

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Round Table, June 25, 1895, by Various

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Round Table, June 25, 1895

Author: Various

Release Date: June 30, 2010 [EBook #33037]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JUNE 25, 1895 ***

[OAKLEIGH.](#)
[LIFE IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.](#)
[THE CAMERA CLUB](#)
[BILL TYBEE AND THE BULL.](#)
[SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.](#)
[STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.](#)
[BETTY'S RIDE](#)
[KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.](#)
[INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT](#)
[BICYCLING](#)
[THE PUDDING STICK](#)
[STAMPS](#)



Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
VOL. XVI.—NO. 817.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER I.

It was a large house, standing well back from the broad highway that leads from Brenton to Pelham, so far back, indeed, and at the end of such a long shady drive, that it could not be seen for some few minutes after turning in from the road.

The approach was pretty, the avenue winding through the trees, with an occasional glimpse of the meadows beyond. The road forked where the trees ended, and encircled the lawn, or the "heater-piece" as the family called it, it being in the exact shape of a flatiron. The house stood on high ground, and there were no trees very near.

It was a white house with green blinds, solid and substantial looking. The roof of the piazza was upheld by tall white columns, and vines growing at either end relieved the bareness. On the southern side of the house a small conservatory had been added. On the other side the ground sloped to the Charles River, though in summer one could see only the water from the upper windows, because of the trees which grew so thick upon the banks.

This was Oakleigh, the home of the Franklins, so named because of a giant oak-tree which spread its huge branches not far from the back of the house.

[Pg 642]

As to the Franklins, there were five of them, and they were all assembled on the front porch.

Though it was the last day of April, spring was unusually early for Massachusetts this year, and the day was warm and clear, suggesting summer and delightful possibilities of out-door fun.

Edith, the eldest, sat with her work. It was unusual work for a girl of barely sixteen. A large old-fashioned basket was on the floor by her side, with piles of children's clothes in it, and she was slowly and laboriously darning a stocking over a china egg.

The children had no mother, and a good deal devolved upon Edith.

Jack and Cynthia, the twins, came next in age, and they were just fourteen. They looked alike though Jack was much the taller of the two, and his hair did not curl so tightly as Cynthia's. She sat on the steps of the piazza. Her sailor hat was cast on the ground at her feet, and her pretty golden-brown hair was, as usual, somewhat awry.

It was one of the trials of Edith's life that Cynthia's hair would not keep smooth.

Jack lay at full length on the grass, sometimes flat on his back, staring at the sky, sometimes rolling over, the more easily to address his sisters.

Jack had a project in his mind, and was very much in earnest. Cynthia, of course, was already on his side—she had known of it from the first moment the idea popped into his head, but Edith had just been told, and she needed convincing.

Janet and Willy, "the children," were playing at the other end of the porch. They were only six and five, and did not count in the family discussions.

"There's money in it, I'm sure," said Jack; "and if I can only get father to agree with me and advance some money, I can pay him back in less than a year."

"Papa hasn't much money to spare just now," said Edith, "and I have always heard that there was a good

deal of risk about raising chickens from an incubator."

"My dear girl," returned Jack, with an air of lofty authority, "allow me to say that you don't know much about it. I've been reading upon hens for two days, and I find that, allowing for all risks—bad eggs, inexperience, weasels, and skunks, and diseases, you're sure to make some profit at the end of a year. Now, I'm late in thinking of it, I know. To-morrow is the 1st of May, and I couldn't get more than three hatches this summer, but that would probably pay the cost of the incubator. I can get a first-rate one for forty dollars, and I can buy one 'brooder.' If I bought one I could make the others like it."

"But your eggs?" said Edith. "You would have to pay a great deal for eggs."

"Eggs would be about five or six dollars a hundred, and it takes two hundred to fill the machine. I should want to get a fine breed, of course—Brahmas, or Cochins, or Leghorns, probably, and they cost more; but, you see, when they begin to lay, there comes my money right back to me."

"When they do," said Edith, sceptically.

"Edith, don't be so mean!" cried Cynthia. "Jack wants to begin to make money, and I think he's right. I'm going to help him all I can, and we want you to be on our side to help talk over papa. He is always telling Jack that he'll soon have to begin to work, and now here's a chance."

"Papa wants Jack to make some money to help support us when he is old enough, but he wants him to finish his education first, of course. And I am sure he doesn't want him to lay out a lot of money, as he would have to do in raising hens."

"That's just like a girl!" said Jack, scornfully. "Don't you know that there's always a lot of risk in anything you undertake, and you've got to take the chances? There are very few things you don't have to put money into."

"Of course, for a grown man. But a boy of your age ought to work for a salary, or something of that sort—not go investing."

Cynthia stirred uneasily. She knew this was just the wrong thing to say to Jack. Unfortunately, Edith was so apt to say the wrong thing.

Jack sprang to his feet. "There's no use arguing with girls. I may be a 'boy of my age,' but I've got some sense, and I know there's money in this. I'm not going to say another word about it to anybody until father comes home, and I can talk it over with him."

And Jack walked off around the corner of the house, whistling to Ben and Chester, the two big setters, to follow him, which they did with joyful alacrity.

"There!" exclaimed Cynthia, "now he's gone off mad. I don't see why you said that, Edith."

"Said what? I'm sure it is true. The idea of a boy of his age—"

"There you go again. Jack may be young, but he is trying awfully hard to help papa, and you needn't go twitting him about his age."

"I'm sure I never meant to twit him," said Edith; "and I think he's awfully touchy. But it is half past four, Cynthia, and time to go meet papa. Won't you be sure to brush your hair and put on a fresh neck-tie or something? You do look so untidy. That skirt is all frayed out around the bottom."

"Oh, bother my hair and my neck-tie, and everything else!" cried Cynthia, though with perfect good-nature. "Edith, you make such a fuss! Shall I go meet papa?"

"No, I'll go; but I wish you would order the horse. Now, Cynthia, don't forget your hair, will you? Papa hates to see you untidy."

For answer Cynthia banged the screen-door as she disappeared into the house and walked through the wide hall, humming as she went.

"What shall I do with these children?" sighed Edith to herself, as she laid down the stocking, mended at last, and prepared to put up her work. "I'm sure I do the best I can, and what I think our mother would have liked, but it is very hard. If Cynthia only would be more neat!"

A loud crash interrupted her thoughts. At the end of the piazza, where the children had been playing, was a mass of chairs and tables, while from the midst of the confusion came roars of pain, anger, and fright.

"What *is* the matter?" cried Edith, running to the scene, and overturning her work-basket in her flight.

It took several minutes to extricate the screaming children, set them on their feet, and ascertain that no bones were broken.

"Get the red oil!" shrieked Janet; "that naughty boy has killed me! I'm dead! I'm dead! Get the red oil!"

"It's no such a thing!" shouted Willy. "I didn't do it, and I'm dead, too. Ugh! I'm all bludge. Get the red oil!"

Cynthia had witnessed the scene from the window, and appeared just in time with the bottle of red oil, the panacea for all the Franklin bumps and bruises.

"What were you doing, you naughty children?" said Edith, as she wiped the "bludge" from Willy's lips, and found that it came from a very small scratch, while Janet was scarcely hurt at all.

"We were only playing cars, and Willy *would* ride on the engine, and made it topple over, and—"

"It's no such a thing!" interposed Willy. "Girls don't know nothin' 'bout steam-cars, and Janet went and put her feet on the back of my chair, and—"

He was interrupted by a blow from Janet's small fat fist, which he immediately returned in kind, and then both began to scream.

"Yon are both as bad as you can be, and I've a good mind to send you to bed," said Edith, severely, shaking

Janet as she spoke.

Janet cast herself upon Cynthia. "Edith's horrid to us! She is so cross. Cynthia, don't let her send us to bed. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I hit Willy; I'm sorry we upset the chairs; I'm sorry for everything."

"Well, here comes the horse, and I must go," said Edith. "Oh, look at my basket!"

And it was indeed a sight. Spools, scissors, china eggs, stockings, everything lay in wild confusion on the floor.

[Pg 643]

"Never mind. I'll pick them up," said Cynthia. "Don't bother about them, Edith. The children will help me. Come along, Willy and Janet. Let's see which can find the most spools."

Edith looked back doubtfully as, having put on her hat, she got into the carriage. What would her basket be like when she next saw it? But it was kind of Cynthia, and how much better Cynthia managed the children than she did. What was the reason? She was thinking it over, when she heard her name called loudly from behind, and, pulling in the horse quickly, she waited, wondering what had happened now.

Cynthia came flying down the avenue. "Edith! Edith! Wait a minute! I forgot to tell you. Don't say anything to papa about Jack's scheme, will you? Let him tell."

"Oh, Cynthia, how you frightened me! I thought something dreadful was the matter."

"But don't, will you, Edith? Promise! You know—well, Edith, Jack can explain it so much better himself."

Cynthia was too kind-hearted to tell Edith that she would spoil it all if she said anything first, but Edith knew that was what she meant. A sharp reply was on her lips, but she controlled herself in time.

"Very well," she said, quietly, "I won't."

And then she drove on, and Cynthia went back to the house satisfied.

Edith had a quick, impatient temper, and it was not an easy matter for her to curb her tongue. Her mother had died five years ago, when she was but eleven years old. Then an aunt had come to live with them, but she had lately married and gone to South America, and now there was no one else, and Edith was considered old enough to keep house and look after the children.

The road wound through the woods, with here and there a view of the river, leading finally into the old New England town and forming its main street.

Tall elm-trees shaded the approach to the village, and fine old houses, with well-kept lawns in front, were to be seen on either side.

The horse that Edith drove was by no means a fine one, and the old buggy was somewhat unsteady and rattled alarmingly. In other words, the Franklins were poor, but they had hosts of friends; and as Edith entered the village she nodded right and left to the various people she met. Every one liked the Franklins, and the family had lived at Oakleigh for generations.

As she reached the station the train came in. A throng of carriages filled the broad space in front, and Edith was obliged to draw up at some little distance from the cars. Presently she saw her father coming towards her, and with him was an odd little figure, the sight of which made Edith's heart sink with apprehension.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she exclaimed to herself, "if there isn't Aunt Betsey!"

Then she shrank back into the corner of the buggy, and watched the amused glances that were cast upon her relative by all who saw her.

Miss Betsey Trinkett, of Wayborough, was Edith's great-aunt, and constituted one of the largest thorns in her side. She was old, she was odd, she was distinctly conspicuous; and Edith disliked above all things to be conspicuous.

Miss Betsey trotted along the platform by her nephew's side, quite unconscious of the tumult she was raising in the breast of her grandniece. She was dressed in a short, scant velveteen gown that might have belonged to her grandmother, and a large bonnet of the same date, from which hung a figured lace veil. A gay shawl was folded about her slender shoulders, and Mr. Franklin carried her carpet-bag with the silver lock and key.

She waved a welcome to Edith with a mitted hand, and Edith, recovering herself, nodded in response.

"How do you do, Aunt Betsey? What a surprise!"

"Yes, my dear, I like to surprise you now and then. I came up to Boston town on business, and your father insisted upon my coming out to see you all. In fact, I knew he would, so I just popped my best cap and my knitting into my bag, along with some little things for you children, and here I am."

And she stepped nimbly into the buggy, followed by Mr. Franklin.

"We shall be a 'Marblehead couple,'" he said, as he balanced himself on the seat and took the reins.

Edith detested "Marblehead couples," otherwise driving three on a seat, and she hid herself as much as possible in her corner, and hoped that people would not know she was there.

Miss Betsey chatted away with her nephew, and in time the three miles were covered, and they turned into the Oakleigh drive. Edith had recovered somewhat by this time, having been engaged in scolding herself all the way from the village for her uncordial feelings.

The others welcomed Aunt Betsey most cordially. Her carpet-bag always contained some rare treat for the little ones; and, besides, they were a hospitable family.

"But come with me, girls," said Miss Betsey, mysteriously, when she had bestowed her gifts. "There is something I want to consult you about."

She trotted up the long flight of stairs to her accustomed room with the springiness of a young girl, Edith

and Cynthia following her. She closed the door behind them, and seating herself in the rocking-chair, looked at them solemnly.

"Do you remark anything different about my appearance?"

"Why, of course, Aunt Betsey!" exclaimed Cynthia; "your hair!"

"Well, I want to know! Cynthia, you are very smart. You get it from your great-grandmother Trinkett, for whom you were named. Well, what do you think of it?"

Edith had hastened to the closet, and was opening drawers and removing garments from the hooks in apparently a sudden desire for neatness. In reality she was convulsed with laughter.

Cynthia controlled herself, and replied, with gravity, "Did it grow there?"

Miss Betsey rocked with satisfaction, her hands folded in her velveteen lap.

"I knew it was a success. No one would ever know it, would they? My dears, I bought it to-day in Boston town. The woman told me it looked real natural. I don't know as I like the idea exactly of wearing other people's hair, but one has to keep up with the times, and mine was getting very scant. Silas said to me the other night, said he, 'Betsey, strikes me your hair isn't as thick as it used to be.' That set me thinking, and I remember I'd heard tell of these frontspieces, and I then and there made up some business I'd have to come to Boston town about, and here I am. I bought two while I was about it. The woman said it was a good plan, in case one got lost or rumbled, and here it is in this box. Just lay it away carefully for me, Cynthia, my dear."

The old lady's thin and grayish locks had been replaced by a false front of smooth brown, with puffs at the side, and a nice white part of most unnatural straightness down the middle.

"You see, I like to please Silas," she continued. "I'll tell you again, as I've told you before, girls, Silas Green and I we've been keeping steady company now these forty years. But I can't give up the view from my sitting-room windows to go and live at his house on the other hill, and he can't give up the view from his best-room windows to come and live at my house. We've tried and tried, and we can't either of us give up. And so he just comes every Sunday night to see me, as he's done these forty years, and I guess it'll go on a while longer."

They were interrupted by the sound of the tea bell.

Miss Betsey hastily settled her cap over the new front, and they all went down stairs, Cynthia pinching Edith to express her feelings, and longing to tell Jack about Aunt Betsey's latest.

But they found Jack having an animated discussion with his father, his thoughts on business plans intent.

Cynthia anxiously surveyed the two, and she feared from appearances that Mr. Franklin did not intend to yield.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 644]

LIFE IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY A. J. ENSIGN.

A cold biting west wind was blowing. The sea close under the beach was smooth and steel blue, and the breakers reared their white crests slowly, falling in dull booms of muttered thunder. Beyond the rollers a wide expanse of ice-hard gray water swept away to the iron line of the horizon, where strange shapes of writhing billows tossed against the glow of the rising moon. Half a dozen stars of the first magnitude swam in moisture in the zenith, and far away in the west a smudge of black cloud, touched on its lower edge with blood red, kept the record of the swift winter sunset.

"It will blow from the south'ard and east'ard afore mornin', an' it'll snow," said the light-house keeper, as he peered out into the growing gloom, pierced as it was by the rays of the lamp which he had set burning half an hour before.

"Ay," said his assistant, "an' we'll have fog, too, I'm thinkin'."

"Well, get steam up for the siren, an' stan' by fur trouble afore dawn."

The predictions of both men came true. Before two o'clock in the morning the wind had shifted to the southeast, and was blowing a gale. Great tangled masses of brown cloud were flying across the sky at terrific speed, and in and out of the rifts shot the red moon flaming like a comet. The breakers no longer reared and fell slowly, but hurled themselves in shrieking masses of foam upon the stricken beach. A yelling as of ten thousand evil spirits surrounded the caged lantern; but the great yellow light blazed out its warning upon the black waters. But not for long; for out of the southeast swept the impenetrable gray fog that no light could pierce. Then the hoarse moaning blast of the steam-siren sent its cry of warning out over the raging waters. At four o'clock the gale was terrific, and ever and anon the shriek of a steam-whistle told that some vessel was groping her way toward the entrance to the harbor. Suddenly the whistle burst into a series of rapid screams.

"Wake up, Tom!" shouted the assistant keeper, who was on watch. "There's a tug out yonder that's parted the hawser of her tow."

The keeper sprang to his feet and listened to the despairing screams of the whistle out in the fog.

"You're right!" he exclaimed. "And whatever's gone adrift'll be ashore in less than an hour. They'll never hear those whistles at the station with the wind in this quarter."

He jumped to the telephone and called up the life-saving station a mile above.

"There's a tug off here," he said, "and she's lost her tow."

"All right," came the answer; "we'll look out for 'em."

Half an hour later a big three-masted coal barge, which thirty years earlier had been an English bark, was in the breakers half a mile above the life-saving station; but owing to the sharp lookout for her, all her people, three men, a boy, and a woman, were taken ashore safely in the breeches buoy. At sunup the other barge, which had been in tow of the tug, was seen three miles offshore hove to under her leg-of-mutton canvas. She was picked up by an incoming steamer, and towed into the harbor.

That is a sample of the experience of a light-house keeper whose light is on the land. He has a comparatively comfortable berth; but all lights are not so pleasantly situated. Some are situated at considerable distances from the shore, on dangerous reefs. Most of the houses so situated are built on iron-screw piles, like those at Thimble Shoals, Virginia, Fowey Rocks, Alligator Reef, and Sombrero Key, Florida. These houses stand on iron legs, which are screwed down into the rocks on the bottom, and the keeper's only means of leaving his confined dwelling is by the boat, which swings at davits, as it would aboard a ship. It has been found that a light-house built in this manner will stand the shocks of heavy weather much better than one made of solid masonry. The storm wave of the Atlantic Ocean travels at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, and when one of these waves, towering from fifteen to thirty-five feet, strikes an obstacle, such as a light-house, it deals a blow whose force can be measured only in hundreds of tons. The iron-screw pile-house, however, is elevated far enough above the level of the sea to escape the blows of the waves, which meet with no greater resistance than that offered by the slender legs of the structure.



TAKEN ASHORE IN A BREECHES-BUOY.

Let us imagine the experience of a keeper of one of these lights in a great storm. It is September. All day the sea has been deathly calm, but with a slow swell of ominous breadth and weight. The sky has been of a dead gray color, and has seemed to hang so low that one might almost reach it from the top of the lantern. Toward night the wind begins to come in fitful gusts that moan around the light-house like the voices of warning spirits. The keeper goes out on the balcony and looks anxiously around the horizon. He knows that they are in for a bad night, and he knows that even iron-screw light-houses have been carried away in great gales. But he goes calmly and carefully about his work. He sees that the boat and all other objects outside the house are well secured. He sees the lamp well supplied with oil and trimmed wicks. He gives the lenses and reflectors a few more affectionate rubs, and as the sun goes down fire-red into a crimson sea he lights the wicks and goes down to his supper.

The gusts of wind outside increase in number and in force. Strange shriekings and moanings break from the crannies of the light-house. It is blowing half a gale now, and the sea is beginning to rise. Fiercer and fiercer become the blasts. The light-house begins to vibrate like a fiddle. A strange humming, as of the giant strings of some enormous Æolian harp, is added to the shriller screams of the wind. It is the gale singing through the iron legs and braces of the structure. And now a squall more violent than any that have preceded it comes yelling across the sea. It tears the foaming crests off half a dozen waves, and sends them swirling down to leeward in shivering sheets of snowy spindrift. With fearful force the blast strikes the light-house, at the same time hurling some of the spindrift against its weather side with a crash. What was that? Did the whole building sway?

[Pg 645]

The keeper shuts his lips tightly and goes up to look at the lamp. It is burning brightly. He descends again, and puts on his oil-skins and sou'wester. Waiting for a lull in the gale, he bolts out upon the balcony, hastily closing the door behind him. For a moment he stands, clinging with all his might to the iron railing, while the mad wind seems to try to strip his clothing from him. How the building trembles under the furious assaults of the wind! What an awful roar the conflicting elements make around its iron walls! The keeper's eyes are half blinded by the driving rain and salt spray. But he can see by the light of the faithful lamp above him towering walls of black and shining water sweeping down out of the fathomless darkness beyond as if to engulf his little refuge. They rush forward and disappear within the circle of gloom below the light, and the next instant he hears them hissing and shrieking around the sturdy iron leg.

There! There is the monster wave of all, heaving its mighty crest twenty-five feet, so that the keeper sees it level with his eyes as he gazes, fascinated. It is coming, it is coming. Ah, it is too big to pass the reef without breaking. See! It has toppled over, and goes boiling under the gallery in a wild mass of ghostly foam. The keeper shivers a little, shakes his head, and goes back to his warm room, muttering a prayer for the safety of the sailors on the sea. You and I would mutter one for our own, perhaps, if we stood on a swaying balcony above a storm-torn ocean.

Before morning the keeper hears the report of a gun. He knows too well the meaning of that sound. It is a signal of distress. He rushes out on the balcony again, and sees the dim form of a dismayed ship driving upon the reef. What can he do? Not a thing. He calls up his assistants, and they helplessly watch the vessel strike. They hear the cries of her people. They see the waves burst over her in great clouds of seething spray. Suddenly one of the men utters a shout.

"See! There's a spar driving down on us with some one on it."



A RESCUE FROM THE LIGHT.

Now the keeper and his assistants can do something, and they move with the rapidity of men whose wits are accustomed to the emergencies of the deep. Projecting from one side of the house is an iron arm, at the end of which hang a block and tackle. This is used for hoisting supplies from the boat which brings them off. Quickly a line is fastened around the hook at the bottom of the tackle. This is to give the shipwrecked mariner something by which to hold. The broken and half-buried spar sweeps down toward the light-house. Two men are clinging to it with the strength of despair. The tackle is lowered, and as the spar drives against one of the stout iron legs of the light-house one of the two men catches the rope, and is quickly hauled up to the gallery. At once the tackle is lowered again, and the other man is hauled up. Half blind, half drowned, staggering with exhaustion, they are taken into the house where warm drinks and dry clothing revive them. Then they sit beside the stove and tell the dreadful story of the wreck, while the howling of the wind, the thunder of the seas, and the swaying of the house remind them all that the storm still rages without.

Finally the great gale ends, and gradually the sea goes down. The shipwrecked seamen are anxious to reach land, and the light-house keeper, upon whose stores two extra mouths make serious inroads, is willing to have them go. Late in the afternoon of the third day they see smoke on the horizon. By-and-by the smoke appears to rise from a little black speck. Gradually the speck grows larger, and at length it assumes the outlines of a small steam-vessel.



RECEIVING SUPPLIES IN CALM WEATHER.

"That's her," says the keeper. "Now you'll be able to get ashore."

"Is it the tender?" asks one of the wrecked sailors.

"Yes," says the keeper. "She was due here just about the time the gale set in."

It is the stanch little light-house tender, whose duty it is to visit the various lights in her district, and replenish their supplies. Many a rough time she has at sea, and many a narrow escape; but the pressing necessities of the keepers of the isolated lights embolden the captains of tenders to brave many dangers. The tender is alongside the light-house in due time, and the tackle which so lately saved human lives hoists up boxes of provisions, cans of oil, and other articles. The two shipwrecked sailors are put aboard the tender to be landed at the nearest port, and in a short time the little vessel is once more a smudge of smoke upon the horizon.

[Pg 646]

And so let us bid good-by to the light-house and the keeper. We know now that he is a brave and faithful fellow, who, if need be, will lower away his little boat, and pull to the rescue of those in danger. We know that in spring and in summer, in autumn and in winter, in calm or storm, in clear weather or in fog, in health or in sickness, he will be found always at his post, always at his duty. We know that when the skies are clear, and the sea smooth, and the stars bright, the lamp will burn and send its gentle yellow rays out upon the inky waters to guide the mariner over the trackless sea. We know that when the gray curtain of the

fog hides the light, the hoarse scream of the steam-siren or brazen clang of the fog-bell will echo over the water, and warn the sailor against hidden dangers. For always and everywhere the light-house keeper is a brave, honest, faithful man; humble, indeed, but the reliance and the guide of "those who go down to the sea in ships."



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

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 6.

SIMPLE DEVELOPMENT.

A girl who was taking her first lesson in developing said that developing was dozens of "whens" and "ifs," and one must learn them all at once or else spoil all one's plates.

Our first directions for development will not be with the kind of pictures which the beginner usually takes, but the kind he ought to take, and which are simplest and easiest to develop. These are time landscape pictures.

By time pictures is meant those which are taken with a short-time exposure instead of with a drop-shutter in bright sunlight. The day for making a successful time picture is when the sky is slightly clouded and the light soft, so that there are no deep shadows.

The picture being made, and everything ready for development, remove the plate from the holder and lay it face up in the tray. Turn the developer—which is ready in the glass graduate—quickly over the plate, taking great care that the whole surface is flooded instantly. If the developer is not applied uniformly patches will appear on the negative which print darker, the dark spots being where the developer did not reach the plate as quickly as it did the other parts.

As soon as the developer has covered the plate, move the tray gently to and fro, tipping it this way and that, but not enough to expose the plate. In about a half-minute the high lights will begin to appear. The high lights are those parts of the plate which have been exposed to the strongest light, and which will show white, or light, in the printed picture. The sky, which has reflected the strongest light, will appear first. It will show as black patches here and there at one edge of the plate.

By the time the sky is well out other objects will begin to show, those which were in the deepest shadow will be the longest coming out. After the image is well defined on the plate, lift it carefully from the tray and look through it toward the light, holding rather near the lantern so as to see if the detail is out.

To explain what is meant by detail, we will suppose that there is a mass of shrubbery in the picture. If this part of the picture is developed far enough, the lights and shadows and the forms of the bushes will show when the plate is looked at against the light, but if the glass is clear there is no detail, and the development has not been carried far enough. It must be put back in the developer and allowed to remain longer.

When the plate has been sufficiently developed, which will be in from three to five minutes, the yellow color will begin to fade, and the outlines, which have been quite sharp, will grow dim. At this point, if one looks at the plate the picture can be quite distinctly seen on the back.

Take the plate from the developer, rinse it thoroughly in clean water, and place it, film side up, in the tray of hypo solution, which is made by dissolving 1 oz. of hyposulphite of soda in 4 oz. of water.

This bath, which is usually called the fixing-bath, though the proper term would be clearing-bath, removes from the negative the sensitive silver salts which have not been affected by light or by development, and makes the image permanent. After the plate has remained in the clearing-bath for five minutes it will be found on looking at the back of the plate that the yellow color has almost entirely disappeared, leaving on the glass the clear image of the landscape. The plate should remain in the hypo for ten minutes, so that the salts of silver may be thoroughly dissolved, or the plates will look streaked, and will not make satisfactory prints.

The plate must next be washed to remove all traces of hypo. Hypo stains the negative, and if not thoroughly washed out is apt to form again in crystals and ruin the negative.

An hour is long enough to wash the negative in running water, and two hours, with four or five changes of water, where there is no running water. When the negative has been washed long enough, take a small wad of soft cotton, and holding both plate and cotton in the water wipe the film gently with the cotton to remove any dirt which may have settled in the film. If one has no drying-rack set the plate on a shelf, with the film side toward the wall to avoid the settling of dust in the film.

When the negative is dry, place it in an envelope, number and mark it, and place it in some place where it may be found without trouble.

BILL TYBEE AND THE BULL.

YARN OF A WHALEMAN ON SHORE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"And didn't yeou never have nothin' more to do with whalin'?" asked Farmer Joe.

"Oh, well," Handsome answered, "I never said that I gave up whaling for good and all. You know, sailors never know when they're well off."

"Waal," said Farmer Joe, "it 'pears to me that this 'ere's abaout a good time to tell us some more on 't."

"Did I ever tell you about going whaling on shore?"

"Git aout!" exclaimed Farmer Joe.

"You don't believe it, eh? Did you never hear of Amagansett, Long Island? That's where all good whalemens go when they get to be too old to go to sea. They have their boats there, and when a whale heaves in sight off shore they put right out through the surf, and generally there's one dead whale in those parts when they come back. But it isn't about that I'm going to tell you, because chasing whales in boats is all the same whether you start from shore or a ship. But down there's where I met old Bill Tybee."

"Who were he?" asked Farmer Joe.

"He was a very old sailor, who'd quit the sea, and was running a sort of express business. That is, he had a horse and wagon, and used to cart things for people. He was a great old chap, I tell you, and the yarns he used to tell would have scraped barnacles off the back door of the North Pole. His horse was so old he couldn't move at any pace except a sort of dog-trot, and the wagon rumbled and squeaked like a fife-and-drum corps. One day I said to Bill that I'd like to know why he didn't get a new horse and wagon, and then he told me a regular hair-twister. I'm going to tell it to you, and I'm going to tell it just the way Bill told it to me."

[Pg 647]

Handsome shifted his seat a foot or two, took a round turn around his foot and tested the splice which he had been making, and then screwing his face up in imitation of "old Bill Tybee," he began.

"Git a new hoss an' waggin, hey? I ain't no dude. Nex' thing I 'spect you'll be wantin' me to run a tally-hoo coach to take beach-combers out a clam-diggin'. New hoss an' waggin! Say, I had 'em oncet, an' I don't want 'em no more. I got all the trouble I want now, without havin' a cantankerous young colt a tryin' to jump fences with me an' the waggin. Say, I'm goin' to tell you 'bout the new hoss an' waggin I had oncet, an' then I leave it to you, if you was me an' I was you, would you try it on some more. 'Bout two year ago come Thanksgivin' I got so sot up in bizness that I bought Farmer Hiram Smoggs's brown colt, that were jes seven year old that fall, an' his one-hoss farm waggin wot Fin Dooley had jes painted redder'n a new can-buoy on the starboard side o' a ship channel. I gave him this 'ere hoss an' waggin wot I'm a-drivin' now to boot. Werry good. I got aboard my new waggin, and h'isted my whip, an' whistled the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and sez I, 'Thar, gol bust ye, you're in commission, ye wall-sided hooker,' sez I. Then I got under way fur my fust cruise. It were plain sailin' gittin' out o' the harbor, an', as the weather were fair with a stiddy wind, I let the colt go along under plain sail. Waal, I hadn't gone more'n a couple o' cable lengths w'en ole Widdy Moriarty she comes down to the sea-wall on her place, an' sings out to me. So I hove the colt to, an' I axes her, 'Wot's up, mate?' An' she says she wants me fur to take a box o' heggs down to the Fraser Bellew's grocery store. So I filled away on the colt, an' luffed up alongside o' the sea-wall, an' made him fast to a pile wot were stickin' up. I got the heggs, an' stowed 'em right forrard in the forepeak o' the waggin. I got aboard, an' filled away on my course ag'in.

"Werry good. Nex' I war hove to by Pete Maguff, a cullud man, who put a bar'l o' maple syrup aboard. Then Jim Penn he puts in a bar'l o' flour fur me to take back to ole man Bellew 'cos 'twarn't the right kind. Them two bar'ls pooty nigh filled up the whole waist o' the waggin. Howsumever, w'en Hank Mosher axed me to take a bar'l o' apples aboard I carkilated I could git her under the break o' the tailboard, an' I did. Pussonally, I war now usin' the box o' heggs fur a bridge, an' were a-steerin' the colt from there. Bein' loaded right down to the Plimsoll's mark, I didn't go to crackin' on sail, but let the colt go along under his lower tops'ls like. All right, sez you. But allus keep a bright lookout fur squalls, sez I. Werry good. I hadn't logged off more'n half a knot w'en Farmer Powley's ten-acre pasture were on my starboard hand, an' his black-an'-white bull, Napoleon Bonyparty, were standin' plum in the middle o' the same. Now w'en that 'ere bull seed that 'ere red waggin he knowed it warn't the ole merchant hooker wot he'd seed me a-steerin' up an' down that road so long. Nope; he med up his mind it were a foreign cruiser, an' sez he to hisself, 'This are where I shows 'em wot kind o' a coast-defense ram I are.' So he blowed one whistle, hooked on, an' come down the field under forced draught, turnin' up a mos' terrible starn wave o' dust on account o' the pasture bein' werry shallow water. I hailed him, an' told him it war me, but he couldn't hear nothin'. All he could do war to see a red waggin. So, seein' that he war a-goin' to ram, I ups an' I lets fall to' gallants an' royals onto the colt, an' away we went dead afore the wind at a twelve-knot gait. The bull didn't stop fur to jump the fence. He jes went through it. Now it were a starn chase right up the hill.

"Werry good. But afore I'd got fur I heard a thump, an' lookin' round I seed Hank Mosher's bar'l o' apples'd bounced out over the starn, an' were a-rollin' down the hill at a ginerally lively gait. Gosh! You'd ort to see the bull clear that bar'l. Say, flyin'-fish would have to take lessons from him. Waal, havin' lightened ship by losin' some o' my cargo I reckoned I'd make better speed; but I didn't seem to gain werry much onto the bull. He follered me right slap inter town, an' then there war a sort o' grand general mixification, sich as never war seed afore or sence.

"Fust place, everybody begin fur to yell. One sez murder, an' another sez fire. Wimmen screeched an' boys hollered, an' the bull he bellered louder'n any on 'em. Jehosaphat Book, the cullud dominie, he run out an' tried to jump inter the waggin. Jes at that minute the bar'l o' flour give a bounce up in the air. The head o' the bar'l fell out, an' the bar'l, flour, an' all came down over Jehosaphat's head. Afore he could git it off the bull war there, an' he jes picked up Jehos an' his bar'l an' fired 'em right through the winder o' the school-haouse. Jehos landed in the middle o' the floor, an' comin' out o' the bar'l he war all white. The chillen set up a yell, 'Ghost! ghost!' an' afore the teacher knowed wot'd happened school war out. Jehos picked hisself up, an' saw hisself in the lookin'-glass. Then he let out a squeal an' started fur the street. He thort he'd turned white.

"But that warn't the wust of 't. That there bar'l o' apples a-rollin' down-hill had fetched up ag'in the feet o' Blind Billy Bunker's team o' mules, an' they'd started off on a dead run with bar'l hoops a flappin' round their legs. They came into town a quarter o' a mile astarn o' me, and jes in time to meet Jehos w'en he come out in the street all white. He scared them mules so bad that they stopped right in their tracks, an' Billy

Bunker war shot off the seat o' his waggin an' out into the road on his head. He got up an' made a grab fur the fust thing that he could feel, an' it were Jehos. Billy war so mad that he punched Jehos's head an' Jehos punched back, an' there was the cullud minister, all white, a-fightin' in the middle o' the street with a blind man. An' the sheriff he came along an' arrested 'em both, an' Jedge Sooter fined Jehos five dollars fur disturbin' o' the peace, w'en he'd ort to have fined the bull.

"But that warn't the wust of 't. All this time me an' the bull was still a-goin'. Somebody'd hollered fire, an' somebody else'd run off to the fire-engine house, an' told 'em that they'd got to come quick or the whole bloomin' town'd go. Jes then the red waggin hit a stone in the middle o' the street, an' she pitched so hard she hove her tailboard right up into the air an' overboard. That tailboard were jes as red as anythin', an' w'en the bull seed it soarin' in the air like a ole-time round shell with a navy time-fuse, he jes got clean crazy. He ketched it onto his horns, an' lowerin' his head scraped up about two tons o' dust, an' hove dust an' all right through the big front winder o' Jeremiah Boggs's book an' newspaper store. The firemen seein' all the dust, thought it war smoke, an' they comes up with their engine an' lets drive a stream o' water a foot thick right through the hole in the winder, an' completely sp'iled the whole shop.

"But that warn't the wust of 't. Jeremiah's brindle bull-dog were asleep under the counter, an' that there stream o' water hit him ca-plum in the middle o' the back. He let out one yell, an' out o' the shop he went an' down the street all drippin' wet an' squealin' like a pig. Everybody wot seed him hollered 'Mad dog! mad dog!' An' then ole Willum Henry Peet, the constable, he got clean rattled, an' pulled out his rewolwer an' began to shoot all over the country. As me an' the bull was still a-goin' I didn't see that, but I could hear it. Waal, Willum Henry's shootin' started up some other folks, an' putty soon there war a whole rigimint o' people out in the street a-shootin', an' not hittin' anythin' 'ceptin' winders, w'ich the same they busted forty-seven. The firemen findin' they'd made a mistake, an' there warn't no fire, said as how Jeremiah'd sent out a false alarm, an' they started to lick him. Some o' his friends come to help him, an' in five minutes there war a reg'lar riot right out in front o' his store.

"All this time me an' the bull war still a-goin'. I didn't seem to gain much onto him, so I set the royals an' the stu'ns'ls onto the colt, although it were werry stormy weather, an' I made up my mind that if somethin' didn't carry away I'd be able to hold him right where he war. I had to keep goin' right straight ahead. 'Cos w'y: if I'd 'a' put the helm hard over fur to turn a corner, I'd 'a' rolled the deck-house right off'n my red hooker. Waal, a leetle furdur up the street we comes to Peanut Brewer, with his black horse a-standin' dead still. He'd balked, an' Peanut war sittin' on top o' a load o' hay a-sayin' bad words at him. Mrs. Mehitabel Saggs's little boy come out with a big fire-cracker to set off under the hoss an' make him start. At that werry minute Pete Maguff's bar'l o' maple syrup on my waggin' give a jounce, and went by the board over the port rail. That there bar'l rolled right under Peanut's hoss jes as the fire-cracker busted. It sot fire to the bar'l, an' she blazed right up. 'Now,' sez Peanut, 'my ole black hoss'll start,' sez he. An' so he did. He started an' went jes fur enough to pull the waggin' right over the fire, an' then he stopped. Waal, sir, Peanut had to jump fur his life, fur that load o' hay blazed up in half a second. The fire company war on the dead run fur home w'en they seed the blaze, an' down they come at their finest gait, with Jeremiah Boggs an' his gang astarn o' them, keepin' up a permiskious fire o' stones, sticks, an' termatter cans an' sich things. Jes then Jeremiah's dog come around the corner with forty boys a-chasin' him an' yellin' 'Mad dog.' He run right under Peanut Brewer's black hoss, an' that started him. Yaas, sir, he got right up onto his hind legs, an' away he went down the street licketty-split, pullin' a load o' hay on fire. By that time everybody in town were putty nigh crazy, an' the President o' the village had telegraphed fur the militia to come."

[Pg 648]



**"ALL THE TIME THE BULL WERE ATTENDIN' STRICTLY TO
BIZNESS."**

"All the time the bull were attendin' strickly to bizness. The colt war all covered with foam, an' I made up my mind that afore long he war a-goin' fur to give out, an' me an' the bull would have to settle the question atween ourselves, in w'ich case the bettin' would all 'a' bin in favor o' the bull. So I kinder considers a little, an' all on a suddint I recommembered them heggs. I yanked the top off'n the box, an' diskivered that most o' the heggs was scrambled—raw—but still scrambled. Howsumever, there was a few that wasn't. So I took one o' them an' hove it at the bull. It hit him smack on the middle o' the forehead. Waal, if he'd been mad afore, he war crazy now. He let out a roar that made my bones rattle, an' he opened out his last link o' speed. Now he commenced fur to gain on me, hand over fist; so I made up my mind to do somethin' desprit. I put the helm hard a-starboard, an' steered the colt into a narrer channel wot led right down to the bay. The bull he tried to cut short goin' round the corner, an' he run into the lamp-post, w'ich the same he knocked clean down into Parker's basement, where Johannes Pfeiffenschneider, the cobbler, works, an' scared Johannes so that he sp'iled Miss Beasley's Sunday shoes, an' lost putty nigh all his trade.

"Down at the foot o' the street war Mark Rogers's oyster sloop *Betsey Jane*, lyin' alongside o' the wharf. On the wharf war about ten million oyster shells, all piled up. 'Now,' sez I to myself, sez I, 'here's where I've got to stop the bull.' I steered the colt right straight at that reef o' shells, trustin' to our speed an' our

shaller draft to carry us right over. There war a smash, crash, biff! an' over we went. Then I jumped up, grabbed the box o' scrambled heggs, an' hove 'em straight in the bull's face. Waal, gol bust me if that there bull didn't look like the gran'father o' all omlets. He was clean blinded fur a minute, an' he kicked out with all four legs in the middle o' the reef, till the air war white with flying oyster shells. He kicked so many of 'em into the bay that Mark had to dredge out a new channel. Then he got his eyes clear a minute an' he seed me a-laffin'. He jes made one jump, an' he got under the waggin' with his head. The next thing I knowed I war in the bay. That there bull jes picked up waggin', colt, an' me, an' he hove us straight off the dock an' into the bay."

"And what happened after that?" I asked.

"Waal, we had to swim out, o' course. It killed the colt, that cold bath arter bein' so heated, an' the waggin' was busted into kindlin' wood. An' the bull? Oh, yaas, the bull. Waal, he was puffedly satisfied, an' he went up along the side o' the road an' eat grass jes as if he'd never did nothin' else in all his life. Now, my son, you know w'y I don't git a new hoss an' waggin. I bin there, an' w'en I bin to a place wot's not to my likin' I knows enough not to go back. Git ep!"

[Pg 649]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOST IN A MOUNTAIN BLIZZARD.

Tired as were the occupants of that lonely camp after a day of exhausting climbing through the timber, their slumbers were broken and restless. The uncertainties of the morrow, the peculiar nature of the road they had yet to travel, and the excitement consequent upon nearing the end of their journey, which none of them believed to be over fifty miles away, all combined to render them wakeful and uneasy. So they were up by the first sign of daylight, and off before sunrise.

As there were now but three dogs to a sledge, the load of the one driven by Serge was divided between it and the one that brought up the rear in charge of Jalap Coombs. A few sticks of dry wood were also placed on each sledge, so that in crossing the upper ice-fields they might at least be able to melt snow for drinking purposes.

"Now for it!" cried Phil, cheerfully, as they emerged from the scanty timber, and shivered in the chill blast that swept down from the towering peaks above them. Between two of these was a saddlelike depression that they took to be the pass, and to it the young leader determined to guide his little party.

"Up you go, Musky!" he shouted. "Pull, Luvtuk, my pigeon! Amook, you old rascal, show what you are good for! A little more work, a little more hunger, and then rest, with plenty to eat. So stir yourselves and climb!"

With this the long whip-lash whistled through the frosty air, and cracked with a resounding report that would have done credit to the most expert of Eskimo drivers, for our Phil was no longer a novice in its use, and with a yelp the dogs sprang forward.

Up, up, up they climbed, until, as Phil remarked, it didn't seem as though the top of the world could be very far away. The sun rose, and flooded the snow-fields with such dazzling radiance that but for their protecting goggles our travellers must have been completely blinded by the glare. The deep gulch whose windings they followed held in summer-time a roaring torrent, but now it was filled with solidly packed snow from twenty-five to one hundred feet deep.

As they advanced the gulch grew more and more shallow, until at length it was merged in a broad uniform slope so steep and slippery that they were obliged to cut footholds in the snow, and at frequent intervals carve out little benches two feet wide. From one of these to another they dragged the sledges, one at a time, with rawhide ropes. Even the dogs had to be assisted up the glassy incline, on which they could gain no hold. So arduous was this labor that three hours were spent in overcoming the last five hundred feet of the ascent. Thus it was long past noon when, breathless and exhausted, the party reached the summit, or rather a slope so gentle that the dogs could once more drag the sledges.

Here, at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet above the sea, they paused for breath, for a bite of lunch, and for a last look over the way they had come. From this elevation their view embraced a sweep of over one hundred miles of mountain and plain, river and forest. It was so far-reaching and boundless that it even seemed as if they could take in the whole vast Yukon Valley, and locate points that common-sense told them were a thousand miles beyond their range of vision. Grand as was the prospect, they did not care to look at it long. Time was precious; the air, in spite of its sunlight, was bitterly chill, and, after all, the mighty wilderness now behind them held too many memories of hardship, suffering, and danger to render it attractive.

So, "Hurrah for the coast!" cried Phil.

"Hurrah for Sitka!" echoed Serge.

"Hooray for salt water! Now, bullies, up and at 'em!" roared Jalap Coombs, expressing a sentiment, and an order to his sailor-bred dogs, in a breath.

In a few moments more the wonderful view had disappeared, and the sledges were threading their way amid a chaos of gigantic boulders and snow-covered landslides from the peaks that rose on both sides. There was no sharp descent from the summit, such as they had hoped to find, but instead a lofty plateau piled thick with obstructions. About them no green thing was to be seen, no sign of life; only snow, ice, and precipitous cliffs of bare rock. The all-pervading and absolute silence was awful. There was no trail that might be followed, for the hardest of natives dared not attempt that crossing in the winter. Even if they

[Pg 650]

had, their trail would have been obliterated almost as soon as made by the fierce storms of these altitudes. So their only guide was that of general direction, which they knew to be south, and to this course Phil endeavored to hold.

That night they made a chill camp in the lee of a great bowlder; that is, in as much of a lee as could be had where the icy blast swept in circles and eddies from all directions at once. They started a fire, but its feeble flame was so blown hither and thither that by the time a kettle of snow was melted, and the ice was thawed from their stew, their supply of wood was so depleted that they dared not use more. So they ate their scanty supper without tea, fed the dogs on frozen porridge, and huddling together for warmth during the long hours of bleak darkness were thankful enough to welcome the gray dawn that brought them to an end.

For three days more they toiled over the terrible plateau, driven to long detours by insurmountable obstacles, buffeted and lashed by fierce snow-squalls and ice-laden gales, but ever pushing onward with unabated courage, expecting with each hour to find themselves descending into the valley of the Chilcat River. Two of the dogs driven by Serge broke down so completely that they were mercifully shot. The third dog was added to Jalap Coombs's team, and the load was divided between the remaining sledges, while the now useless one was used as firewood. After that Phil plodded on in advance, and Serge drove the leading team.

The fourth day of this terrible work was one of leaden clouds and bitter winds. The members of the little party were growing desperate with cold, exhaustion, and hunger. Their wanderings had not brought them to a timber-line, and as poor Phil faced the blast with bowed head and chattering teeth it seemed to him that to be once more thoroughly warm would be the perfection of human happiness.

It was already growing dusk, and he was anxiously casting about for the sorry shelter of some bowlder behind which they might shiver away the hours of darkness, when he came to the verge of a steep declivity. His heart leaped as he glanced down its precipitous face; for, far below, he saw a dark mass that he knew must be timber. They could not descend at that point; but he thought he saw one that appeared more favorable a little further on, and hastened in that direction. He was already some distance ahead of the slow-moving sledges, and meant to wait for them as soon as he discovered a place from which the descent could be made.

Suddenly a whirling, blinding cloud of snow swept down on him with such fury that to face it and breathe was impossible. Thinking it but a squall, he turned his back and stood motionless, waiting for it to pass over. Instead of so doing, it momentarily increased in violence and density. A sudden darkness came with the storm, and as he anxiously started back to meet the sledges he could not see one rod before him. He began to shout, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hearing an answering cry. Directly afterwards Serge loomed through the driving cloud, urging on his reluctant dogs with voice and whip. The moment they were allowed to stop, Husky, Luvtuk, and big Amook lay down as though completely exhausted.

"We can't go a step further, Phil! We must make camp at once," panted Serge. "This storm is a regular *poorga*, and will probably last all night."

"But where can we camp?" asked Phil, in dismay. "There is timber down below, but it looks miles away, and we can't get to it now."

"No," replied Serge; "we must stay where we are and burrow a hole in this drift big enough to hold us. We've got to do it in a hurry too."

So saying, Serge drew his knife, for the outside of the drift close to which they were halted was so hard packed as to render cutting necessary, and outlined a low opening. From this he removed an unbroken slab, and then began to dig furiously in the soft snow beyond.

In the meantime Phil was wondering why Jalap Coombs did not appear; for he had supposed him to be close behind Serge; but now his repeated shoutings gained no reply.

"He was not more than one hundred feet behind me when the storm began," said Serge, whose anxiety caused him to pause in his labor, though it was for the preservation of their lives.

"He must be in some trouble," said Phil, "and I am going back to find him."

"You can't go alone!" cried Serge. "If you are to get lost, I must go with you."

"No. One of us must stay here with Nel-te, and it is my duty to go; but do you shout every few seconds, and I promise not to go beyond sound of your voice."

Thus saying, Phil started back, and was instantly swallowed in the vortex of the blizzard. Faithfully did Serge shout, and faithfully did Phil answer, for nearly fifteen minutes. Then the latter came staggering back, with horror-stricken face and voice.

"I can't find him, Serge! Oh, I can't find him!" he cried. "I am afraid he has gone over the precipice. If he has, it is my fault, and I shall never forgive myself, for I had no business to go so far ahead and let the party get scattered."

Serge answered not a word, but fell with desperate energy to the excavating of his snow-house. His heart was nigh breaking with the sorrow that had overtaken them, but he was determined that no other lives should be lost if his efforts could save them. The excavation was soon so large that Phil could work with him, but with all their furious digging they secured a shelter from the pitiless *poorga* none too soon. The sledge was already buried from sight, and poor little Nel-te was wellnigh smothered ere they lifted him from it and pulled him into the burrow.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COASTING FIVE MILES IN FIVE MINUTES.

In spite of their faintness and weakness from hunger and exhaustion, Phil and Serge were so stimulated by the emergency that within half an hour they had dug a cavity in the great drift sufficiently large to hold the three dogs as well as themselves. The excavation was driven straight for a few feet, and then turned to one

side, where it was so enlarged that they could either lie down or sit up. Into this diminutive chamber they dragged their robes and sleeping-bags. The shivering dogs crept in and curled up at their feet. The sledge was left outside, and the opening was closed as well as might be by the slab of compacted snow that had been cut from it. Poor little Nel-te, who was numbed and whimpering with cold and hunger, was rubbed into a glow, comforted and petted, until at length he fell asleep, nestled between the lads, and then they found time to talk over their situation. For a while they had no thought save for the dear friend and trusty comrade, who, alive or dead, was still out in that terrible storm, and, as they believed, lost to them forever.

"I don't suppose there is the faintest hope of ever seeing him again," said Phil. "If he went over the precipice he must have been killed, and is buried deep in the snow by this time. Even if he did not, and is still wandering somewhere in this vicinity, he must perish before morning. Oh, Serge, can't we do anything for him? It makes me feel like a cowardly traitor to be sitting here in comfort while the dear old chap may be close at hand, and perishing for want of our help. And it is my fault, too! The fault of my inexcusable carelessness. It seems, old man, as if I should go crazy with thinking of it."

"But you mustn't think of it in that way, Phil," answered Serge, soothingly. "As leader of the party it was your duty to go ahead and pick out the road, while it was ours to keep you in sight. If either of us is to blame for what has happened, I am the one. I should have looked back oftener and made sure that he was still close behind me. Now there is nothing we can do except wait for daylight and the end of the storm. We have our parents, this child, and ourselves to think of first. Nor could we accomplish anything even if we tried. The storm has doubled in fury since we halted. A foot of snow must already have fallen, and to venture a single rod outside of this place would serve to lose us as certainly as though we went a mile. We mustn't give up all hope, though. Mr. Coombs is very strong, and well used to exposure. Of course, if he has gone over the precipice there is little chance that we shall ever see him again; but if he escaped it, and has made a burrow for himself like this one, he will pull through all right, and I feel sure we shall find him in the morning."

[Pg 651]

"Why haven't we dug places like this before?" asked Phil. "It is actually getting warm and comfortable in here. We might have had just such a warm cave every night that we have been in the mountains and spent so miserably."

"Of course we might," agreed Serge, "and we would have had, but for my stupidity in not thinking of it sooner. While I never took refuge in one before, I have often heard of them, and ought to have remembered. I didn't, though, until this storm struck us, and I knew that without shelter we must certainly perish."

"If you hadn't thought of a snow-burrow," said Phil, "it is certain I never should. It is snug, though, and if only poor Jalap were with us, and we had food and a light of some kind, I wouldn't ask for a better shelter. I can understand now how an Eskimo stone lamp, with seal oil for fuel, and a wick of moss, can give out all the heat that is needed in one of their snow huts, and I only wish we had brought one with us."

After this the boys grew drowsy, their conversation slackened, and soon all their troubles were forgotten in sleep. Outside through the long hours the gale roared and shrieked with impotent rage at their escape from its clutches. It hurled its snow legions against their place of refuge until it was deep buried, and then in a frenzy tore away and scattered the drifted accumulation, until it could once more beat directly upon their slender wall of defence. But its wiles and its furious attacks were alike in vain, and at length its fierce ravings sank into whispers. The *poorga* spent its force with the darkness, and at daylight had swept on to inland fields, leaving only an added burden of millions of tons of snow to mark its passage across the mountains.

When the boys awoke a soft white light was filtering through one side of their spotless chamber, and they knew that day had come. They expected to dig their way to the outer air through a great mass of snow, and were agreeably surprised to find only a small drift against the doorway. As they emerged from it they were for a few minutes blinded by the marvellous brilliancy of their sunlit surroundings. Gradually becoming accustomed to the intense light, they gazed eagerly about for some sign of their missing comrade, but there was none. They followed back for a mile over the way they had come the evening before, shouting and firing their guns, but without avail.

No answering shout came back to their straining ears, and there was nothing to indicate the tale of the lost man. Sadly and soberly the lads retraced their steps, and prepared to resume their journey. To remain longer in that place meant starvation and death. To save themselves they must push on.

They shuddered at the precipice they had escaped, and over which they feared their comrade had plunged. At its foot lay a valley, which, though it trended westward, and so away from their course, Phil determined to follow; for, far below their lofty perch, and still miles away from where they stood, it held the dark mass he had seen the night before, and knew to be timber. Besides, his sole desire at that moment was to escape from those awful heights and reach the coast at some point; he hardly cared whether it were inhabited or not.

So the sledge was dug from its bed of snow and reloaded: the dogs were harnessed. Poor little Nel-te, crying with hunger, was slipped into his fur travelling-bag, and a start was made to search for some point of descent. At length they found a place where the slope reached to the very top of the cliff, but so sharply that it was like the roof of a house several miles in length.

"I hate the looks of it," said Phil, "but as there doesn't seem to be any other way, I suppose we've got to try it. I should say that for at least three miles it was as steep as the steepest part of a toboggan slide, though, and I'm pretty certain we sha'n't care to try it more than once."

"I guess we can do it all right," replied Serge, "but there's only one way, and that is to sit on a snow-shoe and slide. We couldn't keep on our feet a single second."

They lifted Nel-te, fur bag and all, from the sledge, tightened the lashings of its load, which included the guns and extra snow-shoes, and started it over the verge. It flashed down the declivity like a rocket, and the last they saw of it was rolling over and over.

"Looks cheerful, doesn't it?" said Phil, firmly. "Now I'll go; then do you start the dogs down, and come yourself as quick as you please."

Thus saying, the plucky lad seated himself on a snow-shoe, took Nel-te, still in the fur bag, in his lap, and launched himself over the edge of the cliff. For a moment the sensation, which was that of falling from a great height, was sickening, and a thick mist seemed to obscure his vision.

Then it cleared away, and was followed by a feeling of the wildest exhilaration as he heard the whistling backward rush of air, and realized the tremendous speed at which he was whizzing through space. Ere it seemed possible that he could have gone half-way to the timber-line trees began to fly past him, and he knew that the worst was over. In another minute he was floundering in a drift of soft snow, into which he had plunged up to his neck, and the perilous feat was successfully accomplished.

Poor Serge arrived at the same point shortly afterwards, head first, and dove out of sight in the drift; but fortunately Phil was in a position to extricate him before he smothered. The dogs appeared a moment later, with somewhat less velocity, but badly demoralized, and evidently feeling that they had been sadly ill-treated by their driver. So the sledge party had safely descended in five minutes a distance equal to that which they had spent half a day and infinite toil in ascending on the other side of the mountains.

When Nel-te was released from the fur bag and set on his feet he was as calm and self-possessed as though nothing out of the usual had happened, and immediately demanded something to eat.

After a long search they discovered the sledge, with only one rail broken and its load intact.

"Now for a fire and breakfast!" cried Phil, heading towards the timber, as soon as the original order of things was restored. "After that we will make one more effort to find some trace of poor Jalap, though I don't believe there is the slightest chance of success."

They entered the forest of wide-spreading but stunted evergreens, and Phil, axe in hand, was vigorously attacking a dead spruce, when an exclamation from his companion caused him to pause in his labor and look around. "What can that be?" asked Serge, pointing to a thick hemlock that stood but a few yards from them. The lower end of its drooping branches were deep buried in snow, but such part as was still visible was in a strange state of agitation.

"It must be a bear," replied Phil, dropping his axe and springing to the sledge for his rifle. "His winter den is there, and we have disturbed him. Get out your gun—quick! We can't afford to lose him. Meat's too scarce in camp just now." Even as he spoke, and before the guns could be taken from their moose-skin cases, the motion of the branches increased, then came a violent upheaval of the snow that weighted them down, and the boys caught a glimpse of some huge shaggy animal issuing from the powdered whiteness.

"Hurry!" cried Phil. "No, look out! We're too late! What? Great Scott! It can't be. Yes, it is! Hurrah! Glory, hallelujah! I knew he'd pull through all right, and I believe I'm the very happiest fellow in all the world at this minute."

"Mebbe you be, son," remarked Jalap Coombs, "and then again mebbe there's others as is equally joyful. As my old friend Kite Roberson useter say, 'A receiver's as good as a thief,' and I sartainly received a heap of pleasure through hearing you holler jest now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



FOR A MOMENT THE SENSATION WAS SICKENING.

STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Late in the eighteenth century the village of Cooperstown lay almost in the midst of the primeval forest, which extended for miles around. Here the future novelist James Fenimore Cooper had been brought while yet an infant by his father, who had built the family mansion, Otsego Hall, in this secluded spot, far from the highways of travel, designing to make it the centre of a settlement of some note, if possible. Here, as the boy grew older, he learned wood-lore as the young Indians learned it, face to face with the divinity of the forest. He knew the language of the wild animals, and could distinguish their calls far across the gloomy spaces of the wood; he could follow the deer and bear to their retreats in dim secluded recesses; he could trace the path of the retreating wolf by the broken cobwebs glistening in the early sunlight; and the cry of the panther to its mate high overhead in the interlacing boughs of the pines and hemlocks was of a speech as familiar as his own tongue. When he was thirsty he made a hunter's cup of glossy leaves and drank in true Indian fashion; when fatigued, he could lie down and rest with that feeling of security that only comes to the forest-bred; when thoughtful, he could learn from the lap of the waves against the shore, the murmur of leaves, and the rustle of wings those lessons which Nature teaches in her quiet moods.

These experiences and impressions sank into Cooper's heart, and were relived again long after in the pages of his romances with such vividness that they are plainly seen to be real memories.

Leaving his home while still a young boy, Cooper went to Albany to study under a private tutor, and in 1803 entered Yale College, which, owing to some trouble with the authorities, he left in the third year of his course. It was now decided that he should enter the navy, and he left New York in the autumn of 1806, being then in his fifteenth year, on a vessel of the merchant marine. There was then no Naval Academy in America, and a boy could only fit himself for entering the navy before the mast; his ship, the *Sterling*, visiting Portugal and Spain, carrying cargoes from port to port, and taking life in a leisurely manner that belonged to the merchant sailing-vessels of that day. It was a time of interest to all seamen, and Cooper's mind was keenly alive to the new life around him. The English were expecting a French invasion, and the channel was full of ships of war, while every port on the southern coast was arming for defence. The Mediterranean was yet subject to incursions of the Barbary pirates, who would descend under cover of night upon any unprotected merchant-vessel, steal the cargo, scuttle the ship, and carry away the crew to be sold as slaves to the Tripolitan and Algerian husbandmen, whose orchards of dates were cultivated by many a white person from across the Atlantic, held there in cruel slavery.

The waters of the Mediterranean were full of merchant-men of all nations. Here, side by side, could be seen the Italian, French, and English sailor, while the flags of Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and Greece dotted the farther horizon.



HE DISTINGUISHED THE CALL OF ANIMALS.



HIS PLACE WAS ON THE DECK AMONG THE SAILORS.

Cooper passed through all these stirring scenes, known to those around him only as a boy before the mast, but in reality the clever student and observer of men and events. His work was hard and dangerous; he was never admitted to the cabin, though an equal, socially, to the officers of the ship; in storm or wind or other danger his place was on the deck among the rough sailors, who were his only companions during the voyage. But this training developed the good material that was in him, and when, in 1808, he received his commission as midshipman, he entered the service better equipped for his duties perhaps than many a graduate of Annapolis to-day.

Cooper remained in the navy three years and a half, seeing no active service. He finally resigned his commission, and passed several succeeding years of his life partly in Westchester County, New York, and partly in Cooperstown, and having no ambition beyond living the quiet life of a country gentleman.

It was not until 1820, when he was in his thirty-first year, that he produced his first book or novel of English life, which showed no talent, and which even his most ardent admirers in after-years could not read through. It was not until the next year, 1821, that a novel appeared from the hand of Cooper which foreshadowed the greatness of his fame, and struck a new note in American literature. American society was at that time alive with the stirring memories of the Revolution. Men and women were still active who could recall the victories of Bunker Hill and Trenton, and who had shared in the disasters of Monmouth and Long Island. It is natural that in choosing a subject for fiction he should turn to the recent struggle for his inspiration, and American literature owes a large debt to him who thus threw into literary form the spirit of those thrilling times.

His first important novel, *The Spy*, was founded upon a story which Cooper had heard many years before, and which had made a profound impression upon him. It was the story of a veritable spy, who had been in the service of one of the Revolutionary leaders, and whose daring and heroic adventures were related to Cooper by the man who had employed him.

Cooper took this old spy for his hero, kept the scene in Westchester, where the man had really performed his wonderful feats, and from these facts wove the most thrilling and vital piece of fiction that had appeared in America.

The novel appeared in December, 1821, and in a few months it was apparent that a new star had risen in the literary skies. The book made Cooper famous both in America and Europe. It was published in England by the same publisher who had brought out Irving's *Sketch-Book*, and it met with a success that spoke highly for its merit, since the story was one telling of English defeat and American triumph. It was put into French by the translator of the Waverley novels, and before long versions appeared in every tongue in Europe. It was regarded not merely as a tale of adventure in a new department of story-telling, but it was generally conceded to be a fine piece of fiction in itself, and its hero, Harvey Birch, won, and has kept for himself, a place hardly second to any creation of literature.

Cooper had now found his sphere, and his best work henceforth was that in which he delineated the features of American history during the struggle for independence. His greatest contributions to literature are found in the short series of novels called "The Leatherstocking Tales," and in his novels of the sea. "The Leatherstocking Tales" consist of five stories, in which the same hero figures from first to last. The series began with the publication of Cooper's second novel, *The Pioneers*, but the story of the hero really begins in the fascinating pages of *The Deerslayer*, where he is represented in the first stage of his career.

[Pg 653]

The series grew much as Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* grew, the same man being introduced in different parts of his career, though each separate book did not follow in exact order from the author's hand. The success of *The Pioneers* was remarkable. Thirty-five hundred copies were sold before noon on the day of publication, and although, perhaps, the least powerful of the "Tales," it was read with the same interest that had been given to *The Spy*.

In the new novel Leatherstocking was first introduced as the philosopher of nature, ignorant of books, but wise in the lore that is taught by the voices of Nature. It is a story of the primitive life of the frontiersmen of that day, and their occupations, interests, and ambitions form the background to the picture of the hero, Leatherstocking, who embodies the author's idea of chivalrous manhood, and whose creation is one of the noblest achievements of fiction.

The scene of *The Pioneers* was laid in the vicinity of Cooper's boyhood home, and all the exquisite pictures wrought into the setting are vivid and lifelike illustrations of the little frontier village, where man received his sustenance first hand from Nature, and where all his surroundings partook almost of the simplicity of the first ages of the world. It was an appropriate theatre for the actions of that rustic philosopher Leatherstocking, and there is a vein of tender reminiscence through the book that must always give it a charm apart from the rest, though in itself it is the least perfect story of the series.

The story of Leatherstocking begins in *The Deerslayer*, though it was not written until twenty years after the publication of *The Pioneers*. The scene was laid on Otsego Lake, and the character of Leatherstocking was drawn as that of a young scout just entering upon manhood. The next year, 1841, came *The Pathfinder*, having for its background the shores of Lake Ontario, with which Cooper had become familiar during the winter there in the service of the navy.

In these two books Cooper reached the highest point of his art. Leatherstocking appears in *The Deerslayer* as a young man full of the promise of a noble manhood. And this ideal character is developed through a succession of stirring adventures, the like of which are to be found only in the pages of Scott. Side by side with Leatherstocking stand those pictures of Indian character, which became so famous that the Indian of that day has passed into history as represented by Cooper.

The Pathfinder carries Leatherstocking through some of the most exciting episodes of his adventurous career, and belongs to the same part of his life as *The Last of the Mohicans*, published sixteen years before, the scene of which is laid near Lake Champlain. *The Last of the Mohicans* takes rank with *The Deerslayer* and *The Pathfinder* in representing Cooper at his best. In these three novels we see Leatherstocking as a man in the prime of life battling with the stirring events that were making the history of the country. All the story of the war of the white man with nature, with circumstances, and with his red brother in civilizing the frontier, is told in these books. It is the romance of real history, and Leatherstocking had his prototype in many a brave frontiersman whose deeds were unrecorded, and whose name was never known beyond his own little circle of friends.

In *The Pioneers* Leatherstocking has become an old man who has sought a home in the forest to avoid the noise and strife of civilized life, and he closes his career in *The Prairie*, a novel of the plains of the great West, whither the old man has gone to spend his last days. It is the story of a lonely life of the prairie-hunter of those days, whose love for solitude has led him far from even the borders of the frontier, and whose dignified death is a fitting ending to his noble and courageous life. It is supposed that this end to Leatherstocking's career was suggested to Cooper by the ever-famous Daniel Boone, and some of the incidents of the story read like real life. One of Cooper's most famous descriptions—that of the prairie on fire—occurs in this book—a scene excelled only by the description of the panther-fight in *The Pioneers*, or the combat between Deerslayer and his foe.

[Pg 654]

Cooper began his series of sea novels by the publication of *The Pilot* in 1824, and stands as the creator of this department of fiction. He was the first novelist to bring into fiction the ordinary, every-day life of the sailor afloat, whether employed on a merchant vessel or fighting hand to hand in a naval encounter. Scott's novel, *The Pirate*, had been criticised by Cooper as the evident work of a man who had never been at sea, and to prove how much better an effect could be produced by one familiar with ocean life he began his story, *The Pilot*.



COOPER READING TO AN OLD SHIPMATE.

The period of the story is the American Revolution, and the hero was that famous adventurer John Paul Jones, introduced under another name. It was such a new thing to put into fiction the technicalities of ship life, to describe the details of an evolution in a naval battle, and to throw in as background the vast and varying panorama of sea and sky, that Cooper, familiar as he was with ocean life, felt some doubt of his success. In order to test his powers, he read one day to an old shipmate that famous account of the passage of the ship through the narrow channel in one of the thrilling chapters of the yet unfinished work. The effect was all that Cooper could desire. The old sailor got into such a fury of excitement that he could not keep his seat, but paced up and down the room while Cooper was reading; in his excitement he was for a moment living over again a stormy scene from his own life; and the novelist laid down the manuscript, well pleased with the result of his experiment. *The Pilot* met with an instant success both in America and Europe. As it was his first, so it is perhaps his best sea story. In it he put all the freshness of reminiscence, all the haunting memories of ocean life that had followed him since his boyhood days. It was biographical in the same sense as *The Pioneers*, a part of the romance of childhood drafted into the reality of after-life.

Red Rover, the next sea story, came out in 1828. Other novelists had begun to write tales of the sea, but they were mere imitations of *The Pilot*. In the *Red Rover* the genuine adventures of the sailor class were again embodied in the thrilling narrative that Cooper alone knew how to write, and from its first appearance it has always been one of the most popular of the author's works. In these pages occurs that dramatic description of the last sea fight of Red Rover, one of Cooper's finest achievements.

Cooper's popularity abroad was equalled only by that of Scott. His works as soon as published were translated into almost every tongue of Europe, and were sold in Turkey, Prussia, Egypt, and Jerusalem in the language of those countries. It was said by a traveller that the middle classes of Europe had gathered all their knowledge of American history from Cooper's works, and that they had never understood the character of American independence until revealed by this novelist.

PRIZE-STORY COMPETITION.

FIRST-PRIZE STORY.

Betty's Ride: A Tale of the Revolution.—By Henry S. Canby.

The sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the gambrel-roof and solid stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building of the most severe type, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told its age without the aid of the half-obliterated inscription over the door, which read, "Built A. D. 1720." One familiar with the country would have pronounced it without hesitation a Quaker meeting-house, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut-trees, and had taken his wife Ann and his little daughter Betty to live there. That was in 1770, seven years earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house the door opened, and Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out towards the great horse-block by the road-side, "thee must keep house to-day. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed the Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester to-day, that there may be other than corn-cakes and baron for the friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his collarless Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great pillion, into which Ann laboriously climbed after her husband, and with a final warning and "farewell" to

Betty, clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at her waving "farewell" with her little bonnet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolution was at its height, and the British, who had a short time before disembarked their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. As Betty's father, although a Quaker and a non-combatant, was known to be a patriot, he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many forebodings that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its innumerable leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the paddock where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens (sadly reduced in numbers by numerous raids), returned to the house, and getting her sampler, sat down under a walnut-tree to sew on the stint which her mother had given her.

[Pg 655]

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof-beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a startled cry: "The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do!"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms and ill-assorted arms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meeting-house. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meeting-house, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly towards her.

"What do you here, child?" he said, hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester meeting-house, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meeting-house, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meeting-house yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a detachment of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meeting-house—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering, and when she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded the meeting-house, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the paddock behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump, and starting off at a gallop, had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt!" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding-whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then, turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and already felt the unusual strain. Now they thundered over Naaman's Creek, now over Concord, with the nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horse's hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track

she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Birmingham Meeting-house. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old cross-road which, long disused, and with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork down across the lower, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind a dense growth of tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the Continental army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and (hearing as if in a dream the hasty commands for the rescue of the soldiers in Chichester Meeting-house) fell forward in her saddle, and, for the first time in her life, fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her long and eventful ride, Betty, awaking from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace; and it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meeting-house and the gambrel-roofed home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a more sombre tinge, and under the broad walnut-tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask it, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meeting-house, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life saved theirs.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

IV.—THE FINAL TRIAL.

"Ten Knights, as before, were put by the stone to guard it until the new trial," continued the Story-teller. "The Archbishop was not going, through lack of care, to have it said that anything had been done to the stone meanwhile to make it harder for the contestants to pull forth the sword, or easier for Arthur to perform that feat."

"I'll bet those Knights practised on it, though," said Jack. "I would have."

[Pg 656]

"It wouldn't have done any good, I imagine," said his father. "There was something mysterious about it all, and whatever that was it worked in favor of Arthur and against all the others."

"I don't believe all ten of 'em together could have pulled it out," Mollie put in. "It was one of those trick swords, like men swallow at circuses, I guess, and I'm certain that Mr. Merlin put it there, and showed Arthur how the trick worked. It had a spring in it, which he could touch with his thumb to make it come out, maybe."

"Maybe so," said her father, "although I doubt it. There were lots of queer things happening in those days that we of to-day would hardly believe if we saw them with our own eyes—things that sound in the telling of them quite like fairy stories."

"Like Merlin being able to tell what was going to happen next week?" suggested Jack.

"Exactly," said the Story-teller. "If anybody claimed to be able to do that now, we'd laugh at him."

"He'd be a great man for a newspaper," said Jack. "If a newspaper had a man like that on it, it could tell the people in advance that such and such an accident was going to happen at such and such a time on such and such a railroad, and then the people wouldn't go on that road at that time, and their lives would be saved."

"That's so," said Mollie. "And if the accident was going to happen because a switchman was asleep, somebody could be sent ahead to wake him up, so that the accident wouldn't happen at all."

"There is no doubt about it," said the Story-teller. "A man like Merlin would be very useful in these days, but his kind is very much like the leviathans and mastodons that lived before the flood. The race has died out, and true prophets are as scarce now as huckleberries in December. But to come back to the story, whether there was a spring in the sword or not, Merlin was undoubtedly responsible for it, and whatever he did, he did it in Arthur's behalf, for when Candlemas day came about again the same thing happened that had happened before. The sword would not budge for any one but Arthur, and a great many people began to be convinced that he was the rightful King. There were enough dissatisfied persons, however, to make one more trial necessary, and the Archbishop, yielding to these, set one more date, that of Easter, for the final contest."

"He had to earn it, didn't he," said Mollie.

"You bet he did," said Jack. "It must have been like our medals at school. You've got to win it six times in succession, once every month, before it's yours for keeps."

"But you know about that rule before you begin," said Mollie. "It's fair enough in school, but it seems to me Arthur won it at the start, and ought to have had it."

"He certainly did win it at the start, under the terms of the contest," said her father. "Still it was just as well, under the circumstances, that there should be no dissatisfaction among those who lost, and as it wasn't at all hard for Arthur to pull the sword out, he couldn't complain. The others had to work a great deal harder than he did, and, in the end, got nothing for their pains."

"I guess the Archbishop kind of liked to see all those people pulling and hauling at it," suggested Jack, with a grin. "It must have been something like a circus for him, anyhow, with all those knights in their fine spangles, and their horses with splendid harness, and all that."



THEY ALL KNELT BEFORE HIM, AND HE WAS CROWNED.

"Very likely," said the Story-teller. "That view of it never occurred to me before. It has always been a matter of wonder to me that the Archbishop made poor Arthur go through the ordeal so many times, but now I begin to understand it. He wanted to be entertained as much as anybody else, and very possibly he ordered so many repetitions of the performances to that end, knowing, of course, that by so doing he could not injure Arthur's chances. Arthur had to be very careful of himself, however, between times. The other Knights were too anxious for the prize to stop at playing tricks on him, and Sir Ector saw to it that wherever he went he had a strong guard about him to keep him from harm. These guards, made up of the most faithful men in his father's service, kept watch over him night and day until Easter, when the final trial came off with no change in the result. Arthur pulled the sword lightly out of the stone, but despite their struggles the others could do nothing with it. Then the people themselves were satisfied. The Knights may not have liked it any better than before, but the people did, and they cheered him to the echo, and said that the question was now settled for once and for all, and offered to slay any man who now dared to say that Arthur was not entitled to the throne. They all knelt before him, and he was knighted by one of the bravest men of the day, and shortly after he was crowned. It was a long trial for him, but he was patient and worthy, and withstood every test, and in the end he got his reward."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Jack. "The way they made him work for it seems to me to have entitled him to it."

"Papa," said Mollie, after a little thought on the matter, "was this King Arthur any relation to the man Jack-the-Giant-Killer was always sending giant's heads to."

"He was the very same man," replied her father. "Why?"

"I was only thinking," said Mollie, "that if it was the same man, Jack couldn't have tried to pull that sword out, because I'm pretty certain he could have done it."

"Perhaps," said her father, "but that could only have left the question as to the rightful King unsettled."

"I don't think so," cried Jack. "Because then they'd have had to have a match between Arthur and Jack. That would have settled it."

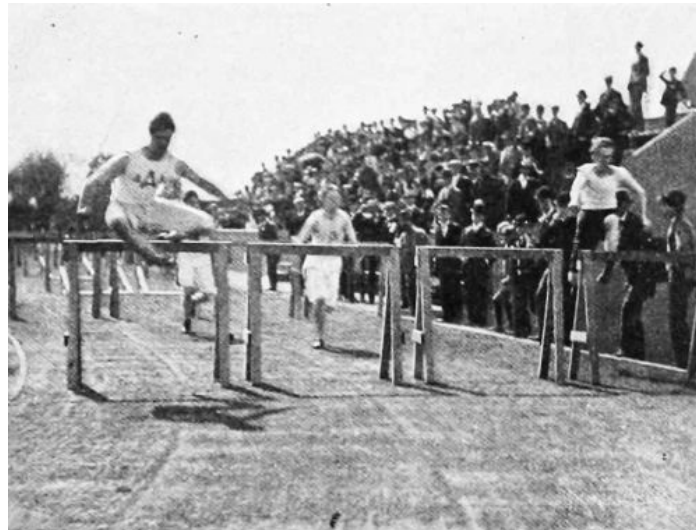
"And who do you think would have won in that event?" asked the Story-teller.

"Well," said Mollie, dubiously, "of course, I don't know, but I'd have stood for Jack."

"I'm with you, then," said the modern Jack. "A boy who could handle giants the way he did wouldn't have had much trouble with a fellow like Arthur."

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

The rivalry between Worcester and Phillips Andover academies, which has existed ever since the two big schools first met on track and field in the New England Interscholastics, was made even greater by the dual games held at Worcester on the 8th. Andover had felt confident of winning, but a combination of hard luck and a poor and unfamiliar track tended to cause her defeat. As at Hartford, for the Connecticut H.-S.A.A. games on the same day, there was a bad wind blowing up the track which interfered with good time for the sprints, the 100 being done to the exceedingly slow time of 11-1/5 secs. The score of 62 to 50, however, does not by any means show how close the contest was, for first one side was ahead and then the other; so that it was not until the last event of the day had been decided that the Worcester contingent felt certain of their victory. To-day the Andover men are doubtless somewhat consoled by the way their athletes turned the tables on their Worcester rivals at the Interscholastics on the 15th, and the regrets for defeat must be considerably lessened by the conviction that should the Worcester contest be held again, the result would certainly be different. Andover made 25 points at Cambridge, while Worcester Academy scored but 9-2/5.



Holt, P.A. Hine, P.A. Chase, W.A.

120-YARD HURDLE RACE, ANDOVER-WORCESTER GAMES

Where Andover suffered most at Worcester was in the bicycle race and in the 100-yard dash. Manning was fully ten yards ahead of the field in the former event, and it looked as if the dark blue were here sure of six points at least, for Palmer was coming along rapidly behind him, when the leader lost control of his wheel and fell. Palmer rushed up and tumbled almost at the same spot, leaving Forsyth the only Andover man in the race. The latter forged ahead, and by a powerful spurt passed Campbell of Worcester, who was leading. He thought he had won as he shot past the winning post, but he had gone only seven laps, and as he slowed up the three Worcester riders went by him to take all the points at the finish. In the 100 the judges made a bad decision. Every one on the field—excepting those whose province it was to do so—saw Senn of Andover win the race by about a foot. Sargent was announced the victor, however, and for some odd reason Andover made no protest. Perhaps they were too confident of victory. But even if Senn had been awarded the first place (all the other events resulting as they did), the score would still have been in Worcester's favor—59 to 53, so the mistake of the judges was of little consequence, except to Senn as an individual.



Barker, W.A. Gaskell, P.A. Munn, P.A.

THE 220-YARD RUN, WORCESTER-ANDOVER GAMES.

Holt of Andover did the best work for the visiting team. He captured the high hurdles in 18-3/5 secs., put the 16-lb. shot 33 ft. 6 in., and threw the 12-lb. hammer 104 ft. 6 in. In the weight events he did not equal

his own best records. Laing ran a good race in the half-mile and the mile, leading all the way in both events, and in the latter he was followed home by two of his schoolmates. It is noteworthy that in almost all sports where Andover men enter they are particularly strong in the long-distance runs. The field events were the most exciting for the spectators, because the score was such that all depended on the result of these. Here the Andover men excelled, but on the track, as will readily be seen from the table of results printed in this Department last week, the Worcester athletes were superior. On the whole, the meeting between the two teams was most successful, and Worcester Academy deserves great praise for her victory. She won it by hard work, and deserved every point scored. At the present moment the Worcester schools may justly claim first place in the ranks of track athletic sports; for after the High-School's performance on Holmes Field, on the 15th, it is plain that few scholastic associations could hope to worst them.

On the following Wednesday Andover did better. The nine met the Lawrenceville baseball team on their own grounds and it was theirs. Everybody was surprised; even Andover. Not so much at the victory, perhaps, for P.A. men are always sanguine, but no one anticipated a whitewash. Andover put up the best game of the year, and I have not seen Lawrenceville play worse. Men who had scarcely made any errors during the entire season muffed and fumbled like a lot of novices; and in between-times the Andover men pounded the ball, and the crowd helped things along generally by plenty of shouting. Perhaps the crowd and the unfamiliar field had something to do with Lawrenceville's defeat, but it is hard to understand why the Jersey players, who have been batting well all the spring, could not find the ball when they had men on second and third. Possibly Sedgwick can explain this. Sedgwick was a host in himself, and he received such support as has not been given by the Andover players to any pitcher this season. He struck out nine of his opponents and gave only two bases on balls, whereas he was hit safely only six times. Drew, who caught him, played an errorless game; in fact, every man on the team did, with the exception of Harker, who made in the first inning the only misplay for the side.

[Pg 658]

The hard hitting of the home team would have won the game even if Lawrenceville had shown better field-work. P.A. made twelve hits, including a two-bagger, two three-base hits, and a home run. Greenway led with two singles and a three-bagger, while Barton made a two-bagger and a home run. As for the error-making, Lawrenceville took the lead in that in the fourth inning. Sedgwick got his base on balls, and was thrown out at second; Greenway took first on an error and second on an error; Elliott got to first on balls; Dayton followed him on an error, which let Greenway home; Waddell went to first after being struck by a ball, and after Davis had struck out both Dayton and Elliott scored on an error. Fortunately for Lawrenceville, the inning was closed by Waddell's being thrown out at third.

This is the third consecutive defeat that Lawrenceville has suffered at the hands of Andover in baseball, and never before has the victory of the Massachusetts team been so decided. The only way to account for the Jerseymen's weakness is that they were affected by the long journey, and were probably "rattled" by the Andover crowd. This Lawrenceville nine can do better. A team that can play the University of Pennsylvania 6-8 and Princeton 2-5 ought not to succumb to Andover by 11-0. The following day Lawrenceville met Exeter, but only seven innings were played, as the visitors had to catch a train for home. When play was stopped the score stood 3-3, and there was considerable dissatisfaction on Exeter's part because the last two innings could not be finished. Lawrenceville showed better form than was exhibited at Andover, making only two errors; but Exeter was playing good ball too, and it is an open question now as to which is the better team. Next year more careful arrangements should be made, for the memory of this season's game will always be unsatisfactory.

NEW ENGLAND I.S.A.A. GAMES, HOLMES FIELD, CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 15, 1895.

N.E.I.S.A.A.

Record.

Event.			Made by
100-yard dash	10-1/5 sec.	F. H. Bigelow, W.H.-S., 1894	
220-yard run	22-2/5 "	F. H. Bigelow, W.H.-S., 1894	
440-yard run	50-3/5 "	T. E. Burke, E.H.-S., 1894	
Half-mile run	2 m. 6 "	S. Wesson, W.A., 1894	
Mile run	4 " 34-2/5 "	W. T. Laing, P.A., 1894	
Mile walk	7 " 36 "	P. J. McLaughlin, W.H.-S., '93	
120-yard hurdle	17-2/5 "	W. W. Hoyt, R.L.S., 1893	
220-yard hurdle	27 "	A. H. Hine, P.A., 1894	
Mile bicycle	2 " 41-3/5 "	A. A. Densmore, Hopkinson, '93	
Running high jump	5 ft. 7-3/4 in.	C. J. Paine, Hopkinson, 1893	
Running broad jump	21 " 6 "	C. Brewer, Hopkinson, 1890	
Pole vault	10 " 6-3/4 "	W. W. Hoyt, R.L.S., 1894	
Throwing 12-lb. ham'r	125 "	R. F. Johnson, B.H.-S., 1894	
Putting 16-lb. shot	39 " 3 "	M. O'Brien, E.H.-S., 1894	

Event.	Winner June 15, 1895.	
100-yard dash	J. T. Roche, W.H.-S.	10-3/5 sec.
220-yard run	J. T. Roche, W.H.-S.	23-2/5 "
440-yard run	R. S. Hull, W.H.-S.	53-3/5 "
Half-mile run	A. Albertson, W.H.-S.	2 m. 5 "
Mile run	D. T. Sullivan, W.H.-S.	4 " 42-4/5 "
Mile walk	C. V. Moore, N.H.-S.	7 " 18-3/5 "
120-yard hurdle	A. H. Hine, P.A.	18-1/5 "
220-yard hurdle	A. H. Hine, P.A.	27-4/5 "

Mile bicycle	H. Freyberg, W.H.-S.	2"	40-3/5"
Running high jump	F. Holt, R.L.S. } R. Ferguson, E.H.-S. }	5"	7-1/2"
Running broad jump	E. L. Mills, S.H.-S.	20"	3"
Pole vault	B. Johnson, W.A.	10"	7"
Throwing 12-lb. ham'r	M. Sargent, Hopkinson	119"	4"
Putting 16-lb. shot	E. Holt, P.A.	36"	11-1/2"

Points made by Schools.

Worcester H.-S.	33
Andover	25
English H.-S.	12-1/2
Worcester Academy	9-2/5
Hopkinson	6
Newton H.-S.	5-1/5
Somerville H.-S.	5
Noble's	4-1/5
Roxbury Latin	3-1/2
Cambridge H. and L.	3
Lynn H.-S.	2-1/5
Chelsea H.-S.	2
Chauncey Hall	1
	—
Total	112

Firsts count 5. Seconds 2. Thirds 1.

The championship pennant of the New England I.S.A.A. remains at Worcester. It was carried down there by the High-School athletes last March, and they made their title to it secure on Holmes Field a week ago Saturday by rolling up a score twenty points greater than any Boston school—greater, in fact, than the scores of all the Boston schools put together. Andover had the satisfaction of finishing second, with her old rival, the Worcester Academy, who defeated her the week before, in fourth place. The games were well managed, and, considering the fact that there were 335 entries, the events were run off with commendable promptness. Four records were broken, and a good many others that are up pretty high already were closely approached, as the accompanying table will show. The marks that went were the half-mile, the walk, the bicycle, and the pole vault. Albertson, W.H.-S., has held the record for the 1000-yard run for two years, and his practice at that distance has made him a capable runner for the half. He kept well back in the bunch when the race started, and waited until the very last corner was behind him before he attempted to pull away from his companions. Then he spurred, and passed the three men ahead of him, winning easily a full second under record time.

The biggest alteration of figures, however, was made after Moore of Newton H.-S. had won the mile walk. He was looked upon as a winner at the start, but no one anticipated such an excellent performance as 7 min. 18-3/5 sec. He is as graceful in his work as any man can be in this acrobatic event, and will surely be heard from in years to come if the walk is not abolished from the amateur and collegiate programmes. The probabilities are, however, that in a very few years the walk, like the tug-of-war, will be a back number; but Moore is a good athlete, and he will surely be able to be just as prominent in some other branch of sport. The spectators were almost as deeply interested in Rudischhauser and Williams's contest for last place, as they were in Moore's struggle for first.

A pleasing feature of the bicycle races was the absence of accidents. There was not a single spill, and every man rode for all he was worth. New men took the points; and that is a good thing. Both Freyberg and Druett broke the tape ahead of record time in the second heat, but in the finals they ran four seconds behind. The final heat, although not the fastest, was the most interesting. Six men started, and for the first quarter Freyberg held the lead. Then he was passed by Boardman and Cunningham, who set the pace for a lap, after which the W.H.-S. rider pushed ahead, and left every one behind. The finish spurt was good, but it was evident that every rider was tired from the effects of the trial heats. It would be well next year to follow the plan adopted by the Inter-collegiate Association of having the preliminary heats on the previous day.

[Pg 659]

None of the field events were particularly interesting, except the pole vault, in which Johnson of Worcester Academy broke Hoyt's record by a quarter of an inch. The high jumpers only reached 5 ft. 7-1/2 in., where Holt, R.L.S., and Ferguson, E.H.-S., tied for first place. Mills of Somerville High came in as an unknown quantity, and took the broad jump with a leap of 20 ft. 3 in. Andover's strong men were Holt and Hine. At the dual games at Worcester, Holt did giant's work, but at the Interscholastics he only took one first, in the shot, defeating O'Brien, whom many had looked upon as a sure winner, and a place with the hammer. Hine's hurdling was most graceful, and both races were exciting. In the high finals the racers kept well abreast for thirty yards; then Hine forged slowly ahead, but was overtaken by Ferguson, whom he beat home by a few feet only. The low hurdles were even more thrilling. Fuller led at the start, but was caught by Hine at the fourth hurdle. Then it was jump and jump for twenty-five or thirty yards; but Hine had better form, and came in several feet ahead. The day was most satisfactory from the point of view of sport, and every performance of the New-Englanders made me wish they might meet the New York school athletes on an open track and a level field. What a contest that would be! No effort should be spared to bring it about, and the only way to do it is to form one large all-embracing Interscholastic Association.

One correspondent urges Hartford as the most suitable place for the meeting. He believes it would be preferable to New Haven for many reasons, one of which is that the Yale field track is only a quarter of a mile around, whereas the track at the Charter Oak Park is a mile in circumference and sixty feet wide. It is a question whether, for the purposes of an



A. H. HINE.

Interscholastic meet of this kind, a mile track would be as good as a lesser one. The time made might be faster if the road-bed were in good condition, but the spectators would not enjoy the races so much as if the runners passed the grand stand a number of times; and the men themselves would find greater difficulty in gauging their speed, most of them being accustomed to four or five lap tracks. A better argument in favor of Hartford is that three railroads centre there.

Of the school athletes who took part in the New York A.C. games at Travers Island, several secured places. Baltazzi won first in the high jump, clearing 5 ft. 10-1/4 in. Fisher went into the 100 and the 220, but was distanced, and Powell got a tumble in the bicycle race. Whether it was his own fault, I cannot say; but there are very few races he has ridden in this year where he has been able to keep in his saddle all the way around the course. He retained his seat in the Interscholastics and won. W. T. Laing came down from Andover, and entered the mile with Conneff and Orton. He had 40 yards handicap, and came in second, with Orton behind him. Orton, however, was pretty well fagged out from the effects of his half-mile race with Walsh. F. W. Phillips, of



E. G. HOLT.

Bryant and Stratton's, had a handicap of 6 inches in the pole vault, and by making an actual leap of 10 ft. 3 in., secured first, over Baxter at scratch, who cleared 10 ft. 6 in.

Some creditable performances were made at the field meeting of the Pittsburg Interscholastic A.A., which was held at the Pittsburg Athletic Club Park last week. Only four schools were represented, but the crowd was enthusiastic and the events well managed. Graff, of Shadyside Academy, did the best all-round work. He won the 100 in 10-2/5 sec., and the 220 in 24 sec., besides taking first in the hop, step, and jump (another of those acrobatic events which have been handed down from the Dark Ages), and third in the shot. If the Pittsburg H.-S. athletes had been better trained they would have made a more creditable showing, for there is good material there. As it was, they managed to score 21 points out of a possible 135. Shadyside Academy, the winner, got 51, and was followed by the Park Institute with 44. Allegheny, the tail-ender, scored 19 points.

The championship of the Southern Connecticut Baseball League went to the Black Hall School again this year. The final game was played on June 1st, against the Norwich Free Academy. The Black Hall team suffered only one defeat out of the six games of the series—a very creditable performance, considering the numerical size and athletic strength of the other schools in the League. Their success was due to the steady work of the battery, their strong batting, and careful base-running.

THE GRADUATE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



The *Interscholastic Sport* Department of Harper's Round Table will be as full of matter interesting to its present readers during the summer months as it is now. Many will go to distant summer resorts where there may be no newsdealer. To insure the prompt receipt of the paper each week, send the accompanying coupon bearing your name and address with 50 cents for 13 weeks, or \$2.00 for one year.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Summer Subscription Coupon.

.....1895.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS., New York City, New York.

Please send Harpers Round Table for ... weeks, for which I inclose \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....



HARPERS NEW CATALOGUE.

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

[Pg 660]



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 map this week continues from the point, Tarrytown, reached on map published in No. 810 of the ROUND TABLE, to Poughkeepsie, a ride of over forty miles, which would be another and second stage on the route from New York to Albany. All routes of this nature must, of course, be divided by wheelmen reading this Department into sections of a length which is most suitable for their own special purposes. It is perfectly simple, for example, for a good rider to go from New York to Poughkeepsie in one day. On the other hand, for one who is unaccustomed to long distances the route shown on this map, from Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie, is a very good ride. When the series, therefore, covering a distance from New York to Albany is published, by putting the maps together each wheelman may choose how far he will go each day.

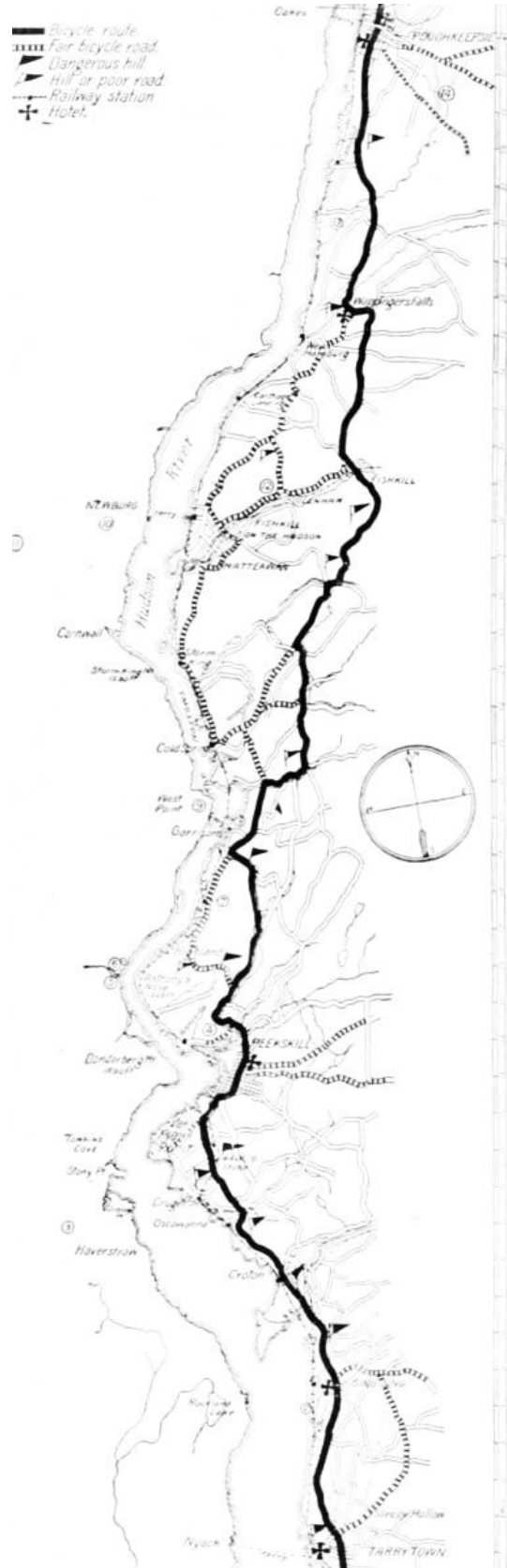
Running out of Tarrytown, the rider takes the Albany Post Road and passes the André Monument (1), which he should pause to examine. After leaving this monument he will come to St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. Here he should turn to the left and go down a long hill, thence following the turnpike, which is unmistakable, until he reaches Sing Sing, a distance of seven miles. If the wheelman takes time for it, he may turn down to the river, about a mile before reaching Sing Sing, and stop a moment to take a look at the State-prison. From Sing Sing the road to Peekskill is direct; but it is a difficult twelve-mile ride, with hills all along the way, especially just before crossing to Croton Point, again on the Point, and then all the way up to Peekskill. The road itself is sandy, and occasionally covered with loam. The riding is not very good, and the wheelman is wise if he dismounts frequently. After leaving Croton, and when approaching Verplank Point, he can look across the river to Haverstraw, and see Treason Hill, where the meeting between Arnold and André took place, and the terms of the surrender of West Point were made. From Peekskill the rider runs out about half a mile to the north, then turns to the left and follows the telegraph poles to Garrison's. Immediately after crossing the bridges, on going out of Peekskill, he will notice on the left the State Camp (4). The road is sandy, and there are some bad hills over these eight miles.

If the rider has time to stop for a look at historic places, he should turn to the left after leaving the Peekskill encampment-grounds and run down to Highland Station, from whence he can see across the river the site of old Forts Clinton and Montgomery (5 and 6). Keeping on this road and running up to Garrison's along the shore, he will pass Beverly House, Arnold's old headquarters (7). At Garrison's is the old Phillipse Manor, and directly across the river is the United States Military Academy of West Point. The best road from this point to Wappinger's Falls is to follow the black route on the map, keeping to the right beyond Garrison's, and running on through Fishkill to Wappinger's Falls, a distance of eighteen miles.

It is possible, however, to keep to the left just beyond Garrison's, and following the fair bicycle route, keep to the shore of the Hudson. The road, however, is much more hilly through these highlands. By taking this route the wheelman may cross the ferry at Fishkill village to Newburg, where he may see the Washington headquarters (10), and Knox's headquarters and winter camp (11) just outside Newburg. On the road from Fishkill-on-the-Hudson to Fishkill itself he will pass the State Hospital for the Insane (12). The road from Wappinger's Falls into Poughkeepsie, a distance of eight and a quarter miles, is moderately good. The roads are easy riding, and the grades are not bad. The rider should turn to the right on leaving Wappinger's Falls, cross Wappinger's Creek, and take South Avenue direct into Poughkeepsie. On the way he passes at the right of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes (13), and if he cares to, after reaching Poughkeepsie, he may struggle up the Poughkeepsie Hills to take a look at Vassar College (14).

[Pg 661]

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to



Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

A CITY BOY'S CONCLUSION.

The cricket 'neath the old rail fence
His song forever toots.
And sounds as if he's breaking in
A brand-new pair of boots.



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.

Among the accomplishments which girls may cultivate to advantage none surpasses that of reading aloud to the satisfaction of others. It is singular that more of us do not acquire this delightful art. I do not mean that we should become elocutionists, or study to be proficient in dramatic effects; I simply advise girls who wish to give pleasure to their families and friends to practise the art of reading intelligently, in a clear and distinct voice, pronouncing their words plainly, giving each sentence its full meaning, and being careful not to drop the voice too suddenly at the end of a paragraph. It is so natural to let the voice fall too much and too far at the close of a paragraph, that those who wish to be heard make a point of learning how to use the rising inflection—not to the degree which implies interrogation, but, so to speak, leaving off with tones on the level, so that the voice carries well across the room.

During vacation you will have opportunities to exercise this gift if you possess it. Half a dozen girls may enjoy the same story if one reads aloud while the rest work. The dear auntie whose sight is failing, and who is bidden by the doctor to rest her eyes, will be very much obliged to you if you will read to her an hour or more a day at intervals, as she and you may find convenient.

I have found in my own experience that when I am reading with a view to remembering a poem or essay or chapter of history, it is fixed upon my mind more readily than otherwise if I read the passage aloud to myself. Hearing as well as seeing the words, two senses aid in carrying the message to the brain. I like to read poetry aloud when I am alone, thus doubly enjoying its music and its feeling.

As every bright young woman should be informed about current events, my girl friends hardly need the reminder to read the daily papers. In doing this, read according to system. You will be able to secure better results if you have a plan than if you scan the journal taken in your home in a slipshod, heedless way.

Every newspaper has its summary of contents, in which the news of that day and paper are condensed and presented in a compact form. Read this first. Select from this what you most wish to read—the foreign letters, the society gossip, the political leaders, the description of a prominent personage. Whatever you read, read with your whole attention, and learn how to skip a great many things which, while coming under the head of news, are not important to you. Reports of crime, for example, must be published, but you and I can very well omit reading them.

Somebody in the house, and it may as well be you, dear daughter Jane or Charlotte, should take upon herself to see that the daily papers are not spirited off to line closet-shelves or kindle the kitchen fire before they are a week old. Father often wishes to refer to last Thursday's *Sun* or *Tribune*, Brother Tom wants another look at yesterday's *Herald* or the *Weekly Record* or *Register*, whatever the favorite paper may be. Nothing is more annoying than to search the house over—mother's room, the library, the back parlor, the halls—and discover no trace of the longed-for sheet, which probably has been dissolved into ashes, fluff, and smoke, to save Bridget a little trouble. You might charge yourself with seeing that no paper is ever destroyed until it is a whole week old. Also when a paper contains an item or a story which will probably interest grandmother or Uncle Roger in another town, it is very sweet in you to slip a wrapper around the paper, first marking the column in question, and mail it to the person to whom it will give pleasure. Do not forget the marking. Nobody likes to spend a morning hunting for the reason why a paper has been sent to him.

Margaret E. Langster.

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF

and don't worry the baby: avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Postage Stamps, &c.



100 all dif. Venezuela, Costa Rica, etc., only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Ag'ts wanted at 50 per ct. com. List FREE!

C. A. Stegmann, 2722 Eads Av., St. Louis, Mo.

50 var., all dif., 5c.; 12 var. Heligoland, 15c.; 6 var. Italy, 1858 to 1862, 5c.; 3 var. Hanover, 5c.; 35 var. C. American, 50c. Agents wanted.

F. W. MILLER, 904 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

100 all different, China, etc., 10c.; 5 Saxony, 10c.; 40 Spain, 40c.; 6 Tunis, 14c.; 10 U. S. Revenues, 10c. Agts. wtd., 50% com.; '95 list free.

CRITTENDEN & BORGMAN CO., Detroit, Mich.

If afflicted with
SORE EYES
USE
DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



a Living Picture

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

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

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., New York.



Sick Headache

and

Constipation

are quickly and pleasantly cured by

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

The most valuable family remedy for

Disordered Stomach

and

Impaired Digestion.

50 Cents and \$1.00—All Druggists.

FREE—Palmer Cox's, *The Brownies' Discovery*—Illustrated.

TARRANT & Co., Chemists, New York.



The Eight Numbers of the Franklin Square Song Collection contain

1600

of the Choicest Old and New Songs and Hymns in the Wide World.

Fifty Cents per Number in paper; Sixty Cents in substantial Board binding; One Dollar in Cloth. The Eight Numbers also bound in two volumes at \$3.00 each. Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

[Pg 662]

Prize Story Awards.

The Round Table offered a First Prize of \$50, a Second of \$25, and a Third of \$25 for the best original stories written by authors who had not passed their eighteenth birthday. There was no condition about the kind of a story required, but appearance of manuscript, spelling, construction, character, and plot were to be considered. Stories were required to contain not more than two thousand nor fewer than one thousand words. There were a few under five hundred contestants, some of whom were as young as ten, and in one case seven years. Many stories were extremely clever, considering the ages of their authors.

The First Prize is won by a Knight who lives in Delaware. His name is Henry S. Canby, aged sixteen. A Knight, also from a Southern State (South Carolina), won the first prize in the Table's previous story contest. The Second Prize is won by a Lady. She is thirteen, and lives in Minnesota. Her name is Nancy Howe Wood, and the title of her story, which will be published in order, is "An Exciting Game." The story standing third is "Joey's Christmas." It reached us bearing no name of the writer, although it said it was intended for this contest. Owing to this oversight by the author we cannot award it the Third Prize. We will, however, give the author, when found, an extra prize of \$10. Will he or she write us? The Third Prize is awarded to the story standing fourth. It is "The Beverly Ghost," by Jennie Mae Blakeslee, aged fifteen, a resident of New Jersey. The Table congratulates the winners.

Stories by the following authors are specially commended, the order of that praise being indicated by the order in which names are printed: Upton B. Sinclair, Jun., Frances Chittenden, Constance F. Wheeler, Edith den Bleyker, Alice E. Dyar, Mande Newbolt, A. D. Parsons, Oliver Bunce Ferris, Agnes Barton, Fanny Fullerton, Joseph B. Ames, Helen H. Hayes, Louis E. Thayer, George Clarkson Hirts, George W. Halliwell, Jun., Janet Ashley, Ray Bailey Stevenson, Edith Eckfield, Gay Hugh Leland, Helen L. Birnie, Virginia Louise De Caskey.

An Old Civil War Veteran.

Living here is the oldest cavalry horse of the civil war. He belongs to Sergeant B. F. Crawford, Company C, Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who captured him in Virginia just after his owner had been shot from his back. He was then eight years old. Now he is forty, as black as coal, save for some gray hairs in mane and tail, and still fond of martial music, especially on Decoration day, the local parade of which he always forms a part. Last year he went to the National Encampment of the Grand Army at Pittsburg, but he is too feeble to go to another. "Old Ned" is his name, and he is a universal favorite. His greatest war service was his

three days at Gettysburg, where he was in at the beginning and finish, and didn't get a scratch.

HARRY MOORHEAD.
NORTH EAST, PA.

Care and Food of Fresh-water Turtles.

Several members ask about the care and food of turtles—really fresh-water tortoises. They should be kept in a tank or vessel, with some sort of an island upon which they may crawl when tired of swimming. The best food for them is fresh animal food—flies, worms, or very tiny live fish. If a live fly is put on the water so that it will kick, the tortoise will come up and get it, as he will not be so apt to do with a dead one. A worm may be dropped in for him once in a while; but as these are sometimes hard to find, he may be fed with bits of meat, raw or cooked. As a rule, tortoises will not eat vegetables or bread, though these will not hurt them. They can go for a long time without food, but it is better to feed them every day.

A Jaunt Up Mount Macedon.

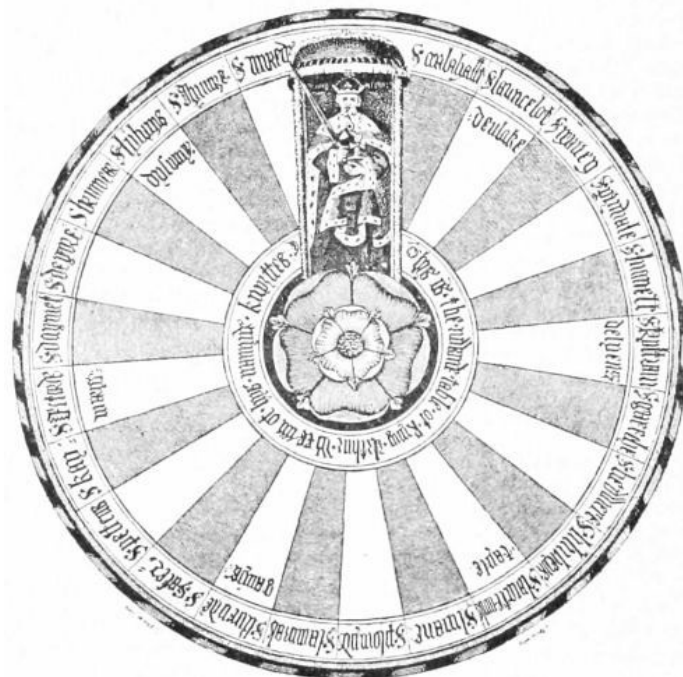
One fine day in December a few girl friends and I thought of walking from Woodend to the top of Mount Macedon and back again. The first part of the road leading to the Mount was smooth, and the shade thrown by the eucalyptus-trees was very pleasant. As we got further on it became rather hot, and we were glad to rest and eat our luncheon in a cool spot about half-way up the Mount. Lilac Walk is a beautiful spot at the top of Mount Macedon, and is so called because wild lilac blooms there in profusion. The trees, which are tall, interlace and form arches, which almost shut out the sun.

The Camel's Hump is the highest peak of Mount Macedon. It was a very steep climb, but we were rewarded for it. We could see around us miles and miles of beautiful country, with here and there a tiny house among the trees. On a fine day you can see Port Phillip Bay, which is over forty miles distant. On our way back we saw a beautiful place thickly covered with ferns, with a tiny stream running through it. We did not feel very tired when we got there, although we had walked fourteen miles. I intend forwarding you next time a brief description of the Hanging Rock near Woodend.

EVELINE WALLACE, R. T. L.
TASMA, MORELAND RD., W. COBURG.

What Shall Our Badges Be?

The Founders decided the Order is to have a new badge, to be made in two styles. One is to be of silver, or at least of some material that may be secured at a low price, say ten cents, and the other of gold, or gold and enamel, to cost as much as fifty cents, perhaps; certainly little if any more. A score or more Founders suggested that designs be submitted. Very good. Now where shall we get the designs? Do members wish to give us some? If so, send them in. Draw them in either India or wash, that we may reproduce them.



Here is the top of what is said to be the original King Arthur's Table. It is preserved in the cathedral at Winchester, England. The figure is that of Arthur, and the names are those of the original Knights. It was suggested that the badge be a reproduction of this, but if the entire table-top be employed designs will be so small they cannot be read. Besides, we Americans hardly want to wear badges bearing a figure of royalty, do we? Why not use the rose in the centre—the rose is historic—and vary the inscription around it?

In making designs, be careful to consider the time and nation. One member sends us a design in which appears the fleur-de-lis, which is French, not English. The sword, ancient pattern, the red and white rose, the cross, other than the Latin—all these may be used. Of course we will keep the "K. L. O. R. T." If need be, the words could be spelled out: "Knights: Ladies: Order: Round: Table." Let us have your designs at once. Any who wish may submit them. The two or three best will be published, if made so we can reproduce them. Possibly an artist can select the best features of several and combine them. So send along your ideas.

How to Plan a Gala Evening.

For July or August there are few entertainments more novel and delightful than out-of-door ones. Why not have some in aid of the School Fund? Or they might be partly in aid of the Fund and partly for the benefit of a Chapter. The way to begin is to get together from six to a dozen friends, and then write to us for particulars.

Here is briefly what we shall recommend, but be sure to write, because we can give you more explicit directions than we have space for here. We shall give you titles of some very funny farces and pantomimes, similar to those that college students give as burlesques, and which any company of persons of any age can learn and render with very little trouble and with certain success. We shall also tell you how to build a rustic stage out of doors, to arrange hemlocks or spruces for "scenery," etc. A good way is to charge a fee of twenty-five cents, and give, after the stage entertainment is over, a plate of ice-cream free. You will have plenty of fun—and help a good cause, and perhaps yourselves. Write us, sure.

A Natural History Bit.

There are a great many violets about here, and the ones we have the most of are the swamp violets and the little ones that grow in the fields. The swamp violets are a very light purple with darker lines on the lower petal. There are from two to twenty violets on one plant. They grow in the woods and in wet places. The white violets also grow in the woods. They are very much smaller, and are entirely white except the lower petal, which has purple lines. They are very sweet. I have never seen more than seven or eight violets on one plant.

There are three other kinds that I know of that grow in the woods. One is the yellow violet. It grows in dry places, and there is usually more than one violet on a stem. The leaves also grow on the stem, instead of starting from the roots, as most others do. The flower is a bright yellow, with purple lines on the lower petal. There is the crow's-foot violet, which grows in dry places and is a deep purple; also a little purple violet whose name I do not know. It grows much like the yellow violet, only it is much smaller, and often grows on rocks where there is very little earth.

The violet that grows in the fields is very small, and is oftenest a deep purple, but sometimes the petals are purple and white mottled together.

H. W. S.
CONNECTICUT.

A Bit of An Old Fort.

Not very far from Bluffton near Beaufort is situated the island called Paris Island. A friend of my father's owns a part of this, and he says that on it are the remains of old Fort Charles, built by the Huguenots in 1562. Will some one please write to me? I am fourteen. Bluffton is in the very southwestern part of Beaufort County, S. C. The steamer *Alpha* plies between Bluffton, Beaufort, and Savannah, but she is the slowest steamer in existence.

AUGUST MITTELL.
BLUFFTON.

[Pg 663]



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.

The stamp editor wants to make this column as interesting and as useful as possible to all the boys and girls who collect stamps. Is there any subject on which you would like to have information? Shall we talk about the United States stamps? Or about the great rarities which are so eagerly sought by the advanced

collectors that they are willing to pay from \$100 to \$2500 each for these interesting little bits of paper? Or about the different stamps issued in the Confederate States during the great civil war? Or about the different water-marks, perforations, papers, etc., which will make two stamps which "look just alike" worth in the one case two cents and in the other \$50? Or about auctions of rare stamps? Or any other subject? Let us hear from you, boys and girls. This is your column, and it shall be made as interesting as possible. Do you keep the back numbers, so that you can refer to them? If you do, it will be possible to answer fully some questions which are asked frequently by simply referring to some other number in the current volume.

Several collectors ask how to distinguish the provisional stamps used in Peru during the war in 1881-83 between Chili and Peru. Counting all the different types of each stamp, there are over one hundred in all, and their enumeration in the standard stamp catalogues covers three or four pages. Collectors who make a specialty of Peruvian stamps make the number much larger. In general, these stamps are simply the regular Peruvian issue of 1874-79 with different surcharges. The victorious Chilians printed their coat of arms on these stamps—sometimes alone, and at other times the arms and a band in a horseshoe frame, with the words "Union Postal Universal—Peru." The Peruvians used the same horseshoe band as a surcharge, but without the Chilian arms. Another Peruvian surcharge is the triangle with the word "Peru," and above it a character intended to represent the sun. As almost all these surcharges were printed by a hand-stamp, they are easily counterfeited, and collectors should be careful to buy these stamps from responsible dealers only.

GILBERT JACKSON.—There are five varieties of the \$5 United States Internal Revenue stamps first issue. The perforated ones are worth from two cents to thirty-five cents each. There are eleven \$1 stamps of the same issue, worth from one cent to \$2.50 each. Twelve varieties of the fifty-cent stamp, worth from one cent to \$1 each.

J. R. P.—The 1875 reprints of 1869 are on very white paper. The 2c. of this issue is worth \$3. Many of the 1869 issue show little or nothing of the grille. The Cape of Good Hope are quoted in the catalogue mentioned by you. The drawing enclosed by you is of a German local which has no value. The other stamps are probably revenues, but your description is imperfect.

FRITZ BRANDT.—The United States envelope which you describe is the official service envelope of the Post-office Department. It is a franked, not a stamped, envelope. It is not generally collected.

PHILATUS.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

To retain the brilliancy of Ginghams, wash them only in luke warm water, in which a tablespoonful of salt and an equal quantity of Ivory Soap to each gallon of water, have been dissolved. Dry in the shade.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE Co., CIN'TI.

You Can't take too much of

HIRES' Rootbeer

It quenches your thirst
That's the best of it.
Improves your health
That's the rest of it.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Made only by The Chas. E. Hires Co., Phila.



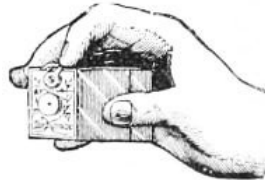
BASE BALL, HOW TO PLAY IT.

A Great Book, contains **all** the rules; also the *secret* of pitching curved balls, and to bat successfully. Rules

for Football and Tennis. Every player should have it. Entirely new and handsomely illustrated. This **Great Book Free** to any one sending us 10 cents to pay postage. **Also** Catalogue Guns, Revolvers, Musical Instruments, Magic Tricks. **All for 10c. Order quick.** For **\$1.25** we will send **Our Base Ball Outfit**, consisting of 9 Caps, 9 Belts, 1 Ball, 1 Bat. **BATES SPORTING CO., 100 High St., Boston, Mass.**

If afflicted with
SORE EYES
USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

The **KOMBI**
CAMERA - \$ **3⁵⁰**



Carry in pocket. Takes 25 perfect pictures in one loading—reloading costs 20c. Ask your dealer for it, or send for free booklet "All About the Kombi."

ALFRED C. KEMPER,

Branches: London, Berlin. 132-134 Lake Street, Chicago



CARD PRINTER FREE

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Marker; worth \$1.00. Sample mailed **FREE** for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains.

R. H. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St. N.Y. City



WONDER CABINET FREE. Missing Link Puzzle, Devil's Bottle, Pocket Camera, Latest Wire Puzzle, Spook Photos, Book of Sleight of Hand, Total Value 60c. Sent free with immense catalogue of 1000 Bargains for 10c. for postage.

INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 Cortlandt Street N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my **INVISIBLE** Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good **HEARING** than all other devices combined. Whispers **HEARD**. Help ears as glasses do eyes. **F. Hiscox, 853 B'dway, N.Y.** Book of proofs **FREE**

Horned Toad, alive, \$1.00; horse-hair lariat, Indian make, \$3.00; five Indian pottery vessels, \$2.00; Navajoe Indian blankets, \$3.00: volcanic glass chips, 15c., all prepaid.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By **MRS. SANGSTER.**

Little Knights and Ladies. Verses for Young People. By MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Author of "On the Road Home," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, \$1.25.

Healthful, natural, and just the simple narrative poems and kindly temperate effusions most pleasing to children.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The real poetry of child-life.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Characterized by womanly feeling—by observation of and sympathy with the child side of domestic life.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

By **W. J. HENDERSON.**

Afloat with the Flag. By W. J. HENDERSON, Author of "Sea Yarns for Boys," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

A good healthy story, attractively written, full of stirring incident and adventure.—*N. Y. Times.*

W. J. Henderson sustains the reputation which he has achieved for meritorious work by his latest juvenile book.... This volume of adventure, battle, heroic endeavor, and thrilling struggle on sea and land is a most captivating story told in the luminous and trenchant style which characterizes this author's work.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ For sale by all booksellers, or will be mailed by the publishers, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price. [Pg 664]



"Now I know pussy ate up my goldfish, for you can see the bones sticking out of her cheeks."

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

"Now who is that?" asked a dignified hen;

"That chicken in white and gray?
She's very well dressed, but from whence did she come?
And her family, who are *they*?"

"She never can move in our set, my dear,"
Said the old hen's friend to her, later;
"I've just found out—you'll be shocked to hear—
She was hatched in an incubator!"

Patrick, in answer to an advertisement for a coachman, applied for the position. He was one of three applicants, and patiently waited until his turn arrived to offer his services. The gentleman who wanted the coachman loved a joke, and when the first applicant had answered a few of his questions, he finally asked him,

"How near to the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?"

"Your Honor, I'd come within a foot of it."

The same question was put to the second applicant, who replied,

"I'll drive within three inches of it all the way, and never slip a wheel."

Patrick was then asked what he would do. "Faith, your Honor, I'd kape as far away from the idge as possible." Patrick was engaged.

Every boy and girl has doubtless heard of the great composer Handel. Here is a little story told of him and of Dr. Maurice Green, a musician whose compositions were never remarkably fine. It seems he had sent a solo anthem to Handel for his opinion, and Handel invited him to take breakfast, and he would say what he thought of it. After coffee, Green's patience became exhausted, and he said, "Well, sir, what did you think of it?"

"Oh, your anthem! Ah, I did t'ink dat it wanted air."

"Air!" cried Green.

"Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow," replied Handel.

"James," asked the school-teacher, "what do you do with your odd moments after school?"

"I waits until they adds up into an hour, and then I goes fishin'."

FREDDY (*five years old*). "Boys, keep away from me."

CHORUS. "Why, what's the matter?"

FREDDY. "The teacher said I was sharp to-day, and you might get cut."

MOTHER. "Frank, what is baby crying about?"

FRANK. "I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to eat it."

There is a story going the rounds of the British press about two very distinguished archæologists—Sir William Wilde and Dr. Donovan. It seems that these two gentlemen made an excursion to the Isles of Arran, where interesting remains of archæological nature have been found.

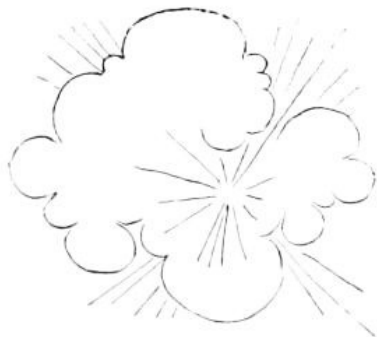
They came across a little rough stone building, and both entered into a fierce argument as to the exact century of its erection. Finally each claimed a date, one giving it the sixth century, and the other a later one.

A native who had listened with gaping mouth and ears to the lengthy and learned terms used by the disputants, broke into the conversation with the remark, "Faix, you're both wrong as far as that little buildin' is consarned; it was built just two years ago by Tim Doolan for his jackass."

THE HIGHWAYMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.



A highwayman grim—here's a picture of him—
A traveller once did waylay,



But his pistols were rusted; he fired: they busted.



And the traveller went on his way.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JUNE 25, 1895 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an

electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a

replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state’s laws.

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation’s website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive

Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.