wished to get the Captain to spin them a yarn of some strange experience at sea. Up to the present time he had refused to accept their hints. But they had not yet abandoned hope. At the dinner table they renewed the attack, but without result. When the meal was ended, the Captain filled a pipe, and the conversation drifted in various channels. Henry spoke of college celebrations and the foolishness of sending up fire-balloons. The Captain took the pipe out of his mouth, blew a big cloud of smoke, and said, reflectively:

"Well, I don't know. I remember once when a fire-balloon turned out to be a mighty useful thing at sea."

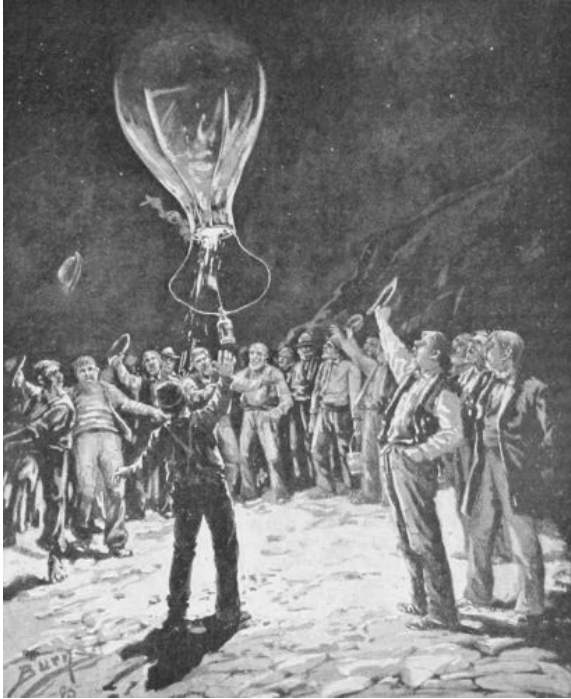
"I'd like to know how," said Joseph.

"Well, if you two young gentlemen won't be bored by hearing a sea yarn, I'll just spin it for you."

The two young men looked at one another. Bored? Well, that was good, after all their clever hints.

"It was a matter of thirty years ago," began the Captain, "when I was only a boy, and was making a voyage much as you gentlemen are, for the pleasure of it. My father, who was a sea captain, was part owner in the *Ellen Burgee*, and he thought it would be a good thing for me to go out and sniff salt air and see blue water. The *Ellen Burgee* was an old-fashioned ship, with long single topsails, a mackerel-head bow, and tumble-home sides. Her stem was rounded out in a big arch, and she had quarter galleries like a line-of-battle ship. She was a roaring good sailer, though, and her skipper was likely to use bad language if he caught her

doing anything under eight knots in a breath of air. She had a handsome cabin, too, had the *Ellen Burgee*, and when the swinging lamp was shedding its soft yellow light over the polished mahogany table, the cushioned lockers, the rugs, and the white and gold paint, it looked like the owner's saloon in a modern schooner yacht. I suppose I didn't know at that time how comfortable I was, but, looking back now, I can't say that I was ever any better off on shipboard."



**THE CREW GAVE THREE HEARTY CHEERS
AS THE BALLOON AROSE.**

surface was so smooth and glassy. But out of the southwest there came a swell that kept growing bigger and bigger and bigger. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and the whoo, whoo, whoo of the rush of air in the rigging as the ship rolled sounded like the whistling of some ghostly fog siren. And how she did roll! Every spar and timber in her groaned and squeaked as if in mortal pain. Pots and dishes rattled and banged in the galley, and the whole interior of the ship was filled with strange unaccountable noises. Up above the sky was a sort of dull yellow, and the sun looked as if it were behind smoked glass. The old man looked at the barometer, and decided that we were in for a gale of wind. So he had the ship made snug under close-reefed main-topsail, a storm jib, and a rag of spanker. In those clothes she was ready for anything that might come along. We lay there rolling in that mad fashion until nearly midnight, and, boy as I was, I thought I should go insane with the deadly, inexorable, heartless swaying of the helpless fabric. I don't believe any man except a hardened old sailor—and not many of them—could keep this side of lunacy if he were becalmed under an equatorial sun in a swell like that for twenty-six hours.

"However, it ended all of a sudden about midnight. I was in my bunk, but I couldn't sleep because of the thumping of the cabin-doors on their hinges. I heard a man come lumbering down to call the Captain, and I slipped out of bed and into my clothes. I reached the deck in time to see a sudden glitter of stars in the northwestern horizon, and to feel a splash of cold wind on my cheek. The next instant the whole air above me was filled with a series of wild yells, as if a million souls were in agony. The gale had struck us, and for an instant I felt as if my breath were driven back into my lungs, so great was the pressure of the wind in my face. The ship heeled over till her lee scuppers ran two feet deep in bubbling water.

"Down with your helm! Hard down!" shouted the Captain.

"Slowly the vessel's head came up, and she righted herself. She was now close-hauled, and she began to thresh out to windward with a fearful bellowing of the wind out of the straining main-topsail. There was no sea yet; on the contrary, the terrific force of the wind cut down the great swells, and blew the ocean out flat in a sheet of ghostly foam. But that did not last long. The sea began to run, and the *Ellen Burgee* began to rear and plunge over the ragged crests, and to thunder down into the black hollows that looked like clefts extending to the bottom of the ocean. At daybreak a mad, a crazy sea presented itself to the sight. The effect of the gale blowing at right angles to the original swell was to pile up the billows in great writhing pyramidal masses. The ship labored and groaned fearfully. Tons of water broke over the fore-castle deck, and the Captain was alarmed lest the deck seams should open. At six bells in the morning watch the main-topsail blew out of the bolt-ropes with a report like a gun's, and went swirling away into the flying spoo-drift down on our lee quarter. A stay-sail was set to do the main-topsail's work, but nothing would prevent the ship from falling so far off at times that the seas broke on her decks in masses. All day long she was driven by the wind, and pounded by the seas. Our drift was something frightful, but it was not much out of our course. At four bells in the first watch, ten o'clock at night—but I forget you know all the bells—the carpenter reported a foot of water in the hold. Then began the heart-breaking business of working the pumps. All night long I heard the weary clank, clank, under-running, as it were, the yelling of the wind, the roaring of the sea, and the groaning of the stricken ship. At daylight the gale broke, and a few hours later there was only a gigantic swell to tell the story of the storm. But the *Ellen Burgee* had received her death warrant. She was slowly filling under us in spite of all that we could do. The Captain gave orders to prepare to abandon ship. The crew was at work at this when a new idea seemed to strike the skipper.

"We can't be many miles from St. Paul's Rocks," he said; and he set to work to make some calculations. The result was that a man was sent to the masthead to look for the rocks, sail was made on the ship, and the pumps were manned again. St. Paul's Rocks, you must know, are a small cluster of rocky projections, rising at the highest point about sixty feet above the sea. They are in latitude 56' N., longitude 29° 20' W., and our

"The *Ellen Burgee* was bound from New York for Table Bay. It's not necessary to go into any account of her cargo, seeing that it has not anything to do with this story, and that it never arrived at its port of destination, anyhow, but went to feeding fishes. However, that's running ahead of my reckoning, so I'll just heave to and drift back. We passed Sandy Hook with a fair wind and all kites flying. We didn't take a tug every time we went to sea in those days, but used to lie in the Horseshoe for a favoring breeze. I don't know that there's anything serious to tell you about, except that we stopped at Bermuda for three days, and I had my first look at those happy islands. What's more to the point is that a week later, in latitude 18° 15' N., longitude 56° 30' W., we sighted a derelict brig. She was water-logged and abandoned; but our old man thought there might be something aboard her worth saving, and so, as the wind was very light, and we couldn't lose much by backing our fore-topsail yard for a time, he sent a boat to her. The second mate went in it, and came back with a cargo of tissue-paper, ink, pens, and a few other loose things he'd picked up in her cabin. The tissue-paper, he said, would do for the boy—me—to play with. I laughed at him at the time, for I didn't see what use the tissue-paper would be to me. But I made a fire-balloon out of it afterwards, and we were all pretty glad that we had it aboard.

"We were getting down toward the equator when it fell a dead flat calm. I never saw such a calm before or since, except once. The sea looked like gray oil, its

old man figured that we weren't over fifteen miles away from them. Half an hour later the masthead lookout sighted the rocks, and a little later we sighted them from the decks.

"My idea is,' said the Captain to the mate, 'to run the ship on the rocks. That will enable us to save all our dunnage and all the boats, and give us a breathing-spell to decide what's the next best move.'

"The mate agreed that it was a great scheme. The Captain went aloft to pick out a place to run the ship ashore. He found a good spot where her bow would wedge up on the rocks, so that she would not slip off and sink, and he headed her for it. She struck pretty hard, and the foretop-gallant-mast went by the board, taking the flying jib-boom along with it; but we did not mind that, for we found that the ship had taken the ground for nearly half her length, and was in what you might call a mighty comfortable berth for a sinking craft. Two of our boats were smashed by the falling spars, but the long-boat was all right, and that was what the Captain counted on to take us off the rocks.

"Now the nearest land to St. Paul's Rocks is the north-eastern extremity of Brazil, Cape St. Roque, and that's something over 500 good sea miles away. I was only a small boy, but I had sense enough to know that a voyage of that length in a ship's boat would be a desperate undertaking, and even if successful, sure to embrace terrible hardship and exposure. The Captain and the mate knew it, too, and they decided to remain right where they were for a few days on the chance of sighting a passing ship. That was a mighty poor chance, too, for very few vessels pass within sighting distance of St. Paul's Rocks. The great circle track from England to the Cape of Good Hope lies between fifty and sixty miles to the westward of them, and vessels are more likely to deviate to the westward of the track than to the eastward. Every sensible navigator gives those rocks a wide berth, anyhow. It was when I heard the Captain and the mate talking those matters over that I conceived my great fire-balloon scheme. I didn't say a word, but fished out a lot of stout wire that was aboard the ship, got my stock of tissue paper together, and set about making one of the biggest fire-balloons on record. It was a whopper, and no mistake, for, you see, I wanted it to have carrying and travelling power. When I had it finished, I secured a stout bottle. Then I wrote this brief and direct message on a piece of brown paper:

"The ship *Ellen Burgee* is on St. Paul's Rocks. All hands safe and well, but would like to get away.'

"I put that in the bottle and corked it up tight. Then with a stiff piece of wire and a square of red bunting I made a flag, which I stuck up on top of the cork. Next I made a wire bridle, and swung the bottle below the neck of the balloon, so far down that the flag could not catch fire. I ballasted the bottom of the bottle first, and experimented with it so that it would float upright, even with the weight of wire hanging to it. The Captain saw me at work, and said,

"What are you up to, Elias?"

"Oh,' I said, 'I'm getting up a balloon ascension to kill time.'

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"That night, as luck would have it, there was a nice gentle southeasterly breeze, and I made ready to send up my balloon. The Captain and the crew gathered around me and chaffed me a little, but I didn't mind that.

"What's the bottle for?' asked the mate.

"Just for a sort of ballast,' I answered.

"What do you have the flag for?' asked one of the men.

"Oh, for instance,' I answered, in school-boy fashion.

"I now lighted the flare in the neck of my balloon, and had the pleasure of seeing my contrivance slowly but surely inflated with the heated air. In good time it was ready to rise, and as I released it, to my intense satisfaction it gently rose toward the sky, carrying the bottle with it.

"Hooray for the Fourth o' July!' cried one of the sailors, and the crew gave three hearty cheers.

"Then they all stood about, watching it as it soared away into the nor'west like a comet.

"If some ship sights that thing,' said one old fellow, 'she'll think a picnic has got lost.'

"By the great hook block!' exclaimed the mate, 'maybe they'll hunt around and find us.'

"If that should happen,' said the Captain, 'it would turn out that your sport paid, Elias.'

"Yes, sir,' said I, smiling, and rubbing my hands behind my back.

"Well, we're pretty near the end of this yarn now, gentlemen. I watched that fire-balloon till it faded out of sight in the nor'west, and then I turned in and dreamed all night about ships picking up bottles with messages in them, and saving shipwrecked crews. And the next day I did nothing but go aloft and look for a sail, but not one hove in sight. The following day I did the same thing, and that night I think I cried a little because no vessel appeared. On the third day I didn't go aloft till after breakfast, and then I nearly burst my lungs screaming, 'Sail ho!' Sure enough, there was a vessel about twenty miles off to the nor'west. The Captain had a big fire started on the rocks, and sent a good column of smoke into the air. The vessel rose, and in a couple of hours we saw plainly that she was heading right for us. Maybe we didn't all dance for joy! In another hour she hove to abreast of the rocks and sent a boat. The officer in charge of it stepped out, and holding up my bottle with a tangled mass of wire and pulp, said,

"How did you get this thing out there?"

"Out where?' demanded our Captain.

"We picked it up forty miles nor'west of you.'

"Hurrah for my fire-balloon!' I cried. 'And was the message all right?'

"Of course. Ain't we here?"

"And he handed my message to our Captain, who threw his arms around me, and exclaimed:

"You little angel! You'll be a sailor yourself some day."

"And sure enough," said Captain Elias Joyce, rising from the table, "he told the living truth."



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.

If I were you I would make up my mind, once for all, never to talk about ailments. A headache or neuralgia or a cough is hard enough to bear in one's own case; there is no need of troubling other people about it. Among so many girls there are no doubt those who are not always well, and there may be some who have to suffer a great deal of pain, but the pain must be kept in its place, which is in the background, not the forefront of conversation.

Talk always of pleasant things, if you can, and of what is interesting to others rather than of what concerns yourself. The mistake often made by invalids is that their world being narrowed by confinement to their rooms or by the care their illness makes necessary, they fancy that their aches and pains, the medicines they have to take, and the diet they are obliged to be contented with are as important to other people as to themselves. This is a point to guard against. Let nothing about liniments and pills and prescriptions creep into your talk, for though you are an invalid to-day, you expect to be well to-morrow or next week, and illness is only temporary, while health is the rule, and the state to look forward to with eagerness and hope.

It is worth while for us all, even when suffering pain, to refrain from frowning and wrinkling up our faces, and saying impatient words. Every passing thought and feeling write themselves upon the countenance, and the young girl is making day by day not only the woman she will be in character later on, but the woman she will be in looks. Handsome or plain, agreeable or the opposite, the woman of forty is dependent for her looks on the girl of fourteen. You owe an amount of thought and consideration to the woman you are going to be, and the friends who will love her, and so you must not let needless lines and furrows come to your pretty brows, but keep your foreheads smooth, and do not draw your lips down at the corners, nor go about looking unhappy. It is possible, even when bearing much pain, to wear a tranquil expression if one will, but remember that the tranquil mind in the end can conquer pain.

Crossing town the other day in haste to catch a train, the horse-car was three times blocked by great vans which stood upon the track. The van-drivers appeared to be unloading their goods in a very leisurely manner; to us in the car, with the precious minutes slipping away like grains of sand in the hour-glass, they seemed exceedingly slow and unhurried. I looked about on my fellow-passengers. Some had flushed and angry faces, some could not sit still, but tapped the floor with their feet, and uttered exclamations, and looked at their watches. One or two stepped out with their bags and walked hastily onward. But a dear old lady in the corner of the car was a pattern of sweetness and amiability, and I heard her observe to her neighbor, "We will probably lose our train, but at this time of the day there are trains every half-hour, and it's never well to be put out by little accidents of this sort." She had the right philosophy.

Through life when little things go wrong it will be wise to accept the situation without fretting, and by maintaining composure, you will often be able to set them right again.

Mina K. asks whether it is proper to allow a friend whom she happens to meet in a public conveyance to pay her car fare and ferriage. As a rule it is not proper. The meeting is an incident, and does not affect the relative positions of either friend. Each should pay for herself, precisely as if she had not met the other. Of course, this rule is equally and perhaps more imperative when a girl happens to meet a man whom she knows, her friend or her brother's chum. He should not offer to pay for her, nor should she accept the offer if he make it. The only exceptions to this rule are such as commonsense indicate. A girl will not make a fuss nor quarrel about a matter of five cents with an elderly acquaintance, who might easily be her father or mother. Generally speaking, however, each person pays her own way, except when in company with others by invitation, and where she is the guest of her entertainer, who does not permit her to be at expense when sight-seeing or jaunting about.

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Margaret E. Langster.

GREAT STATE PAPERS.

OUR LAWS AND PROCLAMATIONS.

BY HENRY CLEMENT HOLMES.

"Father," said my fourteen-year-old son, "Ted Nichols declared to-day that he had the Wilson tariff bill in his pocket. He said Mr. Wilson gave it to him to take to Ted's father, who is also from West Virginia, you know, to read, and say what he thought of it."

My son's tone had in it both incredulity and interest, and so I replied:

"I thought you had lived long enough in Washington not to be surprised at anything. Did not Senator Maybee read his speech to us the other evening, before he had delivered it in the Senate? And did we not, in the corridor of the State Department, recently meet the original Constitution of the United States coming down the granite staircase three steps at a bound? You and I helped pick up the bits of glass from the broken frame, which our friend Cochrane had dropped, greatly to his alarm, in carrying it from a closet to the library.

"It would be quite possible for Ted Nichols, or any other lad, to have the Wilson tariff bill in his pocket, provided he took it at the right time. If Mr. Wilson should give it to you to carry to your father for examination, while your father's opinion was wanted regarding a proposed change, you could readily carry it in your empty lunch-basket. But if he waited until his bill became a law, you would need to be pretty big and pretty strong to carry it far.

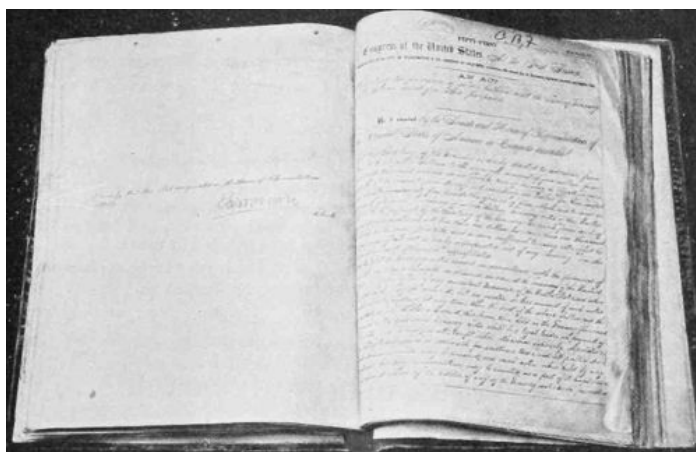
"The Wilson, McKinley, and all tariff bills, the silver bill, on the authority of which the silver dollar in your pocket was coined, the anti-Chinese, and all similar laws of the United States, have, in their early stages, half a dozen different forms, but when engrossed and signed they have one unchangeable form that has obtained ever since the first law was passed by the First Congress.

"I remember having seen in one of your Round Table puzzles a question about the 'Father of the Greenback.' The first draught of the law, which gave Mr. Chase this nickname, was written by Congressman Spalding, of the Buffalo, New York, district, on both sides of four sheets of common legal cap paper. Mr. Chase then made some changes in it, using red ink. President Lincoln suggested some additional changes, making his notes on a slip of paper, which he pinned to one of the sheets.

"But that was before the day of type-writing machines. Nowadays first draughts of most bills are prepared on type-writers. In this form a bill is introduced into Congress, read by the clerk by title, a number is given to it, and it is referred to the committee having in charge the business to which it relates. Once in committee, it is ordered printed, and the first draught, often bearing the compositor's marks, may be returned to the author of the measure as a souvenir. At least the first draught of the legal-tender act, bearing Mr. Chase's and Mr. Lincoln's suggestions about changes, was returned to Mr. Spalding, and by him kindly shown to me.

"Great measures, such as the Wilson, the McKinley, and the seigniorage bills, are changed many times before they are passed by Congress, and each change means new printed copies. Some of these copies are printed on paper about the size of a HARPER'S ROUND TABLE leaf. The type is very large, and the lines are very wide apart and numbered. Other printed copies are in the form of a pamphlet, in order that they may be mailed to friends of the member whose measure it is, and to men whose business is likely to be affected.

"Only a very small fraction of the bills that reach the pamphlet stage are ever finally passed and become laws. But even this small fraction is large enough to fill many shelves in the State Department, where originals of all laws are kept. The originals are engrossed on parchment that is fourteen by nineteen inches in size, and bound into book form. The penmanship is coarse, but very regular, and all of the signatures are originals, not copies, because this form of the law is the one that all copies must conform to—the one that the President of the United States is sworn to execute."



THE "SHERMAN" SILVER LAW—TITLE PAGE.

"But let me tell you just how the Sherman silver-purchase law looks. You remember this law. Or at least you recollect how Congress sat in extra session for several months of 1893 in order to repeal one clause of it. At the top of the large parchment sheet there is a printed heading:

**"FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
AT ITS FIRST SESSION,
Begun and Held in the City of Washington,' etc.**

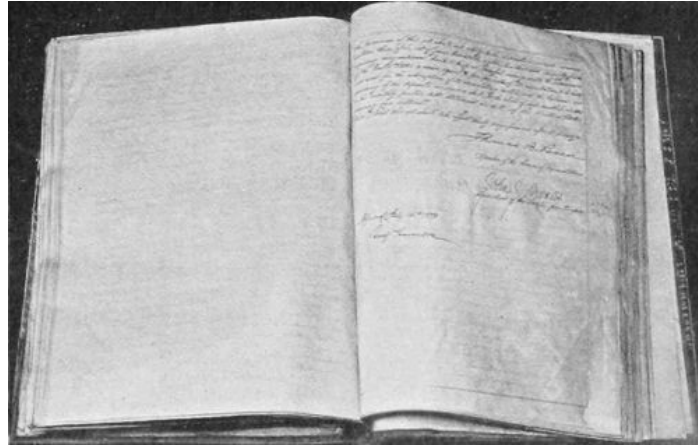
"In the middle of the line are these words,

"AN ACT.

"Immediately thereafter follows the writing, which extends in a single line across the entire page. It describes the bill thus, 'Directing the purchase of silver bullion, and the issue of Treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes.' There is a space, and then follows the enacting clause, 'Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives,' etc. The text of the law, written in this large hand, fills two and a half pages, the right-hand page containing the text, and the left-hand page being blank. Around the edge of both

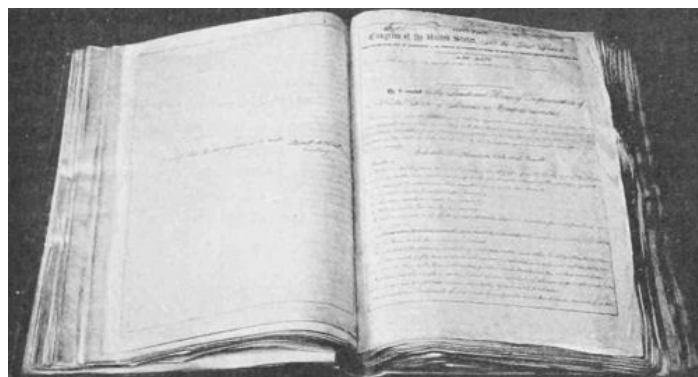
written and unwritten pages is a pale red line or border rule.

"At the head of the first sheet, and written over the printed title, appears the name 'Kennedy,' carelessly written with a blue pencil, and the initials 'C. B. F.' scrawled across the top in red. These are the attestations of the Representative and Senator, respectively, who examined this engrossed copy of the law before it had been sent to the President for his signature, to make certain that the engrossing clerk had committed no errors, and that this original was the same as the form that passed Congress."



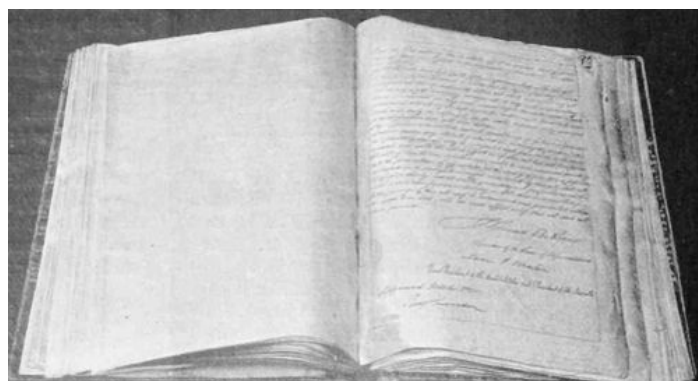
THE "SHERMAN" SILVER LAW—LAST PAGE WITH SIGNATURES.

"At about the middle of the third page are the signatures of the presiding officers of the Senate and House. Vice-President Morton did not sign the original Sherman silver-purchase law on behalf of the Senate, but Speaker Reed did on behalf of the House. Senator Ingalls, as President *pro. tem.* of the Senate, signed on behalf of that body, and when he had affixed his name he thoughtfully noted in the margin the hour of the day—'12.37 P.M.' The signature of President Harrison comes last, and is at the lower left-hand side of the paper."



THE "McKINLEY" TARIFF LAW—TITLE PAGE

"The original McKinley tariff law is written on parchment similar to that of the Sherman law, and like it, it is bound into a big book that contains the original documents of many other laws. It fills sixty-three of these large parchment sheets, and the engrossing of it was done by three different clerks. The title of the bill is, 'An Act to Reduce the Revenues and to Equalize Duties.' It is attested in the same manner as the Sherman law, and signed by Speaker Reed, Vice-President Morton, and President Harrison. The Wilson bill, which supplants the McKinley bill, fills about as many pages of the heavy unruled parchment, which, by-the-way, we send to England to buy. The Wilson bill mentions almost every article of commerce that one can think of, grouping similar things into paragraphs, and naming the duties that shall be paid upon each. There is a long list of articles on which there is no duty."



THE "McKINLEY" TARIFF LAW—LAST PAGE WITH SIGNATURES.

"Proclamations by the President of the United States have maintained one form since the foundation of the government. The original Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln is written upon very heavy white unruled paper that is folded once. The fold is at the left, like a sheet of four-paged letter-paper, and each page is ten by fourteen inches in size. It begins, as do all Presidential proclamations, 'By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation.'

"The first line is written with a pen in a bold hand, and the words, 'A Proclamation,' form a line of

themselves—printing characters, although executed with a pen. It proclaims that on a certain date, and under certain conditions, a race is free from bondage, but it nowhere calls itself an 'Emancipation Proclamation.' That is a popular name given to this, one of the most famous of state papers. The text is in the hand-writing of Secretary Seward—a hand that was strikingly like that of Mr. Lincoln.

"Thanksgiving proclamations, which you see reprinted in the newspapers, are prepared in the same form. The one issued by President Cleveland last autumn fills only two pages.

"Our reciprocity treaty with the Brazil Republic is similar to other treaties, with original and exchange copies, and is written in English and Spanish. The document proclaiming it begins by quoting from the McKinley law, by which it is authorized, and recites that we, having agreed to let in free of duty sugar, coffee, molasses, and hides from Brazil, are entitled to send to Brazil, and have admitted to that country free of duty, a long line of products of the United States.

"At the bottom of the third page—proclamations, unlike laws, are written on both sides of the paper—is the Great Seal of the United States, and near this seal is the signature of President Harrison, preceded by the words, 'By the President.' At the left, and just beneath the great seal, is the signature of the Secretary of State, James G. Blaine.

"Mr. Blaine's writing, like Mr. Cleveland's, was small, regular, and easily mistaken for a feminine one. His signature to this reciprocity proclamation is so small and effeminate that it does not seem to stand for the stalwart man who wrote it. Even less does President Cleveland's womanlike signature hint the giant in stature that he is."

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This department is conducted in the Interest of Stamp and Coin Collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

Last week we printed an illustration of the different kinds of perforations. This week we illustrate the scale of regular perforations. If you will look at your U. S. stamps of the 1857 issue you will see that the scale is "perforated 15." The Baden stamps of 1864 are "perforated 10." To find the scale take the stamp and lay it face downward on the scale, and when the perforations on the stamp correspond exactly to those on the scale you have the required scale of perforations. Take the common 2c. of the current U. S. issue, lay it on the line of dots marked 12 on the scale, and you will find it just fits. By moving the stamp just one-half the distance between two dots, and placing the stamp just a little below the row of white dots, you will get a series of black circles, the top of which is made by the row of white dots on the scale, and the bottom by the row of perforations on the stamp. This is a very important matter, as a stamp perforated 12-1/2 may be very common and cost little, while the same stamp perforated 15 may be a very rare and a very valuable stamp. All U.S. stamps since 1861 are perforated. One of the chief merits of stamp-collecting is that it strengthens the powers of observation in so many different directions.

Copies of the "Bismarck celebration postal-card" are now on sale with the dealers. There are a number of varieties, some printed in tint, others in three or four colors. It has not been established whether these cards were good for postage without any stamp being affixed or not.

The orange special delivery stamp will probably be the most valuable of this class, as it was in circulation a short time only. Some of the previous issues can still be had at the smaller post-offices.

It is rumored that the \$1 black of the current issue will soon be printed in another color. Collectors should secure it now.

The eight-cent current issue it is said will soon be issued with the "white line" triangles.

MELBOURNE S. MAYER.—The stamp you have is probably one of the first lot printed under the present contract. Most collectors consider it a distinct variety.

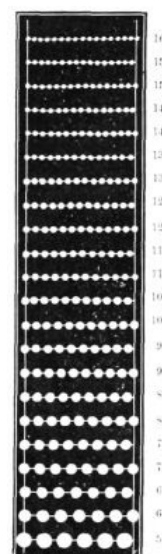
AMY LINCOLN.—You probably have the 3c. rose of 1861. The pink is very rare, and of a peculiar shade on a bluish ground.

HENRY L. WATSON.—The Tuscany stamps are worth 30c. for the one crazie, 12c. for the two crazie, 15c. for the six crazie. The San Marino stamps are worth 25c. and 50c. respectively. If used on the original envelope probably twice as much.

GARDNER B. WEEKS.—Postal-cards are collected entire only. Cut copes have no value.

E. G.—I have never seen the 3c. embossed stamp mentioned by you. Probably it is blurred in printing. The German stamp is a local, the Italian a revenue.

J. S. GREEN.—There are two kinds of 10c. Confederate blue which are very common. Stamp dealers sell them at 10c. and 25c. respectively.



Perforation sizes are determined by the number of holes contained in the space between the two vertical white lines.

A. GRANT.—As the date cannot be seen on the coin it has no value for collection purposes.

J. G. W.—There is no 25c. Columbian. The stamp you mention is twenty-five centavos Venezuela, which looks just like the Columbian issues.

LAWRENCE.—Blood's Despatch, gold, is worth from \$2 to \$3 if on the original letter. Bouton's Rough and Ready is quoted from \$5 to \$25 if on original envelope. Boyd's have been reprinted and affixed to old letters so much that genuine copies have suffered in value.

D. McKILLOP.—The 10c. green U. S. 1861 is worth 6c., the 6c. Lincoln 2c., the one shilling English 15c., the threepenny English 1c.

PHILATUS.

THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

Dingy and old and worn,
Battered and scratched and torn,
Flapping in every sudden gust
Doors that creaked with their ancient rust,
So it stood in the Burbank shed—
One hundred and ten years old, they said—
When I was a lad, and used to play
"Driving stage," at the close of day.

Never an inch did the old wheels stir;
Rusted fast at the hubs they were.
Yet how strong were my steeds, and fleet,
Streaming out 'neath the driver's seat!
Over what hills and plains I sped,
Rocking there in the Burbank shed!
Crack! and the leaders sprang away;
Satin-sheened in their coats of bay,
Six broad backs at the driver's feet,
Surging into the village street.
Oh, it was grand! What a race we led!
Though the stage stood still in the Burbank shed.

Ah! the fright of a certain day,
Just at dusk, in the month of May,
When I climbed to the creaking door—
Bolder, surely, than e'er before—
Crying, "Out here, you ghosts—be quick!"
And struck the seat with resounding stick.
Ha! with a din that would wake the dead
Straight there sprang at my shrinking head
Something winged and as white as snow!
Down I sank in a heap below,
While with cackle of loud reproach
Flew a *hen* from the old stage-coach,
Leaving there on the tattered seat
Something fit for a king to eat!

Long ago to the junkman's store
Last of the old stage-coach they bore;
Bolt and axle and rusty tire
All were mixed in the forge's fire.
But I can see it in tattered state
Waiting yet for its ghostly freight:
Powdered sirs with their shovel-hats,
Stately dames with their cloaks and mats;
While to the box, with a shivering joy,
Climbs a rosy-faced country boy!

Oh, the charm of the Long Ago,
Youth's Valhalla, and Fancy's glow
Lighting many a dim old page
With such a relic as Burbank's stage!
Just for a glimpse of its chrome and red,
Fading there in the ruined shed!
Just for an hour of the rare old play,
"Driving stage" at the close of day!
What are all one may say or do
To what he *dreams* when his life is new?

JAMES BUCKHAM.

[Pg 631]

Though shooting, like many other sports, can be a very dangerous amusement for boys—and men, too, for that matter—there is no reason why boys as well as men should not learn how to use a gun, and get much amusement and benefit out of hunting. It is all a question of learning what the dangers of gunning are, and learning how to avoid them. Fire is a dangerous thing in its way, and yet we all have fires. Gunning is no more dangerous, if carefully taken up, and a boy of fifteen or sixteen is quite old enough to learn what the dangers of a shot-gun are, to respect them and avoid them. Naturally any parent, especially one who knows nothing about rifles or shot-guns himself, is very chary about letting his son go off alone with one on his shoulder, and it is quite as natural for his mother to think she has seen the last of her boy as he disappears in the woods on his first sporting expedition. But there is really no other reason for this than that boys are naturally careless, and guns can be dangerous and deadly if treated in a careless manner.

The whole secret of shooting and the use of fire-arms can be stated in a few words: *Never, under any circumstances, point a gun at any one, whether loaded or not, whither in pieces or ready for use.* If it is never pointed at any one, it cannot very well kill or wound any one. In like manner you can never succeed in shooting yourself unless you have already pointed the muzzle at yourself. I have seen many a crack shot and old-time sportsman shudder as he saw a green hand hold up the detached barrel of a shot-gun while cleaning it, and point it at some one. Of course the two steel barrels could not possibly "go off" by themselves, with no butt and no cartridges, and the sportsman shudders only because he dreads the greenhorn who, even under such circumstances, allows himself to get into the habit of putting up the muzzles in such a position. If he does it at home while cleaning the barrels, he may do it out in the woods some day when the barrel is attached to the stock, and perhaps loaded with cartridges, and then there may really be danger for any one who is near by.

The only accidents that can occur if the muzzle is never pointed at any one are, first, the bursting of the gun itself, which is unlikely, unless the piece is badly made, cheap, or very old; and secondly, the presence of some one in the woods who is not within the cognizance of the sportsman. As I say, the first is uncommon nowadays with the carefully made breech-loading guns. The second never occurs if the sportsman invariably keeps his muzzle pointed toward the earth, about five feet or less in advance of him, and if, when he does fire, he makes sure what he is firing at and where his shot is likely to go after firing.

A good sportsman is familiar with his piece, and brave enough to be afraid of it. From the time he takes it out of the case the muzzle of the barrels is on his mind until he has taken it to pieces, cleaned it, and put it away in his case. When he starts out in the morning, he takes out the barrels, and pointing them towards the earth as he holds them in his left hand, he springs the stock into its place with his right. Then having fixed on the little piece of wood which clinches the two parts together, he passes his right arm around the barrels, so that as he carries it the stock points up and behind him at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the barrels point down toward the earth at a similar angle in front of him. Around his waist or in his pockets he carries cartridges. No charge goes into his gun until he has not only left the house but actually arrived on the grounds where he expects to find game. If he has to drive to the proper woods or the shooting-stands or blinds, he places the piece in the bottom of the wagon, pointing out towards the rear, never once allowing it to point towards himself or any one else who may be standing by. If he is near enough to the woods or shore to walk he carries the gun as described, unloaded, until he reaches the proper place. When climbing over fences, whether with cartridges in place or not, he places the gun under the fence flat on the ground, climbs over or under, and then picks it up from the other side. Resting a shooting-piece against a fence or wall in an upright position shows the greenhorn or the careless and therefore poor sportsman. The fence may be rickety, or the stones on the wall easily detached. In either case it only takes a little jarring to cause the shot-gun to slide one way or the other and fall to the ground, and in doing so it may very easily go off. If it is unloaded this would, of course, do no harm. But if it is never allowed to get into the position where it may so slide, it certainly can never go off, loaded or unloaded. In other words, form the habit of never giving a gun the chance of sliding or going off, and then you can never have an accident. This is not a sign of timidity, and you would soon realize it if you could see how carefully some famous old sportsman who is a friend of your father's handles his firing-piece.

On arriving finally at the particular woods you have planned to cover, or the "blinds" which you are going to lie in, put in the charges, and then all is ready for the sport.

Most of the danger after this stage of the proceedings has been reached is again only through carelessness or excitement over the sport, which is only another word for carelessness. For example, you are in the woods and a bird flies out among the branches. In your excitement at the sudden flush of the partridge you throw up your gun and "blaze away," forgetting that the other man with you is just ahead. That is rank carelessness. For no two sportsmen ever lose track of each other. If they happen to be out of sight of each other, and within range, they keep up a constant conversation, or call to each other continually, so that from moment to moment each knows where the other is. Again, when two men are standing close beside each other and a covey jumps up under their guns, there has to be a quick swing to right or left. Usually, under these circumstances, the man on the right takes the right-hand shot, and the one on the left takes the left-hand shot. If the right-hand man swings to the left he may very easily bring his friend in the line of his muzzle.

As regards the half and full cock of the hammers, there is one safe rule to follow. When on the actual ground, and following dogs on the scent or pointing, the gun must, of course, be at full cock. But whenever a fence is to be climbed, or a bad bit of close underbrush broken through, the hammers should be dropped carefully to half cock, or, if the gun is hammerless, the half-cock trigger should be sprung.

In all this the important point is that every man or boy, while carrying a shooting-piece, should have his mind on what he is doing, and should never for a moment lose his head. It is far better to lose a shot than to hit a friend or take the slightest chance of hitting him. On the other hand, if a boy thinks the matter over and follows out these rules, there is not the least danger in his owning and using a shot-gun, and the amount of exercise to both brain and body which he can get out of it is astonishing. When you begin you need your father's advice as to the proper way of holding the gun, taking aim, and bringing down the game. But after that nothing is necessary but your own coolness, presence of mind, and care.

The butt should come up quickly and firmly to the shoulder, resting against the shoulder itself rather than the biceps or top of the arm, and you should acquire the habit, which can only come with practice, of getting it up quickly, steadily, and firmly the first time in the right place. Otherwise the "kicking" may be severe and painful. The aim should be taken with both eyes open, though the right eye does the aiming. The

objection to sighting with the left eye closed is that the operation of closing the left-eye always half closes the right, and hence makes your sight a little less distinct and somewhat unnatural. This sighting with both eyes open is a little bewildering at first, but it soon becomes natural, and the whole operation then becomes a kind of second nature. For quick wood shots, the left hand should hold the barrels some distance out towards the muzzle, the left arm being almost extended to its full length, while the right arm is bent up short, the right elbow stuck out in a nearly horizontal position to the cheek hugging the stock. At the same time stand firmly on the feet, and do not, as many older and supposedly better sometimes do, bend the knees just as you fire.

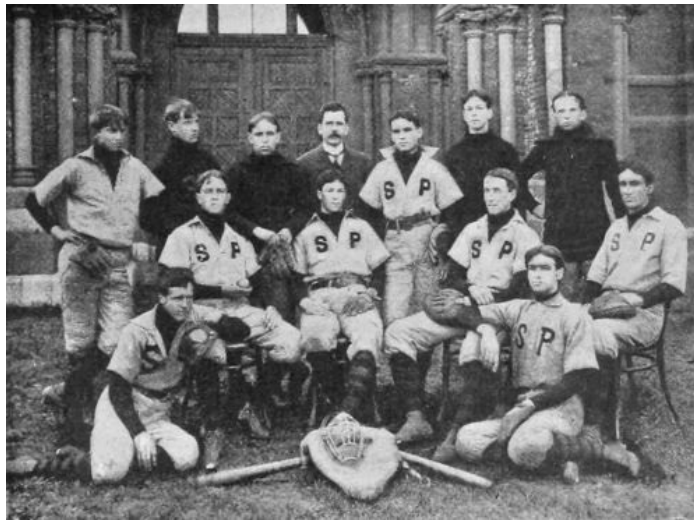


**WHEN YOU FIRST BEGIN, YOU NEED YOUR
FATHER'S ADVICE**

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

The squabble which has disgraced the close of the New York Interscholastic baseball season was as undignified as it was unnecessary, and it has surely brought no credit to the Harvard School or to any of its athletic authorities. Knowing, as it seems they all did, that Ehrich was absolutely and unequivocally disqualified from competing in sports held under the rules of the N.Y.I.S.A.A., he was nevertheless put in to catch in the most important game of the season. Zizinia, the captain of the Harvard team, had been advised to substitute Dillenback if Ehrich was protested on the field, but for some unexplained reason, when De La Salle did protest him, he was nevertheless allowed to play. This was a bit of gross misjudgment, to say the least, and has resulted in Harvard losing the pennant, which might have been won with Dillenback behind the bat. By pursuing this course, Harvard School not only allowed an inferior team to represent the N.Y.I.S.B.B. League at Eastern Park on June 8th, thus doing an injustice to the entire association, but made itself liable to expulsion and disgrace, which will probably only be avoided because of the personal friendship of the League delegates for the Harvard representatives. As for the unsportsmanlike spirit of the whole performance, perhaps the less said about it the better.

The De La Salle nine is, no doubt, inferior both in fielding and batting qualities to the Harvard team, but I do not believe that the latter would have made a much better showing against the strong men from Garden City had they met them. These are baseball-players, and no mistake; and they worked just as hard all through the game with De La Salle as if they were not having a "merry-go-round," as their rooters constantly exclaimed. It certainly was a merry-go-round, and all the mirth was on the St. Paul side of the fence, for a poorer exhibition of baseball-playing has doubtless seldom been seen at Eastern Park than the game put up by the representatives of the New York Association. The out-fielders could not judge the easiest of flies, and dropped almost every ball that they did manage to get their hands on, and the in-fielders were not much better. To any one who saw the game, or who was acquainted with the record of the St. Paul nine, it was not surprising that the Garden City players piled up thirty-five runs to their opponents' one, or that they made twenty-six base hits, with six home runs.



**Baker, Howard, Foster, Henderson, Goldsborough
Robinson, Hill.**

3d b. sub. 2d b. coach. r.f. sub. sub.

**Hall, p. Lum, l.f. and capt. S. M. Starr, c. E. Starr,
1st b.**

Mortimer, s.s. Flippen, c.f.

**ST. PAUL'S, GARDEN CITY, BASEBALL NINE.
Winners of the Inter-City Championship, Eastern Park,
Brooklyn, June 8, 1895.**

The St. Paul nine have played thirteen games this season, and have not suffered a single defeat. They have scored 179 runs to their opponents' 51; they have made 192 hits to their opponents' 69; and they have committed only 54 errors to their opponents' 84. Their batting and fielding averages reckon up as follows:

	Batting.	Fielding.
Hall, p.	.407	.915
S. Starr, c.	.371	.937
E. Starr, 1 b.	.393	.948
Foster, 2 b.	.375	.893
Baker, 3 b.	.375	.714
Mortimer, s. s.	.333	.709
Lum, l. f.	.360	.923
Flippen, c. f.	.339	.813
Goldsborough, r. f.	.378	.900

It is evident from the above that St. Paul had a hard-hitting team, and I have no doubt the fielding averages—especially of Baker, Flippen, and Foster—would have been higher if the men had tried to make records rather than to accept every chance that came their way. Hall's pitching throughout the season has been up to a high standard, and his fielding has been excellent. In one game he had thirteen fielding chances, which he accepted without making an error. Foster, too, has done well, and has spoiled many an apparent base hit. Next year the managers of this nine should seek games with stronger teams than can be found in either the New York or the Long Island leagues. I should like to see them play Andover or Lawrenceville. The latter claim they cannot find opponents worthy of them outside the colleges. Perhaps Garden City can give them good practice.

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OAKLAND HIGH-SCHOOL ATHLETIC TEAM,

Champions of the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific Coast.

The men shown in the picture of the Oakland High-School Athletic Team are Cheek, Jackson, Jenks, Gooch, Hoffman, Guppy, Russ, McConnell, Hanford, Rosborough, and Dawson. They won the championship of the A.A.L. for the O.H.-S. at the last two field meetings—March 16th and May 4th—and most of them return to school next year. W. B. Jackson, the mile runner, enters the University of California this fall, and if that enterprising college sends a team to Mott Haven next spring, Jackson will be one of its members, and he will push the Eastern cracks in the mile run.

Connecticut H.-S.A.A. Games, Hartford, June 8, 1895.

Event.	Winner.	
100-yard dash	Conner, L.	10-1/2 sec.
220-yard run	Dyer, L.	23-4/5 "
440-yard run	Foster, B.H.-S.	53-1/2 "
Half-mile run	Bassett, N.B.	2 m. 7-1/5 "
Mile run	Buckingham, B.H.-S.	5 " 8-1/5 "
Mile walk	Butler, H.	7 " 17-3/5 "
120-yard hurdle	Field, H.H.-S.	17-4/5 "
220-yard hurdle	Field, H.H.-S.	26-1/2 "
Two-mile bicycle	Baker, L.	5 " 18-2/5 "
Running high jump	Sturtevant, H.H.-S.	5 ft. 5 in.
Running broad jump	Conner, L.	20 " 7-1/4 "
Pole vault	Sturtevant, H.H.-S.	9 " 8-1/2 "
Throwing the hammer	Beck, H.	111 " 10 "[1]
Putting the shot	Beck, H.	36 " 8-1/2 "[2]

**Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. Games,
Amherst, June 8, 1895.**

Event.	Winner.	
100-yard dash	Coit, H.	10-4/5 sec.
220-yard run	Coit, H.	24-4/5 "
440-yard run	Perkins, C.	57-2/5 "
Half-mile run	Thayer, H.	2 m. 10-1/5 "
Mile run	Thayer, H.	5 " 55 "
Mile walk		
120-yard hurdle	Phillips, M.	16-3/5 "
220-yard hurdle	Phillips, M.	29-4/5 "
Two-mile bicycle		
Running high jump	Chism, M.	5 ft. 4-3/4 in.
Running broad jump	Gladwin, W.	19 " 3 "
Pole vault	Scott, W.	10 " 1-1/2 "
Throwing the hammer	Chism, M.	94 " 8 "[3]
Putting the shot	Austin, M.	32 " 3 "[4]

Dual Games between Phillips Andover and

Worcester Academies, Worcester, June 8, 1895.

Event.	Winner.	
100-yard dash	Sargent, W.A.	11-1/5 sec.
220-yard run	Barker, W.A.	23-2/5 "
440-yard run	Fish, W.A.	53-2/5 "
Half-mile run	Laing, P.A.	2 m. 7 "
Mile run	Laing, P.A.	4 " 47-4/5 "
Mile walk	Lockwood, W.A.	8 " 3 "
120-yard hurdle	Holt, P.A.	18-3/5 "
220-yard hurdle	Barker, W.A.	28 "
Two-mile bicycle	Campbell, W.A.	5 " 48-4/5 "
Running high jump	Edmonds, W.A.	5 ft. 5 in.
Running broad jump	Williams, P.A.	19 " 2 "
Pole vault	Johnson, W.A.	10 " 2-1/2 "
Throwing the hammer	Holt, P.A.	104 " 3-1/2 "[5]
Putting the shot	Holt, P.A.	33 " 6 "[6]

Abbreviations.—Connecticut H.-S.A.A.: L., Hotchkiss School, Lakeville; H., Hillhouse High-School, New Haven; H.H.-S., Hartford High-School; B.H.-S., Bridgeport High-School; H.C., Hartford Classical School; N.B., New Britain High-School; B.M.T., Boardman Manual Training-School; B., Bulkeley School, New London. Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A.: M.,

A mere glance at the reports of the three interscholastic meets held in New England a week ago Saturday will demonstrate that scholastic sports, in spite of their prominence and excellence, are still in a suit of "go-as-you-please" state of perfection. For instance, half the associations use a 16-lb. hammer and a 16-lb. shot, whereas the other half use 12-lb. weights. In some instances, such as at the Worcester-Andover dual games, the contestants put a 16-lb. shot, but threw a 12-lb. hammer. It is impossible to make a comparison of relative efficiency under such conditions. Why is it not just as easy for all the schools to use a 16-lb. hammer, and thus equalize things? Then they could not only compare their own records, but they could see in what relation they stand to college-men. The principal argument in favor of the 12-lb. shot and hammer is that school-boys are not strong enough to use the heavier weights. This does not seem to me to be a good argument, because fully half the associations use the 16-lb. hammer and shot, and there are no reports of resultant evil effects. Besides, a school athlete who goes in for those events is usually a well-built and muscular boy, who, if he is going to college will probably continue to put the shot and throw the hammer. It is pure nonsense, therefore, for him to become accustomed to lighter weights, for it will be like beginning all over again for him when he enters college sports, and his classmate who started with a 16-lb. hammer will have a considerable advantage over him.

For some time I have wanted to speak of this matter and of kindred subjects, but as I have not space enough to go into it fully this week, I shall only say a few more words to start those interested in it to thinking. The kindred subjects are the other events on the scholastic programmes. Why not have the card at school meetings identical with the inter-collegiate programme? We all know that there are too many events, anyhow, on both cards, and I am glad to hear that next year the colleges will eliminate the mile walk and the bicycle race. The schools cannot do better than follow this example, and those leagues which have throwing the baseball, standing high jump, standing broad jump, and other acrobatic feats on their lists will do well to start in on sweeping reforms. There is nothing athletic about throwing the baseball, especially, and it certainly is not a picturesque feature of any meeting.

Uniformity is a great thing in any branch of human endeavor, and the sooner we can attain to it in interscholastic sport the farther advanced we shall be. The formation of a general interscholastic league, such as I spoke of last week, will be of great service in that very direction; for the greater association would adopt a definite programme, and all of the schools holding membership would have to accept it, and would no doubt be delighted to do so. I am glad to say that the suggestion of forming a general league has been favorably received by many enthusiasts in interscholastic sport, and, so far as I know, has been unfavorably commented on by no one. I have received, already, several letters endorsing the scheme, and the only point so far on which my correspondents differ is concerning the best place to hold the annual meeting. Until representatives from all sections are heard from, however, it will be impossible to say what the preponderance of opinion really is. Mr. Evert Wendell is heartily in favor of the formation of a joint league. In his letter he says that such a thing would increase the interest in the subject everywhere, and would prove a great success.

Continuing, he writes: "The only part of it of which I disapprove is the holding of the meeting in a distinctly college town. The interests of so widely representative an interscholastic meeting must be so diverse that it would be unwise, for many reasons, to hold it in a town identified only with one of them. New York would be the most central place for it, and, to my mind, the most advisable choice. The best tracks are here, the best-known officials are here, and the greatest number of spectators would doubtless be gathered here. The Inter-collegiate Association has chosen New York as the most central and representative place in which to hold its annual meeting, and the localities of the various associations which you propose to have constitute members of the new-school athletic body would in general be drawn from about the same parts of the country as the colleges in the other organization. So have the meeting, by all means, but have it in New York."

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For the fifth time since 1889 the Hartford Public High-School won the championship of the Connecticut High-School A.A. at the games held in Charter Oak Park, Hartford, June 8th. They scored 38-1/3 points out of a possible 112, their nearest rival, the Hotchkiss School of Lakeville, being just ten points behind them. Some very good performances were made, and eight records were broken, and if it had not been for a strong wind blowing up the track the time in the sprints might in many cases have been better. In spite of the breeze, however, the three trial heats of the 100 were run in 10-4/5 sec., 10-3/5 sec., and 10-3/5 sec., respectively, and the final was made by Conner in 10-1/2 sec. He ran a strong race, finishing a yard ahead of Dyer, his school-mate, with Davenport third. Ingraham, unfortunately, had to be put back a yard at the line for a false start, and could not overcome the handicap. Dyer turned the tables on Conner in the 220, finishing ahead of him. It was a pretty race, all the contestants running in one heat, the track being sixty yards wide. Luce proved a disappointment for the Hartford High-School in the quarter by going to pieces in the last half of the race after earning a good lead at the start. Consequently Foster passed him, and took first easily in 53-1/2 sec. Luce has done better than 52 in practice, and may learn from his experience of last week not to take any chances with his diet on the eve of a race.

The half-mile run was one of the most exciting events of the day. The runners kept bunched at first, but soon Bassett, Kearney, and Lawrence plunged ahead of the field, each one struggling for the lead. Bassett and Lawrence ran almost abreast until within fifty yards of the finish, when the latter was taken with a cramp in the leg, which forced him to third place, behind Kearney, while Bassett crossed the line in 2 m. 7-1/5 sec. This time would certainly have been bettered but for Lawrence's misfortune, for both he and the winner have done better in practice. I was surprised at Chapman's defeat in the mile, for I think he could have won if he had shown more "sand." He led until within sixty yards of the finish, when Buckingham passed him. Then he gave up, and straggled in second. The high hurdles made a pretty race for two Hartford High-School men—Field and Cady. Field is a most graceful runner, and he scraped the sticks in fine form, with Cady snapping along barely a yard behind. The time was comparatively poor, but I dare say this was largely due to Cady's weakness, he having dislocated his shoulder a few weeks before the race. He is a brother of the Yale sprinter, and from present appearances I believe he will do better than his senior when he gets the advantage of college methods and training. The improvement over his last year's style is marked. He came in third in the low hurdles, with Field again in the lead.



**F. G. BECK, HILLHOUSE HIGH-SCHOOL,
NEW HAVEN.**

The fifteen starters in the bicycle event kept well bunched until a collision scattered the crowd and spoiled things for four of the riders. The remainder bunched again and pedalled along pretty evenly, until Steele, Rutz, and Baker forged ahead in the stretch and finished in that order. The time, 5 min. 18-2/5 sec., is excellent. Another unusually good performance at the Connecticut games was Butler's winning of the walk in 7 min. 17-3/5 sec. He forged ahead at the start with such a rapid gait that I felt certain he must give out before he could cover half the distance, but he kept it up, and finished strong fully a hundred yards ahead of Tichbourne. Sturtevant and Beck carried off the honors in the field events, the former winning both the pole vault and the high jump, breaking the record in each case. He is only seventeen years old, but he is a promising man. He won the vault at 9 feet 6 inches without ever touching the bar; then he had it raised to 9 feet 8-1/2 inches, and cleared it at the first trial. He could have gone higher, but was reserving his force for the jumps. In the high, he repeated his performance of the vault by winning first at 5 feet 4-1/2 inches, then by having the bar raised to 5 feet 8 inches and clearing it at the first attempt. In taking both the hammer and the shot Beck did excellent work, as our table of records will show. Both weights were 16 pounds, and I feel confident that he can make a better put in the shot when not competing in so many events.

It is to be regretted that the Springfield High-School decided not to enter any team at the Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. games, held on Pratt Field. Amherst; but the meeting was most successful, and Monson Academy again left the field a victor. The success of the Monson athletes was entirely due to their careful training, and to the systematic way and the earnestness with which the men went into every event. I have heard many complaints to the effect that Monson's annual victory in the shot and hammer was always due to the fact that her representatives in these events were larger men than the other schools could produce. That excuse cannot hold this year, for both O'Connor of Holyoke H.-S., and Clark of Amherst H.-S., were giants alongside of Austin, the Monson shot champion. Considering this was the Chicopee High-School's first year in the association, her representatives did remarkably well in spite of the fact that they finished fourth. Amherst High made the lowest score, with only 6 points to her credit, while Chicopee got 25, and Westfield, next ahead of Chicopee, only scored 27. The winning score of Monson was 53 points.

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

The only other really good ride on Long Island out of Brooklyn, besides the one given in last week's issue to Babylon, is over the same route as already described to Jamaica, and from thence as on the Babylon route, on through Hollis and Holliswood Park. Just beyond Holliswood Park the fork is reached whose right leads to Babylon, and whose left runs out over the plank-road to Jericho, and thence up along the north shore of Long Island. There are almost no hills along the entire route until the rider gets up to the north shore at and beyond Huntington. On taking the left fork, after passing Holliswood Park, the rider gets into Queens, continues on through Floral Park, Hyde Park, and Mineola straight out to Jericho, on a remarkably good road for Long Island, and a creditable road for any country. Jericho is practically the end of this plank-road. After leaving Jamaica and passing by the toll-gate, the rider may to advantage take to the side paths, for these will give him considerable help; but complaints against bicyclists have grown so numerous of late, and there is so much danger that severe legislation will be pushed against bicyclists, that every one is urged never to ride on side paths or sidewalks within the limits of a village or a thickly populated town.

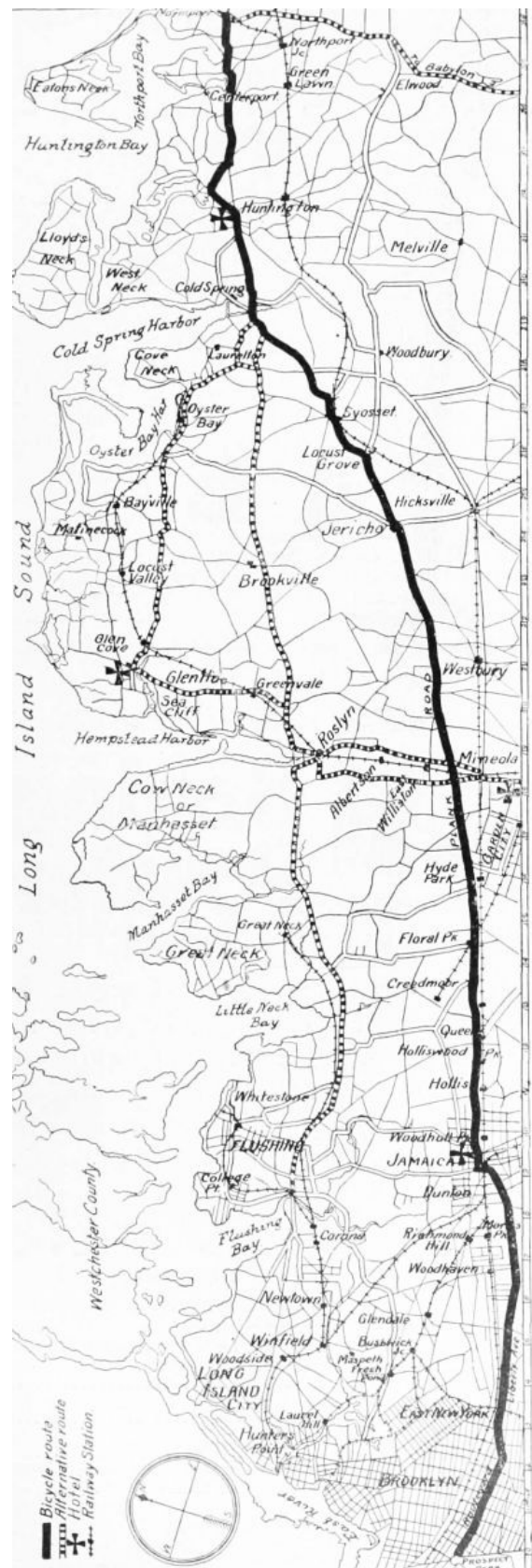
There are several roads which may be taken out of Jericho. One of these is to turn right from Jericho and go on southward to Hicksville (and turn at the bottom of the hill), about a mile beyond, near the edge of the plain. Take the left fork and continue on this until the railroad is crossed. After crossing the railroad turn left and keep to this road until the railroad is again crossed, when a turn to the right should be made at the next fork, and the rider will soon run into Farmingdale. Running through Farmingdale, and turning sharp to the right at the next crossroads, the wheelman crosses the tracks and runs to the Holycross Mission-House, two miles away, turns sharp to the right a little beyond, and runs into Amityville, three miles further on. The road is good, and the side paths may be taken here to advantage also. After leaving Amityville, cross the railroad, and turn to the left to the shore road on the south shore of Long Island. A turn to the left carries the rider into Babylon, and he may here rest, and run back to Brooklyn by the route described last week.

Another run, and the one marked on the map accompanying the Department this week, is to continue on from Jericho until the turning to the right is reached, and then the wheelman can run up to the north shore, through Huntington to Northport. There should be a turn made to the left at Jericho, and, after a short distance, a turn to the right, thence crossing the railroad track after passing Locust Grove and running into Syosset. The road is somewhat hilly there, though not bad. On passing the station the wheelman should turn right and take the next turn to the left. It will bring him into Cold Spring. Turning right from here and taking the main road he runs on three miles into Huntington over a somewhat hilly road; thence the route is direct to Centreport and Northport, a little over five miles further on, and the rider may then keep on along the north shore as far as he likes. Huntington, however, makes thirty three or four miles, which is enough for an ordinary bicyclist, who would naturally return by train, or, if the return route be made in the same day, sixty-five to seventy miles would be covered.

[Pg 637]

If the return trip be made, it is possible to take a pleasant run out to Glen Cove by keeping to the road after passing (going west) Cold Spring. The run then will be through Laurelton, Oyster Bay, Bayville, Locust Valley, into Glen Cove, and the road can then be followed without difficulty. From Glen Cove it is somewhat hilly. There is a pretty run through Greenville, Roslyn, back to plank road at Mineola. This return detour adds three or four miles, but makes a variety in the road.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted sheets 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. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon, 815.



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Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

HOME-MADE APPARATUS.

A DARK-ROOM LANTERN.

A wooden starch-box can be made into a good dark-room lantern with very little trouble. Across the cover at each end nail a thin strip of wood an inch wide. In the centre of the cover cut a hole 4 by 6 inches, and over this paste two thicknesses of yellow post-office paper. The strips of wood are to prevent the cover splitting. For the chimney, remove the bottom from a round tin spice-box, and in one end of the box cut slashes an inch in depth and half an inch apart. In one end of the wooden box cut a hole into which this tin shall fit snugly. Slip it into the hole as far as the slashes are cut in the tin, turn the piece of tin back against the wood, and fasten them with small brads or tacks. For the covering of the chimney, to prevent the escape of white light, take an empty tin fruit or vegetable can—the cans used for corn are the best size—cut slashes in the tin the same as in the small can, and above these slashes for about two inches puncture the tin full of holes. Turn back these pieces of tin at right angles, place it over the chimney, and tack it in several places to the box. This arrangement will allow plenty of air to enter for ventilation, but no white light will escape. For a light get a small brass candlestick like those used for camping, and use adamantine candles.

A NEGATIVE WASHING RACK.

If one has an old washboard half the work of making a negative rack is already done. From the washboard cut two strips seven inches long and three inches wide. The strips must be cut so that the corrugations go across, instead of lengthwise, the strips. These two pieces are for the sides of the rack. Now take four pieces of wood six inches long and about an inch square, and nail a piece to the end of each strip so that they project an inch beyond the strip at one edge and two inches the other. Fasten these two side pieces together by nailing pieces of wood from one of the ends of the projecting sticks to the one opposite, allowing just space enough for a 4 by 5 plate to slip between the corrugated zinc as they are turned in toward each other. On the bottom nail a thin piece of board to the four pieces of wood on which the plates may rest when in the rack. You thus have a skeleton box, grooved on the inside, which can be filled with plates; and when necessary to change the water the box can be lifted out of the pail without danger of breaking the plates. A negative-box costs from \$1.75 to \$5.00, and this negative-box costs but half an hour of time.

A HYPO-TRAY.

A tray for hypo may be made by lining a small wooden box with enamel cloth. Have the cloth a little larger than the inside of the box; fit it smoothly, and fold it at the corners, instead of cutting it; turn the edges over and tack in a few places. The cloth for a box 8 by 10 costs only five cents, and will last a long time if rinsed thoroughly each time after using.

A PLATE-LIFTER.

To make a plate-lifter, take a stiff piece of wire, bend it exactly in the centre, and twist the halves together so as to make a loop. Bend over the ends of the wire a half-inch, bending them far enough to make a sharp angle, and with the ends turned toward each other. The ends of the wire should be a little less than four inches apart, so that when the hooked ends are slipped over a 4 by 5 plate there will be enough tension to hold the plate without slipping. This lifter is as useful as those bought for fifteen or twenty-five cents, and costs nothing.

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At Home at "Mona."

We reached our place, "Mona," about a month ago, coming over in our own carriages. It's about sixty miles from "Round Hills," where we first were. Two of my brothers rode over on their bicycles. There is a high mountain, called Mount Diablo, five miles up and three down, that has to be climbed and descended. There are two fair hotels on the road. Between them is a small village, called Ewarton, where we passed the night.

The scenery all along the road is lovely, and when you get in among the mountains and drive along the banks of the Rio Cobra River, it is superb! On all sides rise those great blue mountains, and the river rushes and roars below them, and everything beautiful is there. The railway runs beside the mountains, and after a little enters a tunnel right through the heart of the biggest mountain. The sky is the loveliest blue, and little white clouds float in it, big vultures sail in it, and tall royal palms stand up against it and wave their great fronds. Pretty soon you get out of all this and into a long, hot, dusty road, the bushes on each side of which are so covered with dust that the rain cannot clean them; so they remain dirty, and are not worth looking at.

The hotel in Spanish Town is one of the best in Jamaica—cool, with large rooms and wide verandas. There is a garden in front of it with a thick royal palm in the middle. Kingston City is the hottest place on the island; but we are higher up, and that is much better, though in summer it is none too cool. I should like correspondents of my own age, seventeen, but foreign to the United States, and not boys.

GWENDOLEN HAWTHORNE.
MONA, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Those Funny Foxes.

Some time ago we offered a bound volume of a former year of this periodical for the funniest picture or pictures of a fox. Permission was given to take any sort of liberty with Sir Reynard, but the condition was made that the drawing would reproduce for printing. About one hundred members tried their hands, but almost all sent pencil sketches, or those done on common paper in common ink. Such we could do nothing with, though a few were quite funny. Here is the best—the prize-winning drawing. The series was made by Beverly S. King.



Memorial Stones in the School Building.

Recently two Founders suggested that Chapters, classes, and individual contributors give memorial stones for the Round Table School Building, said stones to bear the names of the giver. The thought was to have as many States represented as possible. Another Founder, fearing the cost of transportation, and that so many different colors of stone as would, of course, result, wrote to say that it might be better to have the stones made at a quarry near Good Will.

The suggestion is that any person, old or young, a Chapter, a class, or a society of young persons, furnish these memorial stones made of the uniform size of 20 inches long, 9-3/4 inches wide, and 9 inches thick; they form the base-line on which the brick wall rests. They thus come a few feet from the ground, where they may be easily read. Several Chapters have responded already, and say they are ready to forward memorials. One of these is the Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter, of Cincinnati. Another is the William D. Moffatt Chapter, of Oakland, Md., a third is the Whittier Library Chapter, of Milwaukee, Wis., and a fourth is the Eugene M. Camp Chapter, of Brooklyn, N. Y. A society in Stillwater, Minn., wants to send one, and the Thaddeus Stevens Chapter, of Philadelphia, who has lost by death the Knight who founded it, may give a stone as a memorial.

The face of each stone would bear the letters, as: "W. D. Moffatt Chapter, Oakland, Md.," or, "In Memoriam: R. K. McCullough." It would be ideal to have enough of these memorials for the entire base-line, so that a person walking round the building could read the name of many Chapters from many States. Can't you help? Ask your Sunday-school class about it, or propose it at your Chapter meeting.

With each stone some contribution should be made. It was suggested that at least \$5 should be given to the Fund; but perhaps it will be as well to allow donors of stones to give any amount they are able to. Suppose, this summer, you give an entertainment on the lawn. We can furnish an easily arranged programme. You can clear \$10 easily. You could give to the Fund one half of it, and have the stone dressed, marked, and delivered for the other half. Several Chapters are to be represented. Let's have more of them. Write to us for particulars.

The Decisions of the Founders.

The flood of votes from Founders shows that the original members of the Order are as interested as ever in its welfare. The Order is, it may be well to explain, conducted by its members, and finally by its Founders, who vote on all important matters. Three questions were put to the Founders. 1. Should the eighteen-year age limit be abolished? 2. Should there be a new membership certificate to be called a "Patent"—a patent of noble chivalry? 3. Should the Order have a new badge?

On the first question very sound judgment was exercised, we think. Indeed, you showed a keener insight and greater breadth than we expected. There is no doubt about the decision, for it is a three-to-one one. It is that the eighteen-year age limit be retained; but once a member, always a member, without age restriction. That is, members do not cease to be members upon reaching their eighteenth birthday.

Founders in very large numbers urge the admission of persons of any age, upon application, to be styled not Knights and Ladies, but Patrons of the Order. We think this a happy solution of the problem, and shall, unless we hear objection, provide a Patron Patent, similar in design to the member's patent.

The second point is unanimously agreed, and so is the third, save that many ask that badge designs be submitted. To this we agree, and will submit the same as soon as possible. When the new patents and badges are ready we will announce the fact, and old members may have new Patents by asking for them. The prices of the new badges cannot be told until the design is selected: but an effort will be made to have one at ten cents, and one in gold at somewhere between fifty cents and \$1. So many new readers have come to us lately, that as early as we can find space, we will print again the objects of the Order, how to join it, the story of the Good Will School, etc. The Order is to have some splendid prize and other offers soon.

Kinks.

No. 87.—CHARADE.

A worthy foe: a trusty friend, the safest friend to have,
For if you differ, never mind, no danger is to brave.
A friend so easily shut up, so readily put down.
Can give no cause for sore regret, for deep remorse to drown.
A thing almost all people hate, and nervous people fear.
So ugly, that to naturalists it only can be dear.
Yet when that hateful stage is past it lives its little hour,
A floating gleam of beauty, it blossoms like a flower.
The very happiest life on earth, I do believe, is this,
He sits and lets *your* world go by, and *his own* world *is* his!
And if he does no good at all, he surely does no harm.
And science, wisdom, wit, and song, fill all his days with charm.
Possibly 'tis an idle life, only a life of ease,
Or worse than all, a selfish life, *but* don't disturb him, please!

No. 88.—A STUDY IN CATS.

1. A list of numerous things of worth.
2. An inundation of the earth.
3. A kind of useful fishing-boat.
- 4-5. Some helps to sailors when afloat.
6. A mineral used for making soap.
7. A transformation of a trope.
8. The parent of the butterfly.
9. A bad affection of the eye.
10. A surgeon's amputating knife.
11. A poultice that may save your life.
12. A book that should be oftener read.
13. A resting-place for honored dead.
14. A sepulchre in foreign lands.
15. A cruel whip with many strands.
16. A cataract or waterway.
17. I take your senses quite away.
18. A spicy sauce to use with meat.
19. A class of workers with four feet.

20. A kind of ivy often found.
 - 21-22. Sciences of reflected sound.
 23. A heavy armor used of old.
 24. The doctrines of the church, I'm told.
 25. A mineral used for isinglass.
 26. A useful herb you often pass.
 27. An engine used for throwing stones.
 28. A remedy for broken bones.
 29. I form a chain of many links.
 30. A philosophic list, methinks.
 31. Essential to the violin.
 32. I'm noted for my scaly skin.
-

The Prize Story Contest.

Members forget that it takes a much longer time to read several hundred stories and weigh their merits than it does to examine puzzle answers. To this fact is due the necessary delay over our last Story Competition. But the decisions have been made, and the First Prize Story, with names of all successful contestants, will be announced next week.

Want Corner.

Janet Priest writes to say that the yell of the University of Minnesota is "Rah, rah, rah, Ski-U-mah—Varsity, Varsity! Minne-So-ta!" and the colors old-gold and maroon. Ralph Cotter and others are reminded that one certificate admits to all branches of the Order. The new certificates will be called "Patents." They will be very handsome. Due notice will be given when they are ready, and all will receive who ask for them. Camera prize offers are now under consideration. M. B. Y.: Rose Standish, mentioned by Longfellow, came in the *Mayflower*, the wife of Miles Standish. She was of English stock, but we can find little about her. Does any one around the Table know of her early life? She died of famine and privation in the next January but one after the Pilgrims landed. It was the second courtship of Miles that Longfellow describes.

[Pg 639]

LARRY, JACK, AND THE BELLS.

A goodly number of years ago there dwelt in Ireland two brothers whose names were Larry and Jack. They were witty and humorous, and played many a mad prank on their unsuspecting neighbors. Now it seems that the town they lived in had in its church steeple two uncommonly large bells, and the clatter, when rung, was a source of annoyance to many people. Being church bells, no complaints were made, although they were the subject of many a conversation.

Larry and Jack for a long time had their eyes and minds on these same bells, and finally they decided to effectually stop the ringing by cutting the ropes off close to the clappers. Accordingly one night they effected an entrance to the church steeple, but were at a loss how to reach the bells without climbing the ropes, the only means of communication. This they finally decided to do, but first they piled a lot of pew-cushions on the floor to break any fall that might take place. Then Larry, throwing off his jacket, grasped one of the ropes and very slowly worked his way up to the bells.

It was either stupidity or forgetfulness on Larry's part, but when he reached the bells he whipped out his knife and cut the rope close to the bell over his head. Consequently down came poor Larry, striking the cushions with a sounding thump. It knocked the breath out of him, and Jack thought surely the fall had killed him. Larry, however, quickly put him at ease by crying out: "Faith, Jack, oi'm all right. If it wasn't in a church oi am, oi'd swear. Begorra either the earth struck me, or oi struck the earth, but heavens knows we have a very strong attachment for each other."

"Larry, you're stupid, me boy; yer head is as thick as sour cream. Oi'll show yez how to manage a little affair loike that," and Jack commenced climbing the other rope. "Now, Larry," he cried, when he reached the top, "watch me show yez how to do it," and, unlike Larry, he cut the rope from under his feet, and hung there dangling without means of reaching the floor.

Afraid to drop, his brother was forced to seek assistance from the town, and for a long while the two brothers were the laugh of the county.

A SOLDIER'S ANSWER.

Emperor Napoleon, after one of his great battles, gathered the remnant of his forces around him, and proceeded to compliment them in his characteristic manner, so endearing to the hearts of his soldiers. Finally Company D, of the Guards, who had been in the thick of the fight, were ordered to present themselves, and to the astonishment of the Emperor a single soldier appeared. He was bound up in bandages, and could barely walk.

"Where is the rest of your company?" asked the Emperor.

A tear welled in the old soldier's eye as he answered, "Your Majesty, they lie on the field dead," and then wofully added, "They fought better than I."

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TWO AMBITIOUS CUBS.

AN EXPLANATION.

MAMMA. "Willie, how did that candle-grease come to get all over your bureau?"

WILLIE. "I suppose, mamma, it was because it couldn't get into the wick to burn up."

BOBBY'S TROUBLE.

I'm generally contented
Than any boy I know,
I'm satisfied most always
Whate'er may come or go.
But this time I'm dissatisfied,
A most peculiar biz!
There's something that I want to do,
But I don't know what it is.

PHRENOLOGIST. "I see that you have a good many lumps on your head; they all mean something."

CHARLIE. "I guess they do. The larger one is where Fred Mason struck me with a bat; the one next to it I got from falling down the stairs."

MOTHER. "Jack, what are you going to do with the screw-driver?"

JACK. "I'm going to fasten the screw which Willie Mason said I had loose this morning."

THE STEAMBOAT.

The steamboat is a wagon;
On wheels it runs its course.
The machinery's the harness,
The engine is the horse.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENING.

"I saw my papa's last book before he wrote it," said Jimmieboy.

"How did that happen?" asked the visitor.

"It was a blank-book then," said Jimmieboy.

BOBBY (*on ferry-boat*). "I know why the river is so angry to-day."

JACK. "Why?"

BOBBY. "Because it is crossed so often."

UNCLE JOHN. "Jimmie, if I were to take one dollar and divide it into four parts, and give a quarter to each of your brothers, what would be left?"

JIMMIE. "I would."

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MAMMA. "You must take this medicine like a good boy, Tommy; it is spring medicine."

TOMMY. "All right, mamma, if it will only make the spring come, so's I can play ball."

An old gentleman, within a short distance of the grave, remarked to his coachman, "Alas, James, I shall shortly go on a longer journey than you have ever driven me."

JAMES (*who had often been berated for reckless driving*). "Rest easy, master, for it's a journey down hill all the way."

"I don't know why it is, Charlie, but you are always quarrelling. I dare say you quarrel with yourself."

"Can't help it; every one does that has a nose and chin."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Words always pass between them, you know."

Little fishy in the brook,
Went out one day on his own hook,
Despite the warning of his mother.
And then, alas,
It came to pass
He found the hook of Jimmie's brother,
And no one knows where he is at
Since he went whisking off on that.

GENTLEMAN. "Here Pat, pull off these boots of mine."

PAT (*looking at the gentleman's extraordinary large foot*). "Sure your honor, I'd willingly do that same for yez, but it's beyond me power. The forks of the road below here might git the better of thim."

A CRITICISM.

The baby's picture is not good,
I tell you plain and flat;
Not even when he's eatin' food
Is he as still as that.

"Diss is to-morrer," said Russell, as he waked early one morning.

"No, it ain't," said Jimmieboy. "This is to-day."

"No, 'tain't," said Russell. "Yesterday was to-day. Mamma said so, and she said last night when I waked up it would be to-morrer. Diss *is* to-morrer."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] 16 lbs.

[2] 16 lbs.

[3] 12 lbs.

[4] 16 lbs.

[5] 12 lbs.

[6] 16 lbs.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JUNE 18, 1895 ***

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