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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE RALEIGH REDS.

BY JULIANA CONOVER.

"Attention! Right dress! Front! Order arms! Carry arms! Present arms! Right shoulder arms! Carry arms! Stand straighter, Billy. Can't you fellows keep in line? Right face! Left face! About face! Oh, all right, I won't go on with the drill if you don't try harder than that."

"Let us off this afternoon, Tommy? There's a good fellow," begged Billy Atkins, a fat little chap of twelve, who, between the heat and his exertions to keep his round body erect, was nearly used up.

"You won't ever learn to drill decently, then," answered the discouraged Sergeant.

"Oh, yes, we will, in double-quick time; but it is so hot, and we all want to be in good shape for to-morrow."

"What do you say, fellows?" asked Tommy, turning to the other panting recruits.

"Let's stop," they all responded, briskly, "and try to fix up some scheme for the Fourth."

"Very well," answered the Sergeant, a little reluctantly. "I did want to try the bayonet exercise; but I suppose we can do that some other time." Then drawing himself up in true martial style: "Port arms! Dismissed!"

The boys took instant advantage of the command, and hastily stacking their arms, they squatted on the grass to try and cool off by means of mumble-the-peg and a discussion of Fourth-of-July plans.

Tom Porter, aged twelve, had spent a year at a military academy, and had come home for his summer holidays burning with military ardor, and primed with tactics from the latest manual of arms.

He soon fired the ambition of the other boys, and in a week had organized a company—or "squad," as he decided it really was—composed of ten raw recruits and a band of two, mustered under the banner of the Raleigh Reds.

They drilled faithfully day after day under the command of their enthusiastic Sergeant, and the discordant sounds from the fife and drum became a nuisance to the neighborhood.

But now that the novelty of the drill was wearing off, the boys began to pine for active service, and wild plans of campaigns, with long marches, bloody battles, and glorious victories, floated through Tommy's brain, as he nightly revolved the future of the Raleigh Reds.

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"Well, how are we going to celebrate the Fourth?" asked Lilly Atkins, throwing down the knife in disgust, after failing ignominiously in the delicate operation known as "eating oysters." "It's no fun just marching at the tail end of a parade."

"We might make another raid on old Jones's cattle," suggested Herbert Day; "we know a lot more tactics and manœuvres now."

"Not much, unless Tommy teaches us some slick barbed-wire-fence drill," said Dick. "I'm on my last pair of trousers."

"That *was* a pretty big fizzle," Tommy said, shaking his head. "And how they did jolly me at home! Did you ever hear the poem my sister wrote about it?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, it was sort of like 'Half a League,' only different, about us, instead of the 'Six Hundred.' It's pretty good," modestly.

"Can't you say it?" asked Herbert.

"Yes, go ahead, Tommy," chimed in the others.

Tommy blushed. It seemed conceited to recite his sister's verses, and yet he was genuinely proud of them.

"It's a grind on us, you know," he said, warningly.

"Oh, that's all right; we're used to it; fire away."

Thus pressed, Tommy began:

"Half a mile, half a mile,
Dust-choked and solemn,
Straight for old Jones's field
Marched the brave column.

"Forward, the Raleigh Red!
Charge for the bull!" he said.
Into the grazing herd
Marched the firm column.

"Forward the squad brigade."

"That's wrong, you know," he stopped to explain, "but Alice wouldn't change it; she said it didn't matter."

"It doesn't a bit," Dick answered. "Go on; it's great!"

"Forward the squad brigade."

Went on Tommy.

"Was there a man afraid?
Not though the privates knew
Jones's bull's bad manners.
Theirs not to make a row,
Theirs not to question how,
Theirs but to charge the cow,
Into the grazing herd
Marched the red banners.

"Cows to the right of them.
Cows to the left of them,
Cows still in front of them,
Peacefully chewing.
Gazed at in wild surprise,
Boldly, with steady eyes,
Marched on at double-quick
Shouting their battle-cries,
To their undoing."

"Whisked all the tails so bare,
Whisked in the sultry air,
Staring, as cows do stare,
Chewing the cud the while.
When from the close ranks
Broke forth a muffled beat.
Not of bass drums, but feet,
Jersey and Alderney
Gazed on this mad retreat,
Gazed on the gay pranks
Of the old bull, who had
Broken the phalanx.

"Fence to the right of them,
Fence to the left of them,
Jones's bull behind them.
Pawing and bellowing.
What need commands to tell?
Boldly they ran and well,
Not one small private fell.

"Out of the horns of death,
Sergeant and squad pellmell,
Through the barbed-wire fence
Crawled the torn column.
When can their glory fade,
Oh, the retreat they made,
All Raleigh applauded!
Honor the Sergeant's feet,
Honor the squad's retreat,
Long be it lauded!"

"Guy, that's fine!" ejaculated little Billy. "Isn't it, Dick?" enthusiastically.

"Slickest thing I've ever heard," answered Dick.

"We did get to that fence quick, and no mistake. And, George! I woke up every night for a week dreaming that the old bull was just running his horns into me."

"We'll have to do something to get a better 'rep,'" said Tommy; "we've done nothing but retreat so far. Old

Farmer Applegate sent us flying, when he had nothing but cow-hide boots and a pitchfork."

"It was his garden," reflected Fatty Simmons; "that was why I ran."

"Well, what are we going to do to-morrow, that's what I want to know?" said Jack Green.

"I have it!" exclaimed the Sergeant, his eyes sparkling. "The very thing, fellows! I heard Davis and Jim White talking yesterday (they didn't know I was there), and they were arranging a scheme for the Fourth, which it would be dandy fun to break up."

"What was it?" the others asked, eagerly.

"You know the little cannon in Mr. Scott's field? He thinks no end of it; it's a Revolutionary relic or Waterloo or something. Well, those fellows are going to steal it to-night and have a great time to-morrow. Five of them are in it."

"Whew!" whistled Herbert Day. "I shouldn't like to be in their shoes when Mr. Scott finds it out; he'll make it hot for them! But how's that going to help us, Tommy; we're not in it?"

"I know; but what we want to do," answered the Sergeant, "is to guard the cannon and spoil their little game. It would be great to get ahead of Davis for once."

"Wouldn't they punch our heads?" said Billy, doubtfully; "they're bigger."

"I'd like to see them," blustered Fatty; "we'd run them through with our bayonets."

"What time did they agree to take the cannon, Tommy?" asked Bert.

"After dark, about nine, I suppose. They said they could drag it across the field to Davis's barn, and that nobody would catch on."

"What sport!" chuckled Green. "We'll go early, then, and form in single file round the old cannon, and I'd like to see the man who could take it from us."

"Mr. Scott has a big mastiff, hasn't he?" asked Billy.

"What of that?" scornfully, and Billy was silenced. The boys forgot their heat and fatigue in their eagerness to prepare for such a great undertaking, and over and over again the Sergeant's commands rang out: "Load! squad, ready! aim! *fire!* Order arms! Load! ready! aim! recover arms! *fire!*" etc., for a full hour.

At half past eight that same evening the Raleigh Reds, with fife and drum silent, marched through the lane leading to Mr. Scott's field.

"Squad, halt!" was the command when they reached the fence. Then after a whispered consultation and a stealthy glance round, lest the enemy might attack them in the rear, they climbed carefully over the rails, and came down cautiously on the other side.

"Forward, march!" ordered the Sergeant, and his squad started by twos up the field.

The cannon was mounted at the other end, and the shadows which the moon cast across their path looked to the boys' excited fancy like figures rising from the ground.

"A little faster step—hep, hep!" urged the Sergeant, as they lagged. "Double time!" he commanded; but alas! a low ferocious growl, followed by a loud bark, caused a sudden panic in the dauntless Reds.

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"The mastiff!" cried Joe Morris; "cut for your lives!"

"Don't you do it! Charge bayonets!" shouted Tom, dismayed by this breaking of the close-locked ranks.

"About face!" yelled Fatty Simmons, assuming the command in his terror: "quick to the fence, fellows—run!" and as the big dark object bounded towards them, the squad for the second time in its short history took to its heels without waiting further orders. Before the Sergeant could collect his scattered wits, a rough hand seized him by the collar, and a grim voice said, "I've caught you, hev I? You'll just come to Mr. Scott, young man; he's waitin' for you."

"Call that dog off; he'll chew them fellows up," gasped Tommy, trying to wriggle away from the tight grip.

"Sarve 'em right for sneaking in after dark and stealing the old cannon that's stood here over a hundred years."

"We didn't steal it," said the indignant Sergeant. "We came to guard it!"

"To guard it! Well, you didn't have much luck, then, for it's been gone this half-hour. Mr. Scott, he's in a terrible way about it."

"My, how early they must have come!" exclaimed Tom.

"They? Who?"

"Why, the fellows we came to keep from taking it." And then he explained to the astonished farmer.

The result was that the "Raleigh Reds" were recalled, trembling, from their refuge behind the rail breastwork. Dom Pedro was quieted down, and the demoralized squad was marched sheepishly to the house as prisoners of war of the tall farmer.

Mr. Scott interviewed them, and his anger gave way to amusement as the boys told, in shamefaced confusion, of their part in the evening's work.

"What your men need, Captain, is experience," he said; "so I will make a bargain with you. If you manage to bring the cannon back by twelve o'clock to-morrow morning, I will promise to furnish the finest display of fireworks ever seen in this town, to celebrate the valor of the 'Raleigh Reds.'"

The boys blushed as crimson as their colors at these words, but Tom replied, stoutly:

"We'll do it, Mr. Scott. Just see if we don't. I know we deserve to be locked up in the guard-house for

desertion; but give us one more chance, and if we can't do anything but retreat, and in disorder too, then we'd better give up the soldier business altogether."

And so Mr. Scott clinched the bargain.

How the little Sergeant racked his brains that night, as he tossed from side to side, trying to hit upon some plan by which they could get the field-gun away from its triumphant capturers!

It would be no easy matter to drag the heavy cannon so far even if they had a fair field; but when it was held by the enemy—five big boys—Tommy shook his head in doubt, for he had no longer confidence in the courage of his squad.

The more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that the only thing to do was to decoy the guard in some way; but how? Suddenly he sat up in bed and looked out of the window. It was moonlight, and he could see some distance through the trees into a large field at the end of the garden.

"Yes, that will work," he murmured. "I don't want to do it, but it's the only thing I can think of, and we've *got* to get that field-gun somehow."

So, having at last made up his mind, he turned over and fell asleep.

"Fire! fire! fire!" clanged the great iron bell, putting all the toy cannons to shame.

"Fire! fire!" shouted the men and boys as they dropped their pipes and their fire-crackers, and started in the direction from which a volume of smoke rose black and dense against the clear sky. There were not many fires in Raleigh, and this looked like a promising one. From all parts of the little town the people swarmed, eager for any excitement that would help to celebrate the holiday.

"Now's our chance," whispered Tommy to the "Reds," as, ensconced behind a hedge, they watched the crowd assemble. "We've got to hustle, for the fire won't last long."

"The fellows are all there, except Jim White," returned Dick, "and there he comes, puffing like a steam-engine."

"Then we're safe. Have you got the rope all ready, Billy?"

"Yes, slip-knot and all."

"Then come on, fellows."

And the boys cast one lingering glance at the crackling flames, the fire-engine, and the crowd, then turned round and started heroically in the opposite direction. They knew well where the cannon was, for had not the victorious party jeered at them from the top of the shed, when they went to reconnoitre early in the morning? They looked cautiously over the gate of Davis's barn-yard. All was quiet. They opened the gate, and walked softly in. Yes, there stood the bone of contention, alone, unguarded, its mouth pointed towards the barn.

"Hurry up, Bert; you understand about putting on the rope," said the nervous Sergeant, as he watched the smoke against the sky growing perceptibly less.

"They'll suspect us, sure," replied Joe, "when they find we're not there."

"Think of missing a fire!" groaned Bert; "and such a beauty too!"

By the time the boys were ready to start the smoke had almost died away, and the shouts had entirely subsided.

"We must fight to-day, fellows, or break up the company," said Tommy, as they toiled up the field dragging the gun after them over the rough ground.

"Does Pat Kinney know we're coming?" asked Dick.

"Yes; and he's going to bring Dom Pedro to back us up," answered "Fatty," straining away on the rope.

"Lucky for us," said Billy, his spirits rising.

Just as they reached the end of the field where the cannon always stood, a shout from the fence made them grasp their arms and fall quickly in line with bayonets fixed.

"Steady!" cried the Sergeant, his knees beginning to shake—"steady, fellows; don't run."

On the big boys came. Six or seven of them, headed by Davis, bearing down on the trembling squad with yells like wild Indians.

"Steady," said the Sergeant again, and immovable as the Inchcape Rock the line received the charge.

"Get out of here or we'll break your necks!" cried White, as the squad closed in round the cannon.

"Throw a pack of big crackers at them," said a rough-looking boy; "that will break their ranks," and a shower of fire-crackers followed these words.

Still the squad stood firm.

"All right, then," said Harvey, solemnly; "if you don't surrender we'll have to wade in and do you up. Won't we, Davis?"

"Yield!" shouted Davis, flourishing a big stick; "the cannon or your life!"

"Come on," cried the undaunted little Sergeant, as a twenty-five-cent cracker went off under his nose. "We'll never surrender!"

"We'll never surrender!" echoed the rest of the squad, spurred on to resistance by their leader. "Come on!"

And the next moment the bayonets were shattered by the charge, the guns wrenched from the boys' hands, and down they went on the ground a wriggling mass of arms and legs.

It began to look very bad for the Raleigh Reds, when, to their great relief, the reserve force came up on a full gallop, urged on by the command of, "At 'em, Pedro, at 'em!"

This time Dom Pedro discriminated between his allies and the foe, for he dashed at Davis with a growl that struck terror to the stoutest heart.

"Here comes Mr. Scott, boys!" cried White, scrambling up from Dick's prostrate form; "we'd better skip;" and leaving the still unconquered squad fighting manfully on their backs, the big boys made for the fence, with Dom Pedro in hot pursuit.

The Reds picked themselves up, and looked ruefully for their scattered arms. They were pretty well battered and broken, but the cannon was safe.

"Fall in," commanded the Sergeant, as Mr. Scott walked up, holding Pedro by the collar.

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"Good for you, boys," he said, smiling; "you held your own well. I watched from behind the fence, and was delighted with the way you stood up to those big fellows."

Tommy blushed with pride and pleasure. "They would have whipped us," he replied, modestly, "if Dom Pedro hadn't scared them off."

"At any rate you brought the field-gun back, and you deserve great credit for the way you stuck to your colors. But what is this that Kinney tells me about setting a barn on fire?"

"It belonged to Tommy," said the others. "It was an old tool-house which his father gave him to keep our things in. It made a beautiful fire." Regretfully.

"And you burnt it up just so as to decoy the boys?" Incredulously.

"It was the only way to get the cannon," Tommy answered. "And the roof leaked, anyway."

"It certainly was a clever scheme, though rather a risky one," said Mr. Scott.

"I asked my father," Tommy hastened to explain. "And first he said no, we mustn't do it, but when I told him that it was military tactics, and how we wanted to prove to you that we were not such miserable cowards, he gave in and said to go ahead."

"Well, you certainly have proved it, and fulfilled your part of the contract with honor, so now I want to do my part. So you may invite everybody you want—the whole town, if you wish—in my name, to a grand exhibition of fireworks in honor of the Raleigh Reds."

The little Sergeant beamed from ear to ear. "Guy!" he ejaculated, fervently, "what a slick old time we'll have!" Then, turning to the smiling and embarrassed line, he cried, "Squad, *salute!*" and every hand went up while the demoralized fife and drum favored Mr. Scott with their wildest and most discordant tones.

Then down the field they marched triumphantly, with torn banner flying, and Dom Pedro stalking gravely on ahead.

THE LITTLE MINUTE-MAN.

BY H. G. PAINE.

All during the winter Brinton had been saying what he would do if the redcoats came, and grieving because his age, which was eight, prevented him from going with his father to fight under General Washington.

Every night, when his mother tucked him in his bed and kissed him good-night, he told her not to be afraid, that he had promised his father to protect her, and he proposed to do it.

His plan of action, in event of the sudden appearance of the enemy, varied somewhat from day to day, but in general outline it consisted of a bold show of force at the front gate and a flank attack by Towser, the dog. Should these tactics fail to discourage the British, he intended to retire behind a stone fort he had built on the lawn, between the two tall elms, and to fire stones at the invaders until they fell back in confusion, while his mother would look on and encourage him from the front porch.

When the redcoats unexpectedly appeared in the distance, one afternoon in May, what Brinton really did was to run helter-skelter down the road, up the broad path to the house, through the front hall into the library, close the door, and then peep out of the window to watch them go by.

When he first caught sight of the soldiers Brinton was sure that there was at least a regiment of them, but when they were opposite the front gate all that he could see were a corporal and three privates. Instead of keeping on their way, however, they turned up the path toward the house, and then it seemed to Brinton that they were the most gigantic human beings that he had ever seen.

His mother was away for the day, and had taken Towser with her. This, together with the fact that the enemy were now between him and his fort, entirely spoiled Brinton's plan of campaign, and he decided to seek at once some more secluded spot, and there to devise something to meet the changed conditions. But when he started to run out of the room, he found that in his hurry he had left the front door open, so that any one in the hall would be in plain sight of the soldiers, who were now very near.

Unfortunately there was no other door by which Brinton could leave the room. What was worse, there was no closet in which he could hide. The soldiers were now so close at hand that he could hear their voices, and a glance through the window showed him that two of them were going around to the back of the house, as if to cut off any possible escape in that direction.

And his mother would not be back until six o'clock. Instinctively his eyes sought the face of the tall time-

piece in the corner. It was just three; and he could hear the soldiers' steps on the front porch!

The clock!

Surely there was room within its generous case for a very small boy.

In less time than it takes to write it Brinton was inside, and had turned the button with which the door was fastened. As he pressed himself close against the door, so that there should be room for the pendulum to swing behind him, he heard the corporal enter the room. He knew it must be the corporal, because he ordered the other man to go up stairs and look around there, while he searched the room on the other side of the hall.

Brinton could hear the footsteps of the men as they walked about the house, and their voices as they talked to each other. Then all was quiet for a long while. He was just on the point of peeping out, when all four men entered the room.

"Well," said a voice that he recognized as the corporal's, "it is plain there is no one at 'ome. Me own himpression is that the bird's flown. 'E's probably started back for camp, and the wife and the kid with 'im. I don't believe in payink no hattention to w'at them Tories says, nohow, goink back on their own neighbors—and kin, too, like as not. It's just to curry favor with the hofficers, it's me own hopinion. 'Ow did 'e know the Major was comink 'ome to-day, anyhow?"

Nobody answered him. Perhaps he didn't expect any one to.

The Major! Brinton's own father! He was coming home! This, then, was the surprise that his mother had said she would bring him when she went off with Towser in the morning to go to Colonel Shepard's. And now those redcoats were going to sit there and wait until he came, and then—Brinton did not know what would happen, whether he would be shot on the spot, or merely put in prison for the rest of his life.

Oh, if he could only get out and run to meet his father and warn him! But the men seemed to give no signs of leaving the room.

"Perhaps he haven't come at all yet," suggested one of the privates.

"Perhaps 'e hasn't," answered the voice of the corporal; "but w'y, then, wouldn't his folks be 'ere a-waitink for 'im? 'Owever, I'll give 'im hevery chance. It's now five-and-twenty minutes after three. I'll give 'im huntill six, but if 'e doesn't turn hup by then, we'll start away for the shore without 'im."

"Six o'clock!" thought the boy in the clock. The very time his mother had told him she was going to be home again "with something very nice for him." And now she and his brave papa would walk right into the arms of these dreadful English soldiers, and he could not stop them!

Whang!

What a noise! It startled Brinton so much that he nearly knocked the clock over; and then he realized that it was only the clock striking half past three.

Half past three! He had been in there only half an hour, and already he was so tired he could hardly stand up. How could he ever endure it until four, until half past four, five, six?

"If only something, some accident even, will happen to detain papa and mamma!" he thought. But how much more likely, it occurred to him, that his father, having but a short leave of absence, would hasten, and arrive before six.

"Tick-tock," went the clock.

"How slow, how very slow!" thought Brinton, and he wished there were only some way of hurrying up the time, so that the soldiers would go away.

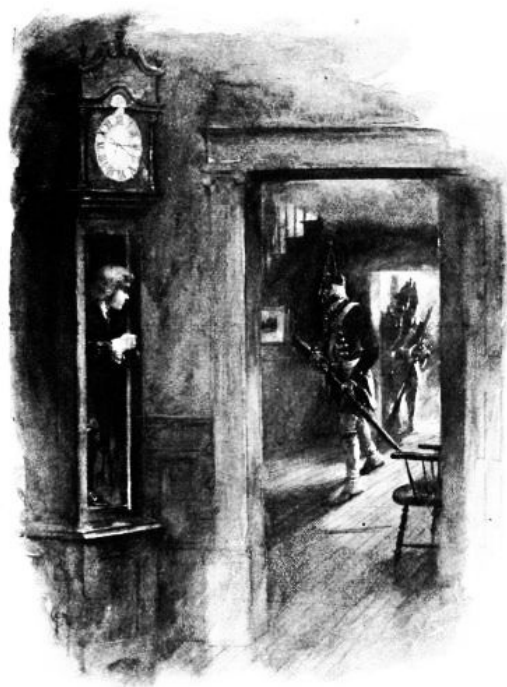
Still the soldiers staid in the room, all but one, who had gone into the kitchen to watch from there.

"Tick-tock," went the clock, and "whang-whang-whang-whang!" Only four o'clock. Brinton began to fear that he could not hold out much longer.

"Tick-tock," went the clock. Each swing of the pendulum marked one second, Brinton's mother had told him. If he could only make it swing quicker, so that the seconds would fly a little faster!

"Why not try to?" Brinton was on the point of breaking down. He was desperate. He felt that he must do something. He took hold of the pendulum and gave it a little push. It yielded readily to his pressure. None of the soldiers seemed to notice it. He gave it another push. The result was the same. Brinton began to pick up courage, and he pushed the pendulum to and fro, to and fro, to and fro.

He tried to keep it swinging at a perfectly even rate, and apparently he succeeded. At any rate, the soldiers appeared to notice nothing different. Yet Brinton was sure that he was causing the old clock to tick off its seconds at a considerably livelier gait than usual. Half past four came almost before he knew it, but by five o'clock Brinton began to realize that he was very, very tired. He had already stood absolutely still in that cramped, dark, close case, and he had pushed the pendulum first with one hand and then with the other in that narrow space until both felt sore and lame. Yet now that he had once begun, he did not dare leave off, and still it did not seem possible that he could keep it up.



THE MINUTE-MAN TAKES HIS POSITION.

The soldiers had kept very quiet for a long time. Brinton thought that two of them must be napping.

At five o'clock the soldier who was awake aroused the corporal and the other private, whom the corporal sent to relieve the man on guard in the kitchen.

"I must 'ave slept mighty sound," remarked the corporal. "I'd never believe I'd been asleep an hour, if I didn't see it hon the clock."

"No soigns av any wan yit," reported the man who had been in the kitchen, whom Brinton judged to be an Irishman. "Be's ye going to wait till six?"

"Yes," answered the corporal. "But no longer."

Then they began talking about the British fleet that was cruising in Long Island Sound, and about the ship on which they were temporarily quartered until they could join the main body of the army, and how a neighbor of Brinton's father's and mother's had been down at the store when a ship's boat had put in for water, and how he had told the officer in charge that Major Hall, Brinton's father, was expected home for a few hours that day, and what a fine opportunity it would be to make an important capture.

The clock struck half past five.

"H'm!" grunted the corporal. "It doesn't seem that late; but, you know, you can't tell anythink about anythink in this blaisted country."

Brinton now began to be very much afraid that his father would come before the soldiers left. He wanted to move the pendulum faster and faster, but after what the corporal had said he did not dare to. Then, when the men lapsed into silence, it suddenly came over Brinton how dreadfully weary he was, how all his bones ached, and how much, how very much, he wanted to cry. But he felt that his father's only chance of safety lay in his keeping the pendulum swinging to and fro, to and fro.

At last, however, came the welcome sound of the corporal's voice bidding the men get ready to start.

Whang-whang-whang-whang-whang-whang!

"Fall in!" ordered the corporal. "Forward, march!"

As the sound of their footsteps died away, Brinton, all of a tremble, opened the door of the clock and stumbled out. He knelt at the window and watched the retreating forms of the redcoats. As they disappeared down the road he heard a noise behind him, and jumped up with a start.

There stood his father!

The next instant Brinton was sobbing in his arms.

Brinton's mother came into the room. "Dear me!" she said; "what ever can be the matter with the clock? It's half an hour fast."

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES. ^[1]

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BIG AMOOK AND THE CHILKAT HUNTERS.

"A goat is a good thing so far as it goes," remarked Phil, gravely, "but one goat divided among one man, two boys, a little chap, and three awfully hungry dogs isn't likely to last very long. With plenty of goats ready to come and be killed as we wanted them, we might hold out here, after a fashion, until the arrival of a tourist steamer. Wouldn't that be fun, though? And wouldn't we astonish the tourists? But how we should hate goat by that time! Still, I don't think there is the slightest chance of our having that experience, for I understand that the mountain-goats are among the shyest and most difficult to kill of all wild animals.

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"Which being the case," continued Phil, "it won't do for us to live as though we had goats to squander. Consequently, we must make an effort to get out of here before our provision is exhausted. As we have no boat in which to go to Sitka, and the nearest point at which we can obtain one is Chilkat; that is the place we have got to reach somehow. So I propose that Serge and I take a prospecting trip into the mountains tomorrow and see what chance there is for our crossing them."

As no better plan than this was offered, Phil and Serge started early the following morning on their tedious climb. Each carried a gun, and they took Musky and Luvtuk with them in the hope of getting a bear, as Serge had heard that bears were plentiful in those mountains. Nel-te was left to take care of the hospital, in which Jalap Coombs, with his many aches, and Amook, with his cut feet, were the patients.

That afternoon was so warm that the door of the little cabin stood wide open. Before a fire that smouldered on the broad hearth Jalap Coombs dozed in a big chair, while Nel-te romped with Amook on the floor. Now the little chap was tantalizing the dog with the fur-seal's tooth, which, still attached to its buckskin thong, he had taken from his neck. He would dangle it close to Amook's nose, and when the dog snapped at it, snatch it away with a shout of laughter.

While the occupants of the cabin were thus engaged the heads of several Indians were suddenly but cautiously lifted above the beach ridge. After making certain that no one was in the vicinity of the house, one of their number swiftly but noiselessly approached it. Crouching under a side wall, he slowly raised his head.

This Indian was one of a party of Chilkat hunters who had come to Glacier Bay in pursuit of hair seals, which in the early spring delight to float lazily about on the drifting ice-cakes. They had camped at the

mouth of Muir Inlet the night before, and during the day had slowly hunted their way almost to the foot of the great glacier. While there they discovered a thin spiral of smoke curling from the cabin chimney. This so aroused their curiosity that they determined to investigate its cause. They imagined that some of the interior Indians, who were strictly forbidden by the Chilkats to visit the coast, had disobeyed orders, and come to this unfrequented place to surreptitiously gather in a few seals. In that case the hunters would immediately declare war, and the prospect of scalps caused their stolid faces to light and their dull eyes to glitter.

When it was discovered that a white man was in the cabin, the Indians were greatly disappointed, but concluded to withdraw without allowing him to suspect their presence, for the Chilkats have no love for white men. But for Nel-te and Amook they would have succeeded in this, and our travellers would never have known of their dusky visitors, or the chance for escape offered by their canoes.

If the fur-seal's tooth had been able to speak just then, it would have said, "I am disgusted with the ways of white people. In their hands I am treated with no respect. They lose me and find me again with indifference. They even give me to children and dogs as a plaything. How different was my position among the noble Chilkats! By their Shamans and chiefs I was venerated; by the common people I was feared; while all recognized my extraordinary powers. To them I am determined to return."

With this the fur-seal's tooth, which was at that moment dangling from Nel-te's hand, gave itself such a vigorous forward swing, that Amook was able to seize the buckskin thong, which immediately slipped into a secure place between two of his sharp teeth. As Nel-te attempted to snatch back his plaything, the dog sprang up and darted from the open doorway.

At that moment the Indian who had inspected the cabin was just disappearing over the beach ridge. At sight of him Amook uttered a yelp, and started in pursuit. The Indian heard him, and ran. He sprang into the canoe, already occupied by his fellows, and shoved it off as Amook, barking furiously, gained the water's edge. Lying a few feet away, and resting on their paddles, the Indians taunted him. Suddenly one of their number called attention to the curious white object dangling from the dog's mouth. They gazed at it with ever-increasing excitement, and finally one of them began to load his gun with the intention of shooting the dog, and so securing the coveted trophy that so miraculously appeared hanging from his jaws. Ere he could carry out his cruel intention little Nel-te appeared over the ridge in hot pursuit of his playmate. Without paying the slightest heed to the Indians he ran to the dog, disengaged the buckskin thong from his teeth, slipped it over his own head, tucked the tooth carefully inside his little parka, and started back toward the cabin. Amook followed him, while the Indians regarded the whole transaction with blank amazement.

Both Nel-te and Amook regained the cabin, and were engaged in another romp on its floor before Jalap Coombs awoke from his nap. An hour later, when he was surprised by the appearance of half a dozen Indians before the door, he thrust the child and dog behind him, and standing in the opening, axe in hand, boldly faced the newcomers. In vain did they talk, shout, point to Nel-te, and gesticulate. The only idea they conveyed to the sailorman was that they had come to carry Cap'n Kid back to the wilderness.

"Which ye sha'n't have him, ye bloody pirates! Not so long as old Jalap can swing an axe!" he cried, at length wearied of their vociferations and slamming the door in their faces.

In spite of this the Indians were so determined to attain their object, that they were planning for an attack on the cabin, when all at once there came a barking of other dogs, and, looking in that direction, they saw two more white men, armed with guns, coming rapidly toward them.

"Hello in the house! Are you safe? What is the meaning of this?" cried Phil, in front of the closed door.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Jalap Coombs, joyfully, flinging it open. "We're safe enough so far; but them black swabs overhauled us awhile ago, and gave out as how they'd got to have Cap'n Kid. I double-shotted the guns, stationed the crew at quarters, and returned reply that they couldn't have him; then they run up the black-flag and allowed they'd blow the ship out of water. With that I declined to hold further communication, cleared for action, and prepared to repel boarders."

In the mean time Serge was talking to the natives in Chinook jargon. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"They are Chilkats, Phil, and they want something that they seem to think is in Nel-te's possession."

"In Nel-te's possession?" repeated Phil, in a puzzled tone. "What can they mean? I don't see how they can know anything about Nel-te, anyway. They can't mean the fur-seal's tooth, can they?"

"That is exactly what they do mean!" replied Serge, after asking the natives a few more questions. "They say it is hanging about his neck, inside of his parka."

"How long have these people been here, Mr. Coombs?" queried Phil.

"Not more 'n ten minutes."

"Have they seen Nel-te?"

"No, for he hain't been outside the door."

"Could they have seen him at any time during the day?"

"Not without me knowing it; for he hain't left my side sence you boys went away."

"Then it is more certain than ever that there is magic connected with the fur-seal's tooth, and that the Chilkats are in some way involved in it. How else could they possibly have known that it was in our possession, just where to find us, and, above all, the exact position of the tooth at this moment?"

"It surely does look ridicerlous," meditated Jalap Coombs; while Serge said he was glad Phil was becoming so reasonable and willing to see things in a true light.

"How did these fellows get here?" asked Phil.

"They say they came in canoes," replied Serge.

"Ask them if they will take us to Sitka, provided we will give them the fur-seal's tooth."

"No; the Indians could not do that."

"Will they give us a canoe in exchange for it?"

"They say they will," replied Serge, "if we will go with them to their village and allow their Shaman (medicine-man) to examine the tooth, and see whether or not it is the genuine article."

"Won't that be awfully out of our way?"

"Yes. I should think about seventy-five miles; but then we may find a steamer there that will take us to Juneau, or even to Sitka itself."

"It would certainly be better than staying here," reflected Phil. "And I know that neither Serge nor I want to try the mountain trail again after what we have seen to-day. So I vote for going to Chilkat."

"So do I," assented Serge.

"Same here," said Jalap Coombs; "though if anybody had told me half an hour ago I'd been shipping for a cruise along with them black pirates before supper-time, I'd certainly doubted him. It only goes to prove what my old friend Kite Roberson used to say, which were, 'Them as don't expect nothing is oftenest surprised.'"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TREACHEROUS SHAMAN OF KLUKWAN.

So delighted were the Chilkat hunters to know that they were to have the honor of conveying the fur-seal's tooth back to their tribe, that they wished to start at once. The whites, however, refused to go before morning, and so the Indians returned down the inlet to their camp of the preceding night, where they would cache what seals they had obtained in order to make room in the canoes for their unexpected passengers. They agreed to be back by day-light.

After they were gone, and our travellers had disposed of their simple but highly appreciated meal of goat meat and tea, they gathered about the fire for the last of those "dream-bag talks," as Phil called them, that had formed so pleasant a feature of their long journey. Without saying a word, but with a happy twinkle in his eyes, Jalap Coombs produced a pipe and a small square of tobacco, which he began with great care to cut into shavings.

"Where on earth did you get them?" asked Phil.

"Found the pipe in yonder rubbish," replied the sailorman; "and Cap'n Kid give me the 'baccy just now."

"Nel-te gave you the tobacco! Where did he get it?"

"Dunno. I were too glad to get it to ask questions."

"Well," said Phil, "the mysteries of this place are beyond finding out."

"This one isn't," laughed Serge; "though I suppose it would be if I hadn't happened to see one of the Indians slip that bit of tobacco into Nel-te's hand."

"What could have been his object in giving such a thing as that to a child?"

"Oh, the Chilkat children use it as well as their elders; and I suppose he wanted to gain Nel-te's good-will, seeing that he is the guardian of the fur-seal's tooth. I shouldn't be surprised if he hoped in some way to get it from the child before we reached the village."

"Which suggests an idea," said Phil, removing the trinket in question from Nel-te's neck and handing it to Serge. "It is hard to say just who the tooth does belong to now, it has changed hands so frequently, but it will be safer for the next day or two with you than anywhere else. Besides, it is only fair that, as it came directly from the Chilkats to you, or, rather, to your father, you should have the satisfaction of restoring it to them."

So Serge accepted from Phil the mysterious bit of ivory that he had given the latter more than a year before in distant New London, and hung it about his neck.

"Last night," said Phil, after this transfer had taken place, "Mr. Coombs and I only needed a pipeful of tobacco and a knowledge of how we were to escape from here to make us perfectly happy. Now we have both."

"The blamed pipe won't draw at all," growled Jalap Coombs.

"While I," continued Phil, "am bothered. I know we must go with those fellows, but I don't trust them, and shall feel uneasy so long as we are in their power."

"Do you think," asked Serge, "that these things go to prove that there isn't any such thing in this world as perfect happiness?"

"No," answered Phil; "only that it is extremely rare. How is it with you, old man? Does the approaching end of our journey promise you perfect happiness?"

"No indeed!" cried Serge, vehemently. "In spite of its hardships, I have enjoyed it too much to be glad that it is nearly ended. But most of all, Phil, is the fear that its end means a parting from you; for I suppose you will go right on to San Francisco, while I must stay behind."

"I'm afraid so," admitted Phil. "But, at any rate, old fellow, this journey has given me one happiness that will last as long as I live, for it has given me your friendship, and taught me to appreciate it at its true worth."

"Thank you, Phil," replied Serge, simply. "I value those words from you more than I should from any one

else in the world. Now, I want to tell you what I have to thank the journey for besides a friendship. I believe it has shown me what is to be my life-work. You know that missionary at Anvik said he was more in need of teachers than anything else. While I don't know very much, I do know more than those Indian and Eskimo boys, and I did enjoy teaching them. So, if I can get my mother to consent, I am going back to Anvik as soon as I can and offer my services as a teacher."

"It is perfectly splendid of you to think of it," cried Phil, heartily, "and all I can say is that the boys who get you for a teacher are to be envied."

So late did the lads sit up that night talking over their plans and hopes that on the following morning the Indians had arrived and were clamorous for them to start before they were fairly awake. By sunrise they, together with the three dogs, were embarked in a great long-beaked and marvellously-carved Chilkat canoe, hewn from a single cedar log, and painted black. Two of the Indians occupied it with them, while the others and the sledge went in a second but smaller canoe of the same ungraceful design as the first.

As with sail set and before the brisk north breeze that ever sweeps down the glacier the canoes sped away among the ice floes and bergs of the inlet, our boys cast many a lingering backward glance at the little cabin that had proved such a haven to them, and at the stupendous ice-wall gleaming in frozen splendor on their horizon. Under other conditions they would gladly have staid and explored its mysteries. Now they rejoiced at leaving it.

So favoring were the winds that they left Glacier Bay, passed Icy Strait, and headed northward as far as the mouth of Lynn Canal before sunset of that day. During the second day they ran the whole fifty-mile length of the canal, which is the grandest of Alaska's rock-walled fiords, entered Chilkat Inlet, passed the canneries at Pyramid Harbor and Chilkat, which would not be opened until the beginning of the salmon season in June, entered the river, and finally reached Klukwan, the principal Chilkat village.



THEY WERE WELCOMED BY THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF KLUKWAN.

Here, as the smaller canoe had preceded them and announced their coming, our travellers were welcomed by the entire population of the village. These thronged the beach in a state of wildest excitement, for it was known to all that the long-lost fur-seal's tooth was at last come back to them. Even the village dogs were there, a legion of snarling, flea-bitten curs. Ere the canoe touched the beach, Musky, Luvtuk, and big Amook were among them, and a battle was in progress that completely drowned the cries of the spectators with its uproar. The fighting was continued with only brief intervals throughout the night; but in the morning the three champions from the Yukon were masters of the situation, and roamed the village with bushy tails proudly curled over their backs, and without interference. "For all the world," said Phil, "like the Three Musketeers."

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The guests of the village were escorted to the council-house, to which were also taken their belongings. Here they were supplied with venison, salmon, partridges, and dried berries; and here, after supper, they received many visitors all anxious for a sight of the magic tooth. Most prominent of these were the head Shaman of the village, and the principal woman of the tribe, whose name was so unpronounceable that Phil called her "The Princess," a title with which she seemed well pleased.

She was the widow of Kloh-kutz, most famous of Chilkat chiefs, and the one who had presented the fur-seal's tooth to Serge Belcofsky's father. On the occasion of this visit she wore a beautifully embroidered dress, together with a Chilkat blanket of exquisite fineness thrown over her shoulders like a shawl, and fastened at the throat with a stout safety-pin. The Princess devoted herself to Serge, whom she evidently considered the most important person in the party, and to little Nel-te, who took to her at once. While she pronounced the fur-seal's tooth to be the same that had belonged to her husband, the Shaman shook his head doubtfully. Then it was handed from one to another of a number of lesser Shamans and chiefs for inspection. Suddenly one of these dropped it to the floor, and, when search was made, it could not be found.

Phil was furious at the impudence of this trick. Even Serge was indignant, while Jalap Coombs said it was just what might be expected from land sharks and pirates.

The Shaman insisted that the tooth was not lost, but had disappeared of its own accord. If it were not the same fur-seal's tooth that belonged to their tribe in former years, it would not be seen again. If it were, it would appear within a few days attached to a hideously carved representation of Hutle, the thunder-bird that stood in one of Kloh-kutz's houses, now used as a place for incantation.

"We don't care anything about all that!" exclaimed Phil, when this was translated to him. "Tell him he can

do as he pleases with the tooth, so long as he gives us the canoe we have bargained for."

To this the Shaman replied that they should surely have a canoe as soon as the tooth proved its genuineness by reappearing. In the mean time, if they were in such a hurry to get away that they did not care to wait, he had a very fine canoe that he would let them have at once in exchange for their guns and their dogs. "You may tell him that we will wait," replied Phil, grimly, "but you need not tell him what is equally true that we shall only wait until we find a chance to help ourselves to the best canoe and take French leave."

So they waited, though very impatiently, in Klukwan for nearly a week, during which time Phil had ample opportunities for studying Chilkat architecture and totem poles. The houses of the village were all built of heavy hewn planks set on end. They had bark or plank roofs, with a square opening in each for the egress of smoke. Many of them had glass windows and ordinary doors; but in others the doors were placed so high from the ground as to be reached by ladders on both outside and inside. The great totem poles that stood before every house were ten, twenty, or thirty feet tall, and covered with heraldic carvings from bottom to top.

During this time of waiting the Shaman made repeated offers to sell the strangers a canoe, all of which were indignantly declined. That they did not appropriate one to their own use was for the very simple reason that all, except a few very small or leaky canoes, mysteriously disappeared from the village that first night.

At length the tricky medicine-man was forced to yield to the threats of the Princess, who had taken the part of our travellers from the first, and to popular clamor. He therefore announced one evening that he had been informed during a vision that the fur-seal's tooth would reappear among them on the morrow.

On the following morning Phil and his companions were aroused by a tremendous shouting and firing of guns, all of which announced that the happy event had taken place.

"Now," cried Phil, "perhaps we will get our canoe."

But there were no canoes to be seen on the beach, and the Shaman coolly informed them that, though the precious tooth had indeed come back to dwell with the Chilkats, they would still be obliged to wait until some of the canoes returned from the hunting expeditions on which they had all been taken.

At this Phil fell into such a rage that, regardless of consequences, he was on the point of giving the old fraud a most beautiful thrashing, when his uplifted arm was startlingly arrested by the deep boom of a heavy gun that seemed to come from the mouth of the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER III.

When Cynthia asked at Mrs. Parker's door if that lady were at home it was not necessary for her to give her name. The maid recognized Miss Trinkett at once.

"Yes, she's at home, ma'am. And won't you please step into the parlor, Miss Trinkett? Mrs. Parker'll be glad to see you."

Mrs. Parker came hurrying down.

"Dear Miss Trinkett, how are you? Why, I should scarcely have known you! What have you done to yourself?"

Cynthia laughed her great-aunt's high *staccato* laugh.

"Well, now, I want to know, Mrs. Parker! Don't you see what it is? Why, my nieces at Oakleigh, they saw right away what the difference was. I thought 'twas about time I was keeping up with the fashions, and so I bought me a fine new piece of hair for my front. I was growing somewhat gray, and I thought 'twas best to keep young on Silas's account. It isn't that I care for myself, but you have to be particular about men-folks, as you'll know when you've seen as much of them as I have."

Cynthia was a good actress, and she carried herself precisely as Miss Betsey did, and imitated her voice to perfection.

She repeated some of her aunt's best-known tales, and good Mrs. Parker never dreamed of the possibility of her caller being any one but worthy Miss Betsey Trinkett, of Wayborough, whom she had known for years.

Mrs. Parker was a great talker, and usually she was obliged to fight hard to surpass Miss Trinkett in that respect. During the first part of the call to-day it was as difficult as usual, but Mrs. Parker presently made a remark which reduced her visitor to a state of alarming silence.

"I suppose you have come to announce the news," said the hostess, smiling sympathetically.

"Now I don't know a bit of news. Why, my dear Mrs. Parker, Silas and I we never—"

"Ah, but this has nothing to do with Silas, though it may affect you, more or less. Surely you know what I am alluding to?"

"I haven't the least idea."

And Cynthia bridled with curiosity on her own account as well as Aunt Betsey's. She thought something interesting must be coming.

"Well, now, to think of my being the one to tell you something about your own family! I don't know whether I ought to, but I think it must be true, and you'll hear it in other ways soon enough. You know I have relatives in Albany, where she lives."

"Where who lives?"

"Miss Gordon, Hester Gordon. They say—but, of course, I don't know that it's true, it may be just report, but they do say— I don't know whether I ought to tell you, I declare! that it won't be long before she's Mrs. Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin!"

"Yes, Mrs. John Franklin. Hasn't your nephew told you? Well, well, these men! They do beat all for keeping things quiet."

"Is it true?"

It was Cynthia's natural voice that asked this question. She quite forgot that she was supposed to be Miss Betsey Trinkett.

"I suppose it is. But, dear me, Miss Trinkett, don't be worried! Seems to me you look very queer, though I can't see your face very well through that veil, and you with your back to the light. Your voice sounds sort of unnatural, too," added Mrs. Parker. "Let me get you some water."

"Oh no, it is nothing," said Cynthia, who had quickly recovered herself, and was now summoning all her energy to finish the call in a proper manner. "You surprised me, that's all, and I never did care much for surprises. But I think there's not much truth in that, Mrs. Parker. I don't believe my fa—nephew is going to be married again. In fact, I'm very sure he is not." And she nodded her head emphatically.

"Ah, my dear Miss Trinkett, you never can tell. Sometimes a man's family is the last to hear those things. And it will be a good match, too. She comes of an old family, and she has a great deal of money. The Gordons are all rich."

"Do you suppose he'd care for that?" exclaimed her visitor, wrathfully.

"Well, well, one never knows! And think how much better it would be for the children. Edith is too young to have so much care, and they say Cynthia runs wild most of the time, just like a boy. Indeed, I call it a very good thing. Though I must say she is a pretty brave woman to take on herself the care of that family."

Here "Miss Betsey" suddenly darted for the door. It could be endured no longer. Mrs. Parker bade her farewell, and then went back to tell her daughters that Miss Trinkett was sadly changed. Though she was still so young in appearance, she was evidently very much broken.

For some time Jack could obtain no reply to his questions, but at last Cynthia's resolution broke down, and she burst into tears. They had turned into a shady lane instead of going directly home, and there was no danger of meeting any one.

"Jack, Jack!" she moaned, "I'll have to tell you. Mrs. Parker says papa is going to be married again! What shall we do! What shall we do!"

For answer Jack indulged in a prolonged whistle.

"Isn't it the most dreadful thing you ever heard of? Jack, how shall we ever endure it?"

"Well, it mayn't be as bad as you think. If she's nice—"

"Oh, Jack, she won't be! Stepmothers are never nice. I never in my life heard of one that was. She'll be horrid to us all."

"Oh, I say, that's nonsense. If you were to marry a widower with a lot of children you'd be nice to them."

"Jack, the very idea! I marry a widower with a lot of children! I'd like to see myself doing such a thing!"

Cynthia almost forgot her present troubles in her wrath at her brother's suggestion.

"Well, after all it may not be true. Because Mrs. Parker says so, doesn't prove it. Where did she hear it?"

"From some of her Albany relations, I suppose. The—the lady lives there. But, oh, Jack! Do you think there is any chance of its not being true?" cried Cynthia, catching at the least straw of hope.

"Why, of course! Father hasn't told us, and you can't believe all the gossip you hear," said Jack, loftily.

"Perhaps it isn't true, after all," exclaimed Cynthia, drying her eyes and smiling once more, "and I've been boo-hooing all for nothing! I sha'n't say a word about it to Edith, and don't you either, Jack. It isn't worth



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"YOUR VOICE SOUNDS SORT OF UNNATURAL, TOO," ADDED MRS. PARKER.

while to worry her, and Mrs. Parker is a terrible gossip."

They went home, and Cynthia gave her sister a gay account of her visit, carefully omitting all exciting items, and then she helped Edith put away some of the things, and finally was free to go on the river in the afternoon. Jack, boylike, had forgotten all about Mrs. Parker's news. He did not believe it, and therefore it was not worth thinking of. But Cynthia's mind was not so easily diverted. She did not believe it, either, but then it might be true, and if it were, what was to be done? It seemed as if a worse calamity could not happen.

Jack, her usual companion on the river, was busy with some carpentry. He was making a "brooder" like one he had bought, to serve as a home for the little chicks when they should be hatched. He used the "barn chamber" for a workshop, and the sound of his saw and his hammer could be heard through the open window.

Cynthia was deeply interested in poultry-raising, but she wished it did not consume so much of her brother's time and attention.

Edith was going to the village to an afternoon tea at the Morgans'. Gertrude Morgan was her most intimate friend, and all the nicest girls and boys would be there to talk over a tennis tournament. Cynthia was rather sorry that she had not been asked. She said to herself that she would be of more value in the discussion than Edith, for she really played tennis, while Edith merely stood about looking graceful and pretty. However, she had not been invited, and, after all, the river was more fun than any afternoon tea.

One of the men put the canoe in the water for her, and, with a huge stone to act as ballast, she paddled up stream, browsing along the banks looking for wild flowers, or steering her way through the rocks, of which the river was very full just at this point.

Cynthia, fond as she was of companionship, being of an extremely sociable disposition, was never lonely on her beloved river.

Edith dressed herself carefully and drove off to the tea. She looked very attractive in her spring gown of gray and her large black hat, and as she studied herself in the small old-fashioned mirror that hung in her room she felt quite pleased with her appearance.

"If I only had more nice gloves I should be satisfied," she thought. "It is so horrid to be saving up one pair, and having to wear such old things for driving and whisk them off just before I get to a place and put on the good ones. And a handsome parasol would be so nice. I don't think I'll take this old thing. I don't really need one to-day. I wonder where the children are. I ought to look them up, I suppose, but they are all right, somewhere, and it is getting late. After all, why should I always be the one to run after those children?"

And then she drove away to Brenton, leaving housekeeping cares behind her, and prepared for a pleasant afternoon.

About half a dozen boys and girls had already arrived at the Morgans' when Edith drove in. It was a fine old house standing far back from the road, and surrounded with shady grounds. The river was at the back. A smooth and well-kept tennis-court was on the left of the drive as one approached the house, and here the guests were assembled.

"Oh, here's Edith Franklin at last!" cried Gertrude Morgan, while her brother went forward, and, after helping Edith to alight, took her horse and drove down to the stable.

Presently all the tongues were buzzing, each one suggesting what he or she considered the very best plan for holding a tournament. It was finally arranged to have it at the tennis club rather than at the Morgans', as had at first been thought best, and it would be open to all the comers who had reached the age of fourteen.

"That is very young," said Gertrude, "but we really ought to have it open to Cynthia Franklin. She is one of the best players in Brenton."

"By all means," said her brother, who was always on the side of the Franklins, "and, Edith, you'll play with me, won't you, in mixed doubles?"

"Oh, I don't play well enough!" exclaimed Edith. "Thank you ever so much, Dennis, but you had better ask some one else. I don't think I'll play."

Every one objected to this, but it was finally settled that Edith should act as one of the hostesses for the important occasion, which was greatly to her satisfaction. She rather enjoyed moving slowly and gracefully about, pouring tea and lemonade, and handing it to the poor, heated players, who were obliged to work so hard for their fun.

They were startled by the sound of the clock on the church across the road. It struck six, and Edith rose in haste.

"I must go," she said. "I had no idea it was so late! Those children have probably gotten into all kinds of mischief while I've been away, and papa will not be home until late, so I am not to wait in the village for him."

The others looked after her as she drove away.

"Isn't she the sweetest, dearest girl?" cried Gertrude. "And won't it be hard for her if her father marries again, as every one says he is going to do? But, after all, it may be a good thing, for then Edith wouldn't have to do so much for the children. I wonder if she knows about it? She hasn't breathed a word of it, even to me."

Janet and Willy, the inseparable but ever-fighting pair, came in at the side door, not very long after Edith went to the village. They found the house empty and the coast clear, and their active brains immediately set to work to solve the question of what mischief they could do.

They wandered into the big silent kitchen. The servants were upstairs, and beyond the buzzing of a fly on the window-pane and the singing of the kettle on the range perfect quiet reigned.

"Let's go down and see the inkerbaker," suggested Willy.

"All right," returned Janet, affably, and down they pattered as fast as their sturdy little legs could carry them.

They peered in through the glass front at the eggs, which lay so peacefully within.

"It must be turrrible stupid in there," said Janet, pityingly. "Shouldn't you think those chickens would be tired of waiting to come out?"

"Yes. We might crack a lot and help 'em out."

"Oh, no. Jack says they won't be ready for two days. But I'll tell you what we might do. We might see whether it's hot enough for 'em in there. I guess Jack's forgotten all about 'em. I don't believe he's been near 'em to-day, nor Martha, either."

"How d'yer find out whever it's hot enough?"

"I don't know. Guess you open the door, and put your hand in and feel."

For Janet had never been taught the significance of the thermometer inside, and knew nothing of the proper means of ventilating the machine.

No sooner said than done. One of the doors was promptly opened, and two fat hands were thrust into the chamber.

"My goodies, it's hot there!" cried Janet. "We ought to cool it off. Let's leave the door open and turn down the lamp, and open the cellar window."

Mounted on an old barrel, Janet, at the risk of her life, struggled in vain with the window. She chose one that was never used, and it refused to respond to her efforts. Then she descended, and returned to the incubator.

"Can't do it," she said. "But I'll tell you what we'll do."

"What?" asked the ever-ready Willy.

"Pour some ice water over 'em. That'll cool 'em nicely."

They travelled up the cellar stairs to the "cooler," which stood in the hall.

"Wish we had a pitcher," said Janet. "You take the tum'ler, and I'll get a dipper."

It required several journeys to and fro to sufficiently cool the eggs, according to their way of thinking, but at last it was accomplished, with much dripping of water and splashing of clean clothes.

The water-cooler was left empty, and the incubator was in a state of dampness alarming to behold.

"There; I guess it's cool enough now!" said Janet, when the last trip had been taken.

Alas, the mercury, which should have remained at 103°, had dropped quietly down to 70°.

"I'd like to see what's in those eggs," said Willy, meditatively. "D'yer s'pose they're chickies yet?"

"I guess so. I'd like to see, too. I'll tell you what, Willy? Let's take one, and carry it off and see."

"All right. I'll be the one to take it. What'll Jack say?"

"He won't mind. Just one egg, and he has such a lot. And we've been helping him lots this afternoon, cooling 'em off so nicely. But I'll be the one to take it."

"No, me!"

"Let's both do it," said Janet, for once anxious to avoid a quarrel. "I speak for that big one over there," and she abstracted one from the "thermometer row," the row that was most important and precious in the eyes of the owner of the machine.

"And I'll take dis one. It's awful heavy, and I guess de dear little chicken'll he glad to get out and have some nice fresh air."

"Let's go down behind the carriage-house and look at 'em."

They fastened the door of the incubator, and departed with their treasures.

Half an hour later, Jack, having finished his work, came whistling into the house. He would go down and have a look at the machine, and then walk up the river-bank to meet Cynthia, whom he had seen as she paddled off early in the afternoon.

His first glance at the thermometer gave him a shock—75° it registered. What had happened? He looked at the lamp which heated the chambers, and found that it had been turned down very low. What could Martha have been thinking of, when he told her it was so important to keep up the temperature this last day or so? The day after to-morrow he expected the hatching to begin, and he had closed the door of the incubator that morning. It was not to be opened again until the chicks were out.

Jack was on tiptoe with excitement. If they came out well, what a triumph it would be! If they failed, what would his father say?

He looked again, and a most unexpected sight met his eyes. Water was dripping from the trays, and the fine gravel beneath had become mud.

And there was a vacant space in the tray. An egg had gone—and it was from the third row, the row which he had been so careful about, which contained the best eggs.

And, yes, surely there was another hole. Another egg gone! What could have happened?

He ran up stairs three steps at a time, shouting for Martha.

"What have you been doing, Martha?" he cried. "Two eggs are gone, and the thermometer way below 80°, and all that water!"

"Sure, Mr. Jack, I haven't been there at all! You were at home yourself to-day, and I never go near the place of a Saturday."

"Well, some one has been at it. Where's Cynthia? Where's Edith? Why isn't somebody at home to attend to things?"

No one could be found. Jack rushed frantically about, and at last heard the sound of wheels. Edith was returning from the tea. And at the same moment, around the corner of the house came Cynthia, leading two crying children.

They all met on the front porch.

"They've been up to mischief, Jack," said Cynthia; "I hope they haven't done much harm. I found them on the bank behind the carriage-house. They must have been at the incubator, for they had two eggs and the chickens are dead. And they are two bad, naughty children!"

Even Cynthia the peacemaker had been stirred to righteous wrath by the sight on the river-bank.

"You rascals!" cried Jack, in a fury, shaking them each in turn; "I'd like to lick you to pieces! You've ruined the whole hatch."

"Go straight to bed," said Edith, sternly; "you are the very worst children I ever knew. I ought not to leave the house a minute. You can't be trusted at all."

They all went in, scolding, storming, and crying. In the midst of the confusion Mr. Franklin arrived, earlier than he had been expected. It was some minutes before he could understand the meaning of the uproar.

He looked about from one to the other.

"It only serves to justify me in a conclusion that I have reached," he said. "You are all too young to be without some one to look after you. Take the children to bed, Edith, and then come to me. I have something to tell you."

Edith, wondering, did as she was told. Cynthia gave Jack one despairing look and fled from the room. Her worst fears were on the point of being realized.

And after tea, when they were sitting as usual in the long parlor, Mr. Franklin, with some hesitation and much embarrassment, informed them that he was engaged to be married to Miss Hester Gordon, of Albany.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.



he pretty works of my fairy and his companions in mischief are seen on every hand from spring until winter, but few of us have ever seen the fay, for Puck is no myth nor Ariel a creature of the poet's fancy. Their prototype existed in entomological entity and demoralizing mischievousness ages before the traditional fay, in diminutive human form, had been dreamt of. The quaint bow-legged little "brownies" which have brought our entire land beneath the witching spell of their drollery can scarce claim prestige in the ingenuity of their mischief, nor can the droll doings of imps and elves chronicled in the folk-lore of many an ancient people begin to match the actual doings of the real, live, busy little fairy whose works abound in meadow, wood, and copse, and which any of us may discover if we can once be brought to realize that our imp is visible. Then we must not forget that ideal type of the true "fairy"—a paragon of beauty and goodness, with golden hair and dazzling crown of brilliants, with her airy costume of gossamer begemmed and spangled, her dainty twinkling feet and gorgeously painted butterfly wings. And we all remember that wonderful wand which she carried so gracefully, and whose simple touch could evoke such a train of surprising consequences.

And who shall say that our pretty fay is a myth, or her magic wand a wild creation of the fancy? May we not see the wonder-workings of that potent wand on every

hand, even though our fairy has eluded us while she cast the spell? There are a host of these wee fairies continually flitting about among the trees plotting all sorts of mischief, and leaving an astonishing witness of their visitation in their trail as they pass from leaf to leaf or twig to twig. But these fairies, like those of Grimm and Laboulaye, are agile little atoms, and are not to be caught in their pranks if they know it, and even though our eye chanced to rest on one of them, it is doubtful whether we would recognize him, so different is the guise of these *real* fairies from those invented Creatures of the books. Once, when a mere boy, I caught one of the little imps at work, and watched her for several minutes without dreaming that I had been looking at a real fairy all this time. What did I see? I was sitting in a clearing, partly in the shade of a sapling growth of oak which sprang from the trunk of a felled tree. While thus half reclining I noticed a diminutive black wasplike insect upon one of the oak leaves close to my face.



THE INHABITED ROSE SPONGE.

The insect seemed almost stationary and not inclined to resent my intrusion, so I observed her closely. I soon discovered that she was inserting her sting into the midstem of the leaf, or, perhaps, withdrawing it therefrom, for in a few moments the midge flew away. I remember wondering what the insect was trying to do, and not until years later did I realize that I had been witnessing the secret arts of the magician of the insect world—a very Puck or Ariel, as I have said—a fairy with a magic wand which any sprite in elfindom might covet.



THE ELFIN SPONGE OF THE BRIER ROSE.

The wand of Hermann never wrought such a wonder as did this magic touch of the little black fly upon the oak leaf. Had I chanced to visit the spot a few weeks later, what a beautiful red-cheeked apple could I have plucked from that hemstitched leaf!

This was but one of a veritable swarm of mischief-making midges everywhere flitting among the trees; and while they are quite as various in their shapes as the traditional forms of fairies—the ouphes and imps, the gnomes and elves of quaintest mien, as well as the dainty fays and sylphs and sprites—there is one feature common to them all which annihilates the ideal of all the pictorial authorities on fairydom. Neither Grimm, nor Laboulaye, nor any of the masters of fairy lore seems to have discovered that a fairy has no right to those butterfly wings which the pages of books show us. Those of the real fairy are quite different, being narrow and glassy, and bear the magician's peculiar sign in their crisscross veins.

What a world of mischief is going on here in the fields! Here is one of the witching sprites among the drooping blossoms of the oak. "You would fain be an acorn," she says, as she pierces the tender blossoms with her wand, "but I charge thee bring forth a string of currants"; and

immediately the blossoms begin to obey the behest, and ere long a mimic string of currants droops upon the stem. Upon another tender branch near by a jet-black gauze-winged elf is casting a similar spell, which is this time followed by a tiny downy pink-cheeked peach. And here alights a tiny sprite, whose magic touch evokes even from the *same* leaf a cherry, or a coral bead, perhaps a huge green apple! How many of us have seen the little elf that spends her life among the tangles of creeping cinque-foil, and decks its stems with those brilliant scarlet beads which we may always find upon them, looking verily like tempting berries.

We see here about us swarms of these busy elves in obedience to their own peculiar mischievous promptings. What whispers this glittering midge to the oak twig here to which she clings so closely? We may not guess; but if we pass this way a month or so hence what a beautiful response in the glistening rosy-clouded sponge which encircles the stem! "But this sponge is not pretty enough by half," exclaims a rival fairy. "Wait until you see what yonder sweet-brier rose will do for *me*." Hovering thither among its thorns she imparts her spell, and, lo! within a month the stem is clothed in emerald fringe, which grows apace, until it has become a dense pompon of deep crimson—a sponge worthy the toilet of the fairy queen herself!

Who shall still say that the fairy is a myth! These two fairy sponges are familiar to us all, at least to those of us who dwell for even a small part of the year in the country and use our eyes. Indeed, we need go no further than our city parks, or even our "back-yard" gardens to find at least one of them, for the sweet-brier is rarely neglected by this particular fairy.

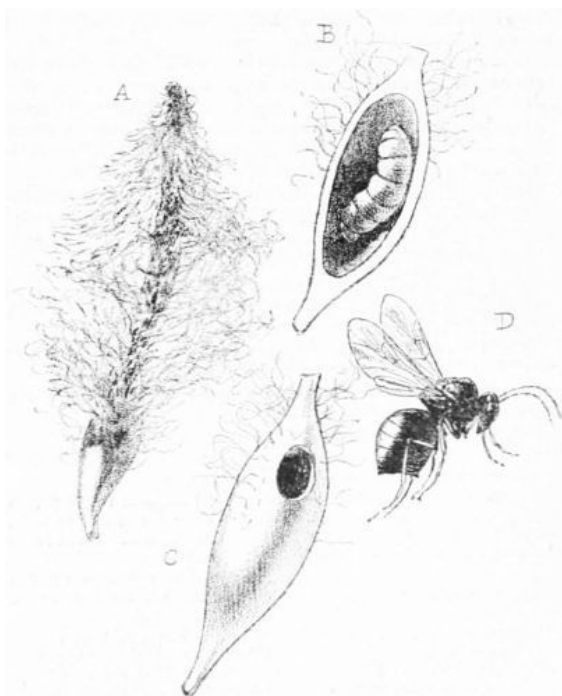
So many specimens of both of these sponges have been sent to me by ROUND TABLE correspondents and others, that I have begun to wonder how many of those other young people who have seen them and kept silence have wondered at their secret.

The two fairies which are responsible for these sponges have been captured by the inquisitive scientist, and have had their portraits taken for the rogues' gallery, and now we see them stuck upon tiny little three-cornered pieces of paper, and



THE ROSE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

the same time it conveys to the depths of the wound a tiny egg, or perhaps a host of them. One gall-fly is thus a magician in chemistry, at least, for no sooner are these eggs deposited than the wounded branch begins to swell and form a cellular growth or tumor about them, the character of this abnormal growth depending upon the peculiar charm of the venomous touch—to one a tiny coral globe, to another a cluster of spines, to another a curved horn, and to our cynips of the white or scrub oak a peculiar globular spongy growth which completely envelops the stem, sometimes to the size of a small apple. In its prime it is a beautiful object, with its fibrous glistening texture studded with pink points. But



THE REAL FAIRY OF THE OAK SPONGE.

- A. One of the points detached. B. Section of the base.**
- C, D. *Cynips* emerging.**

chrysalis, and at length by the emergence of the full-fledged *Cynips rosæ*.

This sponge-gall of the rose is commonly known as the Bedegnar, and like all other members of its tribe, as with the familiar oak-apple, was long supposed to be a regular accessory fruit of its parent stalk. Among early students were many superstitions connected with the Bedegnar, the nature of which may readily be inferred from its other common name of "Robin's Pin-cushion."

pinned in the specimen case as mere *insects*—gall-flies. The one is labelled *Cynips seminator*, the other, *Cynips rosæ*.

And now the prosaic entomologist proceeds to supplant fact for fancy. This gall-fly is a sort of cousin to the wasps, but what we would call its sting is more than a mere sting. Like a sting, it seems to puncture the bark or leaf, and at the same time probably to inject its drop of venom; but at

this condition lasts but a few days, when the entire mass becomes brownish and woolly, which fact has given this insect the common name of "wool-sower."

And now we must lose no time if we would follow its history

to its complete cycle. If we put one of these faded sponges in a tight-closed box, we shall in a few days learn the secret of its being. For this singular mimic fruit, which has sprung at the behest of the gall-fly, like other fruits, has its seeds—seeds which are animated with peculiar life, and which sprout in a way we would hardly expect. Within a fortnight after gathering, perhaps, we find our box swarming with tiny black flies, while if we dissect the sponge we find its long-beaked seeds entirely empty, and each with a clean round hole gnawed through its shell, explaining this host of gall-flies, all similar to the parent of a few weeks since, and all bent on the same mischief when you shall let them loose at the window.

The beautiful sponge of the sweet-brier has been called into being by exactly similar means. And its hard woody centre is packed full of cells, at first each with its tiny egg, and then with its plump larva, followed by the



THE ELFIN SPONGE OF THE OAK.



THE FAIRY USING HER MAGIC WAND.



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.

A LIST OF DON'TS FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

Don't paste your stamps into your albums, but use "stickers" or "hinges."

Don't use any old copy-book if you can afford to buy an album. Dealers can supply albums at any price from twenty-five cents upward.

Don't trim your stamps. Many valuable stamps have been ruined by this process.

Don't cut envelope stamps to shape. Cut them out square, leaving a good margin on all sides.

Don't handle your stamps any more than you can help.

Don't buy rare stamps from any but responsible dealers. Some counterfeits resemble the genuine stamps marvellously. No one not an expert could tell them apart.

Don't buy Chinese locals, "Seebecks," and other philatelic trash, which is made purposely for sale to stamp collectors.

Don't expect to get something for nothing.

FRANK P. HELSEL.—The U. S. 12c. 1872 issue is worth 15 cents. The 50c. green Mauritius 1880 issue is worth 60 cents, unused; 85 cents, used. The "U.S. Post" is the 1864 issue; worth 15 cents.

W. L. L. P.—Most of the Heligoland stamps sold are reprints. They are worth 3 cents each. Originals are worth from 15 cents to \$5 each.

JAMES H. CREIGHTON.—The two stamps are the 3c. 1861 and 1872. They are sold by stamp-dealers at 1 cent each.

J. A.M.—There is no premium on the 1872 U. S. 1c. coin.

R. F. B.—The U. S. 2c. stamp bearing a representation of a horseman is the 1869 issue, worth 8 cents used, 25 cents unused.

J. DUFF.—The coin-dealers ask \$1.50 for good copies of the 1877 trade dollar. There are several varieties of the 1801 and 1797 copper cents worth from 25 cents to \$3 each, according to condition. There is no premium on the Canadian coin.

G. G. BEATTIE.—Write to any stamp-dealer whose address you find in our advertising columns. We cannot give addresses in this Department. The German coin mentioned has no premium.

HARRY RILEY, Brunswick, Maine, wants to correspond with some members of the ROUND TABLE living in Central or South America. Most of the Hamburg stamps in albums are reprints. When the word "cancelled" is printed on a stamp it cannot be used for postage. It is simply a "specimen" or fac-simile. The Hong-Kong stamps mentioned by you have not yet been catalogued.

G. KNAUFF.—Many thanks for calling my attention to the three varieties of the present 2c. U. S. (1) The variety in which the horizontal lines run across the triangular ornaments in uniform thickness. (2) That in which the horizontal lines between the outer and inner lines of the ornaments are deepened. (3) That in which the lines are entirely missing between the outer and inner lines of the ornaments. All three were known, and in addition there is the variety showing a flaw in the forehead. This is sometimes found strongly marked; in others it is more or less distinct. I advise philatelists to collect all these varieties, as well as all the shades of color, which are almost innumerable.

LAURA WELCH.—Both the stamp and the embossed envelope were used by the War Department for several years. This use has been discontinued many years. The stamp is worth 5 cents, the 1c. envelope, if on white paper, is worth \$2.50, if on amber paper \$35, if on manila paper 5 cents

L. P. DODGE.—The stamp you describe is one of the German locals which are not collected in this country. There are many counterfeits of the New Orleans Confederate local. It is impossible to say whether your copy is genuine or counterfeit without examination.

H. R. C.—The present blue Special Delivery is collected as a new variety. The Sedang stamps are worthless. Your complaint will be investigated if you will send the Stamp Editor your full name and address.

F. E. WELSH, JUN.—"Regular" perforations cut out little circles of white paper between each stamp on the sheet. "Pin" perforations are simply holes punched into the spaces between the stamps without removing the little circles of white paper. Saw-tooth perforations are simply cuts into the spaces between the stamps somewhat like this—v v v v v. When the stamps are torn apart the margins look just like the teeth on a saw. The Columbian stamps are rapidly advancing in value. The 8c. Sherman has dropped in value during the past year from 4 cents to a 1/2 cent each.

JAMES F. ANDERSON.—The stamp you describe is the New Orleans local. It is worth at least \$1.50.

A. W. DUNCAN.—The 1830 half-dollar is not at a premium.

R. B.H.—The 3c. green U.S. is worth 1 cent.

F. LOCKE.—The 1853 dime is worth face value only.

GEO. H.—We cannot answer questions regarding dealers in this column.

B. W. LEAVITT.—The 50c. revenue-stamps mentioned are sold by dealers at 2 cents each.

THAT SLEIGHT-OF-HAND PERFORMANCE.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

It had been a very dull winter at Colby, and when we college boys came home for our Christmas vacation we determined we would liven it up for the village.

As it happened, curiously enough, a funeral was the cause of the lively time that followed our determination.

Old Father Colby, one of the original settlers, had died the week before, leaving a wife and three orphaned grandchildren in the old homestead, and, as it turned out, very destitute. So the idea occurred to us to get up a benefit entertainment, and turn over the proceeds to the widow Colby and her family of grandchildren.

The idea took with the neighborhood. And we at once rented the Town-hall, and proceeded to bill the village and every barn in the township with the notices of our performance.

There were three of us: Tom Chandler, Jonas Willitts, and myself, Peter Samuels. We were the only village boys who had ever been to college, and we were the envy of all the farmers' boys and the admiration of all the village girls. So we made the most of our brief vacations to get into public notice.

We determined to give a sleight-of-hand performance. Tom sent down to Boston for materials, and we all practised diligently, keeping everything as secret as if we were in a conspiracy against the United States.

Our announcements, which were scattered all over the township, were certainly very attractive. They read as follows:

"Extraordinary Performance to be given at the Town-hall, Colby, December 20, 18—. Marvellous Feats of Prestidigitatorism! The Egg and the Handkerchief! The Watch Mortar and Magic Pistol!

"The Handkerchief that will not Burn! The Pudding in the Hat! The Inexhaustible Bottle! And Numerous other Marvels and Mysteries lately Imported from India and the East!

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"The above Unrivalled Performance will be given for only 25 cents admission. Proceeds to be devoted to Benevolent Cause. Doors open at 7.30. Performance to begin at 8. Come early and avoid being turned away. No reserved seats. Carriages may be ordered for ten o'clock."

We debated some over the last line on the handbills, but finally decided to let it go in. It made the bills look more cosmopolitan and did no harm.

Tom and Jonas were to be the principal performers. I was general ticket agent and business and stage manager. We all had our dress suits with us, and, of course, we wore them when the time came.

Well, that was the largest crowd that ever came to an entertainment in Colby. There hadn't been anything going on all winter. Most of the young people had never seen any sleight-of-hand tricks, and all the old people turned out to help Grandma Colby. Before eight o'clock the hall was jammed. Every seat was taken, and people crowded into the broad aisle and sat on the platform, and stood up all around in a black fringe against the wall.

We had rigged up a curtain in front of the narrow platform, and at eight o'clock, when the hall was so full that no more people could get into it, the curtain was pulled aside by Peter Samuels, the stage director, and revealed the Magician's Home.

The first trick on the programme was "The Egg and the Handkerchief." Jonas was behind the table acting as Tom's assistant, while I was stationed just out of sight behind a fold of the curtain, ready to step in at the right moment, for the trick required the use of three persons.

It was simple enough, and yet Tom's blunder at the start led to the ridiculous accident which was the first of a series that made that sleight-of-hand performance a thing for Colby people to reckon time from.

The trick was, first, for Tom to produce an egg from Jonas's mouth by rapping him on the back of his head, Jonas already having been provided with a guinea-hen's egg secreted in his mouth for the purpose. Then, when the egg appeared, Tom was to pretend to place it in a handkerchief, really substituting for it a china egg of the same size, and slipping the real egg into a little pochette of his dress-coat. What he did, however, was to drop the real egg into the handkerchief, because, as he afterwards said, the china egg stuck in his pochette, and he could not get it out. The next part of the trick was to gather up the four corners of the handkerchief and whirl it around rapidly, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, keep your eyes on my assistant yonder." At that point I stepped out, holding on a plate a very nice-looking sponge-cake previously prepared. Then Tom was to say: "I will now cause the egg in the handkerchief to pass into the cake. Watch closely, ladies and gentlemen."

At that point Tom should have brought the handkerchief around in such a way as to slip the china egg out into his other hand. Then I was to come forward and cut open the cake, displaying an egg (also china), previously placed within. And then Tom was to have produced the real egg, and in order to prove that it was a real egg within the cake (exchanging the two by palming one of them), he was to break the real one into a dish.

All this, which sounds so complex to describe, was simple enough as we had rehearsed it, and even with Tom's blunder of dropping the real egg in the handkerchief, might have turned out all right if he had not let go one of the corners of the handkerchief as he whirled it around his head. I, Peter Samuels, stage manager and director of that extraordinary performance of "Marvellous Feats of Prestidigitatorism," will never forget my sensations when, as I advanced solemnly with the cake, a white body whizzed through the air and

struck me full on my expansive shirt bosom, breaking with a splash, and running down over my vest and trousers in a yellow stream.

I remember the scared look on Jonas's face, the perfectly horrified expression that Tom wore, and also remember dimly wondering if a guinea-fowl's egg would make as large an omlet as that of an ostrich. For it seemed to me as if I was swimming in egg batter.

The next instant the audience broke into a perfect roar of laughter. I threw the cake down on the table and rushed back of the curtain again, leaving Tom and Jonas to get out of the blunder as best they could, while I wiped off the egg as best I could with my handkerchief.

How that audience did roar! Tom stood with a knife in his hand waiting to cut the cake. He said afterwards he felt mad enough to jump down off the platform and pummel half a dozen big boys on the front seat. But he kept his temper, and when the laugh died down he cut the cake open and showed the egg, saying something about its being a small-sized egg on account of spilling a part of it on the way. So that mystified the people a little and restored the reputation of the performance, at least for a while.

The next trick was an easy one, and went off without any slip, and was applauded. Tom and Jonas had the stage to themselves for a while, and I staid out of sight and scrubbed at the egg. But do what I could, my shirt bosom was ruined.

Then came the "Watch Mortar" trick, and to my dying day I shall never forget how that turned out. Neither will Tom.

We had an apparatus made to resemble an old-fashioned druggists' mortar. It was really made of tin, in two compartments, so that any heavy object dropped into it would depress a false bottom and drop through on a shelf back of the magician's table, at the same time letting into the upper part of the mortar the fragments of an old watch previously pounded into bits. Then Tom was to pretend to smash the borrowed watch, and afterwards fire a pistol at me and take the real watch from my vest pocket, where he would place it when he went back of the scenes for his pistol.

He described his intentions and asked for a watch from the audience. Uncle Job Cavendish, the village barber, handed up an old silver-case time-piee that was worth perhaps \$3.

Tom took it, and after a good deal of talk, dropped it down into the mortar, picked up the ridiculous club used for a pestle, and began to pound away. There was a great smashing sound, and poor Uncle Job looked serious. But he did not begin to look half so serious as Tom did, and I saw in a minute that something was wrong.

He dropped the pestle, and said hurriedly to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I find I have left my pistol in the other room. Excuse me while I run after it."

Then Tom came into the wing where I stood, and jerking his own gold watch out of his pocket, thrust it into mine, and whispered to me fiercely, "That mortar stuck in some way, and I smashed Uncle Job's watch into chicken-feed! Here is mine! I'll have to give him something back, or we'll be mobbed out of the village!"

Then he grabbed up the stage pistol and hurried back. He rammed the remains of Uncle Job's poor watch down the big mouth of the pistol, and I stepped forth, baring my egg-stained bosom to the pistol shot. Bang! went the powder from the false chamber of the pistol, and Tom, with a ghastly smile, stepped up to me and pulled his watch out of my pocket, and with the utmost courage leaned out over the edge of the platform and handed the watch to Uncle Job, saying, "Here you are, sir! Not only as good as new, but changed from silver to gold!"

Uncle Job was so taken by surprise that he sat with open mouth. He took the watch and looked at it in dumb astonishment. The audience was taken as much by surprise as he was.

Tom and Jonas held a hurried consultation, and at once announced the next trick. There was a great deal of confusion in the hall. Several voices shouted out, "Show the silver watch!" Tom paid no attention, and the next half-dozen tricks were so well done that the people applauded, and we began to gain fresh courage.

But alas! The next on the programme was the "Handkerchief that will not burn."

Almost any one with a little practice can pass a handkerchief obliquely through the flame of a candle without burning it. All that is needed is the proper dexterity. And this caution must be heeded. The handkerchief must be free from cologne or perfumery, which contains spirits, and is very inflammable.

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This was Jonas's trick. He called for a lady's handkerchief, and who should hand one up but Sally Conners, the prettiest girl in the village, and the one of all with whom Jonas was smitten.

But to the grief of Jonas, Sally was very much addicted to perfumery, and had that evening drenched her handkerchief with it. Jonas lighted the candle, keeping up a running talk about making the handkerchief enchanted, and then he passed it through the flame.

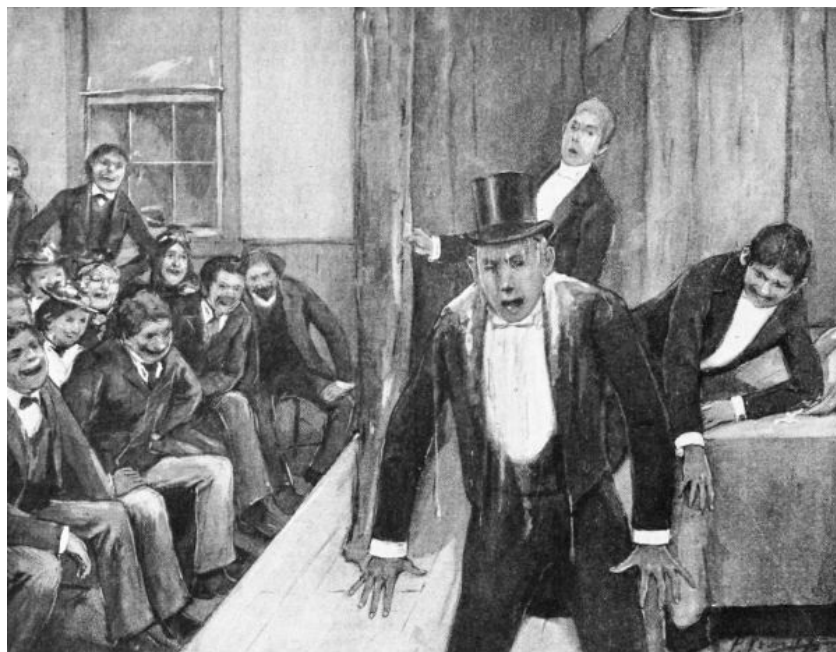
The effect could not have been more certain if he had poured kerosene on the candle. Poor Sally's delicate perfume-drenched handkerchief blazed up in an instant like a display of fireworks. Jonas squeezed his hands around the fragments that were left, and danced around the stage, howling at the sudden pain of the burn. And the audience went wild. I thought it never would stop laughing. Tom was desperate. I could see he meant to conclude the performance before we had ruined our reputations forever.

With becoming modesty he addressed himself to the audience when it had tired of laughing, and announced that the entertainment would close with the startling trick, "The pudding in the hat."

He and Jonas had practised this until they felt sure of it. Like all sleight-of-hand tricks, it is easy enough if properly done.

First Jonas prepared a dish of batter made of eggs broken in, shells and all, a little flour, milk, raisins, and molasses. A ridiculous mixture, from which, he assured the audience, would come forth a beautiful pudding, nicely baked in a stovepipe hat, which he would wear on his own head to prove that there was nothing in it. A sentence which had a double meaning, and to which Jonas fully assented in every particular before the evening was over.

Well, the dish that held the batter was poured into the hat, apparently. Of course it was really poured into a tin which exactly fitted into the hat, and which contained also a second tin concealing the pudding, tipped into it by Tom at the proper moment. Then the next part of the trick consisted in placing the hat on Jonas's head, while he was to strut about the stage jauntily. Then the hat would be removed, and lo! in the centre of it would be found the pudding nicely baked.



THEN THE WHOLE HAT SEEMED TO LET GO LIKE A BROKEN RESERVOIR.

Now, whether Tom made some mistake in getting those tins canted into the hat properly or not will never be known. Perhaps he pulled the hat down too hard over Jonas's brows when he put it on him, and so loosened something. At any rate, Jonas had not taken two steps before a streak of batter was seen running down over his face. Then the whole hat seemed to let go like a broken reservoir, and the milk and molasses and egg and flour streamed down in a shower over the miserable Jonas.

He tried to pull the hat off, and did so, leaving on his head, however, the tins, which gave him the most astonishing appearance possible. Tom fell back on the table in an agony of laughter, and in doing so sat down on the dish that had contained the batter. The audience simply cried itself hoarse with laughter. Sally Conners screamed with all her might, and all the farmers' boys, who were present for miles around, haw-hawed, and the old folks almost died looking at poor Jonas. In the midst of it all, I, Peter Samuels, stage director, drew the curtain, and with the other two performers stole down the back stairs, and made a run for home, and so the great sleight-of-hand performance came to an end.

The Colby people never forgot that performance. We never did, either. Uncle Job kept Tom's watch until he left for college, and then gave it back to him, and Tom bought him a new silver time-piece. The widow Colby and her grandchildren realized a good sum from the entertainment, and the next vacation we three boys spent in the city. I am afraid Jonas has lost the favor of Sally Conners, for she never can speak of him without laughing. But then Sally always did laugh on almost any provocation.

[Pg 705]



So far as is known, no schedule of interscholastic track and field records has ever before been printed, and although the table published in this issue is as accurate as can be made under the circumstances, still there are doubtless a few errors scattered around in it somewhere that will be discovered by sharp-eyed readers in the very near future. If the latter will inform this Department of the mistakes as soon as they are found out, the table may be depended upon to be absolutely exact the next time it is printed—and it certainly will be offered in better form. To-day I have been obliged to put two bicycle events and two hammer and shot events on the list, because the interscholastic associations in the various parts of the country are about evenly divided in the choice of distances and the use of weights. I have left out entirely such acrobatic events as the hop, step, and jump, and throwing the baseball, because they are not athletic, and do not deserve to be recognized on any interscholastic programme. Perhaps a year from now the school associations will have come to the conclusion that, take it all in all, it is really better to have a uniform measure of efficiency in sport as well as in anything else, and then a comparative table will be of more value.

INTERSCHOLASTIC RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1895.

Event.	Maker.	School.	Time and place.
100-yard dash	10- 1/5 sec. F. H. Bigelow.	Worcester H.-S.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1894.
	22- F. H.		

220-yard run	2/5 "	Bigelow.	Worcester H.-S.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1894.
440-yard run	50- 3/5 "	T. E. Burke.	Boston English H.-S.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1894.
Half-mile inn	2 m. 4-1/5 "	J. A. Meehan.	Condon, N.Y.	N.Y.I.S.A.A. games, May 11, 1895.
Mile run	4 " 34- 2/5 "	W. T. Laing.	Phillips Academy, Andover.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1894
Mile walk	7 " 17- 3/5 "	A. N. Butler.	Hillhouse H.-S., New Haven.	Conn. H.-S.A.A. games, June 8, 1895
120-yard hurdle	15- 3/5 "	A. F. Beers.	De La Salle, N.Y.	N.Y.I.S.A.A. games, May 11, 1895.
220-yard hurdle	26- 1/2 "	Field.	Hartford H.-S.	Conn. H.-S.A.A. games, June 8, 1895.
Mile bicycle	2 " 34- 1/5 "	I. A. Powell.	Cutler, N.Y.	N.Y.I.S.A.A. games, May 11, 1895.
Two-mile bicycle	5 " 18- 2/5 "	Baker.	Hotchkiss, Lakeville, Conn.	Conn. H.-S.A.A. games, June 8, 1895.
Running high jump	5 ft. 11 in.	S. A. W. Baltazzi.	Harvard, N.Y.	N.Y.I.S.A.A. games, May 11, 1895.
Running broad jump	21 " 6 "	C. Brewer.	Hopkinson, Boston.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1890.
Pole vault	10 " 7 "	B. Johnson.	Worcester Academy.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, June 15, 1895.
Throwing 12-lb. hammer	125 "	R. F. Johnson.	Brookline H.-S.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1894.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer	111 " 10 "	F. G. Beck.	Hillhouse H.-S.	Conn. H.-S.A.A. games, June 8, 1895.
Putting 12-lb. shot	40 " 3/4 "	A. C. Ayres.	Condon, N.Y.	N.Y.I.S.A.A. games, May 11, 1895.
Putting 16-lb. shot	39 " 3 "	M. O'Brien.	Boston English H.-S.	N.E.I.S.A.A. games, 1894.

INTER-COLLEGIATE RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1895.

Event.	Made by.
	{ E. J. Wendell, Harvard; W.
	{ Baker, Harvard; C. H.
100-yard dash	10 sec. { Sherrill, Yale; L. Cary, { Princeton; E. S. Ramsdell, { Penn.
220-yard dash	21-4/5 " L. H. Cary, Princeton.
Quarter-mile run	47-3/4 " W. Baker, Harvard.
Half-mile run	1 m. 55-1/4 " W. C. Dohm, Princeton.
Mile run	4 " 23-2/5 " G. W. Orton, Penn.
Mile walk	6 " 42-4/5 " F. A. Borcheling, Princeton.
120-yard hurdle	15-4/5 " H. L. Williams, Yale.
220-yard hurdle	24-3/5 " J. L. Bremer, Harvard.
Two-mile bicycle	4 " 10 " W. D. Osgood, Penn.
Running high jump	6 ft. 4 in. W. B. Page, Penn.
Running broad jump	23 " L. P. Sheldon, Yale.
Pole vault	11 " 2-3/4 " C. T. Buckholz, Penn.
Throwing 16-lb. ham'r	135 " 7-1/2 " W. O. Hickok, Yale.
Putting 16-lb. shot	44 " 1-1/2 " W. O. Hickok, Yale.

How is it possible to gauge the performances of school champions with those of others—college-men and athletic club amateurs—when we have no common ratio? We cannot, of course. For instance, take Beers's record of 15-3/5 sec. in the high hurdles, made at the New York Interscholastics last May. On paper this looks very well. It apparently beats the inter-collegiate record made by Harry Williams in 1891, by one-fifth of a second. But it really does not. Beers ran his race over lower hurdles, and so it is not possible to make a comparison. The hurdles used by the N.Y.I.S.A.A. are only 3 feet high, whereas the inter-collegiate sticks are 3 ft. 6 in. Some of the interscholastic associations use the standard 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, but as it was impossible to ascertain exactly what the records were that had been made over these at school meetings in the past, I took the fastest time over the dwarfed hurdles, and let it go in as a fit companion for the 12-lb. shot and hammer and the mile bicycle-race.

In the future, however, I shall give little attention to these one-eyed records. The college associations have set up a standard of distance and weight which experience has shown to be a good one. A sufficient number of interscholastic associations have adopted the same standard, thereby making it clearly evident that it is none too high for school-boy athletes. Therefore, in making out a comparative table of college and school records, this Department will accept the standard established by the I.C.A.A.A. and adopted by the majority of the interscholastic associations. If in the near future a general interscholastic league is formed, I feel sure that its legislators will agree with me in this, and will adopt the same course when they lay out their programme.

It is to be regretted that the Oakland, Cal., High-School athletic team was unable to accept the Stockton High-School's challenge for dual games to be held on June 15th last, but unless something unforeseen turns up the meeting will be held soon after the next school term begins, which is in August. The California schools open about five weeks earlier than our Eastern institutions, and the football season with them, therefore, starts in the closing days of summer. There will also be the semi-annual field day of the Academic Athletic League at about that time, or in September, and bicycle road races, in which teams from the several schools of the A.A.L. will be matched against one another. At the field day there will be a

contest for the all 'round championship of the Pacific Coast Association. Five or six events will be selected from the programme, and every competitor for the championship will have to compete in each one, the champion to be the winner of the greatest number of points.

The object of this athletic Department in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is not only to criticise and comment upon the various sports of the calender, but also to explain any intricate points of these games, to answer questions on matters of sport and athletics, and to give all such information as shall justly come under the head of Interscholastic Sport. A number of correspondents have requested that some space be devoted to an explanation of the "100-up" method of scoring in tennis, and to give the rules for odds. This "100-up" method, sometimes called the "Pastime" system, was devised a few years ago to meet the defects of the old system of scoring, which had been handed down to us from the ancient English game of tennis. The latter has a good many disadvantages in spite of its universal use, the chief objection being that it frequently happens in a match that a player scores more strokes, or even more games, than his antagonist, and yet is beaten. This, of course, is manifestly unfair; and as for handicaps, in which more than two players are competing, the complex and unsatisfactory system of adjusting the odds according to the old way is unnecessarily complicated.

The rules for the "100-up" method are comparatively simple and very easily remembered after having been used once or twice. The player who serves first must serve six times in succession, and then his opponent does the same, the service changing always after each one has served six consecutive times. One fault and one good service; two faults; or one good service counts as a service. After the first, third, fifth, or, in other words, every alternate series of service, the players change courts, thus making each six successive services one series of services. The first player to score one hundred points wins the game; but the match can be played for any number of points—more or less than a hundred—as the contestants may agree upon beforehand. The usual figure, however, is one hundred. If the score comes to be 99-all, play goes on as before, until one of the players has a majority of two points. He then wins; but no game can be won by a lesser majority than two points.

The odds in the regular old-fashioned method of counting are, briefly, thus: A "bisque" is one point that can be taken by the receiver of the odds at any time during the set except after a service is delivered, or, if he is serving, after a fault. "Half fifteen" is one stroke given at the beginning of the second, fourth, and every alternate game of a set, and "fifteen" is one stroke given at the beginning of every game. In the same way "thirty" is two strokes given at the beginning of every game, whereas "half thirty" is one stroke given at the beginning of the first game, two at the beginning of the second, one at the beginning of the third, and so on, two and one, alternately, until the end of the set. "Forty" is three strokes before every game, "half forty" three and two, alternately, as before. "Owed odds" signifies that the giver of the odds starts behind scratch. Thus "owe half fifteen" means that one stroke is owed at the beginning of the first, third, fifth, and every alternate game of the set. Other "owed odds" are reckoned inversely in the same manner as given odds. If a player gives odds of "half court," he agrees to play in a certain half of the court, either the right or the left, and he loses a stroke whenever he returns a ball outside any of the lines that bound that half court.

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But the newest of all the systems of odds, and the one now most generally used by experts, is called the "quarter" system. In this method fifteen is divided into four quarters, and thus a closer handicap may be obtained. "One quarter" of fifteen is one stroke given at the beginning of the second, sixth, and every fourth game thereafter in the set. "Two quarters" (the "half fifteen" spoken of above) is one stroke at the beginning of the second, fourth, sixth, etc., games. "Three quarters" is one stroke at the beginning of the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth games, and so on. When it is "odds owed," as before, "one quarter" is one stroke in the first and fifth games; "two quarters" is one stroke in the first and third; and "three quarters" is one stroke in the first, third, and fourth games, and so on to the end of the set. In order to get odds at a similar ratio when the match is being scored on the "100-up" system, the following table of equivalents has been adopted:

	1 quarter of 15 =	5 points per 100		
2	quarters "	11	"	"
3	" "	16	"	"
15	" "	22	"	"
15.1	" "	27	"	"
15.2	" "	32	"	"
15.3	" "	38	"	"
30	" "	43	"	"
30.1	" "	49	"	"
30.2	" "	54	"	"
30.3	" "	59	"	"
40	" "	65	"	"

The principal difficulty about this new system of odds, except for experts and for those who play constantly, is the difficulty of remembering it. It certainly takes more study to become familiar with it than with the old half-point system. In that the odds change at every game, and change directly back again even when most complicated, so that really all there is to remember is which odds came with the service. The chief advantage of the "quarter" system is that it affords greater accuracy, and to experts this is a sufficient compensation for its intricacy. I should not advise the average player, however, to bother with it, for, unless he intends to try for a national championship, life is too short to devote many hours of study to the "quarter" system.

Another correspondent asks for information as to the best way to get up a tennis tournament, and now that we are on the subject of tennis, his query might just as well be disposed of. A tournament, like anything else, demands time and care in preparation if it is to be a success. Don't put off everything until the last moment, or the day will surely be a failure; whereas, if thought is given to all the small details that go to make such an occasion enjoyable, everything will go as easily as rolling off a log. In the first place, those who want to arrange a tournament, or the committee which has been chosen to make the arrangements, should get together and discuss the situation and decide what they want to do and how they want to do it. In this preliminary talk a calculation of expenses should first be made. Find out how much money will probably be required, and then, as a measure of safety, add about ten per cent. to that, for expenses are

usually underestimated. Having determined how much money will be needed, make arrangements for securing that amount either by subscription, entrance fees, or sale of tickets. If the tournament is to be conducted by a club, there will probably be some money in the treasury that can be used. It is not usually advisable, and seldom practicable at an impromptu summer tennis tournament, to demand admission fees of the spectators.

The financial part of the enterprise having now been attended to, a treasurer should be appointed to take charge of the funds, and to keep an account of all receipts and expenditures. Of course, if, as I have said before, the tournament is being held by a club, many of these details are already fulfilled by previous organization. The date should be the next thing decided. In each instance there will be many circumstances affecting this date. If the idea of having a tournament is being discussed with a view to holding it later in the summer, find out what players will be in the neighborhood at that time, and try to invite players to visit the locality at about that period. If you only have a week or ten days in which to make your preparations (for a small tournament), try to fix on a day when there will be nothing else of importance going on near by. The chief object of the managers or of the committee should be to secure as large an attendance as possible, for a crowd will encourage the players to better effort.

The date having been settled upon, send out notices. State clearly all the facts. Say at what place, on what date, and at what time of day the tournament is to be held; and also under whose auspices. Give a list of the events—such as men's singles, doubles, women's singles, mixed doubles, or whatever there is to be; state the requirements for entrances, and give the date when entries close. Be sure to give the name and address of the person who has been assigned to receive these entries. State also in the notice the hours of play, the number of sets to the match, the kind of balls that are to be used, and announce any special regulations that it may have been found necessary to adopt. Finally, enumerate the prizes; but remember that it is always in better taste to make these inexpensive and more in the nature of souvenirs of the occasion than trophies.

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The notices disposed of and sent out, the managers should now see that the courts are rolled and otherwise put in order, so that they may be in the best possible condition on the day set for the tournament. There should be a plentiful supply of balls, for sometimes an entire box is used in a match. In large tournaments I have seen the players dispose of a box every set. At each end of the net put up a couple of chairs on boxes for the umpires, and arrange seats about the court for the spectators. If there are not enough chairs and benches handy, lay boards on boxes, and so produce impromptu settees. Don't fail to hire a couple of boys to pick up the balls.

All these details are necessary ones; there are a few others that might be termed luxuries, such as having printed tickets and programmes, and an awning stretched along one side of the court to shelter the ladies from the sun. One more necessary point, however, is to secure competent judges and umpires, otherwise something might occur during play that would mar the pleasure of the day. Of course it would be a misunderstanding, but this can be easily avoided by having officials fully conversant with the game and familiar with the duties required of them.

After all the entries have been received, make the drawings, and, if possible, post them somewhere where all those interested in the coming tournament will be able to see them. When, on the day set, the hour to begin play arrives, start promptly. Delay is always fatal to the success of any sporting event. People don't like to sit around and wait. But all that I have said here is merely in the line of suggestion. Many little matters crop up as soon as any enterprise of this kind is entered into, and these questions have to be settled according to the emergency. Let the central idea be to anticipate anything that might happen; then, as a rule, nothing will happen.

THE GRADUATE.



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.

HOW TO CATCH CLOUDS.

- 7th. About
- 11th. this
- 14th. time
- 17th. look
- 21st. out
- 28th. for
- 31st. storms.

This was usually the weather warning in the old-time almanacs which the farmer was in the habit of consulting nightly, in order to make his plans for his haying or harvesting, his sowing or reaping, the success of which depended on the state of the weather.

The amateur photographer who makes a specialty of landscapes should put this warning in his note-book, substituting the word clouds for that of storms, changing it to read, "About this time look out for clouds."

A picture of a landscape with clouds in the sky is much finer than where the sky is perfectly white, and cloud pictures themselves are very interesting.

It is not an easy matter to catch the clouds even when the sky is full of them. If they are obtained in the negative, they are usually lost in the printing, as the landscape portion of the negative, being less dense than the sky, prints much more quickly, and to obtain a print of the clouds the lines of the landscape would be almost black from over-printing.

There is a device called a "cloud-catcher," which is a shutter so arranged with adjustable disks that the foreground or landscape part of the picture is given a time exposure, while the sky is taken instantaneously. This is supposed to give the proper time of exposure for each part of the picture.

The amateur cannot always afford such an attachment, and, in order to obtain clouds in his landscapes, must resort to various devices of developing and printing.

The most common method is to take two pictures, one exposed for the sky, and the other for the landscape, and print from both negatives. In printing from a "sky"-and-"landscape" negative, print the sky first, covering the part of the sensitive paper on which the landscape is to be printed. After printing the sky, place the other negative in the frame and print the landscape. It does not matter if the opaque paper which covers the landscape does not follow the horizon lines exactly, as the darker tones of the landscape will blot out the outlines of the clouds if they lap on the horizon.

If one has a negative where the clouds are good but will not print out unless the rest of the picture is over-printed, a good print may be obtained by this simple device: Take an empty tin-can a little longer than the printing-frame. Cut off the top and bottom, and cut the can in two the long way. This will give you a piece of rolled tin. Flatten one edge, leaving the other curved. Attach the flat edge to the side of the printing-frame so as to shield the landscape part of the negative. This will make a shade for this part of the negative, which prints the fastest, and thus retard the printing, allowing the denser portions a longer time to print. A shaded negative should always be printed in diffused light, not in the direct rays of the sun.

Pictures of clouds, or rather, *false* clouds, are made by holding the negative over the flame of a candle and letting the glass side become covered with lamp-black. Then, with a soft tuft of cotton, wipe off the smoke in places, leaving the outlines of clouds on the glass. Very good clouds can be made by this method with a little practice. Another way is to attach a piece of fine tissue-paper to the negative and sketch clouds in the sky portion, unless the sky is very dense. A thin sky is often improved by these sham clouds.

The picture which we reproduce here was taken by Sir Knight Sidney Stearns, of Cleveland, Ohio. It was taken at Halle in the Tyrol, time nearly sunset. The sun, as may be seen by looking at the picture, is at the left of the camera and well toward the front. This is usually the best direction from which the strongest light should fall, either from the left or right and near the front of the camera. One should seldom or never take a picture with the sun directly behind the camera.



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE TYROL, SHOWING CLOUD EFFECT.

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

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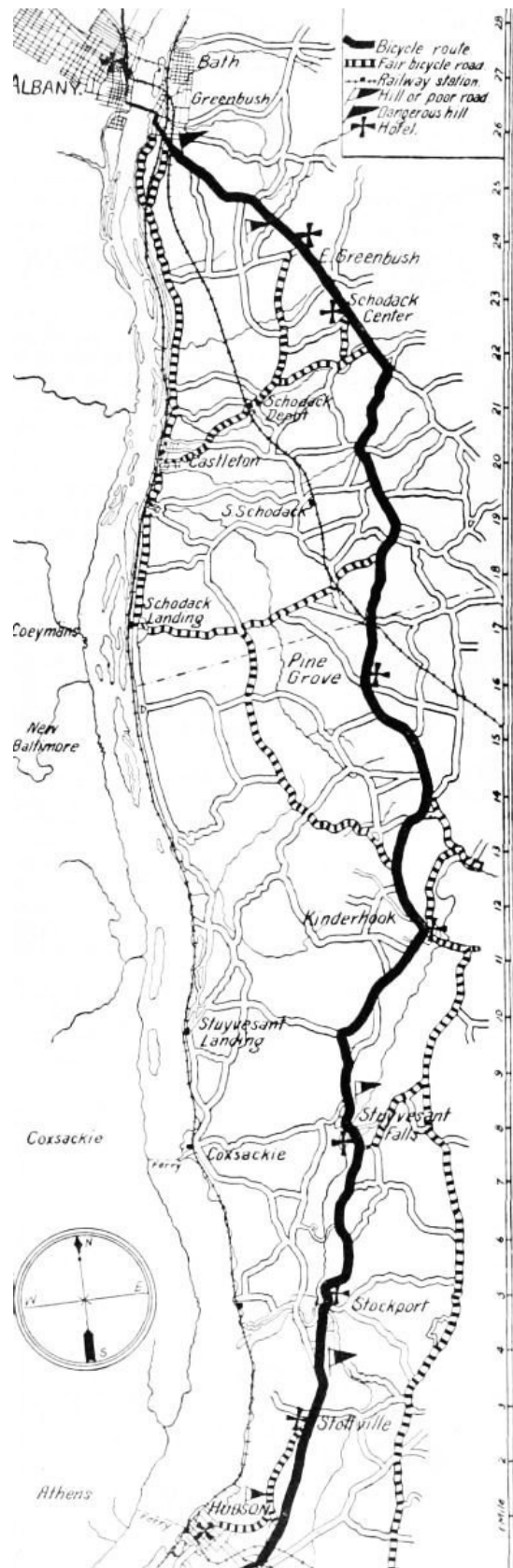
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being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

The final run into Albany on the road from New York, according to the plan which we have been following—that is, of making the journey in four days—is from Hudson to Albany, a distance of twenty-eight to thirty miles. Leaving Hudson, which was the northernmost point reached on last week's map, the rider goes out on to the main road by the way of Fourth Street and Pond Road, and thence follows the telegraph poles direct to Stockport, passing through Stottville. The road is hilly while running from the town of Hudson, and about half-way from Stottville to Stockport there is another rather stiff hill. The distance is a little over five miles, and the road is poor, on the whole, owing to its rolling nature and the fact that the road-bottom is largely clay. From Stockport to Stuyvesant Falls it improves a little, though it is somewhat hilly. The rider should follow the telegraph poles all the way, and keep a sharp lookout for L.A.W. signs, which will be of great assistance wherever they are found. This run is about three and three-quarters or four miles, and the next stage, from Stuyvesant Falls to Kinderhook, is four miles. There is no difficulty in following the road, with the possible exception of an abrupt fork about one and one-half or two miles out of Stuyvesant Falls. Here, of course, the rider should keep to the right on the main road. From Kinderhook to Pine Grove is a little under five miles. Keep to the left at Kinderhook after leaving the Kinderhook Hotel, keeping always to the Albany Post Road with the telegraph poles. Thence continue from Pine Grove to Schodack Centre, and when you have made four and one-half miles, and crossed two small bridges, turn to the right at Willow Trees, whence the run to Schodack Centre is clearly marked, a distance, in all, of a little over eight miles. From here the run to the Hudson, opposite Albany, passes through East Greenbush, three miles away, and finally brings up at the Hudson at South Bridge, a little less than five miles further. This last stage of the journey is somewhat hilly again, and there is a bad descent just before reaching Greenbush, where the rider should take the utmost care, owing to the fact that the hill itself is bad, and the difficulty complicated by a railroad crossing. On reaching the Hudson the rider should cross on South Bridge, and running into Albany turn into Broadway, thence to State Street, thence to North Pearl Street, and finally put up at the Kenmore Hotel.

While this run from New York to Albany is in parts hilly, and while occasionally the rider will strike a bit of difficult road, it is nevertheless one of the best bicycle trips in the United States, not only on account of the condition of the roads, but on account of its picturesque and historical interest. As was said last week, any one who intends to take the trip, or who can give the time to it, is strongly advised to take a week to do it in, to cross the Hudson several times on the way, and make short runs into the country on the other side. It is possible in this way for a rider of reasonable experience to see practically the whole of the Hudson River valley between these two points, and to have a fine outing without doing too much "scorching," or, on the other hand, taking the journey too slowly. The distance from New York to Albany, or rather from Central Park and 110th Street to the Kenmore Hotel, is one hundred and fifty-three and three-quarter miles, and by taking seven or eight days to the trip, the rider can easily cover three to four hundred miles in his excursions off the main route.

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 Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818.

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

I have talked to you about notes and letters in a previous number of the paper, but some of my ROUND TABLE readers ask to have the subject treated again, with special attention to correspondence of a ceremonious

character.

A note of invitation should be very cordial, affectionate, and explicit. You should state clearly in such a note the day and train which you would like your friend to take, and the length of time you expect her to stay with you. Formerly it was regarded as inhospitable to limit in any way the duration of a friend's visit, but we understand now that it is more convenient and comfortable for all concerned to have the precise number of days or weeks indicated. This arrangement enables your friends to make other engagements, and leaves you free to invite other friends if, as often happens, you can have the pleasure of entertaining successive guests during a summer. Let me give you some examples.

Mary Hills wishes to ask Abby Lewis to spend a week with her at Dove's Nest in the Catskills, Mary's country home. Her letter of invitation might be written as follows:

DOVE'S NEST, TANNERSVILLE P.O., NEW YORK.

DEAREST ABBY,—It seems very long since I saw you. Mamma and I were talking last night about the delightful visit we had at your home just before the Van Blarcoms went abroad. It is very lovely at Dove's Nest now, and we are anxious to have you see the place while our sweet-pease and nasturtiums are in bloom. Won't you come on Thursday, the twentieth, by the ten-o'clock train (West Shore), and stay with me till Monday, the thirty-first? I will meet you at the station on Thursday afternoon. We have a new golf course, and all sorts of pleasant things are going on.

Hoping soon to see you, I am, dear Abby,

Yours lovingly,
MARY HILLS.
July fifteenth, eighteen—

Abby's reply would probably be somewhat like this:

182 SEVENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR, DEAR MARY,—How good you are to ask me for so charming a visit! It will give me the greatest pleasure to go to you on the twentieth and to stay for ten days, as you suggest. You may expect to see me flying down the station to meet you when the ten-o'clock train reaches the mountains on that afternoon. I can hardly wait for the blissful time to arrive. Mamma sends her love, and I am, as ever,

Devotedly yours,
ABBY LEWIS.

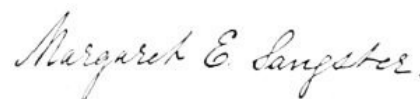
A household critic suggests to me at this point that "Dearest Abby" and "Dear, dear Mary," are rather gushing, and not quite in the approved literary style which ought to be shown to girls. But I am talking to real girls, and I know how they write, and I don't mind in the least a little effervescence in the way of adjectives. I like girls to call me "Dearest" when they write to me, and I don't mind their saying "Dear" to one another over and over again.

How much luggage you must take when going on a visit depends on the length of the visit and the number of engagements it will include. As a rule, in our changeable climate you will need, in going away from home, something thick and something thin. A trunk is a great comfort, though one can manage with a large bag or a telescope, while a man's suit-case lends itself finely to the folding of a girl's gown.

With two or three pretty shirt-waists and a nice skirt, a simple dress for evenings, and a warm stuff costume of serge or flannel for cool or rainy mornings, a girl will be supplied for every needful requirement. One's own dainty home wardrobe is sufficient for a visit, and if the sailor hat be trim, the shoes and gloves in order, and the girl carry herself gracefully, nobody will think a second time about her dress.

As soon as possible after a journey lay aside your travelling dress, and make a fresh toilette before joining the family. Try to ascertain the family habits, and conform to them.

I heard not long ago of a girl, said to be very clever and bright, who exclaimed: "Make my own bed! Why, I wouldn't know how to begin! I couldn't get the sheets on straight!" She wasn't a Pudding Stick girl of mine, I'm happy to say. More on this subject next time.



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PRIZE-STORY COMPETITION.

SECOND-PRIZE STORY.

An Exciting Game. By Nancy Howe Wood.

It was when I was a struggling young physician in a small country town that I passed through an adventure which I would not care to repeat, although now I can plainly see its humorous aspect.

I had but shortly before graduated from a medical college, and was trying hard to get my living in a little village where there were two other older and more experienced doctors. I was becoming greatly disheartened, when one day, on my return from a visit to a poor woman of the village, I found an official-looking letter awaiting me. I opened it with some degree of excitement, and was astonished to find that it was an offer to me of the position of resident physician in the Blankville Insane Asylum, situated about two miles away. A salary was named which seemed a fortune to me, poverty-stricken as I then was. (I afterwards learned that the offer was made to me through the efforts of an influential friend.)

At first the letter gave me unlimited joy, and I shouted like a school-boy; but when I began to think what it would actually mean my heart sank. All my life I had had a nervous horror of insane persons, and if I should accept this offer I would be obliged to stay with them, eat with them, and live among them almost as one of themselves. At this thought I fairly shuddered, and was forced to confess to myself that I could never endure such a strain on my nerves, doctor though I was.

The next morning, however, when I again read the letter, the offer seemed so tempting that I said to myself: "Pshaw! I will not be conquered by an attack of nerves. Come, brace yourself up, man. Why, a few years at that salary will be enough to set you up for life!" Nevertheless, I determined to go up the following day, and *look over* the place before deciding on my final answer.

So early the next morning I presented myself at the asylum, all my nervousness gone. I was so politely shown about, and everything looked so orderly and well cared for, and the grounds without seemed so peaceful and quiet, that I was delighted with it all. My misgivings had almost vanished, and I had so nearly made up my mind to accept the lucrative offer, that I said to the smiling and complaisant guard who was acting as my guide:

"Tell the superintendent that if he will kindly allow me to stroll in the garden and think the matter over, I will give him my final answer within the hour." So saying, I began to pace up and down the flower-bordered walks.

I was by this time in such a well-satisfied frame of mind that I promptly dispelled the last remnants of my former nervousness.

I was just on the point of re-entering the asylum to say to the Superintendent that I gratefully accepted his offer when I was startled by the sound of crackling twigs behind me. Turning quickly, I found myself face to face with a man whom I supposed at first to be one of the guards. But as soon as I moved away from him to go toward the house he sprang forward with hand outstretched to clutch me, uttering an idiotic chuckle. Cold shivers chased up and down my back as the thought flashed upon me that it was an escaped patient! With a shriek I ran down the path at the top of my speed, my fear increased by the sound of pursuing steps behind me.

I doubled and turned on the track, striving to distance or elude my dreaded pursuer, but in spite of my frantic efforts, he kept closely at my heels. Finally in one of my windings I was confronted by the six-foot stone wall that surrounded the asylum on every side. Glancing backward, I saw that the maniac—as I now knew him to be—was almost upon me, and, making a desperate effort, I succeeded in reaching the top of the wall. For a moment I fancied myself secure: but my pursuer darted behind the shrubbery, and pulled out a small ladder, evidently used by the gardeners. Seeing him thus prepared to follow me, I hurriedly dropped to the ground outside, and scrambled to my feet just as the lunatic's head appeared above the top of the wall. Again I had only a short start before he was once more on my track.

And now began an exciting race "over brush, brake, and brier"; sometimes I stumbled over a protruding root and fell headlong, but was up again in a twinkling; sometimes my pursuer was so close upon me that I could easily hear his panting breath. At the end of the first mile and a quarter I thought myself done for, but my college training, which, luckily, I had not forgotten, stood me in good stead, and I desperately ran on.

"Oh," thought I, wildly, "where are the villagers? Isn't anybody near? But there was no road leading out of the village in that direction, and few people passed that way. At last, after years, it seemed to me, we entered the village, and tore at full speed down the main street. If I had longed before for some human soul to help me, I now as earnestly prayed that I might unobserved gain my own door, and so be safe. But no; some small boy, busily engaged doing nothing, soon raised the cry,

"Say, here comes the fresh young doctor a-tearing down the street like a steam-engine!"

Then, almost tired out, and seeing the door of a small house standing open, I dashed in, passed through the hall and dining-room, where the astonished family were sitting at dinner, and out into the back yard, where, completely exhausted, and utterly unable to run a step further, I dropped behind a barrel.

My hope had been that the people of the house would have understood my predicament and stopped the madman, but they evidently had not taken in the situation, or else he had been too quick for them, for from behind the barrel where I had concealed myself I could hear him come through the open doorway and search the yard for me.

And now I feared that my panting breath would betray me—and it did, for I heard his stealthy steps approach the spot where I lay quaking, and his ugly, leering face peered round at me, and he sprang forward and touched me, calling out, as I fell back almost fainting with terror: "*Tag! You're it!*"

In an instant the meaning of his words flashed over me, and I cursed myself for my foolish nervousness. The confounded fool had taken it for a game of tag!

By this time quite a little crowd of villagers had gathered around me, and the escaped lunatic was secured to wait for the arrival of his keeper, and I managed to reach my home, after being fortified by a glass of wine.

It was several days before my nerves recovered their usual steadiness, and it is perhaps needless to add that I did not accept the situation.

The Helping Hand.

The Lancelot Chapter, of Newtonville, Mass., has nine members, and each earned twenty-five cents. Then the Chapter added a little, and the secretary forwarded \$3 with the best of Lancelot wishes. Names of the contributors are Ella A. Gould, Marion Drew Bassett, Adella J. Saunderson, Ethel T. Gammons, Alice L. Harrison, Esther H. Dyson, Lulu Ulmer, Mabel Glazier, and Hazel L. Bobbins.

The Edison Chapter, of Bangor, Me., send \$2 for the Fund. This Fund is, you know, to help build the Round Table Industrial School-house at Good Will Farm, where poor boys are educated. The Table is raising this Fund, and it asks contributions from all who want, first, to help chivalrous young persons who are trying to help others, and second, to help in the best possible way boys who need help.

Any sums, sent by anybody, will be thankfully received and acknowledged in the Table. Members of the Edison Chapter, which sent the \$2 the other day, earned the money folding and carrying papers, getting out ashes, and washing dishes—truly practical methods of being truly generous.

Founders of the Order of the Round Table want \$1000 to complete this School Fund. Who will help them?

[Pg 711]

From Some Far-Away Members.

The Table loves to hear from far-distant places, and to have members tell us how their country looks, and what the people do. Here is news from three friends:

SPRING CREEK, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand is a far-away country to you, yet I have seen some letters from here. The town I live near is not very large. It is subject to floods, and last year the water came thirteen times into some of the shops. I have not travelled about much, so I cannot describe to you my journeys as many other girls do. The North Island of New Zealand is very volcanic, especially near the centre. There are many hot springs there, some just warm, and others boiling. The Maories, as the natives are called, boil their potatoes in them, by letting them down into the springs in baskets.

Out of one of the volcanic mountains the lava that streamed down the sides was a pale pink. It was formed into terraces all down the mountainside. On another mountain it was much the same, only the terraces were white. A few years ago a great eruption caused them to entirely disappear. Since then some brown ones have begun to form, but they are very inferior to the former ones. When the eruption took place there were loud noises heard almost all over New Zealand. Many people who lived near were wellnigh smothered with mud, and for miles the country was covered with ashes and mud, in many places several feet thick. Most of the deposit was of a steel-gray color, and just like knife-polish in texture. My younger sister and I collect stamps. As yet we have very few. I have seen letters asking for girls to write and exchange stamps. I would much like some girls to write to me, and send the stamps of their countries. In return I will send them New Zealand

ones.

JEAN CHAYTOR.

BLENHEIM, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND.

I am collecting stamps, and would be glad if any girls would write to me and send me some stamps of their country, and I will send them some of mine. There is a Maori pah about two miles from here. Some time ago the chief died, and they had a great tangi, which lasted for a fortnight. In old times Maoris used to bury their dead head down and all their goods with them, and then stick a canoe at the head of the grave.

CONSTANCE CHAYTOR.

BLENHEIM, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND.

There was a chrysanthemum show here last Thursday, and there were some lovely flowers at it. I think the chrysanthemums are beautiful flowers, especially the Japanese ones. We have big floods in Blenheim. I think they are great fun, but they do great damage, especially to the farms. Once when we had a big flood my sister was sitting on the bed taking off her boots. She forgot about the water, and dropped her boots into it, and they floated about the house all night.

A month ago Rev. Mr. Brittain, a Melanesian missionary, and twenty-two Melanesian boys came to Blenheim; only a few of the boys could speak English. The others speak Mota. It was interesting hearing all about the islands. At Norfolk Island there is a large college. There is also a beautiful church. All the seats are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Last summer all our family and several others went down to White's Bay, which is about ten miles from Blenheim, camping. We had three tents. We staid two weeks, and had a splendid time. I collect stamps, and would be very glad if any of the girls would write to me and send some, and I in return would send them some New Zealand ones.

MILLIE DOBSON.

Chin-Kiang, China.

I wrote a long letter which was accepted for publication in the Table, and every time I get a new number I look for it, but am always disappointed. In the last one there was a letter from Juliet Bredon, with whom I spent several weeks in Japan, which interested me very much, and made me wish all the more to see mine in print. It will be soon, won't it? I will write something more about Chin-Kiang by-and-by if it will interest other members of the Table.

MILDRED C. JONES.

Your letter shall appear in due time. Yes, tell us more about China and the Chinese. We are much interested—all of us.

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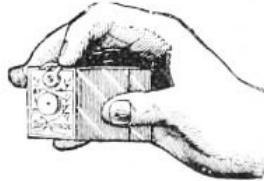
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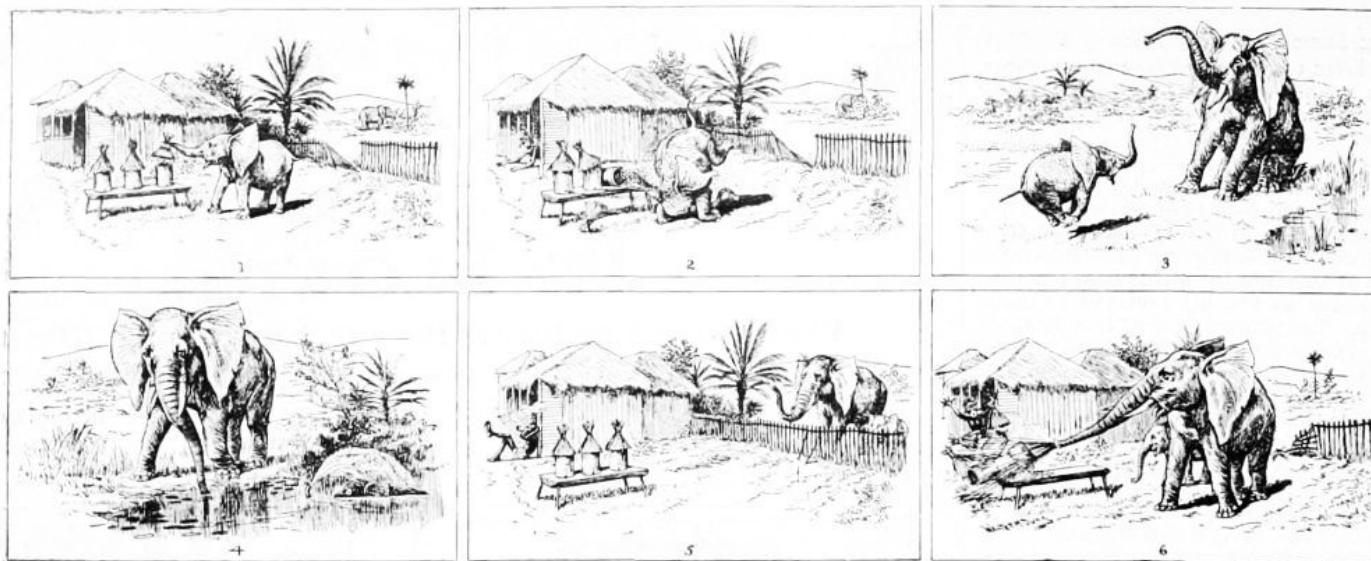
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[Pg 712]



THE BABY ELEPHANT'S MISADVENTURE, OR THE SATISFACTION OF HAVING AN EFFICIENT PARENT.

A SAFE METHOD.

The treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than those of any other bank in the world. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Here is an Indian version of the story of the flood, as it was taken by a writer connected with an Australian journal. Says he: "All of the northern coast Indians have a tradition of a flood which destroyed all mankind except a pair from which the earth was peopled. Each tribe gives the story a local coloring, but the plot of the story is much the same. The Bella Coola tradition is as follows: The Creator of the universe, Mes-mes-sa-la-nik, had great difficulty in the arrangement of the land and water. The earth persisted in sinking out of sight. At last he hit upon a plan which worked very well. Taking a long line of twisted walrus hide, he tied it around the dry land, and fastened the other end to the corner of the moon. Everything worked well for a long time; but at last the Spirit became very much offended at the action of mankind, and in a fit of anger one day seized his great stone knife, and with a mighty hack severed the rope of twisted skin. Immediately the land began to sink into the sea. The angry waves rushed in torrents up the valleys, and in a short time nothing was visible except the peak of a very high mountain. All mankind perished in the whelming waters, with the exception of two, a man and his wife, who were out fishing in a great canoe. These two succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain, and proceeded to make themselves at home. Here they remained for some time, until the anger of Mes-mes-sa-la-nik had cooled, which resulted in his fishing up the severed thong and again fastening it to the moon. From this pair thus saved the earth was again populated."

WHERE IT WENT.

Lunatics often assume a superiority of intellect to others which is quite amusing. A gentleman travelling in England some years ago, while walking along the road not far from the side of which there ran a railway, encountered a number of insane people out for exercise in charge of a keeper. With a nod toward the railway tracks, he said to one of the lunatics,

"Where does this railway go to?"

The lunatic looked at him scornfully a moment, and then replied:

"It don't go anywhere. We keep it here to run trains on."

A HUGE PIE.

The largest pie ever known was that described in the Newcastle *Chronicle* for the 6th January, 1770. It was shipped to Sir Henry Gray, Baronet, London, Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Hawic, being the maker. Into the composition of this great pie entered two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven black-birds, and six pigeons. It weighed twelve stone, and was nine feet in circumference at the bottom. It was furnished with a case on wheels, for convenience in passing it round to the guests.

The receipt for this pie is given here as a hint to those of our readers who may be thinking of getting up a picnic within the next two or three weeks. A half dozen pies of this size ought to be enough for at least one picnic.

A STRANGE SUIT.

According to the Pittsburg *Journal*, Peter Gruber, the Rattlesnake King of Venango County, has made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes, and shirt, and is made entirely of the skins of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the past five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and the flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree, the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber, and are as soft and elastic as woollen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at \$1000.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT COINS.

The rei of Brazil, like the mill of our own money table, is an imaginary coin, no piece of that denomination being coined. Ten thousand reis equal \$5.45.

Vermont was the first State to issue a coinage on its own authority. Copper coins were issued in 1785.

The first woman's face represented on a coin was that of Pulcheria, the Empress of the Eastern Empire.

The Chinese stamp bars or ingots of gold or silver with their weight and fineness, and pass them from hand to hand as coin.

The first Maryland coins were minted in 1662, and were put in circulation by act of Council ordering every householder to bring in sixty pounds of tobacco and receive ten shillings of the new money in exchange for it.

In 1634 the Massachusetts General Assembly made bullets a legal tender by the following enactment: "It is likewise ordered that muskett bullets of a full boare shall pass currently for a farthing apiece. Provided that noe man be compelled to take above XIIId att a tyme in them."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 801.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JULY 9, 1895 ***

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