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## HOW JACK LOCKETT WON HIS SPURS.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

### A STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR FOUNDED ON FACT.

The chips flew merrily under Jack Lockett's axe to the tune of his whistling, for he was chopping the night's supply of firewood, and the dark was shutting down apace on the cold January day. He had already made the horse and the cows snug in the barn, and his young appetite was sharp set for the supper which would be ready with the finish of his chores. He looked out on the dreary waters of the bay with the gleam of a dull twilight on them, and saw shining through the dusk a white sail skimming shoreward. "Some belated fisherman. Br-r-r, how cold it must be out there!" Jack said to himself, as he breathed on his frosted fingers and smote the wood with still harder strokes. This stalwart lad of fourteen, with his fearless blue eyes and tanned face, looked more than his years, for he lived in parlous times, which ripened men early. His father, Colonel Lockett, of the Connecticut line, was away with the army in winter-quarters at Valley Forge, and his young son had to shoulder a heavy burden. He could not yet carry a firelock in battle, perhaps, but he could toil patiently for his mother and sisters, with many a sigh that there was no beard to his chin, while his brave father faced cold and hunger in camp or the lead and steel of the redcoats in the field. When he had lugged in the last armful of fagots, and sat down at the smoking supper table, the common thought found vent on his lips.

"I feel as if I couldn't eat a thing, hungry as I am, mother, when I remember dear old daddy at Valley Forge. They say that General Washington himself has scant rations, and men die every day from hunger. What'll be the end of it all?"

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"Perhaps the stories belie the truth" (there hadn't been a word from the absent soldier for months), said the mother, trying to keep back the tears. "But look—look, Jack, at the window!" with almost a shriek. "That face! What is it?"

The cold had begun to coat the glass with a crystal veil. Somebody stood out there, and by melting the frost with the breath, now looked in on them with shadowy features and gleaming eyes. Jack stared with open mouth at the apparition. Then, with a wild whoop, and a spring which almost upset the table, he yelled, "Why, don't you see it's daddy come home?" and executed a war-dance of joy to the door.

Colonel Lockett was almost eaten up by his wife and children before he was permitted to retaliate on the savory dishes of the supper table. He had been all day in an open boat on the water (the unsuspecting Jack had had a glimpse of him), and without food since daybreak.

"'Twas unsafe to cross the enemy's lines by land," he said, with a sigh of delicious contentment, sitting before the great blazing crackling hearth and looking into the loving faces of his young people and their mother. "To get through even as far as Sandy Hook was a narrow shave of capture. So, then, 'twas off uniform and on fisherman's suit, lent me by a kind heart, who also gave me a cast in his dory to the Great South Bay. Thence across Long Island to Glen Cove, and 'twas easy there to find a sail-boat to fetch me home over the Sound."

"And you didn't know of the British ship *Tartar* lying off the place here?" said Jack, with wonder and alarm.

"Not till too late. And having thus ventured, 'twould have been a coward's job to have gone back," answered the father, with a smile.

"But," said Mrs. Lockett, with a face as white as the snow without, "you're not in uniform. Should you be taken?" Even the youngest of the children knew what that meant, and they shuddered with the vision of

him they loved standing with the fatal noose about his neck amidst the jeers of a brutal soldiery.

"Tut, tut, good wife," quoth the Colonel, gayly. "These be but soldiers' risks, and, trust me, the hemp you fear is not yet spun. And now away with grewsome thoughts. Tell me how you make matters here, for I've long been without news."

"Lackaday," said the wife, "'tis but a dull story. All the good-men away, and none but lads and grandfathers to till the fields and care for the women. The Cowboys and the Skinners<sup>[1]</sup> scour the country like wolves. What the one leaves the other takes. We've suffered with our neighbors, but bear it lightly, dear heart, for thought of you all in the thick of the trouble."

"No tongue can speak what the poor fellows endure," said the soldier. "Uniforms in rags, without blankets to keep 'em warm at night, scarcely one good meal a day, shoeless feet that drip blood a-walking post in the snow. His Excellency had me to dinner the night before I left camp. One tough smoked goose for eight, but 'twas washed down with the General's choice Madeira. Tears came to his brave patient eyes as he talked. 'Oh, for some brave heroic deed,' he said, 'some dashing stroke, something to shoot a thrill of cheer through these downcast spirits! 'Twould be better, methinks, than the coming of a great supply train.' Even his iron soul sometimes falters. And now, Jack, about the *Tartar*. Does she trouble the country overmuch? I made a long beat to 'scape the look-out."

The boy clinched his teeth. "'Tis a brazen jackanapes, that Captain Askew. His boat parties do as much mischief as the Cowboys. There's scarcely a ham left in the place from the Christmas killing. Only two days since I met him swaggering on the beach, and he threatened to impress me on the *Tartar* for a powder-monkey. There was a scowl on his red face. 'Look ye, you rebel spawn, they say your father calls himself a Colonel under Mr. Washington. Some day I shall come and take ye aboard to serve his Majesty, and introduce ye to his Majesty's faithful servant, the cat.'" The boy stopped, and then started as if something burned him. "Oh, daddy, think of what General Washington said! If we could only—"

The same thought leaped like an electric spark between them—brave father and gallant boy. No need of words. Eye flashed it to eye. To capture and destroy the *Tartar*—a small matter indeed in the sum of the struggle, but might it not be like a spark of flame in dead dry wood to kindle fire and hope?

Colonel Lockett lay quietly at home during a whole week. Scarcely a soul seemed to know of his coming. But Jack took long rides, to his mother's wonderment, by night and by day through the country. The secret talks between Jack and his father, the look of excitement that kept his face aglow—some mystery alarmed her. At last she learned with terror of the enterprise afloat to cut out the British ship, and she made the boy's father promise that Jack should not go with the boats.

"No! no!" he said to the agonized lad. "You are my faithful Lieutenant ashore, but must stay behind from the attack. Should aught happen to you, what will come to your mother and sisters when I am gone?" Poor Jack bit his lip in silence. 'Twas a hard strain on filial obedience, for his hot young blood had tingled with the thought of what was to come.

A large barn stood in a lonely place about three miles from the Lockett house. One night a passer-by would have fancied something strange going on there. Many a horse was hitched to the trees of the adjacent wood, lantern-lights twinkled through the crevices, and every few minutes little groups came up and slipped through the barn-door. When all had gathered, the tall form of Colonel Lockett arose in their midst, and the roll was called to see that none was there except those apprised.

"You know what you've come for, friends and neighbors," said he. "We are about to strike a gallant blow for the good cause. It's not too late for those to withdraw who fancy the hazard overbold. For half-armed countrymen to storm a royal ship seems heavy odds of failure. But courage on one side and panic on the other will right the scales. And there are no better weapons than yours for a hand-to-hand fight. A pitchfork with a short handle, a scythe set in a stick, make the best of boarding-pikes. We need no firelocks. The ship must be taken by surprise, and carried with a rush. The decks once swept and the hatches battened down, and she is ours. There is no moon, and the air and sky betoken a great snow-storm brewing. When that comes, whether to-morrow night or later, we attack." And so he gave them stirring words, saying that this feat would ring like the peal of a trumpet.

He proceeded to tell off the boat-crews, appoint the officer of each division, and give careful instructions.

"And now, old men and beardless boys, it rests with you to do what will set men's hearts thumping when 'tis known," was his parting, as each went his way fired with the thought of a gallant deed to be done.

The next night proved propitious. It was a thick, windless snow-storm, and the white smudge of flakes blinded eyesight better than the blackest black. An hour after midnight the four whale-boats which floated the expedition pushed off from the little cove. Jack had gone to the landing to say "good-by" to his father, his head buzzing with things that didn't get to his tongue, and, curiously enough, he had slipped a heavy hatchet under his coat.

"It's for you to be hero at home just now," was the Colonel's last word. "Two years hence, if the struggle still goes on, my brave lad shall have a chance to strike a blow."

Jack, whose conscience smote him sorely, mumbled something as his father's boat moved out into the storm with muffled oars. But as the last boat slid into deep water the boy gave a spring and landed in the stern, light as a feather. "'Sh! Not a word," said he, in a low voice. "I'm going if I have to swim."

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The officer of the boat, an old farmer, who had seen service in the French and Indian wars, scratched his gray poll in grave doubt. "Waal, I like yer grit fust rate, and ye come by it naturally. I guess I'll hev to see ye through, ef it is agin the Kurnel's orders. But ye ha'n't no we'p'n?" Jack pulled out his hatchet, and the old chap laughed again to himself. "Blessed ef breed don't tell ary time, when it's a bull-pup."

The *Tartar* lay at anchor two miles off the point, and on such a blind night, with its smother of snow, it was easy to miss the goal. Orders had been strict that the boats should keep bunched together almost within oar's-length. True, the men of the crews knew their waters so well that they might have bragged they could smell their way to the frigate over that smooth black pitch like hounds on the scent. But cocksureness was tricky on such a night. They pulled with slow strokes, straining to catch a sound or a glimpse. It had begun to get intensely cold, and the spit of the snow stung their faces and stiffened their fingers. Jack's young

blood was proof against rigor of frost, for his ears sang with a roaring music, as if a pair of sea-shells had been clapped against the sides of his skull. His veins beat like hammer-strokes. He thought he felt a new sensation. "Can it be I'm afraid?" he repeated to himself.

No, Jack, fear never comes that way. Fear strikes the coward to a lump of jelly. What you feel now quivering to your finger-tips is the thing which gives fire and mettle to every gallant heart, and nerves the muscles to greater strength. No fighter worth his salt ever failed of this galloping music in his veins on the eve of action. Whisper to that gray beard by your side whether he doesn't feel the same leap of pulse, though his sinews have got stiff at the plough-tail, and his blood sluggish with years since he smelt powder. And don't you remember, too, Jack, that you felt a little of the same sort of thing that time you "pitched in" and "licked" the hulking bully nearly twice your size, for insulting the "school-marm," till he bellowed like a calf?

It seemed that more than an hour must have passed. Could they have missed the ship, was the thought of all. This meant failure. There was not the faintest ripple in the dead silence. But hark! there suddenly boomed on the night the sweet muffled notes of a ship's bell, and with it there was a dim flicker to starboard, as of a light shining through a port-hole. Luck was with them, after all, and now the time was close at hand. A denser black loomed against the darkness, vaguely outlining the ship's hull, and the head-boat grated on the long hawser holding the after anchor, thrown out to take up the swing of the ebb-tide. And hark again! Through the cabin windows, suddenly thrown open as if for a breath of fresh air, floated the sounds of laughter and singing, the chorus of a Bacchanalian catch. Captain Askew and his subs, late as it was, were still making merry with song.

"Gad! 'tis dark as Erebus," said one of the voices at the grating. "What a night for a cutting-out party!"

A dozen strokes parted the boats to port and starboard, and they dashed for the ship's sides. Up they swarmed into the chains and clambered aboard, though not with the sailor's light foot. The watch on deck were asleep or dozing in sheltered nooks. They sprang to arms with a shout, but were speedily killed or disabled. A dozen lanterns flashed over the decks as the crew tumbled up out of the fo'c's'le hatch, for all others had been spiked down. Half naked, and scarcely awake, they yet fought doggedly. The Captain and his officers trooped out of the cabin, flustered with wine, but loaded to the muzzle with pluck, and fell to with sword and pistol. Colonel Lockett had detailed a dozen picked men with bags of slugs and powder-canisters to make ready and wheel around fore and aft a couple of the deck-carronades. The assailants were in the waist of the ship, and the fury of the assault had begun to drive men-o'-war's men under hatch, for the ship was undermanned, and the crew somewhat outnumbered. Scythe and pitchfork did their work well. It was at this moment that one of the carronades sent its rain of buckshot into the thick of the British sailors and completed the rout.

Instantly they had boarded, Jack, swinging his hatchet, looked about for his father, and pressed forward to his side, though the Colonel did not see him, thinking him at home watching with his mother. When Captain Askew made the dash from the cabin the two leaders instinctively knew each other and crossed blades, for Colonel Lockett had snatched a cutlass from a fallen sailor. They cut and parried fiercely on the half-lit deck for a few moments, when the Colonel's foot slipped on the wet wood. That second would have been his last, but Jack's uplifted hatchet fell like lightning on Captain Askew's shoulder, and smote him flat to the deck. With this the battle was ended.

Colonel Lockett looked on the lad's panting flushed face with amazement. "Why, Jack, I ordered you not to come. What does this mean? You deserve a good horsewhip— Why, Jack, Jack, you disobedient young villain, you've saved your father's life!" and with tears rolling down his face he clasped the brave lad in his arms. The *Tartar* was taken up to New Haven, and the Captain, who was only severely wounded, with the other prisoners, delivered over to the Continental officer in charge of the post.

When Colonel Lockett returned to Valley Forge, which he did without delay, Washington thanked him in general orders for his brave feat. Jack got his heart's wish, and the last year of the war actually served on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, young as he was.

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## QUILL-PEN, ESQUIRE, ARTIST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Jimmieboy had been looking at the picture-books in his papa's library nearly all the afternoon, and as night came on he fell to wondering why he couldn't draw pictures himself. It certainly seemed easy enough, to look at the pictures. Most of them were made with the fewest possible lines, and every line was as simple as could be; the only thing seemed to be to put them down, and in the right place.

"Why don't you try?" said somebody.

"Eh?" asked Jimmieboy, with a sudden start, for he had supposed he was alone.

"I say why don't you try?" replied the strange somebody.

"Try what?" queried Jimmieboy, who, not having spoken a word on the subject of drawing pictures, was quite sure that the question did not apply to that matter—in which certainly he was very much mistaken, as the strange somebody's next remark plainly showed.

"Try drawing pictures yourself?" said the voice.

"I can't draw," said Jimmieboy, peering over into the corner whence the voice came, to see who it was that had spoken.

"You can't tell unless you try," said the voice.

"A man might do a million things  
If he would be less shy,  
That all his life he never does,

Because he will not try.

"Why don't you try?"

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked Jimmieboy. "Tell me that, and maybe I will try."

"Why, you know me," said the voice. "I am the Quill-pen over here on your mamma's table. Don't you remember how you nearly drowned me in the ink yesterday?"

"I didn't want to drown you," said Jimmieboy, apologetically. "I wanted you to write a letter for me to my Uncle Periwinkle, asking him to send me everything he thought I'd like as soon as he could."

The Pen laughed. "I'll do it some time—along about Christmas, perhaps," he said. "But about this picture business. I think you could make pictures."

"Can you make 'em?" queried Jimmieboy.

"I never tried, so I don't know," answered the Pen.

"Then you try, and let's see how trying works," suggested Jimmieboy. "I'll get a piece of paper for you."

"I'm afraid we can't," said the Pen. "I'm very dry, and don't think I could make a mark, unless you get me a glass of ink."

"For just as skates are not much use  
Without a skating rink,  
So pens—of steel or quills of goose—  
Are worthless without ink."

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"Oh, I'll get plenty of ink," returned Jimmieboy, "though I think water would be safer. Water would look pleasanter on the carpet if we upset it."

"I can't make a mark with water," laughed the Pen.

"How do you know?" asked Jimmieboy. "Did you ever try?"

"No, I never tried. Because why? What's the use?" replied the Pen.

"I do not try to touch the sky  
Or jump upon the stars;  
I do not try to make a pie  
Of rusty iron bars;  
I do not try to change into  
A baby elephant,  
Because I know—and always knew—  
'Tis useless, for I can't."

"That's all very good," retorted Jimmieboy; "but a minute ago you were saying that

"A man might do a million things,  
If he would be less shy,  
That all his life he never does,  
Because he will not try."

"You've got me there," said the Pen, with a smile. "Perhaps we had better use water. Now that I think of it, I have enough dried ink on me to make a mark if I am moistened up a bit with water. You get the water and the paper, and I'll see what I can do."

Jimmieboy ran into the dining-room and brought a glass brimming over with water to the Pen, and in another minute he had a large pad of paper ready.



**"NOW," SAID THE PEN, "LET US BEGIN."**

"Now," said the Pen, "let us begin. What shall I draw first?"

"I don't know," Jimmieboy replied. "Why not make a—er—a zebra."

"What's a zebra?" asked the Pen, who had never been to the circus, as Jimmieboy had, and who was therefore, of course, ignorant about some things of very great importance. "Is it a piece of furniture?"

"The idea!" laughed Jimmieboy. "Of course not. It's a sort of a small animal like a horse, and has—"

"Oh, I know," interrupted the Pen. "Here's one." Then he dipped his head lightly into the water, and wiggled himself about on the pad for a minute. "There," he said, "How's that for a zebra?"

Jimmieboy laughed long and loud. "What on earth are those wobble-waggles all over him?" he asked.

"Those are the Zees," explained the Quill. "Isn't that right?"

"No!" roared Jimmieboy. "He hasn't a Z to his name."

"Oh yes, he has," replied the Quill. "I know that much, anyhow. I have written many a zebra, though I never drew one before. They always begin with a Z, and end with a bray—like a donkey."

"I don't mean it that way. I mean he hasn't any Zees printed on him," explained Jimmieboy. "He's striped like the American flag."

"Why didn't you say so in the beginning?" said the Quill.

"I was going to, but you interrupted me, and said you knew all about it, and I supposed you did," said the boy.

"Well, let's try it again. He's a horse that looks like the American flag, you say?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy—a little dubiously, however. He thought perhaps the zebra more closely resembled a piece of toast, but as he had mentioned the flag, he thought it would be better to stick to it.

"How is this!" asked the Quill, presenting the following picture to Jimmieboy. "Is that any more like a zebra?"



**ZEBRA.**

"It's the most ridiculous thing I ever saw," said Jimmieboy. "I didn't say he had stars on him."

"I know you didn't," retorted the Pen. "But that square might pass for a chest-protector, if any body ever criticised it."

"Well, it isn't anything like a Zebra," said Jimmieboy, firmly. "You'd better try making an elephant."

"That's easy," returned the Quill. "I never saw an elephant, but I've heard what they look like. Sort, of like pigs, with two tails, big flop ears, and paper-cutters for teeth, and great big huge large legs that look like bolsters. Oh, I can draw an elephant with my eyes shut."

This the Pen proceeded to do at once, and here is his idea of the L-ephant.

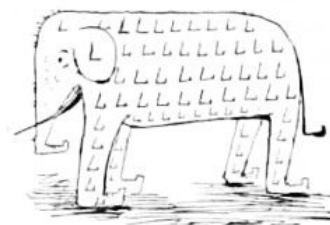


**ZEBRA.**

"That's more like an elephant than either of the two zebras was like a zebra," said Jimmieboy, with a grin.

"Thank you," said the Pen, simply. "Which part have I done best, the L or the 'ephant?"

"Well, it's hard to say," smiled Jimmieboy. "I think the hair on his forehead is very much like that of the elephants I have seen, and then you've got his eye just right. I've seen elephants look exactly like that when they have caught sight of a peanut."



**L-EPHANT.**

"How is this for a swarm of bees?" asked the Quill, gratified at his success, and dashing off this little artistic gem in an instant.

"Ho!" ejaculated Jimmieboy. "What kind of bees are those? They aren't the honey kind that sting."

"No, they are bees you can spell with, and don't sting," returned the Pen. "I like 'em better than the other kind."

"Can you draw ostriches?" asked Jimmieboy.

"I can try one," said the Pen. "How will this do?" he added, producing the following. "The horse part is all right, but I'm afraid the strich isn't so good," said the artist, as Jimmieboy threw himself on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter. "I never saw a strich, so why should I make a good one? I think it's real mean of you to laugh."



**THE SWARM OF BEES.**

"Well, really, Penny," said Jimmieboy, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but that's the worst-looking animal I ever saw. But never mind; it's a better-looking creature than most monkeys."

"I never saw a monkey," said the Pen. "How many legs has it?"

"Two legs, two arms, a tail, and a head," Jimmieboy answered.





**THE MON-KEY.**

"Something like this?" queried the Quill, dashing off a picture complacently—he felt so sure that this time he was right. **THE OSTRICH.**

"Very much like that," Jimmieboy replied, smothering his mirth for fear of offending the Quill, though if you will refer to the drawing you will see that the Quill was quite as inaccurate in his picture of the monkey as he was with his zebras.

"I thought I'd get you to admit that that was a good monkey," observed the Quill, regarding his work with pride. "I've seen a good many keys, and, of course, when you said the creature had two legs, two arms, a tail, and a head, I knew that he was nothing but a key to whom had been given those precious gifts of nature. To draw a key is easy, and to provide it with the other features was not hard."

Jimmieboy was silent. He was too full of laughter even to open his mouth, and so he kept it tightly closed.

"What'll I draw next?" asked the Quill, after a minute or two of silence.

"Can you do mountains?" queried Jimmieboy.

"What are they?" asked the Quill.

"They're great big rocks that go up in the air and have trees on 'em," explained Jimmieboy.

The Quill looked puzzled, and then he glanced reproachfully at Jimmieboy.

"I think you are making fun of me," he said, solemnly.

"No, I'm not," said Jimmieboy. "Why should you think such a thing as that?"

"Well, I know some things, and what I know makes me believe what I think. I think you are making fun of me when you talk of big rocks going up in the air with trees on 'em. Rocks are too heavy to go up in the air even when they haven't trees on 'em, and I don't think it's very nice of you to try to fool me the way you have."

"I don't mean like a balloon," Jimmieboy hastened to explain. "It's a big rock that sits on the ground and reaches up into the air and has trees on it."

"I don't believe there ever was such a thing," returned the offended Quill. "Here's what one would look like if it could ever be," he added, sketching the following:

"What on earth!" ejaculated Jimmieboy.

"What? Why, a mountain—that's what!" retorted the Quill. "Don't you see, my dear boy, you've just proved you were trying to fool me. I've put down the thing you said a mountain was, and you as much as say yourself that it can't be."

"But—how do you make it out? That's what I can't see," remonstrated Jimmieboy.

"It's perfectly simple," said the Quill. "You said a mountain was a rock; there's the rock in the picture. You said it had trees on it; those two things that look like pen-wipers on sticks are the trees."

"But that other thing?" interrupted Jimmieboy. "That arm? I never, never, never said a mountain had one of those."



**MOUNTAIN.**

"Why, how you do talk!" cried the Quill, angrily. "You told me first that the rocks went up in the air, and when I showed you why that couldn't be, you corrected yourself, and said that they reached up into the air."

"Well, so I did," said Jimmieboy.

"Will you kindly tell me how a rock could reach up in the air, or around a corner, or do any reaching at all, in fact, unless it had an arm to do it with?" snapped the Quill, triumphantly.

Again Jimmieboy found it best to keep silent. The Quill, thinking that his silence was due to regret, immediately became amiable, and volunteered the statement that if he knew the names of flowers he thought he could draw some of them.

"Pansies, cowslips, and geraniums," suggested Jimmieboy.

"Good! Here you are," returned the Quill, rapidly sketching the following:



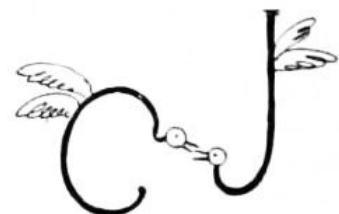
**A PANSY. A COWSLIP. A POTTED G-RANIUM.**

"That pansy," he said, as Jimmieboy gazed at his work, "is a frying-pansy. How is this for a battle scene?" he added, drawing the following singular-looking picture.

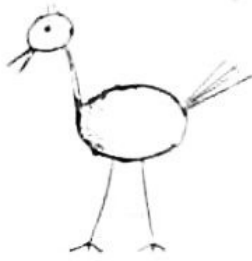
"Very handsome!" said Jimmieboy. "But—er—just what are those things? Snakes?"

"No, indeed," said the Quill. "The idea! Who ever saw a snake with wings? One is a C gull and the other is a J bird."

"Can you draw a blue bird?" asked Jimmieboy.



"I think so," answered the Quill, as he carefully drew this strange creature.



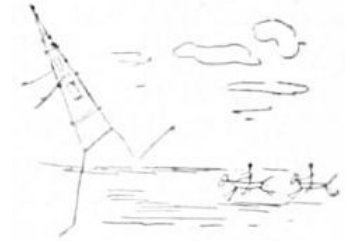
**A BLUEBIRD.**

"You haven't given him any wings," said Jimmieboy, after carefully examining the picture.

"No: that's the reason he is blue. He has to walk all the time. That's enough to make anybody blue," explained the Quill. "Here's a puzzle for you!" he added. "Guess what it is, and I'll write to your Uncle Periwinkle and tell him if he'll come up here on Saturday with two dollars in his pockets, you will show him where you and he can get the best soda-water made."

This is the picture the Quill then presented to Jimmieboy's astonished gaze.

"Humph!" said Jimmieboy. "It looks like two men on horseback running after something, but what, I'm sure I don't know."



**STEEPLE-CHASING.**

"What does it look like?" asked the Quill.

"Nothing that I ever saw."

"Nonsense!" returned the Pen. "Does it look like a fox, or a Chinese laundry, or a what?"

"It doesn't look like any of 'em," insisted Jimmieboy.

"Dear me! How dull you are!" cried the Quill. "Why, boy, it's a church steeple, that's what. Now what is the whole thing a picture of?"

"A steeple-chase!" cried Jimmieboy.

"Exactly," said the Quill, very much pleased that after all Jimmieboy had guessed it. "And now I'll write that letter to Uncle Periwinkle."

And so he wrote;

P. S.—DEAR UNCLE PERIWINKLE,

Come up on Saturday. Bring all the money you've got, and the soda-water we'll have will sail a yacht. If you can't come, send the money, and I'll look after sailing the yacht.

Yours affectionately,  
JIMMIEBOY.

"Will that do?" asked the Quill.

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "And now put it in an envelope, and I'll put it with the letters to be mailed."

"Now draw some more," he said, after this had been mailed.

But the Quill answered never a word. He had evidently fallen asleep. Strange to say, Uncle Periwinkle never got his letter, and the pictures the Quill made all faded from sight, and so were lost.

## **SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES. [2]**

**BY KIRK MUNROE.**

**CHAPTER XXXIX.**

**INVADING A CAPTAIN'S CABIN.**

An earthquake could hardly have caused greater consternation in the village of Klukwan than did the boom of that heavy gun as it came echoing up the palisaded valley of the Chilkat. Not many years before the Indians of that section had defied the power of the United States, and killed several American citizens. A gunboat, hurried to the scene of trouble, shelled and destroyed one of their villages in retaliation. From that time on no sound was so terrible to them as the roar of a big gun.

While Phil and his companions were chafing at the delay imposed upon them by the greed of the Chilkat Shaman a government vessel arrived in the neighboring inlet of Chilkoot, bearing a party of scientific men who were to cross the mountains at that point for an exploration of the upper Yukon, and the locating of the boundary line between Alaska and Canada.

The Princess, learning of its presence, and despairing of assisting her white friends in any other way, secretly despatched a messenger to the Captain of the ship with the information that some Americans were being detained in Klukwan against their will. Upon receipt of this news the Captain promptly steamed around into Chilkat Inlet and as near to its head as the draught of his vessel would allow. As he dropped anchor, there came such a sound of firing from up the river that he imagined a fight to be in progress, and fired one of his own big guns to give warning of his presence.

The effect of this dread message was instantaneous. Phil Ryder dropped his uplifted arm. The Chilkat Shaman scuttled away, issued an order, and within five minutes a new and perfectly equipped canoe was marvellously produced from somewhere and tendered to Serge Belcofsky. Five minutes later he and his companions had taken a grateful leave of the Princess, and were embarked with all their effects, including the three dogs.

Phil stationed himself in the bow, Serge tended sheet, and Jalap Coombs steered. As before the prevailing northerly wind their long-beaked canoe shot out from the river into the wider waters of the inlet, and they saw, at anchor, less than one mile away, a handsome cutter flying the United States revenue flag, the three



friends uttered a simultaneous cry of, "The *Phoca!*"

"Hurrah!" yelled Phil.

"Hurrah!" echoed Serge.

"Bless her pretty picter!" roared Jalap Coombs, standing up and waving the old tarpaulin hat that, though often eclipsed by a fur hood, had been faithfully cherished during the entire journey.

At that moment one of the cutter's boats, in command of a strange Lieutenant, with a howitzer mounted in its bow, and manned by a dozen heavily armed sailors, hailed the canoe and shot alongside.

"What's the trouble up the river?" demanded the officer.

"There isn't any," answered Serge.

"What was all the firing about?"

"Celebrating some sort of native Fourth of July. Is Captain Matthews still in command of the *Phoca*?"

"Yes. Does he know you?"

"I rather guess he does, and, with your permission, we'll report to him in person."

"Pull up the hoods of your parkas," said Phil to his companions, "and we'll give the Captain a surprise party."

A minute later one of the *Phoca's* Quartermasters reported to the Captain that a canoe-load of natives was almost alongside.

"Very well; let them come aboard, and I'll hear what they have to say."

In vain did the Quartermaster strive to direct the canoe to the port gangway. The natives did not seem to understand, and insisted on rounding up under the starboard quarter, reserved for officers and distinguished guests. One of them sprang out the moment its bow touched the side steps, clambered aboard, pushed aside the wrathful Quartermaster, and started for the Captain's door with the sailor in hot pursuit.

"Hold on, you blooming young savage! Ye can't go in there," he shouted, but to heedless ears.

As Phil gained the door it was opened by the Commander himself, who was about to come out for a look at the natives.

"How are you, Captain Matthews?" shouted the fur-clad intruder into the sacred privacy of the cabin, at the same time raising a hand in salute. "It is awfully good of you, sir, to come for us. I only hope you didn't bother to wait very long at the Pribyloffs."

"Eh? What? Who are you, sir? What does this mean? Phil Ryder! You young villain! You scamp! Bless my soul, but this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of!" cried the astonished Commander, staggering back into the cabin, and pulling Phil after him. "May, daughter, look here!"

At that moment there came a yelping rush, and with a chorus of excited barkings Musky, Luvtuk, and big Amook dashed pell-mell into the cabin. After them came Serge, Jalap Coombs, and the horrified Quartermaster, all striving in vain to capture and restrain the riotous dogs. As if any one could prevent them from following and sharing the joy of the young master who had fed them night after night for months by lonely camp-fires of the Yukon Valley!

So they flung themselves into the cabin, and tore round and round, amid such a babel of shouts, laughter, barkings, and crash of overturned furniture as was never before heard in that orderly apartment.

Finally the terrible dogs were captured, one by one, and led away. May Matthews emerged from a safe retreat, where, convulsed with laughter, she had witnessed the whole uproarious proceeding. Her father, still ejaculating "Bless my soul!" at intervals, gradually recovered sufficient composure to recognize and welcome Serge and "Ipecac" Coombs, as he persisted in calling poor Jalap. The upset chairs were placed to rights, and all hands began to ask questions with such rapidity that no one had time to pause for answers.

From the confusion Captain Matthews finally evolved an understanding that the boys were still desirous of reaching Sitka, whereupon he remarked:

"Sitka, Sitka. It never occurred to me that you had any desire to visit Sitka. I thought your sole ambition was to attain the North Pole. If you had only mentioned Sitka last summer I might have arranged the trip for you, but now I fear—"

At this moment there came a knock at the door, and when it was opened the Quartermaster began to say, "Excuse me, sir, but here's another—" Before he could finish his sentence a small furry object jerked away from him with such force, that it took a header into the room and landed at the feet of the Commander on all fours, like a little bear.

"Bless my soul! What's this?" cried Captain Matthews, springing to one side in dismay.

"It's a baby!" screamed Miss May, darting forward and snatching up the child. "A darling little Indian in furs. Where did it come from?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Phil, remorsefully. "To think that we should have forgotten Nel-te!"

"Are there any more yet to come?" demanded the Captain.

"No, sir; the whole ship's company is present *and* accounted for," replied Jalap Coombs. "But with your leave, sir, I'll just step out and take a look at our boat, for she's a ticklish craft to navigate, and might come to grief in strange hands."

So saying, the honest fellow, who had made an excuse to escape from the cabin, where he felt awkward and out of place, as well as uncomfortably warm in his fur garments, pulled at the fringe of long wolf's hairs

surrounding his face, and shuffled away. A few minutes later saw him in the fore-castle, where, divested of his unsailorlike parka, puffing with infinite zest at one of the blackest of pipes filled with the blackest of tobacco, and the centre of an admiring group of seamen, he was spinning incredible yarns of his recent and wonderful experiences with snow-shoes and sledges.

In the mean time May Matthews was delightedly winning Nel-te's baby affections, while Phil and Serge were still plying the Captain with questions.

"Were you saying, sir, that you feared you couldn't take us to Sitka?" inquired Serge, anxiously.

"Not at all, my lad," replied the Captain. "I was about to remark that I feared you would not care to go there now, seeing that there is hardly any one in Sitka whom you want to see, unless it is your mother and sisters and Phil Ryder's father and Aunt Ruth."

"What!" cried Phil, "my Aunt Ruth! Are you certain, sir?"

"Certain I am," replied Captain Matthews, "that if both the individuals I have just mentioned aren't already in Sitka, they will be there very shortly, for I left them in San Francisco preparing to start at once. Moreover, I have orders to carry your father to St. Michaels, where he expects to find you. So now you see in what a complication your turning up in this outlandish fashion involves me."

"But how did my Aunt Ruth ever happen to come out here?" inquired Phil.

"Came out to nurse your father while his leg was mending, and incidentally to find out what had become of an undutiful nephew whom she seems to fancy has an aptitude for getting into scrapes," laughed the Captain.

"Has my father recovered from his accident?"

"So entirely that he fancies his leg is sounder and better than ever it was."

"And are you bound for Sitka now, sir?"

"Certainly I am, and should have been half-way there by this time if I hadn't been delayed by a report of some sort of a row between the Chilkats and a party of whites. Now, having settled that difficulty by capturing the entire force of aggressors, I propose to carry them to Sitka as legitimate prisoners, and then turn them over to the authorities. So, gentlemen, you will please consider yourselves as prisoners of war, and under orders not to leave this ship until she arrives at Sitka."

"With pleasure, sir," laughed Phil. "Only don't you think you'd better place us under guard?"

"I expect it will be best," replied the Captain, gravely, "seeing that you are charged with seal-poaching, piracy, defying government officers, and escaping from arrest, as well as the present one of making war on native Americans."

## CHAPTER XL.

### IN SITKA TOWN.

The long-beaked and wonderfully carved Chilkat canoe was taken on the *Phoca's* deck, the anchor was weighed, and, with the trim cutter headed southward, the last stage of the adventurous journey, pursued amid such strange vicissitudes, was begun. As the ship sped swiftly past the overhanging ice-fields of Davidson Glacier, out of Chilkat Inlet into the broad mountain-walled waters of Lynn Canal, and down that thoroughfare into Chatham Strait, Captain Matthews listened with absorbed interest to Phil's account of the remarkable adventures that he and Serge had encountered from the time he had last seen them at the Pribyloff islands down to the present moment.

"Well," said he, when the recital was finished, "I've done a good bit of knocking about in queer places during thirty years of going to sea, and had some experiences, but my life has been tame and monotonous compared with the one you have led for the past year. Why, lad, if an account of what you have gone through in attempting to take a quiet little trip from New London to Sitka was written out and printed in a book, people wouldn't believe it was true. They'd shake their heads and say it was all made up, which only goes to prove, what I never believed before, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, after all."

"Yes," replied Phil; "and the strangest part of it all is the way that fur-seal's tooth has followed us and exerted its influence in our behalf from the beginning to the very end. Why, sir, if it hadn't been for that tooth you wouldn't have come to Chilkat, and we shouldn't be in the happy position we are at this very moment."

"You don't mean to say," cried Captain Matthews, "that it turned up again after your father lost it?"

"Oh yes, sir, and it's been with us, off and on, all the time."

"Then at last I can have the pleasure of showing it to my daughter. Would you mind letting me have it for a few minutes?"

"Unfortunately, sir—"

"Now don't tell me that you have gone and lost it again."

"Not exactly lost it," replied Phil. "At the same time, I don't know precisely where it is nor what has become of it, only it is somewhere back in Klukwan, where it originally came from, and I have every reason to believe that it is in possession of the principal Chilkat Shaman."

"I declare that is too bad!" exclaimed the Captain. "If I had known that sooner I believe I should have kept right on and shelled the village until they gave me the tooth, so strong is my desire to get hold of it."

"And so secured to yourself the ill luck of him who steals it," laughed Phil.

That afternoon the *Phoca* turned sharply to the right, and began to thread the swift-rushing and rock-strewn waters of Peril Strait, the narrow channel that washes the northern end of Baranoff Island, on which

Sitka is situated. Now Serge stood on the bridge beside his friend, so nervous with excitement that he could hardly speak. Every roaring tide rip and swirling eddy of those waters, every rock with its streamers of brown kelp, every beach and wooded point were like familiar faces to the young Russo-American, for just beyond them lay his home, that dear home from which he had been more than three years absent.

Suddenly he clutched Phil's arm, and pointed to a lofty snow-crowned peak looming high above the forest and bathed in rosy sunlight. "There's Mount Edgecumbe!" he cried; and a few minutes afterward, "There's Verstoroi." Phil felt the nervous fingers tremble as they gripped his arm; and when, a little later the cutter swept from a narrow passage into an island-studded bay, he could hardly hear the hoarse whisper of: "There, Phil! There's Sitka! Dear, beautiful Sitka!"

And Phil was nearly as excited as Serge to think that, after twelve months of ceaseless wanderings, the goal for which he had set forth was at last reached.

The *Phoca* had hardly dropped anchor before another ship appeared, entering the bay from the same direction.

"The mail-steamer from Puget Sound," announced Captain Matthews.

This boat brought but few passengers, for the season was yet too early for tourists; but on her upper deck stood a gentleman and a lady, the former of whom was pointing out objects of interest almost as eagerly as Serge had done a short time before.

"It is lovely," said his companion, enthusiastically, "but it seems perfectly incredible that I should actually be here, and that this is the place for which our Phil set out with such high hopes a year ago. Do you realize, John, that it is just one year ago to-day since he left New London? Oh, if we only knew where the dear boy was at this minute! And to think that I should have got here before him!"

"Now he will probably never get here," replied Mr. Ryder. "For, on account of that California offer, I shall be obliged to return directly to San Francisco from St. Michaels without even a chance of going up the Yukon, which I know will be a great disappointment to Phil. But look there, Ruth. You have been wanting to see a canoe-load of Indians, and here comes as typical a one as I ever saw. A perfect specimen of an Alaskan dugout, natives in full winter costume, Eskimo dogs, and a sledge."

"And, oh!" cried Miss Ruth, "there is a tiny bit of a child, all in furs, just like its father. See? Nestled among the dogs, with a pair of wee snow-shoes on his back too? Isn't he a darling? How I should love to hug him! Oh, John, we must find them when we get ashore; for that child is the very cutest thing I have seen in all Alaska:"

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By this time the steamer was made fast, and the passengers were already going ashore. When Mr. Ryder and his sister gained the wharf they were surprised to see that the canoe in which they were interested had come to the landing-stage, where its occupants were already disembarking.

The next moment she uttered a shriek of horror, for one of them had thrown his arms around her neck and kissed her.



**"AUNT RUTH, YOU'RE A BRICK! A PERFECT BRICK!"**

"Aunt Ruth, you're a brick! a perfect brick!" he cried. "To think of you coming away out here to see me!" Then turning to Mr. Ryder, and embracing that bewildered gentleman in his furry arms, the excited boy exclaimed: "And pop! You dear old pop! If you only knew how distressed I have been about you. If you hadn't turned up, just as you have, I should have dropped everything and gone in search of you."

"Oh, Phil! How could you?" gasped Aunt Ruth. "You frightened me almost to death, and have crushed me all out of shape. You are a regular polar-bear in all those furs and things. What do you mean, sir? Oh you dear, dear boy!" At this point Miss Ruth's feelings so completely overcame her that she sank down on a convenient log and burst into hysterical weeping.

"There, you young scamp!" cried Mr. Ryder, whose own eyes were full of joyful tears at that moment. "See what you have done! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Yes, pop, awfully. But I've got something that will cheer her up and amuse her. And here's Serge and— No he isn't, either. What has become of Serge? Oh, I suppose he has gone home. Don't see why he needs to be

in such a hurry, though. No matter; here's Jalap Coombs. You remember Jalap, father? And here, Aunt Ruth, is the curio I promised to bring you. Look out; it's alive!"

With this the crazy lad snatched Nel-te from the arms of Jalap Coombs, who had just brought him up the steps, and laid him in Miss Ruth's lap, saying, "He's a little orphan kid I found in the wilderness, and adopted for you to love."

Miss Ruth gave such a start as the small bundle of fur was so unexpectedly thrust at her that poor Nel-te rolled to the ground. From there he lifted such a pitifully frightened little face, with such tear-filled eyes and quivering lip, that Miss Ruth snatched him up and hugged him. Then she kissed and petted him to such an extent that by the time he was again smiling he had won a place in her loving heart second only to that occupied by Phil himself.

With this journey's end also came the partings that always form so sad a feature of all journeys' ends. Even the three dogs that had travelled together for so long were separated, Musky being given to Serge, Luvtuk to May Matthews, to become the pet of the *Phoca's* crew, and big Amook going with Phil, Aunt Ruth, Nel-te, the sledge, the snow-shoes, and the beautiful white thick-furred skin of a mountain goat to distant New London.

Mr. Ryder and Jalap Coombs accompanied them as far as San Francisco. Dear old Serge was reluctantly left behind, busily making preparations to carry out his cherished scheme of returning to Anvik as a teacher.

In San Francisco Mr. Ryder secured for Jalap Coombs the command of a trading schooner plying between that port and Honolulu. When it was announced to him that he was at last actually a captain, the honest fellow's voice trembled with emotion as he answered:

"Mr. Ryder, sir, *and* Phil, I never did wholly look to be a full-rigged cap'n, though I've striv and waited for the berth nigh on to forty year. Now I know that it's just as my old friend Kite Roberson useter say; for he allers said, old Kite did, "That them as waits the patientest is bound to see things happen."

**THE END.**

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## **OAKLEIGH.**

**BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.**

### **CHAPTER IV.**

Mr. Franklin's announcement at first almost stunned his children. They could not believe it. Jack and Cynthia were somewhat prepared for it, it is true, but when they heard the news from their father's own lips it was none the less startling.

To Edith it came like a thunderbolt. She had never had the smallest suspicion that her father would marry again. She had always supposed that she would be sufficient for him. She would never marry herself, she thought, but would stay at home and be the comfort of his declining years. It had never occurred to her that her father, still a young and good-looking man of barely forty, would be exceedingly likely to marry a second time.

And now what was to happen? A stranger was coming to rule over them. Edith would never endure it, never! She would go away and live with Aunt Betsey. Anything would be better than a step-mother.

When she spoke her voice was hard and unnatural.

"Haven't I done right, papa? Weren't you satisfied with me? I have tried."

"My dear child, you have done your best, but you are too young. No one can expect a girl of sixteen to take entire charge of a house and family. And it is not only that. Hester is a charming woman. She reminds me something of your mother, Edith. It was that which first attracted me. She will be a companion to you—a sister."

"Thank you, but I don't need either. Cynthia is all the sister I want. Oh, papa, papa, why are you going to do it!"

She went to her own room and shut the door. After this one outbreak she said no more. Small things made Edith storm and even cry, dignified though she was. This great shock stunned her. She did not shed a tear, and she bore it in silence; but a hard feeling came into her heart, and she determined that she would never forgive this Miss Gordon who had entrapped her father (so she put it), and was coming to rule over them and order them about. She, for one, would never submit to it.

Jack did not mind it in the least, and Cynthia, who idolized her father, was sure from what he said that he was doing what he considered was for his happiness. Of course it was terrible for them, but they must make the best of it.

They passed a dreary Sunday, but Monday was expected to be an exciting day, for on that date the chickens were to appear. But when the children returned from school there were but small signs of the anticipated hatch in the incubator; one shell only had a little crack on the end.

Cynthia took up her position in front of the machine with a book, and waited patiently hour after hour. Nothing came. The next morning there was another crack in the next egg, and the first had spread a little, but that was all. The children all went to school but Edith, and she felt too low-spirited to go down to the cellar to watch.

Janet and Willy were forbidden to go near the place. As punishment for their conduct on Saturday, they were not to be present at the hatching. It was thought that owing to what they had done the chickens were

not forth-coming, and indeed it had been most disastrous.

When Jack and Cynthia returned from school they found that two little chicks—probably the only two which had escaped the cold bath—had emerged from their shells, and were hopping dismally about in the gravel beneath the trays. One hundred and ninety-eight hoped-for companions failed to appear.

Jack's first hatch was anything but a success. He bore it bravely, but it was a bitter disappointment. After waiting many hours in the vain hope of seeing another shell crack, he removed the two little comrades to the large brooder built to hold a hundred, and then, nothing daunted, sent for more eggs. He still had some of Aunt Betsey's money left.

Jack was plucky, and his pride would not permit him to give up. He would profit by his experience, and next time he would be victorious. He feared that, besides the mischief done by the children, he had been overfussy in his care of the eggs, and he determined to act more wisely in every respect.

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In after-years Cynthia looked back upon the first hatch as one of the most depressing events in her life. The children in disgrace, Edith silent and woe-begone in her own room, she and Jack watching hour after hour in the big cellar for the chickens that never came, and, above all, the impending arrival of the second Mrs. Franklin.

Aunt Betsey journeyed down from Wayborough as soon as she heard the news. They did not know she was coming until they saw one of the station carriages slowly approaching the house, with Miss Trinkett's well-known bonnet inside of it. She waved her hand gayly, and opened the subject at once.

"Well, well," she cried, "this is news indeed! I want to know! Nephew John going to be married again! Just what I always thought he had best do for the good of you children. Have you seen the bride, and what is she like?"

It was a warm June day, and the Franklins were on the piazza when this was shouted to them from the carriage in their aunt's shrill voice. Edith writhed. Though the news was all over Brenton by now, this would be a fine bit for the driver to take back.

Jack and Cynthia offered to help Aunt Betsey to alight, but she waved them aside.

"Don't think you must help me, my dears. This good news has put new life into me. How do you all do?" giving each one of her birdlike kisses, and settling herself in a favorite rocking-chair.

The younger children ran to her, hoping for treasures from the carpet-bag.

"I do declare," exclaimed she, "if I didn't forget all about you in the news of the bride! Never mind; wait till next time, and I'll bring you something extry nice when I come to see the bride."

"What's a bride?" asked Willy.

"La, child, don't you know? They haven't been kept in ignorance, I hope?"

"Oh no, but they haven't heard her called that," explained Cynthia.

"Do you mean the lady that is coming here to live?" asked Janet. "Well, we don't like her, me and Willy. She's made Edith cross and sobby, and she's made you forget our presents, and she's made a lot of fuss. We don't want her here at all."

Miss Trinkett looked shocked. "My dear children!" she exclaimed, too much aghast to say more. Then she turned to Edith.

"But now tell me all about it. Have you seen her, and is she young?"

"I have not seen her, Aunt Betsey, and I don't wish to. I don't know whether she is young or old, and I don't care. Won't you take me home with you, Aunt Betsey? Can't I live with you now? I'm not needed here."

Miss Betsey stared at her in amazement.

"Edith Franklin," she said, folding her hands in her lap, "I *am* astonished at the state of things I find in this household! Rebelling against circumstances in this way, and wishing to run away from your duties! No, indeed, my dear. Much as I'd admire to have you live with me—and there's a nice little chamber over the living-room that would suit you to a T—I'd never be the one to encourage your leaving your family. You are setting them a bad example as it is, teaching these young things to look with disfavor on their new mother that is to be. No, indeed. Far be it from me to encourage you. And, indeed, I should have no right, when my own mother was a second wife. Why, in the early days of the colonies it was thought nothing at all for a man to marry three or four times, as you'd know if you had read Judge Sewall's *Diary* as much as I have, or other valuable works."

Miss Trinkett rocked violently when she had finished this harangue. Edith did not reply. She had looked for sympathy from Aunt Betsey; but she, like all the rest of the world, seemed to think it the best thing that could happen.

As for Miss Betsey, she too was somewhat disappointed. She had hoped for some interesting items, and none seemed to be forth-coming.

"Where's your father?" she asked, presently.

Edith did not reply.

"He has gone to Albany," said Cynthia.

"Well, well! And when is the wedding to be?"

Edith rose and went into the house. Cynthia glanced after her regretfully, and then answered her aunt's question.

"It is to be in a week. It is to be very quiet, because—because Miss Gordon is in deep mourning."

"Do tell! I want to know!" ejaculated Miss Trinkett. "And are none of you going?"

"No; papa did not think it was best. Hardly any one will be there. Only her brother and one or two others."

"So she has a brother. Any other relatives?"

"I think not. She lost her father and mother when she was very young, and her grandmother died rather lately."

"I want to know! And when are they coming home?"

"Very soon," said Cynthia, almost inaudibly.

"Do tell!"

Miss Betsey said no more at present, but her mind was busy.

"Where is Jackie?" she next asked.

"I don't know. Gone to see about the chickens, I suppose."

"Oh, those little orphans. Well, I haven't time to ask about them now, for I think, Cynthia, I would like to call upon my friend, Mrs. Parker. It is a long time since I was there."

"Oh, Aunt Betsey!" exclaimed Cynthia. It would never do for her aunt to see Mrs. Parker. The secret of her escapade at that good lady's house would surely be found out. "Why do you go there this afternoon?"

"Because, my dear, I am here only for a night, and I must see Mrs. Parker."

Cynthia groaned inwardly.

"And hear all the village gossip about papa," she thought.

It must be prevented.

But Miss Trinkett was not to be turned from her purpose. Go she would. Every available excuse in the world was brought up to deter her, but the end of it was that Jack drove around in the buggy, and Miss Betsey departed triumphantly.

Cynthia awaited her return in suspense. She wished that she could run away. Her impersonation of her aunt did not seem such a joke as it had at the time, and then she had heard the dreadful news there.

Miss Trinkett came back before very long in high dudgeon. Cynthia was alone on the piazza, for Edith had not appeared again. She noticed that Jack was apparently enjoying a huge joke, and instead of taking the horse to the barn, he remained to hear what Aunt Betsey had to say.

Miss Trinkett sank into a chair and untied her bonnet strings with a jerk.

"Maria Parker is losing her mind," she announced. "As for me, I shall never go there again."

"Why not, Aunt Betsey?" murmured Cynthia, preparing herself for the worst.

"She declares that I was there two weeks ago, and that she—*she* told me the news of my own nephew's engagement! She actually had the effrontery to say, 'I told you so!' My own nephew! When his letter the other day was the first I heard of it, and I said to Silas, said I, 'Silas, nephew John Franklin is going to marry again, and give a mother to those children, and I'm glad of it, and I've just heard the news.' And now for Maria Parker to tell me that she told me, and that I was there two weeks ago! Is the woman crazy, or am I the one that has lost my mind? Why don't you say something, Cynthy? Is it possible you agree with Mrs. Parker? Come, now, answer a question. Was I here two weeks ago, and did I go and see Maria Parker?"

"No," murmured Cynthia, her face crimson, her voice almost inaudible. But Aunt Betsey was too much excited to notice.

"Jackie," she said, turning to him, "will you answer me a question? Did I visit you two weeks ago, and did I call upon Mrs. Parker?" [Pg 723]

Jack gave one look at Cynthia, and then, dropping on the grass, rolled over and over in an ecstasy of mirth.

"You're in for it now, Miss Cynthia!" he chuckled.

Miss Betsey drew herself up.

"You have not answered my questions. Was I here two weeks ago, and did I call upon Mrs. Parker?"

"No, no, Aunt Betsey!" shouted Jack. "You weren't! You didn't! Go ahead, Cynth! Out with it! My eye, I'm glad I'm here and nowhere else! I've been waiting for this happy day. Now you'll get paid up for fooling me."

And again he rolled, his long legs beating the air.

"I think you are mean, Jack, when you were the one that made me go!" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly. Then she relapsed into silence. How could she ever confess to Aunt Betsey?

Miss Trinkett hastened the climax.

"I don't know why Jack finds this so amusing. It is not so to my mind; but if you are quite sure that I was not here, and that I did not call upon Mrs. Parker, I must ask you to drive down with me at once and state the facts to her. I cannot have it insinuated that I am no longer capable of judging for myself, and of knowing what I do and what I don't do. She actually told me to my face that I was getting childish. What *would* Silas say? But I'll never tell him that. I would like to go at once."

Alas, there was no help for it. Cynthia must confess. If only Jack had not been there!

She rose from the step where she had been sitting, and standing in front of her little grandaunt she spoke very rapidly.

"You are right, and so is Mrs. Parker. You weren't here, but I dressed up and went to see her. I pretended I was you. I found your other false—I mean your new hair. You left it in the drawer. I looked just like you, and we thought it would be such fun. I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Betsey, indeed I am. It wasn't such great fun, after all."

At first Miss Betsey was speechless. Then she rose in extreme wrath.



**"CYNTHY FRANKLIN, IT IS MORE THAN TIME YOU  
HAD A MOTHER."**

"Cynthia Franklin, it is more than time you had a mother. I never supposed you could be so—impertinent; yes, impertinent! Made yourself look like me, indeed, and going to my most intimate friend! Poor Mrs. Parker. There's no knowing what she might have said, thinking it was I. And I telling her to-day she was out of her mind, and various other things I'm distressed to think of. Why, *Cynthy!*"

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry," cried Cynthia, bursting into tears. "Do forgive me, Aunt Betsey."

"I am not ready to forgive you just yet, and whether I ever will or not remains to be proved. I am disappointed in you all. Edith going and shutting herself up when I come, because she doesn't want a step-mother, and you making fun of an aged aunt—not so very aged either. Why, when Silas hears this I just dread to think what he'll say. I am going home at once, Jack. You are the only well-behaved one among them. You may drive me to the train."

"Oh, Aunt Betsey, not to-day! Please don't go."

"I couldn't answer for my tongue if I staid here to-night. I had best go home and think it out. When I remember all I said to Maria Parker, and all she said to me, I'm about crazy, just as she said I was."

And presently she drove away, sitting very stiff and very erect in the old buggy that had held her prototype two weeks before, and Cynthia was left in tears, with one more calamity added to her already burdened soul.

Why had she ever played a practical joke? If she lived a hundred years she never would again.

Edith heard the news of Aunt Betsey's sudden departure in silence, and Cynthia received no sympathy from her. And very soon it was temporarily forgotten in preparations for the advent of the bride.

The day came at last, a beautiful one in June. The house was filled with lovely flowers which Cynthia had arranged—Edith would have nothing to do with it—and the supper-table was decked with the finest China and the old silver service and candelabra of their great-grandmother.

The servants, who had lived with them so long, could scarcely do their work. They peered from the kitchen windows for a first sight of their new mistress, and wondered what she would be like.

"These are sorry times," said Mary Ann, the old cook, as she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

Outside the place had never looked so peacefully lovely. It was late, and the afternoon sun cast long shadows from the few trees on the lawn. In the distance the cows were heard lowing at milking-time. At one spot the river could be seen glinting through the trees, and June roses filled the air with fragrance.

All was to the outward eye just as it had always been, summer after summer, since the Franklins could remember, and yet how different it really was.

Jack had gone to the station to meet the travellers. Edith, Cynthia, Janet, and Willy were waiting on the porch, all in their nicest clothes. The children had been bribed to keep their hands clean, and up to this moment they were immaculate. Ben and Chester lay at full length on the banking in front of the house; they alone did not share the excitement.

The sound of wheels was heard.

"They are coming," whispered Cynthia.

As for Edith, she was voiceless.

And then the carriage emerged from the trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## STORIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In the old seaport town of Salem, with its quaint houses with their carved doorways and many windows, with its pretty rose gardens, its beautiful overshadowing elms, its dingy court-house and celebrated town pump, Hawthorne passed his early life, his picturesque surroundings forming a suitable setting to the picture we may call up of the handsome imaginative boy whose early impressions were afterward to crystallize into the most beautiful art that America has yet known. Behind the town stood old Witch Hill, grim and ghastly with the memories of the witches who had been hanged there in colonial times. In front spread the sea, a golden argosy of promise, whose wharves and store-rooms held priceless stores of merchandise.



### ONE OF THE BOY'S FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS.

Hawthorne's boyhood was much like that of any other boy in Salem town. He went to school and to church, loved the sea, and prophesied that he would go away on it some day and never return, was fond of reading, and was not averse to a good fight with any of his school-fellows who had, as he expressed it, "a quarrelsome disposition." He was a healthy, robust lad, and life seemed a very good thing to him, whether he was roaming the streets of Salem, sitting idly on the wharves, or at home stretched on the floor reading one of his favorite authors. As a rule all boys who have become writers have liked the same books, and Hawthorne was no exception. When reading, he was living in the magic world of Shakespeare and Milton, Spenser, Froissart, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. This last was a great and special favorite with him, its lofty and beautiful spirit carrying his soul with it into those spiritual regions which the child mind reverences without understanding.

For one year of his boyhood he was supremely happy in the life of the wild regions of Sebago Lake, Maine, where the family moved for a time. Here, he says, he lived the life of a bird of the air, with no restraint, and in absolute supreme freedom. In the summer he would take his gun and spend days in the forest, shooting, fishing, and doing whatever prompted his vagabond spirit at the moment. In the winter he would follow the hunters through the snow, or skate till midnight alone upon the frozen lake, with only the shadows of the hills to keep him company, and sometimes passing the remainder of the night in a solitary log cabin, whose hearth would blaze with the burning trunks of the fallen evergreens.

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He entered Bowdoin in 1821, and had among his fellow-students Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, and several others who distinguished themselves in later life. Long afterward Hawthorne recalls his days at Bowdoin as among the happiest of his life, and in writing to one of his old college friends speaks of the charm that lingers around the memory of the place, where he gathered blueberries in study hours; watched the great logs drifting down from the lumbering districts above along the current of the Androscoggin, fished in the forest streams, and shot pigeons and squirrels at odd hours which ought to have been devoted to the classics.

After leaving Bowdoin, Hawthorne returned to Salem, where he passed the next twelve years of his life, and during which he must have marked out authorship as his profession, as he attempted nothing else. Here he produced, from time to time, stories and sketches which found their way to the periodicals of the day, and which won for him a reputation among other American writers. But it is remarkable that the years which a man devotes usually to the best work of his life were spent by Hawthorne in a contented half-dream of what he meant to accomplish later on; for exquisite as is some of the work produced at this time, it never would have won for the author the highest place in American literature. These stories and sketches were collected later on, and published under the titles *Twice-Told Tales* and *Snow Image*. They are full of the grace and beauty of Hawthorne's style, but in speaking of them



Hawthorne himself says that there is in this result of twelve years little to show for its thought and industry. But whatever may have been the cause of delay, the promise of his genius was fulfilled at last. In 1850, when Hawthorne was forty-six years old, appeared his first great romance. In writing this book Hawthorne had chosen for his subject a picture of old Puritan times in New England, and out of the tarnished records of the past he created a work of art of marvellous and imperishable beauty.

In the days of which he wrote a Puritan town or village was exactly like a large family bound together by mutual interests, in which the acts of each life were regarded as affecting the whole community. In this novel Hawthorne imprisoned forever the spirit of colonial New England, with all its struggles, hopes, and fears; and the conscience-driven Puritan, who lived in the new generation only in public records and church histories, was lifted into the realm of art.

In Hawthorne's day this grim figure, stalking in the midst of Indian fights, village pillories, town meetings, witch-burnings, and church councils, was already a memory. He had drifted into the past with his steeple-crowned hat and his matchlock. He had left the pleasant New England farm-lands with their pastures and meadows, hills and valleys and wild-pine groves, and lurked like a ghost among the old church-yards and court-houses where his deeds were recorded.

Hawthorne brought him back to life, rehabilitated him in his old garments, set him in the midst of his fellow-elders in the church, and gave him a perfect carnival of trials and worries for conscience' sake. He made the old Puritan live anew, and never again can his memory become dim. It is embalmed for all time by the cunning art of this master-hand.

This first romance, published under the title *The Scarlet Letter*, revealed both to Hawthorne himself and the world outside the transcendent power of his genius.

Hawthorne, when the work was first finished, was in a desperate frame of mind, because of the little popularity his other books had acquired, and told his publisher, who saw the first germ of the work, that he did not know whether the story was very good or very bad. The publisher, however, perceived at once the unusual quality of the work, prevailed upon Hawthorne to finish it immediately, and brought it out one year from that time, and the public, which had become familiar with Hawthorne as a writer of short stories, now saw that it had been entertaining a genius unawares.

Hawthorne's next work, *The House of the Seven Gables*, is a story of the New England of his own day. Through its pages flit the contrasting figures that one might find there and nowhere else. The old spinster of ancient family who is obliged in her latter years to open a toy and ginger-bread shop, and who never forgets the time when the house with seven gables was a mansion whose hospitality was honored by all, is a pathetic picture of disappointed hope and broken-down fortune. So also her brother, who was imprisoned under a false charge for twenty years, and who is obliged in his old age to lean upon his sister for support. The other characters are alike true to life—a life that has almost disappeared now in the changes of the half-century since its scenes were made the inspiration of Hawthorne's romance.

The *House of the Seven Gables* was followed by two beautiful volumes for children: *The Wonder-Book*, in which the stories of the Greek myths are retold, and *Tanglewood Tales*.

In *The Wonder-Book* Hawthorne writes as if he were a child himself, so delicious is the charm that he weaves around these old, old tales. Not content with the myths, he created little incidents and impossible characters, which glance in and out with elfin fascination. He feels that these were the very stories that were told by the centaurs, fairies, and satyrs themselves in the shadows of those old Grecian forests. Here we learn that King Midas not only had his palace turned to gold, but that his own little daughter Marigold, a fancy of Hawthorne's own, was also converted into the same shilling metal. We are told, too, the secrets of many a hero and god of this realm of fancy which had been unsuspected by any other historian of their deeds. No child in reading *The Wonder-Book* would doubt for a moment that Hawthorne had obtained the stories first hand from the living characters, and would easily believe that he had hobnobbed many a moonlit night with Pan and Bacchus and other sylvan deities in their vine-covered grottos by the famed rivers of Greece. This dainty ethereal touch of Hawthorne appears especially in all his work for children. It is as if he understood and entered into that mystery which ever surrounds child life and sets it sacredly apart. It is the same quality, nearly, which gives distinction to his fourth great novel, in which he is called upon to deal with the elusive character of a man who is supposed to be a descendant of the old fauns. We feel that this creation, which is named Donatello, from his resemblance to the celebrated statue of the Marble Faun by that sculptor, is not wholly human, and although he has human interests and feelings, Hawthorne is always a master in treating such a subject as this. He makes Donatello ashamed of his pointed ears, though his spirit is as wild and untamed as that of his crude ancestors. In this book—which takes its name from the statue—*The Marble Faun*, there is a description of a scene where Donatello, who is by title an Italian count, joins in a peasant dance around one of the public fountains. And so vividly is his half-human nature brought out that one feels as if Hawthorne must have witnessed somewhere the mad revels of the veritable fauns and satyrs in the days of their life upon the earth. In the whole development of this story Hawthorne shows the same subtle sympathy with natures so far out of the commonplace that they seem to belong to another world. The mystery of such souls having the same charm for him as the secrets of the earth and air have for the scientist and philosopher.



**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.**



#### AT BROOK FARM.

The book coming between *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Marble Faun* is called *The Blithedale Romance*. It is founded partly upon a period of Hawthorne's life when he became a member of a community which hoped to improve the world by showing that to live healthily, manual labor must be combined with intellectual pursuits, and that self-interest and all differences in rank could only be injurious to a country. This little society of reformers lived in a suburb of Boston, and called their association Brook Farm. Each member was supposed to perform some manual labor on the farm or in the house each day, although hours were set aside for study and intellectual work. Here Hawthorne ploughed the fields like a farmer boy in the daytime, and in the evening joined in the amusements, or sat apart while the other members talked about art and literature and science, danced, sang, or read Shakespeare aloud.

Some of the cleverest men and women of New England became members of this community, the rules of which obliged the men to wear plaid blouses and rough straw hats, and the women to content themselves with plain calico gowns.

This company of serious-minded men and women, who tried to solve a great problem by leading the lives of Acadian shepherds, at length dispersed, each one going back into the world and working on as bravely as if the experiment had been a great success. The record of the life and experiences of Brook Farm are shadowed forth in *The Blithedale Romance*, although it is not by any means a literal narrative of its existence.

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#### THE OLD MANSE.

Hawthorne's early married life was spent at Concord, near Boston, in a quaint old dwelling called the Manse, and as all his work partakes of the personal flavor of his own life, so his existence here is recorded in a delightful series of essays called *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Here we have a description of the old house itself and of the author's family life, of the kitchen-garden and apple orchards, of the meadows and woods, and of his friendship with that lover of nature, Henry Thoreau, whose writings form a valuable contribution to American literature. The *Mosses from an Old Manse* must ever be famous as the history of the quiet hours of the greatest American man of letters. They are full of Hawthorne's own personality, and reveal more than any other of his books, the depth and purity of his poetic and rarely gifted nature.

In 1853 Hawthorne was appointed American Consul at Liverpool by his old friend and school-mate Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. He remained abroad seven years, spending the last four on the continent. The results of this experience are found in the celebrated *Marble Faun*, published in Europe under the title *Transformation*. It was written in Rome, and it is interesting to know that the story was partly suggested to Hawthorne by an old villa near Florence which he occupied with his family. This old villa possessed a moss-covered tower, "haunted," as Hawthorne said in a letter to a friend, "by owls and by the ghost of a monk who was confined there in the thirteenth century, previous to being burnt at the stake in the principal square of Florence." He also states in the same letter that he meant to put the old castle bodily in a romance that was then in his head, and he carried out this threat by making the villa the old family castle of Donatello.

After Hawthorne returned to America he began two other novels, one founded upon the old legend of the elixir of life. This story was probably suggested to him by Thoreau, who spoke of the house in which Hawthorne lived at Concord, after leaving the old Manse, as having been the abode, a century or two

before, of a man who believed that he should never die. This subject was a charming one for Hawthorne's peculiar genius, but the story, with another—the *Dolliver Romance*—was never completed, the death of Hawthorne in 1864 leaving the work unfinished.



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

### HOW TO DEVELOP CLOUD PICTURES.

Pictures taken simply of clouds, without special attention to the landscape, should be developed very slowly in order to bring out all the soft shadows, which are lost if the development is hurried.

Where clouds and landscape have been taken in one picture, the printing quality of the negative may be made uniform by careful development of the plate.

Place the plate in a rather weak developer, and as soon as the outlines of the landscape begin to appear take it out and place in a dish of clean water so as to arrest the development. Pour off the developer, put the plate back in the tray, and finish the plate with brush development. To do this take a soft camel's-hair brush or a small wad of surgeon's cotton, dip into the developer, and brush over the part of the plate which develops more slowly, which will be the landscape. As soon as this part is nearly developed flood the plate with a weak solution of developer, increasing it in strength till the sky is fully developed. Brush development requires a careful hand, but, like any other part of photography, becomes easy by repeated trials.

Another way of developing one part of the plate at a time is to take the plate from the tray as soon as the outlines appear; turn off the developer, and wash the plate. Put it back in the tray, and tip the tray so that the sky will be out of the developer, turn in the developer, and rock the tray gently to and fro, but do not allow any of the developer to touch the sky until the shadows in the landscape are well out.

When the shadows are nearly or quite developed flood the whole plate with the developer. The sky will develop very quickly, and if the process is carefully watched a fine even-printing negative will be the result. This plan of development is most successful where the horizon-line is not too much broken.

Having once succeeded in catching the clouds, one will never be quite satisfied with a landscape picture which has a perfectly clear sky.

We devote a little of our space this week to tell the Camera Club something about two publications which have been sent to the editor for inspection, and which are the work of some of the members of our club.

The first is entitled the *Focus*, a magazine issued by the Niepce Corresponding Club, and published by Sir Knight Arthur F. Atkinson, of Sacramento, California.

The literary matter is typewritten, and the illustrations are, with one exception, original photographs by members of the Chapter. The first illustration is a fine platinum print of the first-prize landscape picture which was published in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, March 26, 1895. The first article, entitled "Rural Photography," is a most amusing account of one J. Focus Snapschotte's attempt to take pictures in the country. The pen and-ink sketch of "Silas" does great credit to the artist, who we suspect is the publisher of the magazine, as the initials A. F. A. are the same.

The other articles are part of a continued story, a description of the prize landscape, an account of the capital of California, and matters connected with the club. The photographs do great credit to the members, and the whole magazine is very nicely arranged and embellished.

The second magazine is entitled *Hints*, and is published by Sir Knight George D. Galloway and Sir Knight George Johnson, Jun., of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

As its name indicates, it is intended to help the amateur to do better work. Its object is stated at the beginning: "This is a practical periodical, and we know all who see it will say so too. From all the prints that are here exhibited you will get *hints*, and you will notice that your work will improve steadily in all respects."

This magazine is also illustrated with original photographs, among which we notice one which also appeared in the Camera Club Department a short time ago. It is by Sir Knight Andrew Phillips, of Nunda, New York, and is entitled "Knights and Ladies of the Camera Club."

Both of these publications cannot fail to be helpful to those members who have the privilege of examining them, for one is sure to learn something by "exchanging experiences." The Chapters which issue these magazines have reason to feel very proud of them.

A correspondent who signs herself "Sweet Marie" asks: 1. How to prepare the best and cheapest developer. 2. How to make sensitive paper. 3. How to prepare a polishing solution for ferrotype plates. 4. How to make a ruby lamp. 5. What is stronger water of ammonia. 6. What is bromide of ammonia.

As there are almost as many formulas for developers as there are amateur photographers, it would be quite impossible to say which one is the cheapest and best. Sir Knight William C. Davids, of Rutherford, New Jersey, sends the following formula, which he recommends very highly. We shall publish in our papers for beginners several formulas for developing solutions, with prices of chemicals.

*Hydroquinon Developer.*—Sodium sulphite, 460 grains; sodium carbonate, 960 grains; hydroquinon, 96 grains; water, 16 ounces.

1. Mix and filter before using. In No. 786 will be found a simple developer for instantaneous pictures. 2. Directions for preparing sensitive paper will be found in Nos. 786 and 803. 3. Directions for polishing ferrotype plates will be found in Nos. 797 and 805. 4. A ruby light for dark-room work may be made by taking a wooden starch-box, cutting a square hole in the cover, and pasting two thicknesses of red fabric over the opening. A hole must be made in one end of the box—which answers for the top of the lantern—to allow for ventilation. This must be shielded so as to prevent the escape of actinic rays. This may be done by pieces of tin bent so that air can enter, but no white light escape. A candle should be used with this style of lantern. 5. Ammonia in its pure state is a gas which combines readily with water, water taking up of the gas five hundred times its own volume. This is liquid ammonia, or stronger water of ammonia. By diluting it with water it becomes the spirits of hartshorn, or ammonia water. 6. Bromide of ammonia is formed in the simplest manner by the addition of bromine to water of ammonia. It is very useful in photographic work. It gives great sensitiveness to gelatine and collodion emulsions—combined with pyro for a developer it prevents fog—and is employed in the preparation of sensitive papers.

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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.

Lillie M— came to see me yesterday, and after she had gone, Maria G—, who was putting a new braid on my second-best gown, said:

"That Miss Lillie uses very nice perfumery. It's so faint and fine, not anything you can smell a long way off, but something which makes you think of roses or violets when she passes you on the street. How does she manage it?"

Maria G— likes perfumes, but does not know how to use them.

"Not by putting cologne on her handkerchief," I answered, decidedly. "Nobody should carry about scents poured on their garments." I had to say this.

Perfumes are used sparingly by elegant people, yet a touch, a vague sense of fragrance, does add something of daintiness to a girl's toilette. It is right for you to have perfumes about you if you love them.

Fresh rose-leaves thrown into your bureau drawers and scattered in the boxes where you keep your laces and handkerchiefs, and sprigs of lavender or lemon verbena left there to dry will impart a pleasant sweetness to whatever lies among them. Orris-root powder in little sachet bags of China silk, or strewn lightly between folds of tissue-paper, will give to your clothing in closet or wardrobe a delightful faint odor of violet. If you use delicate soap with a sweet clean perfume, not of musk or anything strong and pronounced, and put a few drops of alcohol or ammonia in the water when you bathe, you need not be afraid of any unfavorable comment on your daintiness. Perfect cleanliness is always dainty. Soil and stain, dust and dirt, are never anything but repulsive.

Rose-leaves pulled from the perfect flower and laid in your box of note-paper when they are fresh will dry there, and insure your sending to your friends notes which will associate you with fragrance. There is an exquisite perfume in dried roses.

How do you seal your letters, by-the-way? I hope you have at hand a bit of sponge and a tiny glass of water with which to moisten the mucilage on the flap of your envelope. Better still is a little glass cylinder in a glass jar, a very ornamental and thoroughly clean affair, which can be procured at any stationer's. The glass jar holds water. You turn the cylinder, and on its wet surface place your envelope. Postage stamps may be moistened in the same way.

When friends call, on these very sultry days, you offer them fans, do you not, and, if they wish it, a glass of cold water or lemonade? Palm-leaf or Japanese fans should be in every room in profusion during the summer solstice. When fans are broken at the edges renew them by a ribbon binding, and tie a jaunty bow on the handle. Very few things should be thrown aside as useless. While an article can be mended or renovated it is worth keeping, and a thrifty person never discards a household implement of any kind until she is convinced that it is worn out.

Ribbon plays an important part in decoration. A bow on the corner of mamma's sewing-chair, on the dressing-glass which hangs over the table, on the little birthday package you send your friend, gives each a sort of gala look. The plainest furniture in the plainest bedroom may be brightened and made attractive by good taste, a few yards of cheap netting or lace, and the judicious use of ribbon. Clever fingers can accomplish wonders with very little money.

A girl showed me one day a beautiful sewing-chair, white and gold as to frame-work, and cushioned with a lovely chintz, a white ground thickly sprinkled with daisies.

"There!" she said. "Mamma gave me permission to use anything I could find in our attic, and I hunted around till I came across this chair. Such a fright! It was dingy and broken, and fit for nothing but firewood. Look at it now. Two coats of white paint, some gilding, and this lovely cushion, and then this ravishing frill and box of yellow satin ribbon! Isn't it a triumph?"

I said, very sincerely, that I thought it was.

Bertha wishes me to tell her why lemonade is not always the rich refreshing drink it should be. Well, Bertha, everybody does not know how to make lemonade. I squeeze my lemons in a glass lemon-squeezer, mix in my granulated sugar with a lavish hand, and add the thinly pared rind of a lemon, dropping it in in circular strips. On this I pour boiling water, setting it by to cool, and, when cold, putting it away in the refrigerator. Then when served I add a strawberry, or a bit of sliced orange or banana, and some pounded ice, and the lemonade is delicious.

*Margaret E. Langster.*

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## WHIPPOORWILL.

Unseen in the thicket a lone little bird  
Cries over and over the sorrowful word,  
Till the children, whose sweet lisping prayers have been said,  
Turn over, half waking, and call from their bed,  
"Do make that bird stop calling down from the hill  
His mournful old story, Whip, whip, oh! poor Will."

What could Will have done in the days long ago  
That this bird's great-grandfather hated him so?  
Did he rifle a nest, did he climb up a tree,  
Did he meddle where he had no business to be?—  
When we find out, dear children, what 'twas Katy did,  
The secret with those funny wood gossips hid,  
We are likely, and not before then, to discover  
The rune that the poor little songster runs over,  
Who, hour by hour, up there on the hill,  
Calls mournfully, urgently, Oh! whip poor Will.

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## MODERN WHALING.

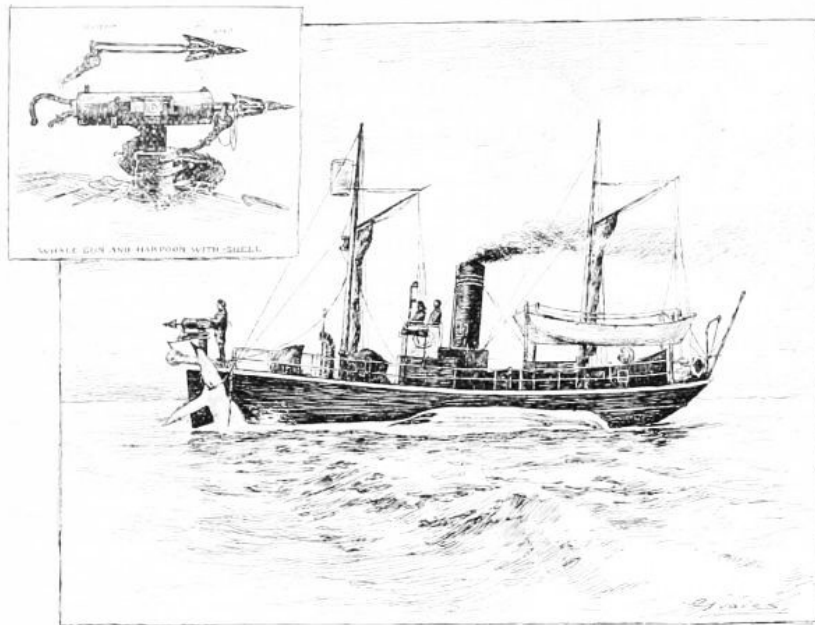
It is natural enough that the Norwegians should be the most expert people in capturing whales. They live in their cold country up near the best whaling-grounds in the world, except, perhaps, the regions about the northern part of Alaska. For centuries the old Norsemen have been good whalers and famous at throwing the harpoon, but it was left for a famous, perhaps the most famous, whaler the world has known to discover a weapon which made the old hand-thrown harpoon a back number. The man was a Norwegian called Svend Foyn, and an account of his life would make an interesting and exciting story of adventures, escapes, dangers, and finally riches.

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Old Svend, who died not long ago at an advanced age, was a cabin-boy when he was eleven years old, and did not have enough money to keep him ashore a month. He used to sail in different kinds of vessels in his early days, keeping his eyes open, and watching to learn what there was for a cabin-boy to learn. This was in 1820. Gradually, as he grew older, he began to save a few krone here and there, and when he came ashore after a long trip he would take as much of his wages as he could possibly spare and put them in the bank at home in Jönsberg. But it was slow work, and he was little more than a cabin-boy in 1845, except that he was thirty-six years old and had a neat little sum in the bank. Then the idea came to him to buy a little vessel of his own, and try to make for himself the profits he saw others making out of his own and other men's services.

He scraped together all he had or could raise, and bought a brig, and in a very short time he had made a big catch of seals in the north, and had \$20,000 in the bank, besides the brig in the water. Svend seems to have had all the shrewdness for which Norwegians have long been famous, and much of the daring and self-reliance of the same great race. For he started in 1863, with a little steamer which he had bought, to the whaling-grounds, and tried to harpoon whales.

This did not seem to succeed very well, and he made up his mind that spearing whales with a harpoon thrown by the hand of man was a doubtful thing. He went to work, therefore, to think of something more powerful and more certain in its aim than a man's arm, with the result that he invented a harpoon which was fired from a gun, and which carried along with it a shell that exploded inside the whale's vitals and almost invariably killed it at once. This harpoon-gun is now used all over the world, and has made whaling a wonderfully profitable business.



### THE MODERN HARPOON AND WHALE BOAT

The gun is placed in the bows of small steamers built especially for the purpose, and is aimed and fired much as any other gun. When a whale is sighted the craft is steered in its direction, and moves silently up behind the big monster as he lies on the water taking long breaths or resting. When the bow is within about twenty or thirty yards of the whale the gunner takes careful aim at his most vital parts, and fires the harpoon and shell combination, which is, of course, attached to the vessel by a long line, just as in the case of the old harpoon. The spear goes deep into the whale, but the moment he rushes forward or turns flukes he tightens the line, and the end of the spear is therefore pulled out behind. This acts on the flukes of the harpoon in such a way that they are pulled out and catch in the flesh of the whale, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and he cannot therefore get away.

But besides this, the flukes, in thrusting themselves out, break a little glass tube inside a shell, which can be seen in the illustration just ahead of the flukes. In this tube there is an acid, and outside the tube but still inside the shell is another acid. When the glass is broken and the acid inside mingles with the other, they chemically form a third substance, which is a remarkably explosive gas that expands so very quickly and to such enormous proportions that the shell bursts and explodes inside the whale. If the poor beast is not killed at once, he is so severely wounded that he is soon captured and hauled alongside the steamer.

Sometimes, however, the harpoon does not penetrate far enough or fails to hit a vital part, and then the explosion only wounds the whale slightly and angers him. At such times there is a long and a hard chase in which the steamer is hauled through the water at thirty miles an hour for different lengths of time. Svend tells a story of being so towed by an enormous whale for ten hours at more than twenty-eight miles an hour up against a hard gale of wind. At the end of that time, as the whale did not seem to get tired, and as the steamer still held together, the cable attached to the harpoon broke, and the whale disappeared.

There is a good deal of danger connected with this modern harpooning other than the usual danger of the dying "flurry" of the whale and the long tows that may result if he is not killed at once. This danger has proved very real in several instances. Occasionally, for one of a thousand reasons, the shell does not explode in the whale. Perhaps the harpoon does not pull back and break the little glass tube, or there may not be sufficient strain put on the rope to break the glass, or the whale may be killed by the force of the harpoon alone, and not live long enough to struggle and explode it. In such cases, and they have occurred occasionally, when the whale is hauled alongside, the harpoon, in being withdrawn, may cause the shell to explode, when a great deal of havoc results. On more than one occasion the side for many feet of the steamer's length has been blown out, and the steamer, of course, sunk. So that whaling in modern days, while it may be more paying, is not by any means less dangerous than formerly.

This kind of harpooning, or something on the same general plan, is coming into general use, and the result is that the whale is fast being killed off, for the big fish are being demolished in enormous quantities compared with what men were able to do with the hand harpoon before its introduction.

Svend Foyn made an immense fortune out of his invention, for he patented it in many countries, and fitted out a fleet of small steamers himself; and then, when he had become rich, he did what most men would not have done. He founded many asylums, hospitals, education and charitable institutions, and used his fortune to help mankind in general and his own countrymen in particular.



At last I have the much-needed space to answer the many questions that have been pouring in for some time past, and also the discussion of a number of interesting subjects that are unfortunately shut out during the season of active interscholastic contests. These will resume in August with the tennis tournament at Newport, followed by the opening of the football season everywhere.

What I want to speak of principally this week is 'cross-country running. It is a branch of sport that receives far too little attention from school and college athletes in this country, yet is one of the oldest, simplest, and healthiest pastimes on the calendar. In England it has been popular for years, where there are a number of 'cross-country running clubs of long standing, but in America we have known the sport scarcely twenty years, and not very intimately at that. It was first introduced to us in 1878 by some members of the old Harlem Athletic Club, their first paper-chase being held on Thanksgiving day of that year. The American Athletic Club then took it up, and later, in 1883, the New York Athletic Club held a race for the individual championship of the United States. The sport became firmly established in 1887 with the organization of the National 'Cross-Country Association of America. This is a very brief history of the sport; but it is brief of necessity, for 'cross-country running is still in its youth.

There are two kinds of 'cross-country running—the paper-chase, sometimes called hare and hounds, and the club run over a fixed course. In the former there should be two "hares," a "master of the hounds," and two "whips." The hares carry a bag of paper torn up into small bits, and it is their duty with this paper to lay a fair and continuous trail from start to finish, except in the case of the break for home. The master of the hounds runs with the pack, and has full control of it. In other words, he is the captain. He sets the pace, or, if he chooses, he can appoint any other hound to do so. It is usual to travel no faster than the slowest runner in the pack. The whips are chosen from among the strongest runners, because it is their duty to run with the hounds, and to keep laggards up with the bunch, or assist those who become seized with the idea that they cannot move another step. These five men are, so to speak, the officers of the chase. There may be any number of hounds.

The hares are usually allowed from five to ten minutes' start of the pack, and as soon as they get out of sight they begin to lay the trail. They choose their own course, but they are not allowed to double on their track, and they must themselves surmount all obstacles over which they lay the trail. They may cross fordable streams only, and must always run within hailing distance of each other. With the hounds the master takes the lead, following the trail, and the pack is supposed to keep back of him until the break for home is ordered. The break is usually made about a mile from home. It should never be started at a greater distance than that, because it is generally a hard sprint all the way. The point from which the break begins is indicated, as a rule, by the hares' dropping the bag in which they have been carrying the paper, or by scattering several handfuls of paper different in color from that which has been used to lay the trail. As soon as the break is ordered the pack gives up all formation, and each man runs at his best speed. If at any time during a chase the pack catches sight of the hares, it may not make directly for them, but must follow the trail, thus covering the same ground gone over by the hares. It frequently happens in an open country that the hounds are actually within a few hundred yards of the hares, but perhaps half a mile behind them along the trail. Such an occurrence always adds excitement to a run.

It is advisable for the hares, the day before a run is to be held, to get together and lay out in a general way the course they intend to follow. A great deal of the pleasure and interest, as well as the benefit in a run, depends upon this. The more varied the course the less tiresome will be the chase. Try to select one that will pass over hills and through woods, with occasionally a short run along a flat road for a rest. To add to the excitement, lay your course across a few streams that have to be jumped or waded. If a runner falls into the water, his ducking will do him no harm if he keeps on exercising and gets a good rub-down when he reaches home. The pace going up hill should never be more rapid than a slow jog-trot; but running down, take advantage of the incline and hit the pace up as fast as you choose. This will make up for all the time lost in the ascent.

The length of the course should be determined by the strength and proficiency of the runners. It is bad to attempt to indulge in long runs at first. I would advise those who intend to take up 'cross-country running this fall—for the autumn is the prime season for that sport—to practise trotting a mile or two once or twice a week between now and then, just to get the muscles hardened. Don't do too much running in the summer, because the air is not so bracing then and the heat causes evil results. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas, after the football season, when there is nothing particular going on, before the snow has come, and while the roads are hard and the hills at their best, then is the time for 'cross-country running. Then, if you are in good condition, you can have a chase of five or eight miles that will make you feel like a fighting-cock, and will not stiffen you up the next day. It is far better to make two or three short runs in various sections each week, rather than to make one long run once a week—a long run that leaves you aching and sore.

The club run is very much like the paper-chase, except that no scent is laid. It is more of a race among individuals. A course is laid out across country by means of stakes with flags nailed to them, and the runners must follow this as faithfully as they would a paper trail. The rules for this kind of run are the same as for the chase. There are, of course, a great many minor regulations which it is impossible to set down here; but, after all, unless you want to go into the sport scientifically, or to get up contests for prizes, the fewer rules you have the better. Let common-sense be your guide, and you will be pretty sure to come out all right in the end.

As to the outfit required for 'cross-country running, little needs to be said. Every runner has his own views about what suits him best. In runs for exercise, knicker-bockers, stout shoes, heavy woollen stockings, and a flannel shirt are usually worn. The stockings should be heavy, so as to resist being torn by thorns and briars, and the sleeves of the shirt ought to be of a good length for the same reason. In club runs, experts who are in for making the greatest possible speed sometimes wear light shirts with no sleeves, and regular running shoes without any stockings. They reach home with their arms and legs scratched and torn from contact with bushes and twigs, and their knees bruised from climbing over stone walls. This sort of thing may be all very well for those who make labor of their recreation, but it does not pay for the amateur sportsman. Be contented with getting exercise, and let others look after the records.

While speaking of 'cross-country running, it is interesting to recall the greatest race of the kind that ever occurred in this country. It was in the early days of the sport, at the time when those athletic clubs which had teams of 'cross-country runners each wanted to be regarded as the best exponent of the sport. The race was a club run over a marked course, and was held at Fleetwood Park. The Suburban Harriers had made quite a reputation for themselves as 'cross-country runners, their star man being E. C. Carter. The Manhattan Athletic Club also had a team of 'cross-country men, and felt jealous of their rival's fame. They therefore brought over from Ireland a famous 'cross-country runner, who has since become well known in American sport, Thomas P. Conneff, and challenged the Suburban Harriers. They felt all the more confident

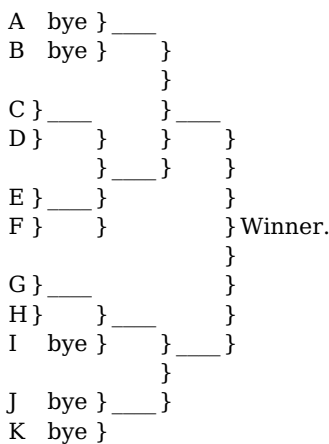
of victory because their imported runner had defeated Carter in a four-mile race in Dublin a few months before.

The race started with about seventy competitors, but Carter and Conneff soon drew out of the bunch, and pulled rapidly away from the others. The spectators paid little attention to this crowd; their interest was centred in the duel between the two cracks. Conneff let Carter take the lead and set the pace, and he followed along at his heels. It was plain that he had made up his mind to dog his rival, and to depend upon a burst of speed at the finish to win. Carter, on the other hand, seems to have determined to outrun his opponent all the way, if possible—to lead him such a hard chase that there would be no speed left in him at the finish. Over the entire course the two men retained their respective distances and positions. The field was soon left far in the rear. At last they entered on the final mile around the Fleetwood track. Both men looked wearied by their hard run, but it was impossible to judge even then which must win in the end. They travelled half-way around the track, and then had to pass behind a low hillock, which hid them from the sight of the spectators. All were watching with the greatest excitement the spot where the track again came into view. Carter came out from behind the elevation trotting doggedly on. All looked for Conneff, but Conneff was not to be seen. The gap behind Carter widened, and Conneff came not. He had done his best; but he was not strong enough, and he had gone to pieces. He had dropped to the ground back of the hill, unable to move another step.

A big race, such as that, is most exciting; but just as much sport can be had by less able runners. Several of the colleges, notably Harvard and Yale, have hare and hounds in the fall—although I do not believe there were ever any inter-collegiate contests in that branch of sport. If the schools should take it up in New York or Boston, the men would soon find that these runs out into the country are worth the trouble, and full of living interest. Fancy trotting across Long Island, or through Westchester, or up the Hudson, or out beyond Cambridge, if you live in Boston, and through all that delightful Massachusetts country where the British first introduced 'cross-country running about 120 years ago.

Since writing about the scoring of games and the arrangement of tennis tournaments last week, I have been asked to tell of a good system of drawings. The easiest and fairest way is to write the name of every player on a separate slip of paper, and drop these into a hat. Shake the slips well, so that they will get thoroughly mixed, then draw them out one by one, writing down each name as it appears. The names, of course, are written down the page in a column, one under the other. If there are several men from the same club entered for the tournament, it is best to make the drawing from several hats, placing all the names of players from one club in the same hat. This prevents them from coming together in the early rounds of the tournament. The idea is to arrange the players in the first round so that they will form a group of 2, 4, 8, 16, or any power of 2. When there is an odd number of entries a preliminary round must be introduced, in which the extra players contest for a place in the first round.

This arranges matters so that in the preliminary round the number of matches played will always equal the number of extra entries. Perhaps the following diagram, which was gotten up by Dr. James Dwight, will make the question a little more clear:



The byes, or positions in the first round, are usually given to those whose names come out of the hat first and last. If the number of byes is uneven, the odd one goes to the first.

The Interscholastic Tennis Tournament will no doubt be held this year during the first week of the single championships at Newport. This begins Tuesday, August 20th, and so the school-players will no doubt get on to the courts about Friday or Saturday following. From present indications the Interscholastics this year will be one of the important features of tournament week, and better players will represent the schools than ever before. More men have already entered than for any previous Newport interscholastic tournament, and several cracks have not yet been heard from.

As in matters of this kind generally, I believe that players should always be well supported by their adherents. As many scholars as possible should make it a point to be at Newport when the tournament is going on to cheer the scholastic players. If the tennis men feel that their own friends and classmates are as much interested in their individual work as if they were a football team or a baseball team, they will surely strive harder and accomplish more.

In spite of the fact that we are in the middle of the summer, with the track-athletic season several weeks behind us, the interest in the formation of a general interscholastic athletic association seems to be just as lively as ever. I judge this from the number of letters I receive every week. Some of these letters are short, approving the scheme, and hoping for its fulfilment; others are long, suggesting new ideas, or taking exception to theories that have already been advanced. All are interesting, and many have offered valuable suggestions. I should like to print some of these communications, and, no doubt, some time during the coming month the Department will be able to devote some space to that purpose.

The summer-time is not the best for a discussion of this kind, and for that reason I have felt somewhat inclined to let the matter drop for the present. It is not desirable that it should drop out of sight altogether,



however—although there is scant danger of that—and so, even without any hope of achieving an immediate result, I shall now and then take up the subject. A number of readers in various localities have sent me pictures of the tracks in their neighborhood, and descriptions of the good points of each. It will be interesting when all counties are heard from to compare notes, and see what suggestions can be made to the committee that will have the question of locality to decide. There seems to be a growing opinion that New York would be the best city in which to hold the meeting, not only on account of the good tracks available here, but because there are better facilities for transportation to and from and within the city, and also because there are more well-known athletes and officials here whose services could be availed of. To my great surprise, few of the distant leagues find any objection to travelling any number of hours, in view of the great meet there would be after they reached their destination.

THE GRADUATE.

[Pg 731]

## PRIZE-STORY COMPETITION.

### THIRD-PRIZE STORY.

#### The Beverley Ghost. By Jenny Mae Blakeslee.

##### I.

The old Beverley place was haunted. At least that is what everybody said, and when "everybody" says a thing is so of course it *is* so, especially in a little town like Elliston.

There certainly was a singular melancholy air brooding over this old mansion, although it had been deserted only for about five years. The heir to the property, young Henry Beverley, had gone abroad on the death of his father, leaving the place unoccupied, and his stay had been unexpectedly prolonged.

The house was a stately structure of stone, and would seem a safe place in which to store the valuables that, according to rumor, had been left there—old family plate, rich mahogany furniture, and costly bric-à-brac. Reports of all this had aroused the spirit of covetousness in the breasts of at least the less scrupulous of the neighboring villagers. A rumor, however, that the late Mr. Beverley's shade made nightly visitations to guard his son's possessions had probably so far kept away these would-be burglars, if such existed.

Farmer Bagstock stood, one August afternoon, in the doorway of Mr. Smythe's little store—one of the kind that keeps the whole range of necessities from muslin to mowing-machines. His thin sawlike features wore an expectant expression, and his eyes were lightened by a look of cunning and greed as he occasionally glanced down the road. Farmer Bagstock was not rich in this world's goods, and the nature of his efforts to become so might, it is feared, damage his prospects in the next. His patient waiting was at last rewarded, for a long lank figure presently appeared far down the street, evidently making for Mr. Smythe's establishment.

When this individual, known as Hoke Simpkins, mounted the steps the farmer greeted him in a rather surly way.

"Ben waitin' long enough, I should think."

"Couldn't git here no sooner, 'pon my word," responded Hoke, apologetically.

After a word or two with the talkative storekeeper, Bagstock bestowed a wink upon his friend, and suggested that they "walk down the road a piece." Hoke complied, and presently they left the highway and entered a small piece of woodland. Following the course of a brook for some distance, they reached an immense oak-tree and seated themselves underneath it. The surrounding underbrush and the oak's thick trunk concealed them from the view of any one who might chance to pass along by the stream.

##### II.

A short time before this, James Stokes, one of the village boys, came down to the brook to try his luck at trout-fishing. The afternoon was sultry and rather cloudy, and it was probable that the fish would bite, if there were any there. But these contrary trout evidently turned up their noses at his tempting flies, and at last he gave up in despair. But Jimmy would not relinquish all hope of a "catch" yet, so he wandered further up the stream. He walked quite noiselessly for fear of scaring the fish, and at last halted just back of a large oak-tree. Before he had had time to cast his fly Jimmy heard the sound of men's voices speaking in low and cautious tones. Now he was a typical small boy, and of a shrewd and inquiring turn of mind, so he dropped quietly down on the bank and listened, screening himself from possible observation by getting behind a large stump. Soon he caught a sentence which made him hold his breath to hear more.

"Waal," slowly said a voice which he could not at first recognize, "the only thing is, we'll haf ter break a winder. I found everythin' fastened when I skirmished round t'other night."

"It 'ud make an awful racket, breakin' the glass. 'Twould be better to take a pane out, I reckon," answered the other man.

Jimmy was quite certain that this speaker was Hoke Simpkins.

"Yaas, it might," said the other, meditatively; "that big winder at the end of the hall."

"Folks say there's piles o' silver and things worth a heap o' money. How I'd like to get holt on it!"

And Jimmy knew that Farmer Bagstock had spoken.

"Don't see why we can't cut out a pane right under the ketch. Then we c'n raise the winder in a jiffy."

"Waal, it might do that way," answered Bagstock. "What d'ye say to next Monday night? That ain't too soon,

be it?"

Hoke said he thought not.

"Then," went on the farmer, "we want dark lanterns, and," with a chuckle, "I don't think an old meal-bag or flour-sack 'u'd be onhandy. We could git there about nine, cut the pane aout, then go off fur a spell, fur if any one was a-lookin' it 'u'd throw 'em off the scent. After a consid'able space we could sneak back and git in. Thar, how's that for a scheme?" he finished, triumphantly.

"Fine," said Hoke, admiringly. But he added, rather slowly, "Folks say old Beverley's spook's around there, y'know, but I ain't afraid, be you?"

"Spooks!" laughed Bagstock, scornfully. "They ain't no sech thing. Ef there was, they couldn't hurt *us*."

Both were rather silent for a moment, however, after this brave speech, and soon the farmer suggested that they had said enough for the present, and might as well move on. They rose to leave their retreat, and Jimmy made himself as small as possible back of the stump. As he was on the other side of the brook from the men, they passed by without seeing him, and were presently lost to his view.

Then Jimmy rose to his feet, shook himself, looked around, and gave vent to his feelings by a long whistle and the exclamation, "Jiminy Christmus, if I could only—"

He stopped short, seeming to remember that "discretion is the better part of valor," and that some one might be listening to hear what *he* was going to say. So he only walked away very slowly, almost forgetting to pick up his fishing-tackle in his absorption. On arriving home he laid his rod on the front porch, and without lingering a moment, dashed across the lawn, got through a hole in the fence, and then raced across lots to the village store. He encountered his bosom friend Will Smythe in front of his father's establishment, and greeted him excitedly.

"Hullo, Bill! I've got something to tell you. Quick! Come over to the orchard; I can't wait a minute."

Full of curiosity Bill followed Jimmy's lead, and they were soon in their favorite haunt, an old apple-tree.

"Now," said Jiminy, "wait till you hear what I have to tell you. Whew! It's immense!"

Billy was breathless with interest, and Jim unfolded the plot he had heard. Will became as excited as his friend could wish, and exclaimed:

"The scoundrels! Can't we head them off?"

"If we could only hit on something without letting any one know. That miserly Bagstock! Father always said he wouldn't trust him with a dime, and Hoke Simpkins would do anything Bagstock told him to. He's a coward, anyway."

Billy was lost, in thought. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Hurrah! I have it. Just the thing." In his eagerness he nearly fell out of the tree. When he had managed to tell his plan it met with tremendous applause from Jimmy. What came of Will's bold inspiration remains to be seen.

### III.

Monday evening was moonless, just the night for a reckless deed. The conspirators thought that they were especially favored. By nine both were at the meeting-place, and repaired in silence to the old house. The night was one of the kind that ghosts usually select for a promenade, and this thought may have occurred to the minds of the farmer and Hoke. Each assured himself that such an idea was nonsense, but just the same this delicate subject was not mentioned.

The window being found, Bagstock proceeded to pry out the pane. Then both, after glancing cautiously about, stole away to Simpkins's house, which was not far distant. It was fully an hour before they returned and viewed the window. All was as they had left it, and Bagstock said, in a hoarse whisper,

"Now, then, you climb in first."

Hoke drew back a little. The house, somehow, looked unusually dismal.

"What, you ain't afraid, be you?" ejaculated the farmer.

Hoke said, "Of course not," but for some unaccountable reason his voice shook slightly. He consented to be boosted up, and inserting his hand in the opening, easily undid the catch and raised the lower sash. Both of them would have been seized with consternation had they imagined that but a short time before other hands than their own had made the same use of this very window.

Now, Hoke was an awkward youth, and in climbing over the sill his foot caught, which very shortly deposited him on the floor. This mishap added to his misgivings, but he picked himself up and helped in the impatient Bagstock. They were now inside the walls which sheltered the coveted treasure. What to do next?

With the aid of their dark lanterns they groped along the hall, which ran from front to back, as in most old houses built in the colonial style. Poor Hoke found his knees beginning to shake in a distressing manner. Any corner might suddenly reveal something to strike them with terror. If he had not discarded his hat before entering it would have been at present resting on the ends of his abundant crop of hair. He was obliged to catch hold of the farmer to steady himself, which called forth a growl from that quarter, for Bagstock was having all he could do to stifle some little misgivings of his own.

"Where the dickens," he muttered, "can the things—"

He stopped suddenly. The hall was wide as well as long, and they had now nearly reached the front end. At one side stood a large heavy chest, suggestive of riches stored, perhaps, in its depths. Near it was a heap of furniture and rubbish. Bagstock had taken a step forward, and almost had his hand on the chest, when his lantern flashed on something. This "something" made his knees shake more, his hair rise higher, and his eyes bulge out further than Hoke's ever thought of doing. Seated on that very chest was an object in white, perfectly motionless, its head evidently turned toward the men. The farmer was transfixed with horror, and what Hoke was undergoing at that moment may be imagined but not described. He only gave vent to a kind

of howl and dropped with a thud on the floor. Bagstock looked as though his shaky knees would oblige him to follow Hoke's example, when suddenly the figure moved. It rose slowly, slowly, to its full height, raised one long arm, and pointing to the chest, said, in low, blood-curdling tones:

*"Yonder lies the treasure. Beware! Touch it not, or ye die!"*

They waited to hear no more. Somehow they reached that window by a succession of bumpings and scrapings, and finally, with a particularly heavy and emphatic thump, Hoke found himself on the ground. Before he could struggle up the farmer was on top of him. After they had extricated themselves it did not take long for both to put a good half-mile between themselves and the haunted house.

A rumor that two men had attempted to burglarize the Beverley house, but had been nearly frightened out of their wits by the famous ghost, and taken themselves off in terror, caused much excitement in the village. The names of the two men no one seemed able to find out, but Bill Smythe and James Stokes had many a laugh in private over the sheepish look which the faces of Farmer Bagstock and Hoke Simpkins always wore when the subject of the burglary was mentioned.

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## HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

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

[Pg 732]



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.

In No. 812 we published a map of Staten Island, showing the run across the Island to Tottenville. It was a route which we then called attention to as a good short ride within the reach of any New-Yorker for a Sunday afternoon or a holiday spin. This bicycle route from St. George's to Tottenville is also, however, the first stage in a run to Philadelphia, which in many ways is as pleasant a tour as any one in the vicinity of New York city or Philadelphia could well take.

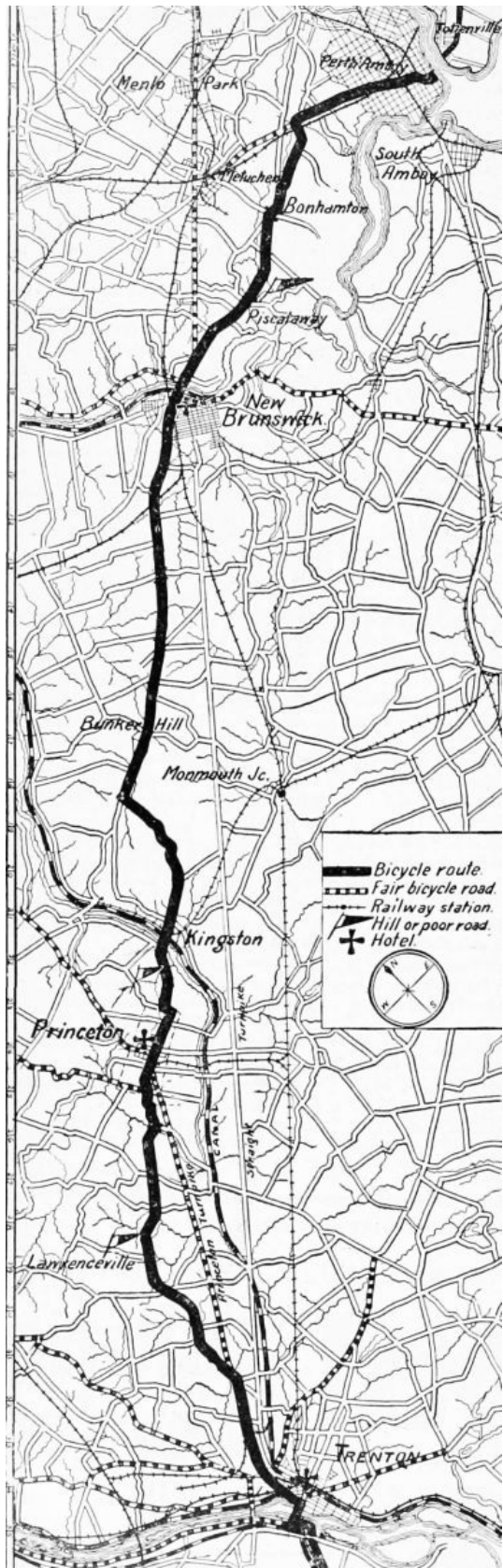
The Map this week takes up the route from Tottenville and carries it on to Trenton, New Jersey, a distance of thirty-five or thirty-six miles. As a matter of fact, if you are planning to take the Philadelphia tour, it is wise to make a night stop at New Brunswick instead of Tottenville. Then, by stopping at Trenton the next night, the third day will bring you into Philadelphia. As has often been said in this Department, these distances are not for "scorchers" or old and long-distance riders. They are for people—young people especially—who are riding for the fun of riding, and who

will find much more amusement if they take the runs which have been proved to be the best in their vicinity. And, by-the-way, no readers need be angry because the maps so far have been all in the vicinity of New York. As time goes on it is our purpose to treat the neighborhood of Philadelphia and Boston as we have treated New York, and then to cover territory in the vicinity of other cities also.

This run to Philadelphia can be made in one day by a good man. It can be done in two days with less than fifty miles each day; but if you are wise, and if you want to see the country, and get some pleasure out of the ride, do it slowly and take three days. Crossing the ferry at Tottenville, Staten Island, you run out of Perth Amboy direct, bearing right in a diagonal fashion one block. This will bring you in a short time to the Metuchen road, and this should be kept to for about four miles beyond Perth Amboy. Here, instead of keeping on into Metuchen, you will save distance and get a better road by turning to the left to Woodville, and then running through Bonhamton, Piscataway, into New Brunswick. This is about twenty-six miles from St. George's, and a good place to stop for the night is the Palmer House. Running out of New Brunswick you cross the bridge, and, passing out Albany Street, turn to the left and go through Franklin Park, Bunker Hill, into Kingston; thence, crossing the bridge, keep to the left, and run on into Princeton, where a pleasant stop may be made at the Princeton Inn. From New Brunswick to Kingston is largely down hill and is thirteen miles, and from thence to Princeton is three miles further.

From Princeton to Trenton is thirteen miles, the road being of clay and shale, and pretty good if not too wet. Keeping to the road running along in front of the Princeton Inn the rider runs into Lawrenceville, about five miles out, and from here he makes direct for the old Trenton Turnpike. Turning left into this his road is straight to Trenton, a distance of six miles from Lawrenceville and twenty-nine miles from New Brunswick, the road being on the whole a gentle decline all the way, with occasional small but no bad hills.

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. Hudson to Albany in No. 819.



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(Signed) FRANZ VOGT, *Individual Judge.*

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

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

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---

### Suggestions for that Gala Night.

So many want to know how to have that "Gala Evening" that we print the directions.

It is intended for out-of-doors—a lawn or vacant lot. If need be, build a platform 16 by 20 feet, but where the grass is smooth this may not be necessary. Get evergreens from the woods for "scenery," and use two pairs of portières sewed together for a curtain. For music use an upright piano, if nothing better offers; for lights use lanterns—head lights, if you can get them; and for seats borrow benches from a church or hall, or they may easily be made from some borrowed lumber.

A capital programme will be a pantomime and a farce. Nobody has anything to learn in the former, so if you want to get it all up in two nights' practice select two pantomimes. Here are some good ones: "The Mistletoe Bough," to be had of French & Son, 28 West 23d Street, New York, price 15 cents; and "Aunt Betsy," "Priscilla," and "Dresden China," Harper & Brothers, New York, price 5 cents each. If you can try a farce, get "A Ticket to the Circus" or "The Tables Turned," Harper & Brothers, price 5 cents each, or "Who's Who?" "Turn Him Out," "The Delegate," "Quiet Family," or "Beautiful Forever," price 15 cents each, to be had of French.

An ideal programme is "The Mistletoe Bough," followed by either "A Ticket to the Circus" or "Who's Who?" The former takes eighteen or twenty; the latter four. A good way is to send for one copy of several farces and pantomimes, then read and select what is best suited to your needs.

Sell your tickets in advance at 25 cents each. When they are presented, give a small blue or red check, which you explain is good for a plate of cream after the performance. Let the ice-cream man attend to all details, and you cash all his checks next day at 5 cents each. He will do this, and your guests will be satisfied.

Do not fear an element of discord from the neighborhood small boy because the performance is out-of-doors, nor need you fear people will come in without paying if you have no rope stretched. You will have no trouble from these sources. The thing is novel, being out-of-doors. There is no rent to pay. The ice-cream to be had free will draw if you advertise it. And, by confining your programme to pantomimes, you can learn all in two evenings. Even farces take little longer, and you cannot fail in rendering them.

One member asks if Chapters *have* to help the School Fund. Our Order has no "have tos." A company of young persons might give the "Gala Evening," present a small sum to the Fund or some other charity, and with the balance get each one taking part HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for one year. But of course you do as you please with your own. The gala evening or gala afternoon is the thing.

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## Making Small Journals.

The Table is much interested in amateur journalism, and is able to print herewith two morsels that may be of benefit to all. Ralph T. Hale is co-editor with F. W. Beale, of the *Amateur Collector*, 11½ Spring Street, Newburyport, Mass., and Edward Lind edits the *Jug*, Box 633, East Oakland, Cal., and is greatly interested in the National Press Association. Both papers are models, the Table thinks, of what play journals should be. Of course Sir Ralph may send us that natural history morsel. He writes:

"When a person has decided to publish an amateur paper, he first prepares a 'dummy' showing the size of his pages and their number, the number of columns on a page, the place where he intends to print his sub-heading and editorials, and the amount of space he intends to give to advertisements. Then he goes round among his friends and asks their subscriptions, and likewise solicits advertisements from his business acquaintances. Having established his paper on a comparatively firm financial basis, he next proceeds to prepare copy for his first issue, first consulting a printer as to prices which he should pay for a good job. After he has published his first number it is much easier to secure subscriptions and advertisements, as he has a paper to show to doubtful persons.

"The prices for printing depend largely on the quality of work and the size and number of papers printed. Printers will generally print five hundred papers at about the same price as that asked for one hundred. Remember that it is the amount of type which a printer has to set which decides the price. Sometimes the price is as high as seven or eight dollars per hundred, and again it is as low as two dollars and a half for five hundred.

"Of course, if you are lucky enough to have a press of your own, the cost of an amateur paper is not so large, but for a boy busy with school-work it pays better in the end to hire the greater part of his printing done. The size of an amateur paper is one of the most important points to be considered. It should not be too large, for then it has an overgrown appearance, nor yet too small. A medium size is preferable. Good sizes are 8 by 5½ inches, and 7 by 10 for each page. I am very much interested in botany, and would like to correspond on that subject. May I write again on natural history?

"RALPH T. HALE."

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As there are amateur papers, there are also amateur printers. As a rule, these printers do good work for a much less price than professional printers charge. Perhaps the cheapest amateur printer is M. R. King, of Cobleskill, N. Y. Mr. King will print 500 copies of a paper, size page of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for \$1 per page. The National Amateur Press Association convenes at Chicago July 16-18. The ticket below is the one favored most by the Pacific coast: For President, David L. Hollub, of San Francisco; for First Vice-President, C. W. Kissinger, of Reading, Pa.; for Recording Secretary, A. E. Barnard, of Chicago, Ill.; for Corresponding Secretary, E. A. Hering, of Seattle, Wash.; for Treasurer, Alson Brubaker, of Fargo, N. D.; for Official Editor, Will Hancock, of Fargo, N. D.; for Executive Judges, C. R. Burger, Miss E. L. Hauck, and J. F. Morton, Jun.

The Pacific coast is the most active amateur centre in the world. There are thirty-four amateur papers in San Francisco. Seattle has a live amateur press club of thirty members. I

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## Kinks.

### No. 89.—AN ARBORET FROM THE POETS.

#### FOR SPRING-TIME.

1.

"Swelled with new life the darkening — on high  
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky."

2.

"On all her boughs the stately — cleaves  
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves."

3.

"Far away from their native air  
The — — their green dress wear;  
And — swing their long, loose hair."

4.

"The — spread their palms like holy men in prayer."

5.

"The wild — — waste their fragrant stores  
In leafy islands walled with madrepores  
And lapped in Orient seas,  
When all their feathery palms toss, plume-like, in the breeze."

6.

field."  
"Give to Northern winds the — — on our banner's tattered

7.

"The — dreamy Titans roused from sleep—  
Answer with mighty voices, deep on deep  
Of wakened foliage surging like a sea."

8.

"The — —, tall and bland,  
The ancient —, austere and grand."

9.

"The —'s whistling lashes, wrung  
By the wild winds of gusty March."

10.

"Take what she gives, her —'s tall stem,  
Her — with hanging spray;  
She wears her mountain diadem  
Still in her own proud way."

11.

"Look on the forests' ancient kings,  
The —'s towering pride."

12.

"O — —. O — —!  
How faithful are thy branches!  
Green not alone in summer-time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime!"



## Answers to Kinks.

No. 87.—Book-worm—Bookworm.

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No. 88.—A Study in Cats: 1. Cat-alogue. 2. Cat-aclysm. 3. Cat-amaran. 4. Cat-fall. 5. Cat-block. 6. Cat-salt. 7. Cat-achresis. 8. Cat-erpillar. 9. Cat-aract. 10. Cat-ling. 11. Cat-aplasm. 12. Cat-echism. 13. Cat-afalque. 14. Cat-acomb. 15. Cat-o'-nine-tails. 16. Cat-adupe. 17. Cat-alepsy. 18. Cat-sup. 19. Cat-tle. 20. Cat's-foot. 21. Cat-acoustics. 22. Cat-aphonics. 23. Cat-aphrect. 24. Cat-echumen. 25. Cat-silver. 26. Cat-nip. 27. Cat-apult. 28. Cat-agmatic, 29. Cat-enation. 30. Cat-egory. 31. Cat-gut. 32. Cat-kin.

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## The Helping Hand.

The Harry Harper Chapter, of Newtown, Conn., gave an entertainment the other evening in aid of the School Fund. It scored a success, of course, though at this writing it is too early to have a report of the proceeds. The Table thanks the Chapter and gives the programme, that others may adapt it to their purposes. The Chapter had the help of an older person in Mr. Andrews, who gave many hints, decided hard questions, and on the programme gave a talk on "Mother Hubbard." There was an introduction by Curtis Morris, who told about Good Will, the Order, and the Chapter. A solo followed, "Ten Little Nigger Boys," by Charlie Jonas, and Katie Houlihan gave a recitation. Arthur Platt rendered well a violin solo, and the entertainment concluded with a very funny farce, *The Frog Hollow Lyceum*.

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## The Order's New Patents.

Late applicants for Patents in the Round Table Order are asked to wait a few days for responses. Patents of the new design are being prepared and will, of course, be sent as soon as possible.

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## More About Young Journalists.

Two of the most creditable specimens of amateur journals that have come to the Table in a long time are the *Club Register*, 51 Third Ave., Long Branch, N. J., and the *Markletonian*, Markleton, Pa. The latter, published by Fred G. Patterson, is about as neat in appearance as any amateur paper we ever saw. He wants contributors, and will send a sample free. Harris Reed, Jun., president of the Nineteenth Century Club (Chapter 604), of Philadelphia, is much interested in the *Register*. This paper wants contributors, and the Club wants members. Sir Harris's address is 1119 Mt. Vernon St.

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## Questions and Answers.

W. H. LEGGETT.—What you have made is a truss, not slings at all. Slings are chains running from a mast-head cap down through the hounds, and are used to support a lower yard which is fastened to the mast by a truss, and is not intended to be raised or lowered. A yard which is to be hoisted and lowered should be secured to the mast by a parral of leather, and should be raised by lifts and halyards. (2.) Clew-lines lead from the deck through a clew-block under the yard, and through the clewline block in the sail, the standing part being taken between the head of the sail and the yard, and made fast to the arm of the truss. (3.) Lead the braces to the main-top. (4.) Your dimensions are not good, unless your draught is to be increased by a heavy lead keel. Your proportion of more than five beams to the length is bad. She ought to have more beam—say, sixteen inches. The capstan ought to be on the fore-castle-deck. The dimensions of spars are good.

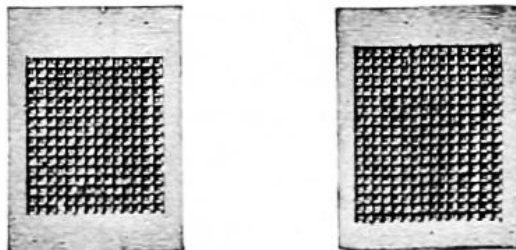
FRANK J. SMYTH.—Such a set of rules as you ask for would occupy too much space in this paper. The racing rules of the American Model Yacht Club were printed in *Forest and Stream* for November 24, 1894. Send ten cents and postage to the office of that paper, 318 Broadway, and get a copy.

HERBERT ARNOLD.—Dimensions of a good dory would be sixteen feet long on the bottom, seventeen feet over all, three feet six inches wide on the bottom amidships, four feet eight inches wide at the gunwale amidships, and two feet deep. You could not have a safer boat in any waters.

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# STAMPS

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.



Quite a number of inquiries have come to me as to what is "embossing" or "grilling." Both words mean the same thing in philately. Above are two illustrations from the 1867-68 stamps. It seems at one time the government feared that cancelled postage-stamps could be used a second time. They therefore adopted (in 1867) a method of impressing or embossing on the backs of the stamps after they had been gummed a series of small squares, each square having a sharp point. The idea was that these points or squares would break the fibre of the paper, so that the gum and cancellation ink would go right through the stamp, and thus make a second use impossible. At first the entire stamp was grilled, and these are now quite rare, and the 3c.-stamps are worth about \$20 used, or \$25 unused. This was soon given up, and a grill measuring 13 x 16 millimeters was used. These stamps were in turn soon discontinued, and are now scarce, this 3c.-stamp is worth \$5 used, \$20 unused. The grills were then reduced to 11 x 13 mm. and 9 x 13 mm. Of the first variety of grills the 1, 2, 3, 10, 12, and 15c. are found. Of the latter all values from 1 to 90c. are found. In 1869 the new issue of stamps brought a still smaller grill into use, 9½ x 9½ mm. Then in 1870 the new issue had a grill 9 x 11½ mm. The 1, 2, and 3c. of this issue are common, but all the other values are rare, especially the 12c. and 24c., which are worth from \$25 to \$35 each. In 1871 a grill, 8½ x 10½, was used on the 1, 2, and 3c. only, but soon discontinued, and since then no U. S. stamps have been so made. Peru used the same grills on some stamps, but has also discontinued the practice. A number of double grills and odd-sized grills are known, and are much sought after by specialists.

H. M. POYNTER.—The 5-franc piece 1809, France, is sold by dealers at \$1.

L. A. D.—The 1861 and 1868 U. S. stamps are printed from the same dies in the same colors, but the 1868 are "grilled." An early number of the ROUND TABLE will contain illustrations of these grills. The Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador, etc., unused, are probably remainders.

F. EDGERTON.—Postmarks have no value.

J. G.—The quotation was on one million assorted, and the value depends altogether on the number of varieties in each lot. Apply to any dealer.

HAROLD SIMONDS.—The stamps are part of the "Jubilee" issue of New South Wales, all of which bear the inscription, "One Hundred Years." They were issued in 1888 to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the first settlement made in 1788.

F. M. L.—The half-dollar without rays is the scarce one. The coins mentioned do not command a premium.

---

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[Pg 736]



**TWO OF A KIND.**

---

## AN APPEAL.

I wish you would buy me a wheel, daddy dear,  
Oh, really and truly I do.  
It's worth quite a million of dollars to me,  
And costs but twelve dollars for you.

And nothing I know of in all of this world,  
No matter how hard I may think,  
So easily keeps me from mischief at home,  
Like cutting up pranks with your ink.

So buy me a bicycle, papa, I pray,  
A wheel that will spin like a breeze,  
And keep me from getting in trouble in-doors;  
I am truly so anxious to please.

---

Patrick had a nice little trade in ice in the small town of B—, and everything progressed smoothly, until one day a rival set up business, and by degrees took Pat's customers away. Patrick was very mad and swore vengeance, but was at a loss how to accomplish the matter. At last he hit upon a plan, and immediately proceeded to put it into execution.

He visited each of the customers he had lost, and solemnly assured them that his rival only sold warm ice.

---

A theatrical manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler explosion. When the manager heard of it he remarked to his agent, "I am sick of this sort of thing. Advertise him, as usual, and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star Mr. D— will appear in *several* parts."

---

BOBBY. "I wish the Lord had made the world in two days."

JACK. "Why?"

BOBBY. "Then we'd have had three Sundays a week."

---

## AT THE CAT SHOW.

MRS. S. "What is the name of your cat?"

MRS. W. "Claude."

MRS. S. "Why do you call it Claude?"

MRS. W. "Because it scratched me."

---

An old darky lived in the South who was a great barterer, and it was very hard to beat him on a trade. It seems he had sold a mule, guaranteeing him faultless. The purchaser shortly after came back in a great rage, and said,

"Look here, you rascal, that mule you sold me is blind in one eye; you assured me he had no faults."

"Dat's right, sah; dat mule habe no faults. If he am blind in one eye, dat am his misfortune, not his fault."

---

"I think I ought to stay home from school to-day," said Bobbie.

"Why so, Bobbie?" asked his father. "You aren't ill, are you?"

"No, poppy; but I dreamed I was in school answering questions all last night, and I think I've had enough for one day," said Bobbie.

---

"Do you know your letters, Jack?"

"No, sir; but the postman does, and he always tells. I don't need to know 'em."

---

"Have you tried the ROUND TABLE bicycle maps, Wilbur?" asked Wilbur's father.

"Yes, I have," said Wilbur; "but the trouble is, daddy, sometimes I get 'em upside down, and sort of have trouble finding my way home."

## BABY ELEPHANT AND BUBBLES.



"Oh!"



"Ah!"



"My!"



"Eye!"

### FOOTNOTES:

[1] During the Revolution there were gangs of ruffians, little less than bandits, who spread terror through the region adjacent the field occupied by the armies. Within a radius of twenty miles from New York, then in possession of the British, these bands were dubbed Cowboys and Skinners, the first nominally Tories, the others Patriots, both outcasts, whose only thought was plunder.

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

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JULY 16, 1895 \*\*\*

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