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CORPORAL FRED.
A BOY'S AQUARIUM.
PERILS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.
THE SWEETMEAT AGE.
WINNING A WATERMELON.
A MEAN MAN.
JOHN KILBURNE'S FORT.
OAKLEIGH.
WHEN ROYALTY TRAVELS.
A CORRECTION.
DR. RAINSFORD'S ADVICE TO BOYS.
THE CAMERA CLUB
A RAINBOW TEA.
QUEER MONEY.
INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT
STAMPS
BICYCLING
THE PUDDING STICK

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CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

It was a warm June evening, and the family was taking the air on the back porch—father and mother, two stalwart young men, the elder sons, two slender girls, and a romping boy of nine—the little Benjamin of the tribe. It was a placid homelike group; father deep in the daily paper and his easy-chair, mother absorbed in chat with the girls even while keeping watchful eye on "the baby," the family's pet, pride, and torment by turns, and the two elder sons sitting on the edge of the porch, talking in low tone of an event that had called for no little discussion all over the neighborhood—the strike of the switchmen in the great freight yards only a block away. Five railway companies rolled their trains in and out of the thronging, far-spreading metropolis to the eastward—the great city whose hum and murmur were borne to them on the soft breeze sweeping inland from the cool blue bosom of the lake. For two miles along a number of parallel tracks were idly resting now by hundreds the grimy freight cars of a dozen lines, while the gleaming steel rails on the "through" tracks, kept cleared from end to end, were as silent, as deserted, as the long tangents over the boundless prairies miles to west and south, for, except on the mail trains, over the whole system since the stroke of five that afternoon not a wheel was turning. Never before in all their seven years of residence in this homelike little frame cottage had the Wallace household known such utter silence at "the yards." They missed the rush and roar of the great express engines, the clatter of the puffing little "switchers," the rumble and jar of the heavy freight trains, the dancing will-o'-the-wisp signals of the trainmen's lights, the clang of bell, and hiss of steam. There was something unnatural in the stillness, something almost oppressive, and mother and the girls, glad ordinarily to have both Jim and Fred at home, seemed weighted with a sense of something strained and troublous in the situation. Jim had been a railway man for several years, rising by industry, intelligence, and steadiness, to his present grade as a freight conductor. Fred, the younger, held a clerkship in the great "plant" of the Amity Wagon-works. He had received a good High-School education, while Jim's wages, added to his father's, had supported the family and built the little suburban home. The elder brother's hands were browned by long contact with grimy brake and blistering, sun-baked car roofs. The younger's were white and slender—hands that knew no labor other than the pen. Both boys were athletic and powerful; Jim, through long years in the open air and active, energetic life, Fred, through systematic training in the gymnasium and the camp and armory of the National Guard, for Fred had been three years a soldier in a "crack" city regiment, and the corporal's chevrons on his uniform were his greatest pride. Even in boy days he had begun his training in the cadet corps of the public school, where military drill, especially the "setting-up" system of the regular army, had been wisely added to the daily course of instruction; and while Jim's burly form was a trifle bowed and heavy, Fred's slender frame was erect, sinewy, and, in every motion, quick and elastic. "Jim could hug the breath out of you, Fred, like a thundering big bear if he once got his arms around you, and Fred could dance all around and hammer you into pulp, Jim, while you were trying to grip him," was the way the father expressed it, and old Wallace knew young men in general and his own boys in particular as well as might be expected of the clear-eyed, shrewd-headed veteran that he was. He himself had served the Great Western railway faithfully from the days when it was only the struggling Lake Shore, and now as a first-class mechanic in the repair shops he was a foreman whom officials and operators alike respected. He had lived a sober, honest, industrious life, had reared his family on the principle of mind your own business and pay as you go, and was looking forward to retiring within a year or two, and giving his aching old bones the rest they deserved, and enjoying the fruits of his life of toil, when the long-predicted irruption began with

the strike ordered by the Switchmen's Union.

With anxious face Mr. Wallace was reading the newspaper accounts of the stormy meetings held the previous night and well along into the dawning day. Some of the men involved were his life-long friends, others of them he had known many years. Their names were not among those of the speakers whose fiery oratory had finally prevailed. They were of the silent, almost passive element, which, largely in the majority at first, found itself little by little swinging over under the lash of the more aggressive, and at last giving reluctant "aye" or sitting in moody silence rather than face the furious denunciation of the agitators that followed sharp on every "no." At two o'clock in the morning the members of the union, three-fourths of whom were originally bitterly opposed to the project, had passed a resolution that unless certain men discharged by the management of one of the five roads using the yards were reinstated by twelve o'clock that day they would quit work to a man, and tie up the business of that and all the others. At nine in the morning the committee had waited on the division superintendent with their ultimatum. The superintendent replied that the three men discharged were freight handlers who had refused to touch the contents of certain cars of the Air Line because of some unsettled disagreement between the officials of that line and their employees. "We know nothing of that matter," said the superintendent. "It is none of our business. We employed these men to handle any and all freight run into these yards, and we have no use for men who refuse to do so. They not only flatly refused to handle that Air Line stuff, but said they'd see to it that no one else did. That ended the matter so far as we're concerned. Now you come and demand that men be restored to work who not only will not work themselves, but will not let others work. You and I have grown up together, some of you, at least, in the employment of this road. You, Morton, and you, Toohey, were switchmen here under me when I was yard-master six years ago. You know and I know that what you ask is utterly absurd. No road can do business on any such principles as that. Even if these discharged men did not richly deserve their discharge, what affair is it of yours? You are switchmen. You've never had a grievance that I know of. You never would have come to me with such a demand in this world but that you had been bamboozled or bulldozed into it by fellows who have no earthly connection with you, and whose only business in life is to go round stirring up trouble among honest men, living on their contributions, and taking precious good care to keep out of the way when the clash comes. No, lads. I've been your friend, and you know it. Between you and injustice of any kind I'm as ready to stand to-day as ever before, but I'd be no friend of yours. I'd deserve your contempt as well as that of our employers and the whole people, if I allowed my freight handlers to dictate to me whose freight they should handle. Those men courted discharge and they got it. Out they went and out they stay if I have to handle every pound of freight myself."

There was dead silence a moment in the office. The committeemen stood uneasily before their old friend and chief; three of them looked as though they wished they hadn't come and wanted to quit, two were more determined. It was one of these who spoke.

"Then, Mr. Williams, you refuse to listen to our appeal for justice!"

Mr. Williams whirled around in his chair, sharply confronting the speaker; his clear blue eyes seemed to look him through and through, a flush almost of anger swept over his face a moment, and he waited before he spoke. He had picked up a ruler, and was lightly tapping the edge of the desk as he tilted back in his chair.

"Your name is Stoltz, I believe. I refuse nothing of the kind, and you know it. I have listened with more patience than it deserved. None of these, the old hands, would have hinted at such a thing, and if they and their fellows will take the advice of a man they've known ten years to your ten months they'll not again be led by a word-juggler. Now if there's any other matter any of the rest of you wish to bring up," and here the Superintendent looked frankly around upon the anxious, almost crest-fallen faces of the other men, "I'll listen to you gladly, but you, Stoltz, have been far too short a time an employé of the road to presume to speak for those who have served it almost as long as I have."

"Yes, and what have they got for it? Do they sit in a swell office, ride in parlor cars, drive fast horses, sport handsome clothes—" began Stoltz, sneeringly.

"That's enough, Stoltz. They know that with a railway as with an army the men can't all be generals and colonels. Say to your friends, boys," he continued, in kindly tone, "that when they want anything of the road hereafter they'll be far more apt to get it by coming themselves than by sending Stoltz. That's all, then."

"No, it isn't all!" declaimed Stoltz, angrily. "You haven't heard our side. If those three men ain't back in their places at twelve o'clock, we of the Switchmen's Union go out to a man," and the spokesman paused to let this announcement have its due effect. It had.

"So far as one of the Union is concerned he goes out here and now, and that one," said Mr. Williams, "is yourself. The others will, I hope, think twice before they act."

"You mean I'm discharged?"

"On the spot," said Mr. Williams, "and there is the door."

For hours that hot June day had the story of that interview sped from tongue to tongue. The managers of the Switchmen's Union had been shrewd and wise in naming as members of their committee three of the oldest, stanchest, and most faithful hands in the employ of the company. They were sure of a hearing. Then to do the aggressive, this comparatively new man, Stoltz, was named, together with a kindred spirit of less ability, and these two men were the backbone, so said the managers, of the first attack. Stoltz was a German-American of good education, though deeply imbued with socialistic theories, and a seductive, plausible speaker on the theme of the wrongs of the laboring man. It was he who, under the guidance of shrewd agitators and "walking delegates," had been most active and denunciatory at the switchmen's meetings. Honest laboring men are slow of speech, as a rule, and fluency often impresses them where logic would have no effect. The committee came away, two of them exultant and eager for the fray. They had been disdainfully treated, said they, sneered at, reviled, and one of them summarily "fired" as the result of this visit to the magnate. The others were gloomily silent. It was too late to recede. The javelin was already thrown. At the stroke of five every man on duty quietly quit his post. Many left the yard. Others, eager to see what the officials might do, remained. Stopped at the outskirts of the city, no trains came in. Only the evening mail crept out, its own crew manning the successive switches.

It was now 8.45, and barely dark. The western sky was still faintly illumined. Old Wallace could no longer read, and bent down to take a hand in the talk between his boys. Silence still reigned in the deserted yards. Men hovered in muttering groups, and watched the few officials who flitted about with lanterns in their hands. A rumor was going around that the management had determined to send out all the night passenger trains as usual, and the first of these should be along by ten o'clock. As Mr. Wallace bent over Jim's broad shoulder his wife and daughters ceased their low chatter. Evidently something was on the old man's mind.

"There's no danger of its spreading to your people, is there, Jim? Would you go out if they did?"

"Father," said the young man, slowly, "you know the ties by which we are bound. Suppose now that Fred's regiment were ordered out, would you ask him would he go?"

Old Wallace looked graver still. "I consider that a very different proposition," said he. "I was hoping—" he faltered, when a young fellow in soiled blue flannel garb slipped quietly in through the rear gate, and coming up to the freight conductor, said the two words,

"Wanted, Jim."

Jim's bronzed cheek turned a shade lighter.

"What hour?"

"At once."

And before the others could ask explanation of this scene a bicycle came flashing up to the same gate, and the tall rider dismounted and strode quickly toward the party. Young Fred's eyes glistened at sight of him.

"Orders, Sergeant?" he eagerly inquired.

"Yes. Notify your squad to make arrangements with their employers, and be ready to report at the armory at a moment's notice."

The two brothers stood facing each other a little later, then silently clasped hands. One at the beck of a secret protective organization, the other at the call of duty to State and nation, parted at their father's gate to go their separate ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOY'S AQUARIUM.

Boys who live in the city do not, perhaps, get quite the freedom of action and fun generally that a country boy can, but they do manage to have a pretty good time, even if they have to work a little harder for it. It is hard to keep pets in the city. Dogs need a lot of exercising, birds are apt to be a nuisance to the neighbors, if not to the boy's family, and yet pets are a necessity to every well-brought-up boy's happiness.

An aquarium is always dear to every boy's heart. And aquariums are not impossible in a city house. Fortunately they can be just as well taken care of in the city as in the country. A medium-sized aquarium which will hold quite a lot of stuff can be bought for $1.50 or $1.75. This must be filled with gravel or sand to the depth of four inches. In the sand must be, securely fastened, some water-grasses, which are for sale at any of the stores where fish are to be bought. The boys who succeed best with their aquariums are those who study the matter pretty thoroughly before they begin, and read up the scientific books of natural history. The simpler works of this sort contain any amount of practical information which any boy can apply to his own use.

A porous stone seems to be necessary in the middle of the aquarium. As for the placing of the water plants, they must be left to the boy's own taste and judgment. Indeed, the arrangement of the whole aquarium must be left to the boy who owns it. In this place I must stop and say that it is foolish for any boy to consult many of his playmates as to how the thing should be arranged, for when he has asked and received much advice, he will find that most of it is directly opposed to what he already knew, and besides is so varied as to be nearly useless. A glass tube for removing the manure from the sand must be kept beside the aquarium, if the scavengers, such as pollywogs and snails, fail to do their duty in cleaning up.

An extremely pretty aquarium has lately been fitted up by a boy about eleven years old. It is not a very large one, and stands on a small table near the window of his room—too near, it may be said, for the sun these summer days having unusual power has caused the untimely death of two many-tailed Japanese gold-fish and four extremely graceful little silver-fish. With the exception of this mortality, the death rate has been quite low. The original occupants of the aquarium before these recent deaths consisted of two pair of Japanese gold-fish, two pair of silver-fish, two pollywogs—one small one, who worked busily all day trying to do his share of the work in keeping the place clean, and one big fat pollywog, who sadly neglected his duty and spent his time trying to turn into a frog as quickly as he possibly could. Six snails, who were put in the aquarium to keep the glass clean, worked hard and satisfactorily in accomplishing their mission (in the beginning one snail was at first relegated to this work, but the task was beyond his power, and, after making a superhuman effort to go the whole round, he yielded up his life).

The water in the aquarium is changed twice a month, and when that is done the fish are lifted out very tenderly and carefully with a little scoop net, and put in a basin near by overnight, until every impurity of the sand shall have settled and the water is absolutely transparent. This performance is always one of deep anxiety, and requires unremitting attention to be sure that everything is replaced exactly as it was before, so that the fishes will know their home when they get back to it. There was a lizard put in this aquarium, to begin with, but he proved of a very quarrelsome disposition, and tried to bite the tails of the fish, so that he had to be removed to a basin, where he lives a life of solitude. The pleasure given by this little aquarium has far exceeded the outlay of money, and many a useful lesson in neatness and care has been learned in looking out for the needs of the fish.

ANNE HELME.

MOTHER. "Jack, why is it you have so many holes in your pockets?"

JACK. "I guess it's my money which burns through."

PERILS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

It was blowing half a gale from the southward and eastward, and the Captain said it would be worse before it was better. The *Mohawk* was plunging head first over the ragged seas, with a great roaring of thunderous foam under her hawseholes as she fell into the wide hollows, and a sickening upward swirl of her lean stem as she rose again to meet the reeling cliffs of water that swept down upon her out of the windward gloom. The streamer of brown smoke that rushed from her tall black funnel went wreathing and shuddering away to leeward, where it seemed to add a blacker tinge to the gray wall of the hard clouds. The sea was not yet torn to spoon-drift by the wind; but there was a huge under-running sweep of swell that made one think that bad weather lay behind the windward horizon.

Ever and anon the propeller would leap out of the water, and as it revolved in the air, set the ship full of rumbling quivers. Most of the passengers—and they were not many, for it was not one of the big "liners"—lay below decks in the unspeakable agony of early seasickness, for the ship was not long out, and had just reached the edge of the Newfoundland banks. A few of the ocean travellers, however, mostly men who had seen salt spray before, sat huddled in their rugs under the lee of the deck-house, conversing upon such cheering topics as collisions, and icebergs, and leaks. One who had not crossed the sea before, but who was free from sickness, said,

"I am told that we are now on the banks of Newfoundland, where foolish men go in small sailing-vessels to fish."

"Foolish you may well call them," said an old voyager, "for they lie there in thick weather and thin without making a sign of their presence. I remember once, steaming slowly through a dense fog on a great Cunarder, we heard the fog-horn of a single sailing craft, and presently that ceased. A minute later the fog lifted, and there were thirty sail of them within the circumference of a mile. I tell you, those fellows are—"

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout forward, and several passengers sprang to their feet. They knew that it was out of the common order of things on a merchant steamer to make a noise about a passing sail, such fussiness being left to men-of-war that have nothing more to do. They crowded to the rail of the ship, and far ahead they saw what seemed to be a small sloop staggering over the big seas under very scant canvas. The lookout and the officer on the bridge exchanged some words, from which the passengers learned that the sailor made the vessel out to be in distress.

"Call away the whale-boat!" cried the officer, and in a moment the boatswain's pipe was screeching, and three or four seamen trotted aft in their oilskins.

"A rescue!" exclaimed the new voyager. "I had no hope that I should ever be so fortunate as to see such a thing."

"I'm not so certain that you'll regard it as good fortune," said an old voyager. "Sometimes these things are tragic, especially in a rising gale, when your own boat's crew may be lost in the attempt."

"Do you think it may come to that?"

"Ay, man, it may in such a sea; but let us hope for the best. See, we are coming abreast of the cripple. But we must cross to the other side; our ship will go to windward of her." And marvelling at the old voyager's sea lore, the new one went with the others to the weather-rail, where the force of the gale came upon them and beat their breath back into their nostrils.

"Heaven's mercy!" exclaimed the new voyager, "but it is a sad sight."

She was a little schooner of some fifty tons. Her foremast had been carried away about ten feet above the deck, and had taken with it her jib-boom and her maintopmast. The forecastle deck was a litter of broken timbers and tangled cordage that washed pitiably from side to side as the waters rolled over the splintered rail, or sobbed through its gaping seams. The mainboom was lashed amidships, and a jib-headed storm trysail was sheeted aft. A spare jib had been set from the mainmast head to the stump of the foremast, and under these two cloths the poor maimed craft was desperately striving to keep her shattered head to the threatening seas. High up in the main rigging flew the United States flag, union down, poor Jack's red, white, and blue cry for help. There was an ominous heaviness about the fall of her bows into the restless hollows that told the Captain of the MOHAWK that she had not long to live.

"We'll send a boat for you," he roared down the wind, as his steamer slipped slowly ahead.

The hapless wretches on the schooner waved their hands and uttered a faint cheer. The whale-boat was lowered away when the *Mohawk* was half a mile to windward of the wreck. The buoyant little craft leaped over the waves, disappearing between them, and then tossing high in air on their foamy crests.

"It's all a wonder to me that she doesn't capsize," said the new voyager.

"A good whale-boat will outlive a poor ship," said the veteran.

THE PASSENGERS SAW THE WHALE-BOAT SWEEP DOWN UNDER THE STERN OF THE SCHOONER.

And now watching with their glasses the passengers saw the whale-boat sweep down under the stern of the schooner, and round up under her lee, while the bowman stood up and hurled a line to one of the schooner's people. By the aid of this the whale-boat was dropped under the lee quarter of the cripple, and at each upward swing of the smaller craft one of the shipwrecked marines contrived to tumble into her. Six men and a boy of some fifteen years they were. Meanwhile the steamer was dropped slowly down until she was within a fair pull of the schooner. The whale-boat came leaping and dancing over the seas, the men laying down their broad backs to the oars, and the white smoke of the spray flying on either bow. It was no small task to get the men out of the boat without crushing her like paper against the iron side of the steamer as it swung downward, yet by patience and seamen's skill it was accomplished. The whale-boat was hoisted to her davits, and the *Mohawk* resumed her voyage, while the shipwrecked men were taken below to be given warm drinks, food, and dry clothing.

"Will not their schooner drift about in the path of passing ships?" asked the new voyager.

"No, I fancy not," said the veteran; "she will—look!" At that instant the little schooner's stem rose high into the air, where it hung poised for a moment. Then she was swiftly absorbed by the pitiless sea, and her fluttering ensign made a bright spot above a patch of angry green for a moment and was gone.

"I never saw a sadder sight," said the new voyager, gazing with humid eyes upon the blank sea.

"There is none sadder," replied the veteran passenger.

They all returned to their snug seats under the lee of the deck-house, and for a long time were lost in meditation. Then the new voyager looked up and said, "I should like to hear their story."

"That is possible," answered the veteran; "come."

The Captain of the *Mohawk* was found and the request made. He sent for the skipper of the lost schooner, and said: "Do you feel able now to tell me your story? If so, these gentlemen also would like to hear it."

"Well, Captain," began the wrecked skipper, "it's a common enough story, that's a fact, sir, and I reckon it hasn't anything in it that you never heard before, though perhaps some of your passengers here never got nearer to it than a newspaper at a breakfast table. That was the schooner *Mary Anthony*, from Gloucester, and I'm her master—that is, I was—Joshua Clark by name, and the boy's my son on his first v'yage. That schooner was about all I had in the world, gentlemen, for I owned her myself, and when she went down a little while ago the hard work of seventeen years went down with her. But I s'pose I mustn't complain, because we take our lives and fortunes in our hands whenever we come out to the Banks to fish, and that's a fact. We got under way from Gloucester on as sweet a morning as ever you saw, gentlemen, with a whole-sail breeze from the southwest. The *Mary Anthony* was a smart sailer, though I do say it, and she wasn't long in getting the land below the horizon, and that's a fact. When we reached the Banks we found a fairly large fleet on the ground, and we were soon at work among the best of them. It isn't worth while trying to describe the mere matter of fishing to you, gentlemen, because, of course, that isn't what you want to hear about. It's enough for me to say that we'd been on the Banks three days and had very good luck before the accident befell us. I s'pose, Captain, you didn't see anything of a fog last night, did you?"

"No; we must have been well outside of it."

"Two steamers passed us before the fog set in, and of course they had no trouble keeping clear of the fleet. Yesterday afternoon I slipped away to the southward of the rest of them, some half a dozen miles, following a school of fish, and all of a sudden I saw the fog coming up. I made up my mind that there wasn't any use of going back, and so I lay to right where I was. The fog came down thicker than cheese, and not long afterward the heavy swell set in from the southward and eastward, and I knew there was weather brewing. So I had all the dories got aboard and stowed amidships. The swell kept on increasing, and the fog was so thick you couldn't see the length of the schooner. It was just after three bells in the midwatch when I heard a yell from my lookout. Before I could tumble out of my bunk there was a tremendous thump that threw me half-way across my cabin. I jumped on deck just in time to see the huge black hull of a steamer towering above us. She slipped away into the fog, and was gone. There were a few shouts from her deck, but we neither saw nor heard any more of her.

"I sprang forward to see what damage had been done. I found my little schooner had been mortally hurt, gentlemen, and that's a fact. The foremast, as you must have noticed, had been snapped off about ten feet above the deck, and had carried a lot of our rig with it. But that was not all. The wreckage from aloft had fallen so that something—the foretopmast, I suppose—had smashed our dories into kindling wood. I sent

my mate below, and he came back with the report that we were taking in water through half a dozen seams forward. I set two hands at work to try to stop the leaks, while the rest of us cleared away some of the wreckage. Meanwhile the swell had increased so that we were rolling dreadfully, and there was great danger that some one would be hurt by the loose timbers. I'm thankful, however, that we escaped that misfortune. Toward daylight the wind rose and blew the fog off. I saw that we were in for a blow, and I decided to run toward the land as long as I dared. I set the canvas that you saw, and started her off ahead of the gale. All hands were sent to the pumps, but in spite of our hardest work the water gained on us. The gale increased and the sea rose, and then I found that the schooner was so heavy with the water in her that she was in great danger of being pooped—that is, gentlemen, having a sea break over her stern and sweep her decks. That would have been the end of us, and not a soul would have known what had become of us, for, you see, we had no boats to take to, they being smashed. So there was nothing to do but to heave her to and wait, hoping that some ship might come along and take us off. Gentlemen, it's cruel hard to work at the pumps till your arms are numb and your back feels as if it were being cut with a saw, and still to know that your vessel is settling under you, and that in a short time she must go down. I tell you we cast mighty anxious looks around the horizon every time we rose on a sea; and we felt like cheering when we saw the smoke from your funnel down in the west. Then came another time of anxiety before we were sure you were coming our way, and even after that we weren't positive that you would take us off."

"What!" exclaimed the new voyager; "is it possible that there are men so inhuman as to leave fellow-creatures on a sinking vessel?"

"There are a few such fellows on the sea," said the Captain of the schooner; "but I don't think any of them sail under the flag that your Captain ran up to his peak when he saw our signal of distress."

THE SWEETMEAT AGE.

Long ago when the moon was one big pie
   For all little boys to eat,
Then some of the stars were sugar-plums,
   And some of them raisins sweet;

Then the glorious sun was a custard pudding
   Served up in a vast blue dish;
And the whole of the sea was soda-water
   Half filled with ice-cream fish;

The great round earth was a luscious peach,
   The grass was the puckery fuzz—
If it doesn't seem true to all and each,
   Let him believe it who does—

Then the mountain-peaks were chocolate drops,
   And the icebergs Roman punch;
And the dark storm-clouds rained lemonade—
   People dug up the mud for lunch.

When it hailed, the hailstones were fine popcorn,
   And pulverized sugar it snowed;
And the brooks as they ran by the candy-trees
   With lovely root-beer o'erflowed.

Ah! that was the time, in the long ago,
   When children worked hard, tooth and tongue;
But most of them suffered from overfed stomachs,
   And, somehow, they all died young.

R. H.

WINNING A WATERMELON.

Scratchbones is certainly not a very elegant name, and yet the animal to whom it belonged, a very ragged-looking mule, was proudly claimed by its owner, Goliath Washington Jackson, an equally ragged-looking Southern darky, to be the philosopher of the mule tribe. Why he claimed this has never been definitely settled, and whenever any question was put to Goliath regarding the excellence of Scratchbones's intelligence, the reply would be something like this:

"Yes, sah! How I know dat mule am intelligent? He! he! he! but dat's funny. You 'member de ole school-massa? Well, sah, he owned dat mule once, an' neber feeded 'im up to de handle. One day Scratch was hungrier dan usual, an' he chewed de ole man's books. He neber forgot dat eddication." And here Goliath would chuckle to himself.

Our town recently received an innovation in the shape of a splendidly asphalted street, and one very hot day, shortly after its completion, Goliath drove up to the door of the hardware store with Scratchbones. Coming in, he began boasting, as usual, of his wonderful mule, and how well he stood the hot weather. None of us young fellows cared to question the heat, and as for the mule, we thought it was either stand it or lie down. He evidently preferred to stand, for there he stood in the blazing sun staring blankly down the street.

Goliath had dropped in to make some purchases, which, of course, necessitated a great deal of talk and time. In the mean while Scratchbones was patiently waiting in the hot sun outside, scarcely budging, unless it was an occasional switch of his tail. A thunder-storm had been brewing, and when Goliath finally started for the door down came the rain, sending up steam from the hot street. Nothing suited him better than to have an excuse to further regale us with a list of his mule's remarkable talents. Among the many, he spoke of his ability to drive Scratchbones, and how well he obeyed him. Now, while this talk had been going on, I had occasionally glanced at Scratchbones, and he seemed uneasy, especially since the rain had started, and was nervously switching his tail back and forth. I thought it was on account of the storm, but casually glancing at him, I noted something that made me smile, and, slipping off my seat, I quietly told the other boys.

"Goliath," I said, "I'll wager a large, juicy watermelon that your mule won't obey you if I tell him not to."

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! youse is foolin' dis yere ole man, Massa Harry."

"No, no, I mean it. All I'll do is to say something to myself, and your mule won't budge when you say 'gee,' but simply wag his tail."

"It's done, Massa Harry. I'se'll take dat wager, but de melon has to be de largest you can git."

"All right," I said. And as it had stopped raining, Goliath proceeded to his wagon, and, climbing up on the seat, picked up the ropes he called reins and shouted, "Gee up dere, Scratch." But, as I predicted, Scratch never moved a leg, but only switched his tail.

"Gee up dere; what's de mattah wif youse?" But not a move did that mule make. We stood in the doorway laughing so heartily that Goliath grew suspicious, and climbing down, walked slowly around the mule and wagon, doubtless to discover if we had played him a trick.

Everything appeared all right, and getting on the wagon, he tried it again. "Get along dere, Scratch, you long-eared bone-yard. Gee up!"

It was useless; Scratch wouldn't move, and Goliath, with a woe-begone, puzzled expression on his face, clambered down and surveyed old Scratchbones. His eyes wandered along every stitch of the harness, and finally down to Scratch's feet. A very curious look covered his face, and stooping, he discovered the reason why Scratch wouldn't gee.

Scratchbones and the wagon had stood so long on that new asphalt, and unfortunately in a place made softer than the rest by the sun, that he actually had sunk *into* it, and the tarry stuff had gathered around his hoofs. The rainfall cooled it off, hardening it, and consequently both mule and wagon were locked to the street.

Goliath was mad, and claimed we had put up the joke on him. However, he lost the melon, and as it took an hour or so to dig Scratch out, we made him get it, and finally got him into good humor, but told him never to boast of his wonderful mule.

"I's done boastin' of dat mule. Neber no more, massas, dat mule done need no one to boast of 'im. He done show how proud he am when he can't stan' in de street widout gettin' stuck on 'imself."

Hubert Earl.

A MEAN MAN.

A French paper tells of a man who ought to be set down as the meanest man of his time. His name is Rapineau, and he is the happy father of three children. His chief claim to meanness lies in the fact that he has lately discovered a plan to reduce his weekly expenditure. Every morning, when sitting down at table, he makes the following proposal: "Those who will go without breakfast shall have twopence." "Me—me!" exclaim the youngsters in chorus. Rapineau gives them the money and suppresses the breakfast. In the afternoon, when the children were anxiously expecting their first meal, Rapineau calls out, "Those who want their dinner must give twopence;" and they all pay back what they received in the morning for going without their breakfast, and in that way Rapineau saves a meal a day.

JOHN KILBURNE'S FORT.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Seven miles from that settlement in the province of New Hampshire which is now known as Keene, John Kilburne built, in the year 1754, a log house of such strength and so well adapted for defence that his neighbors spoke of it as a "garrison," and more than one ridiculed the idea of erecting a fort when only a dwelling-house was required.

It troubled stout-hearted John Kilburne not one whit that his acquaintances found subject for mirth in the precautions he took against a savage foe. "In case the Indians do make an attack upon me and mine, I shall be in better condition to receive them in a building of this kind than in one erected flimsily, and if they do not, my wife and two boys will sleep all the more soundly for knowing I have protected them from possible intruders." This the owner of the "garrison" repeated again and again, until finding he would make no other reply to their bantering, his friends ceased to speak derisively of the structure.

In one year from the time the fortlike house had been built John Kilburne had good cause for satisfaction with himself. England was again at war with the French regarding her possessions in the New World, and the Indians were making indiscriminate attacks upon the settlers in the easternmost provinces.

Benjamin and Arthur Kilburne, sons of John and Martha his wife, although but fourteen and twelve years of

age respectively, were well versed in the use of fire-arms, for in those days the assistance of even the children of a household might become necessary. Rumors of Indian depredations were rife, yet they felt little fear of an attack. Within the walls of the "garrison" their father and themselves would be able to hold in check a large body of savages, and be exposed to but little danger.

The crops had been harvested; the cattle were inside the stockade, where was ample food for them in case of a siege, and where they would serve as food if the larder of the house needed replenishing.

Early on the morning of the 9th of October John Pike, his wife, and two sisters arrived at the "garrison" with a pitiful tale. The Indians had killed Daniel Twitchel and Jacob Flynt the night previous, and the visitors had but just escaped from their home before it was set on fire by the cruel enemy.

"I doubt not they will make an attack here before another day, friend Kilburne, yet I beg shelter of you, and my rifle may not come amiss."

"You would be welcome to stay, even though unarmed," was the hearty reply. "The garrison is large enough for all, and I would that Daniel Twitchel had spent more time strengthening his own dwelling against an attack instead of trying to find flaws in the way I chose to provide for my family. Ben, you and your brother had better mould bullets. It will serve to keep you in-doors, and no one can say how much ammunition may be needed."

As the boys set about the task, Mr. Kilburne listened again to the sad news brought by his neighbor. There was nothing to be done in the way of making ready for defence, because that had been attended to when no danger threatened.

John Pike had not finished giving his story in detail, when Mrs. Kilburne, who had stepped out of the house to get water from the pump, which stood close at hand, sprang back suddenly, her face so pale that there was no necessity of asking the cause of her alarm.

The two men were at the loop-holes in an instant, and that which he saw caused Mr. Kilburne to say sharply:

"Ben, I leave the north side of the house to you and your brother. Our lives may depend upon your vigilance, and there is to be no waste of ammunition; every bullet must strike its target. Mary," he added, to his wife, "you and your friends will keep the spare guns loaded, and finish what the boys have left undone at the fire. I do not—"

"It is a regular army that has come upon us," Mr. Pike interrupted. "I have counted not less than forty savages in the edge of the thicket, and there must be as many more on either side of the house!"

It was learned later that the enemy numbered a hundred and seventy, all well armed.

Ben and Arthur were peering eagerly out through loop-holes cut on each side of the shuttered window, and the former was the first to discharge his weapon.

"I saw a head over the top of the stockade," he said, in reply to his father's question.

"Their number is so large that they will likely put on a bolder front than usual," Mr. Kilburne muttered to himself, and despite the strength of the "garrison," he felt decidedly anxious regarding the result of the attack.

During an hour the men and boys remained on watch, while the women attended to their portion of the work, and hardly a sound was heard, save when the brothers whispered together. After the first shot had been fired the enemy remained completely hidden in the thicket which surrounded the house.

Then, and almost at the same instant, each of the watchers discharged his weapon. On either side of the stockade plumed heads had suddenly come into view, and a hundred bullets struck the building.

There was a low moan from that portion of the room where Mr. Kilburne was stationed; but owing to the reports of the fire-arms, it was not heard by the inmates.

The first intimation the defenders had that one of their number had fallen under the heavy fire was when Ben turned to take up the spare gun his mother had placed by his side, and saw his father lying on the floor with a thin stream of blood issuing from his lips.

"Oh, father!" he cried, as he ran toward the wounded man; but when he would have raised the dear head he was motioned away:

"Remember your mother, my boy! You can do me no good, and now there is additional reason why you should not neglect your duty."

By this time Mrs. Kilburne was at her husband's side, and Ben took his station at the loop-hole once more; but the tears blinded him, until it became necessary to brush them away before he could see the feather-bedecked bodies which were here and there upon the stockade ready to leap into the enclosure.

During the next half-hour neither of the boys had an opportunity to so much as glance toward their father. Should the enemy succeed in getting into the enclosure, the result might, and probably would, be fatal to the defenders of the house.

John Pike made valiant battle, nor were the boys lacking in skill and courage. More than one of the foe had met death before he could leap down from the top of the stockade, and four who did succeed were met by bullets while creeping up close to the building, where the timbers would shelter them from the deadly aim of those within.

After this desperate struggle there was a lull in the storm of battle, and Arthur said, in a low tone, as he stood with his eye to the loop-hole,

"Is father badly wounded?"

"I fear so. The blood was gushing from his mouth when I saw him, and he—"

"I will take your place, my son, while you bid your father good-by for evermore in this world," Mrs. Kilburne

said, in a voice half stifled with emotion, as she pushed Ben gently aside.

His father was dying, and he could stop only for an instant to receive a last pressure of the enfeebled hands!

When Ben returned he was heroically drying his eyes, that he might resume his duty as sentinel, and Mrs. Kilburne motioned Arthur to follow his brother's example.

"It is hard father should be the one sacrificed," Ben said, huskily, to his mother, not able to glance toward her. "But one bullet has found its way into the building, so Master Pike says, and that entered his body, instead of mine."

"It is not for us to repine, my son. Remember that He doeth all things well. I now look to you and Arthur for protection, and you can best show your grief by doing as your father would have you do this day."

"I wish those painted fiends would show themselves again; there is some little satisfaction in shooting them down."

"Vengeance should not be in your mind at this moment. It is necessary to fight that our lives may be saved, but only for such purpose. Revenge will not lessen the blow or soothe your father's pain."

Then the wife was by her husband's side, and Arthur at his station as watcher.

During the next ten minutes the sound of hatchets against the logs of the stockade could be heard, and then three of the heavy timbers fell inward.

"Now stand steady!" Pike shouted. "They will make a rush, expecting to overpower us by press of numbers, and we must be prepared."

The two boys ran to that side of the house which was most sorely threatened, and had hardly gained new positions when the assault was made.

It was now a question of loading and discharging their muskets as rapidly as possible, only delaying sufficiently long to take careful aim, and when half an hour had passed Ben heard, as if in a dream, Mrs. Pike say to her husband, as she handed him a gun,

"John Kilburne is at rest!"

The boy bravely forced himself to forget, for the time being, the sorrow which had come upon him; and when the conflict was hottest, a shrill cry of pain burst from John Pike's lips as he swayed to and fro an instant, and then fell backward to the floor dead.

"You and I must do the work of four now!" Arthur cried, as if thinking his brother needed encouragement. "Take care of that fellow near your corner; once he is on the other side of the house we shall be smoked out."

A musket-shot was the answer, and as the stifling cloud in the dwelling was increased yet more, the danger pointed out by Arthur had been dispelled.

Now Mrs. Kilburne was at one of the loop-holes, using her husband's weapon with wonderful skill, and when the enemy beat a hasty retreat, unable to face longer the deadly hail poured upon them, she said to her brave sons:

"It may be possible we have driven them back."

"Not yet," Ben replied, gravely. "There are so many that they will not abandon the attack now, but be the more eager for our blood. How is the powder holding out?"

"Mrs. Pike was bringing another keg from the cellar when her husband was killed. I have heard your father say he had enough in the house to withstand a siege of a week."

"Two of the oxen are dead," Arthur cried, as he looked hastily through one of the apertures at the rear of the house. "How did they get out of the barn? I am certain all the cattle were fastened in the stalls when neighbor Pike came."

Ben rushed to his brother's side.

"Some of the Indians have gained shelter there!" he cried, nervously. "Go back to mother, and I will watch here."

He had hardly spoken when three savages were seen coming cautiously out of the building, and again the discharge of the muskets in the room prevented the besieged from hearing any movement or words from each other.

It was an hour past noon when the defenders of the "garrison" had another opportunity for rest, and then, while the women watched, Ben and Arthur cooled the heated barrels of the muskets by pouring water through them.

RUNNING OUT QUICKLY HE FILLED ONE BUCKET.

Before the work had been completed the supply of the precious liquid was exhausted, and without an intimation to his mother or brother of what he was about to do, Ben unbarred the door. Running out quickly, he filled one bucket, and was in the act of stepping upon the threshold, when the single report of a gun was heard, and he staggered forward, his face growing pale beneath the grime of powder.

Arthur had fastened the door again before he paid any attention to his brother, and then with heavy heart he stepped to the side of his mother, who was cutting off the sleeve of the coat, which was red with blood.

"It is only a flesh-wound; bind it up quickly, and I will get to work again," Ben said, with an effort to speak cheerily. "Thinking they have killed another of us, the savages will make one more attempt to carry the house by storm."

It was as he had feared; before the wound was properly bandaged Arthur and Mrs. Pike were firing with the utmost rapidity, and Ben joined them while the blood was yet running in a tiny stream down his side.

This time the enemy displayed more courage, and were less eager to shelter themselves against the shower of bullets. They ran directly up to the walls of the house, having made their way through the break in the stockade, and not until nearly sunset did the two boys and their mother have an opportunity to cease from the struggle.

During this time Mrs. Pike and her sisters did their full share of the work by cooling the spare guns, reloading the weapons as rapidly as they were discharged, or darting from one unprotected loop-hole to another to make certain the savages were not adopting new tactics, and in a corner of the room lay the lifeless bodies of the two victims.

The desperation with which the defenders of the house had fought was shown by the bodies of the enemy strewn between the stockade and the building.

Of the hundred and seventy which made the attack, thirty-one had paid forfeit with their lives, or been so grievously wounded as to be unable to regain shelter, and that there were many more, beyond view of the defenders, who were wounded seemed probable.

The boys fully expected the most desperate hour would come after the earth was wrapped in darkness, but in this they were mistaken.

Vigilant watch was kept by all in the dwelling, but only now and again could an Indian be seen, and then as he was dragging away the bodies of his fellows.

When the sun rose next morning no sign of the enemy could be seen. The dead had been removed, and the song of birds in the thicket told that no intruder was concealed by the foliage.

The savages believed the "garrison" had more defenders than they at first supposed, and had beat a retreat when only two boys and four women were opposed against them.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you think they will really like me?" asked Mrs. Franklin for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time her husband answered, smiling, "I think they really will."

They were just arriving at Brenton. Many inquiring eyes had been turned towards them in the train, for every one knew John Franklin, and every one surmised at once that this was the much-discussed second wife.

It was decided by those who saw her that she was a very attractive-looking woman. She was rather slight and of medium height, and she was quietly dressed in black, for she was in mourning. Though not actually pretty, she had a charming and very expressive face, and she was very young-looking. Somebody who sat in front of her said that her voice was low and very musical.

Brenton decided at the first glance that Mr. John Franklin had done very well for himself.

"There is the carriage," said he, as they crossed the station platform.

"And this is Jack, I am sure," said his wife, holding out her hand with a smile which won her step-son on the spot. He was too shy, however, to do more than grasp it warmly as he stood beside her with uncovered head.

"He is a dear," she said to herself, "and just like John. If only the others are as cordial. Somehow I dread Edith."

She was quite as excited as were her step-daughters when she drove up the avenue, and her eyes fell for the first time upon the group on the piazza.

Cynthia walked down the path to meet her, holding Janet and Willy by either hand. Edith remained standing on the step.

"How do you do?" said Cynthia, with a cordial smile.

Mrs. Franklin looked at her. Then she put her arms around her and kissed her.

"This is Cynthia, I am sure," she whispered, tremulously, "and these are 'the children.'"

She kissed them and passed on to her husband's eldest daughter, while they greeted their father.

Edith was very tall, and her position on the step gave her the advantage of several inches in addition. She fairly towered above the new-comer.

"How do you do, Mrs. Franklin?" she said, holding out a very stiff hand and arm. She had made up her mind that she for one would not be kissed.

"And are you Edith?"

"Yes, Mrs. Franklin. I am Edith. I hope your journey has not tired you?"

"Not at all. I am not easily tired."

Edith kissed her father, then turned again to the stranger.

"Let me show you the way upstairs."

And thus Mrs. Franklin entered her new home.

"I am afraid it is going to be war with Edith at first, but I won't be disheartened," she thought. "I'll make her like me. It is natural for her to feel so, I suppose. Ah me, I am in a difficult position."

Edith and Cynthia shared the same room. It was a large one with a bay-window, which commanded a fine view of the winding river and the meadows beyond.

One could tell at a glance upon entering the room which part of it Edith occupied, and which Cynthia. Cynthia's dressing-table, with its ungainly pin-cushion, its tangle of ribbons and neckties tossed down anywhere that they might happen to fall, its medley of horseshoes, tennis balls, and other treasures, was a constant source of trial to Edith, whose possessions were always kept in perfect neatness. She scolded and lectured her sister in vain; Cynthia was incorrigible.

"It's too much bother to keep things in order," she would say. "After you have been around with your duster and your fixings-up I never can find a thing, Edith."

The night of Mrs. Franklin's arrival they talked over the new state of family affairs.

"I think she is nice," said Cynthia, with decision. "I like her, and so does Jack."

She was perched on the side of the bed, leaning against the tall post, her favorite position when she had anything of especial interest to discuss.

"I don't," said Edith, who was brushing out her long hair with great vigor. "I don't like her, and I *won't*."

"That is just it, Edith. You have made up your mind you won't like her just because you didn't want her to come. Now she is here, why don't you make the best of it? What do you dislike about her?"

"Her coming here. She had no right to."

"Edith, how silly you are! She wouldn't have come if papa had not asked her, and she wouldn't have if she had not loved papa. I should think you would like her for that if nothing else. I do. And she is pretty and sweet and dear, and I am going to help her all I can. I think I shall even call her 'mamma.'"

"Cynthia, I shall never do that. Never, to my dying day!"

"Well, I shall; that is, if she doesn't mind."

"She will. It will make her seem too old."

"I don't believe she would mind that, and any one can see she isn't a bit old. I think we are very fortunate, as long as papa was going to marry again, to have him find such a nice, lovely woman."

Edith did not reply. She finished her braid and tied it up. Then she said:

"Of course, it is a great deal harder for me than for the rest of you. I thought I was always going to help father, and now I can't."

"Of course it's hard, Edith, but—but don't you think you could still help him if—if you were nice to his wife?"

"I don't want to help him that way," said Edith,

honestly, as she blew out the light.

"I DON'T LIKE HER, AND I WON'T!"

The next day when Cynthia asked somewhat timidly if she might call her step-mother "mamma," she was surprised and touched by the expression that came into Mrs. Franklin's face.

"Oh, thank you, Cynthia!" she said. "I thought I would not ask you, I would just leave it to you, but I should like it so much."

And so they all called her by her new title except Edith.

Preparations for the tennis tournament were in full swing, and Cynthia and Jack, who were to play together in mixed doubles, were practising hard.

The court at Oakleigh was not a good one, so they were in the habit of going to the tennis club at the village when they could get there in the afternoon. It was not always easy, for they were short of horses, and it was too far to walk both ways.

"Why do we not have some more horses?" said Mrs. Franklin one morning when the question was being discussed.

"Why, we can't afford to," replied Cynthia, in some surprise. "Besides the farm horses we only have two, you know, and they get all used up going to and from the village so much."

Mrs. Franklin glanced at her husband. Then she said, "It seems as if we ought to have more. You know, John, there is all that money of mine. Why not buy a horse and trap for the children to use?"

"My dear Hester, I can never consent. You know I wish you to keep all your money for your own exclusive use. You may have all the horses you want for yourself, but—

"John, don't be absurd. What can I do with all that money, and no one but Neal to provide for? Your children are mine now, and I wish them to have a horse of their own."

The thing of all others for which Edith had been longing for years. But she determined that she would never use her step-mother's gift.

"Is Neal your brother?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes. Haven't I told you about him? He is my dear and only brother. He is off on a yacht now, but he is coming here soon. He is older than you and Jack, just about Edith's age."

Jack looked up with interest.

"I'm glad there's another fellow coming," he said. "There are almost too many girls around here."

"Jack, how hateful of you, when you always have said I was as good as another fellow!" exclaimed Cynthia.

"Well, so you are, almost; but I'm glad he's coming, anyway."

The new horse was bought, and a pretty and comfortable cart for them to use, a "surrey" that would hold two or four, as occasion required. At first Edith would not use it. She jogged about with the old horse and buggy when she went to the village, thereby exciting much comment among her friends. Every one suspected that Edith could not reconcile herself to the coming of her step-mother.

The day of the tournament arrived. Before Mr. Franklin went to Boston that morning he called Edith into the library and closed the door.

"I have something to say to you, Edith. I have been perfectly observant of your conduct since I came home, though I have not spoken of it before. I preferred to wait, to give you a chance to think better of it. Your treatment of my wife is not only rude, it is unkind, as rudeness always is."

"Father, I haven't been rude. Why do you speak to me so? It is all her fault. She has made you do it."

"Hester has not mentioned the subject to me, Edith. You are most unjust. You are making yourself very conspicuous, and are placing me in a very false light by your behavior. Are you going to the tennis tournament to-day?"

"Yes, papa."

"How do you intend to get there?"

"Drive myself in the buggy, of course."

"There is no 'of course' about it," said her father, growing more and more angry. "If you go, you will go as the others do, in the surrey. I will not have them go down with an empty seat, while you rattle in to the grounds in the old buggy in the eyes of all Brenton."

"Then I won't go at all. The buggy was good enough before; why isn't it now?"

"Not another word! I am ashamed of you, Edith, and disappointed. I have no time for more, but remember what I have said. You go in the surrey to the tournament, or you stay at home."

He left her and hurried off to the train. Edith went to her own room and shut herself in. For more than an hour a bitter fight raged within her. Her pride was up in arms.

If she gave up and drove to the club in the surrey, every one would know that she was countenancing her step-mother, as she expressed it, and she had told Gertrude Morgan that she would never do it. If she staid at home, she would excite more comment still, for it was generally known that she was to act as one of the hostesses, and she had no reasonable excuse to offer for staying away.

Altogether Edith thought herself a much-abused person, and she cried until her eyes were swollen, her cheeks pale, and her nose red.

Cynthia burst in upon her.

"What is the matter, Edith? You look like a perfect fright! Are you ill?"

"Ill! No, of course not. I wish you would leave me in peace, Cynthia. What do you want?"

"To come into my own room, of course. But what is the matter, Edith? Was papa scolding you?"

Edith, longing for sympathy, poured out the story, but she did not receive much from that practical young person.

"I wouldn't cry my eyes out about that. Of course you will have to do as papa says, or he won't like it at all. And it is a thousand times nicer to drive in the surrey than that old rattle-trap of a buggy. The surrey runs so smoothly, and Bess goes like a breeze. You had better give in gracefully, Edith. But see this lovely silver buckle and belt mamma has just given me to wear this afternoon. Isn't it perfect? She says she has more than she can wear. It was one of her own. *I* think she's a dear. But there is Jack calling me to practise."

And happy-hearted Cynthia was off again like a flash.

Edith bathed her face and began to think better of the subject. After all, she would go. It was a lovely day, every one would be there, and it was not worth while to make people talk. Above all, she would be sorry to miss the affair to which she had been looking forward for weeks.

She dressed herself that afternoon in a simple gingham that had seen the wash-tub many times, and took her place on the back seat of the surrey, with Mrs. Franklin, Jack and Cynthia sitting in front. Mrs. Franklin was in the daintiest of summer frocks, and Edith glanced at her somewhat enviously.

"I wish we were the ones that had the money," she thought, "and that she were poor. I believe then I should not mind having her so much."

Mrs. Franklin had a gay and cheery disposition, and she tried to pay no attention to Edith's coldness.

"I wish I were going to play myself," she said.

"Why, do you play?" asked Cynthia, in surprise.

"To be sure I do. I used to play a great deal at one time. I mean to ask your father to have the tennis-court at Oakleigh made over, and then we can have some games there."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Jack and Cynthia together.

"We cannot afford to," put in Edith, coldly.

Mrs. Franklin paid no attention to this. "It will be nice when Neal comes," she added.

"Neal, always Neal," thought Edith. "Pleasant for us to have a strange boy here all the time. Oh, dear, how hateful I am! I don't feel nice towards anybody. If only papa had never seen or heard of the Gordons, how much happier we should all have been."

But she was the only one of the household that thought so. The younger children had been completely won over, and it was a constant source of surprise and chagrin to Edith to see how easily their step-mother managed the hitherto refractory pair.

Before long the party reached the grounds. The Brenton Tennis Club was a very attractive place. The smooth and well-kept courts stretched away to the river, which wound and curved towards the old town, for the club was on the outskirts of the village. The river was wider here than it was farther up at Oakleigh, and picturesque stone bridges crossed it at intervals.

Benches had been placed all about the grounds, from which the spectators could watch the game, and under a marquee was a dainty table, with huge bowls of lemonade and plates of cake. Edith presided at the tea-kettle, looking very pretty, notwithstanding her old gown and the stormy morning she had passed.

Mrs. Franklin, upon whom most of the Brenton people had already called, sat on one of the benches with some friends, and was soon absorbed in the game.

Cynthia played well. She flew about the court, here, there, everywhere at once, never interfering with her partner's game, but, always ready with her own play. She and Jack, though younger than the other players, held their ground well.

It was only a small tournament, and "mixed doubles" were finished up in one afternoon, Jack and Cynthia carrying off second prizes with great glee.

"Just what I wanted, mamma," said Cynthia, as she displayed a fine racket of the latest style and shape; "I hope they will have another tournament before the summer is over, so that I'll have a chance to win first prize with this new racket."

They were driving home in the dusk, for the game had lasted late, when they overtook and passed a boy who was walking on the road to Oakleigh, with a bag slung over his shoulder on a stick, while a black spaniel trotted along at his heels. Mrs. Franklin did not see him.

"I say there, Hessie! Can't you give a fellow a lift?" he shouted.

"Why, Neal!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin; "where did you come from? Jack, stop, please. It is Neal! You dear boy, I am so glad to see you! This is my brother, children; and, Neal, here are Edith, Cynthia, and Jack Franklin."

"Whew, what a lot! I say, Hessie, what were you thinking of when you married such a family as that? But I fancy you haven't got room for me in there. I can walk it easily enough. Don't mind a bit."

"Nonsense! we can squeeze up," said his sister, which they did forthwith, and Neal Gordon climbed into the cart.

"No room for you, Bob," he remarked to the spaniel, who danced about the road in a vain endeavor to follow his master; "you can go ahead on your own legs."

He was a tall, well-developed fellow, with a hearty, cheery voice, and a frank, sometimes embarrassing, way of saying the first thing that came into his head.

"What a crowd!" he continued. "Any more at home?"

"Yes, two," said his sister, gayly—"Janet, and Willy. I am so glad you have come, Neal. But why didn't you let us know?"

"Couldn't. The *Dolphin* put in at Marblehead, and I had gotten rather tired of it aboard, so I thought I'd cut loose and drop down on you awhile. Got out of cash too."

"Oh, Neal!"

"Now you needn't say anything. You didn't give me half enough this time. Too much absorbed getting married, I suppose. I say," he added, turning to Jack, "what kind of a step-ma does Hessie make?"

"Bully," replied Jack, laconically.

"I thought she would, but, she's on her best behavior now. She'll order you all round soon, the way she does me."

"They don't deserve it as you do, you silly boy," said his sister.

They were a merry party that night at supper. It seemed as if Neal would be a great addition to the family, and even Edith thawed somewhat. This pleased Mr. Franklin, who had been thoroughly annoyed by her behavior, and who had been really afraid that she would stay at home from the tournament rather than use his wife's gift.

"Everything will run smoothly now," he said to himself, and, manlike, he soon forgot all about the trouble.

"By-the-way, what relation am I to this family?" asked Neal, presently. "If Hester is your mother, of course I must be your uncle. I hope you will all treat me with proper respect."

"I hope we shall be able to," said Cynthia, looking up with a saucy smile. She liked the new-comer immensely.

"Did you ever run an incubator?" asked Jack, after supper.

"Not I. Have you got one?"

"Yes. Come along down and see it."

They descended to the cellar, and Jack turned the eggs while he explained his methods to his new friend.

"Is there money in it?" asked Neal.

"Lots, I hope. But the trouble is, you've got to spend a lot to start with, and if you're not successful it's a dead loss. My first hatch went to smash."

"How would you like to take me into partnership? I want to make some money."

"First-rate."

They were deep in a discussion of business arrangements when they went back to the others.

"We'll make a 'go' of it," said Neal. "It's just the thing I've been looking for."

"I have an idea, Jack," said Mrs. Franklin, as they came in. "When are the chickens to come out?"

"Next Thursday."

"Then we will celebrate the event in proper style. We will ask our friends to come to a 'hatching bee.'"

"But suppose they don't hatch? Suppose they act the way they did before?" said Jack, dubiously.

"Oh, they'll hatch, I will answer for them. You have learned how to take better care of them, and no one has interfered, and—oh, I am sure they will be out in fine shape!"

Only Edith objected to this proposition, and she dared not say so before her father.

Apparently the Gordons were going to carry all before them, and she, who until so recently had been to all intents and purposes the mistress of the house, was not even asked if she approved of the idea. She went to bed feeling that her lot was a very hard one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN ROYALTY TRAVELS.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

To live like a king is all very well, but to travel like one—may we all be delivered from such a fate! The modern monarch flits from his palace like the pheasant from his covert. True, the hunter may not pot him

this time, but the danger of being killed is very great, and the king, like the golden-hued bird, knows that many of his brothers have fallen before the destroyer, who is constantly on the alert. Pheasants may be shot only during certain weeks, but anarchists never cease devising and trying new ways of king-killing.

Whenever a monarch starts on a journey he is haunted by the belief that the anarchists must have found out all about it beforehand in their usual way, and that they are busy with plots for his destruction. Even Queen Victoria, that best-beloved wearer of a crown, is bound to use almost as many precautions as the Czar of Russia. No common traveller has so much to be thankful for at the end of a journey as a safely arrived monarch. It is much pleasanter to be a President of the United States, pay your own fare, and feel afraid of nobody.

When the Queen of Great Britain starts for Windsor or Balmoral, or on any other railway journey, a time is chosen that will cause the least inconvenience to traffic; for the invariable rule is that no other trains may run over the road the Queen is using. All the switches are locked. Preceded and followed by galloping troopers of the Household Guard, the Queen's carriage is driven to the railway station at a furious pace. No one—I mean no ordinary person—knows the hour at which she will start or the streets through which she will go. The special royal train is waiting at the platform, and the royal carriage goes whirling toward it through the most unexpected streets. Every loyal Briton loves to show his love for her Majesty by a hearty roar, but no one has a chance to cheer her on her travels. There is a distant clatter of hoofs; it comes nearer, and you hear the rattling of sabres and whir of wheels. A blur of redcoats and nodding plumes shoots past, and the hoof-beats are dying in the distance before you can say, "There goes the Queen."

"THERE GOES THE QUEEN."

Of course the royal coach goes at a sedate pace during a royal progress or parade. Then there are more soldiers along the streets than you or I could count, and the Queen appears bowing in her open carriage of state, with all her outriders and officers and guards and the burly English footmen and Scotch gillies necessary for display.

When the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India travels she occupies her own special car. A special locomotive is reserved for her, and it is run by a special engineer, always the most experienced man in the company's service. On the London and Southwestern Railway, for example, engine No. 575 draws the Queen's car. Thomas Higgs, a fine, keen-eyed old Briton, an engineer for nearly forty years, holds the lever and the throttle. It is his boast that during this long period of service not one of his millions of passengers has ever been killed. Not one even has been injured. He is more careful than ever when her Majesty is aboard. Between Windsor and Gosport alone there are fifteen junctions, and every one of these is a possible danger-spot. A pilot train runs a short distance in advance of the Queen's special to make sure that the way is clear, and that the track has not been put out of order.

The interior of the Queen's car is furnished after the fashion of the white drawing-room at Windsor Castle. There are white silk cushions, embroidered with the initials V.R. (*Victoria Regina*), and the Garter and its motto, all in gold thread. The carpet is of velvet. The curtains at the windows are hung on silver poles, and the door-handles are plated with gold. The Queen's own comfortable arm-chair is at the rear of the saloon and faces the engine, and there are three other arm-chairs. The walls of the car (Englishmen call it a "carriage") are of polished satin-wood. The whole car cost about $35,000. The Queen and her suite are furnished with special time-tables printed in purple ink on white satin, adorned with the royal arms and an embossed border of gold. In winter the car is heated with hot-water pipes, and in summer it is cooled by an extra rooting of wet cloths, which are frequently soaked with very cold water, and by blocks of ice placed in the interior of the car.

If by any chance the railroad journey includes a night of travel, her Majesty sleeps in her own bed in her car. The Prince of Wales has a private car too, but he often travels in an ordinary first-class coach. Whenever it becomes known—such things will leak out at times—that the Queen or the Prince is travelling over the line, great crowds gather at the stations and hurl cheer after cheer at the royal train. This is much nicer than the Russian style of hurling something explosive.

The King and Queen of Portugal have a train of three special cars that were built for them in France upon American plans. This shows what wide-awake, intelligent persons the King and Queen of Portugal are. They are not particularly afraid of dynamiters or any other kind of assassins, and although poor—among kings—they manage to have a fairly good time on wheels.

In planning the royal train King Charles of Portugal went so far in his Americanism as to demand vestibuled platforms. Of course, any one may ride in a vestibuled train in our country by simply paying a few dollars, but in Europe it takes a king of strong will power to obtain such luxury.

The royal train of Portugal consists of a dining-car, a car for the royal ministers, etc., and the car especially reserved for the King and Queen. All three are of the size and general appearance of high-class American cars. Outside their color is a dark rich green, relieved with tracings of gold and red. The escutcheon of the royal arms of Portugal is painted in the middle of each side. The dining-car is fitted up in the style of Louis XV. The table can be folded and put away when not in use. The interior ornamentation of carved oak, amaranth, citron-wood, etc., is very rich indeed. Next to the dining-room is the smoking salon, where the King, or even Queen Amelia, may relieve the monotony of travel with a cigarette.

There are four sleeping-rooms in the royal car besides rooms for the attendants. The most remarkable thing about this car is the dais and divan at one end of the salon. No one may sit on this raised divan but the King or the Queen. A drapery of silk velvet forms the background. Above the back of the divan the royal arms are carved. Probably it diverts his Majesty's mind to sit here on high now and then while journeying and call his ministers around him and ask them questions and make wise comments, as Kings always do—in certain books.

Downright worry drove Czar Alexander III. of Russia to his death. Taller and stronger than any of his subjects, not one of whom could cope with him in wrestling, this imperial giant was actually tormented into his grave by fears of nihilistic plots to destroy him. Nowhere was this fear greater than when on railroad journeys. Again and again Alexander abandoned long trips at the last moment because the nihilists had learned his plans, and there was reason to believe that they had dug mines under the railroad track and were ready to blow him and his train to fragments. His son has not been on the throne long enough, the nihilists say, for them to decide whether or not they shall try to kill him.

Alexander's train was a fort on wheels. It was built in 1889, two years after a terrible underground explosion of dynamite, which wrecked the Czar's train at Borki, when he was on his way from the Crimea to St. Petersburg with the Empress and their family. In that accident twenty-one persons were killed and thirty-six were wounded, but not one of the imperial family was injured. The Czar showed himself a brave man by going to the aid of the wounded as soon as he could climb out of the wreck. All the cars in the train were of wood.

The new train of 1889 was made of wood too, but the cars were armored. The outside of each car was of heavy iron, inside of which was a layer of eight inches of cork. All of the four cars in the train were exactly alike outwardly, so that a nihilist would find it hard to pick out the Czar's car should he by any accident get within shooting distance. When the Czar travelled he often spent his time in a car that was so built and painted as to look like a baggage-car from the outside. When the Czar visited Emperor William III., at Berlin, in October, 1889, six Russian workmen put gratings of wrought-iron at the tops and bottoms of all the chimneys of the old Schloss and palace at Potsdam, which the Czar occupied. This was to keep out nihilists' bombs. Armed sentries patrolled the roofs. When the Czar started for home all the railroad bridges, as well as the streets of Berlin, Marienburg, and Dantzic, were guarded by soldiers, policemen, and detectives. Not until after the Czar left Dantzic was it known whether he had proceeded by train or on the imperial yacht *Derjava*. When the train started for the border 50,000 Russian troops were placed on guard along the railroad tracks. Every journey the unhappy ruler made was attended by similar precautions.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ON THE WAY FROM VERSAILLES.

When Français Felix Faure, the newly-elected President of the French Republic, made his first railroad journey after election, he found that being a mere President is almost as unpleasant as playing king. For fear of anarchists a strong force of soldiers and four sappers and miners guarded each of the railway bridges and grade crossings between Versailles and Paris. Extra policemen and a little army of five hundred detectives watched the palace in which the National Assembly sat. A strong battalion of lancers and more foot soldiers than you could count escorted the new President to the special train in waiting at Versailles at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, January 18th. Fortunately no anarchist got a shot at the President as he was whirled along, but as he emerged from the St. Lazare railway station in Paris voices in the crowd yelled at him, "Down with the check-takers!"—a pointed hint that M. Faure was implicated in the Panama Canal scandal.

A CORRECTION.

"I've dot two Movver Gooses,"
Said Mollie. "If you please,"
Said Johnny, "Don't say Gooses,
Because it's Mother Geese."

DR. RAINSFORD'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When we were boys we did things without thinking much about them. Boys do not generally think much; yet I think even when I was a boy I found myself sometimes wondering why it was so hard to do the things I wanted to do well. It was ever so much harder, of course, to do well the things that one did not specially want to do. I want to talk to you a little about the reason that lies back of this difficulty of doing things well.

When I was thirteen my father gave me a gun. That birthday long ago is one of the very reddest of red-letter days in my life. I have had many a good time since; but none of these good times, I think, have quite come up to that hour, so full of astonishment and delight, when I saw the very thing I had been longing for and dreaming about so long—saw the soft-looking brown barrels lying snugly against the green-baize lining of the case, and felt the ring of the lock under my fingers as I drew the hammers of my own gun back. (Those were the days of muzzle-loaders, boys.) But when I had got that gun—the desire of my eyes, the pride of my life—it was, oh, how long, before I could hit things flying with it. On Saturday half-holidays (we had only one half a holiday a week when I was at school), I used to practise steadily. All my savings went to shot, powder, and wads. I almost lost the desire for candy with its disuse. I even turned my back on the pond where we used to fish for roach. I had seen my father kill birds flying, one with each barrel, and there was neither rest nor satisfaction for me till I could do the same. I think I took to shooting naturally; yet how long it was, and how hard I had to work, before I learned to shoot steadily and well.

It was the same story over again when I had grown older and gone to college. There I determined to row. If ever you are in old England in May, go, if you can, to Oxford or Cambridge, if it is only to see the college races. The river-banks then are green, so green, and the hedges and trees are one waving nosegay. The big buttercups grow in yellow bunches by the brink. Where the meadows slope down to the stream crowds of gayly dressed people are standing, for the sisters and friends of every college lad have come up to see the sight. This is on one side of the river; on the other stretches the towing-path, and along it surge a mighty throng of "men" clad in all the colors of the rainbow, wild with excitement, shouting themselves hoarse. They are out to see their college crew row. And what a sight those crews are! Round the bend, here they come at last, the eight-oar crews, the men's bodies swinging like pendulums, the eight pair of hands dropping at the end of each stroke as one, and then shooting out altogether. With a sweep and a swish they dash by, and the rushes of college color struggle to keep up with them. Ah, the very memory of it makes me thrill still! When first I saw their ease and splendid strength, how simple it looked. Surely, any fairly strong man could make those broad-bladed oars come swishing through, leaving behind them, well below the surface, a clear track of white water. So it seemed to me, and I determined there and then, that first May morning, I too would row. But I tell you it costs something to sit in a good eight-oar. Long months of hard work, obedience to orders, and patient drudgery have to be undergone before the broad-bladed oar comes swishing through as I have tried to describe it. Your back aches, your wrists feel limp as wet strings, and your chest is absolutely bursting, and yet you do not seem to be able to put one good stroke in; the boat slips away from you all the time. So for weeks and months runs your daily experience. But when the rudiments of rowing are mastered at last, when patient attention and hard exercise have made you strong, and taught you when and where to use your strength, then comes the reward. And whatever delightful experiences life may have in store for you, few indeed of them can surpass the exhilaration, the sense of triumphant power, that none know, perhaps, so well as those who have rowed on a first-class eight-oar crew.

Do you see what I am driving at? I have been talking of our pleasures, the things we want to do and choose to do. These, I say, cost us trouble, and a great deal of care and painstaking. If any boy thinks he can command success, even in his sports, without putting into them all the will and all the brains, as well as all the brawn, he has as his own, he must soon find himself left out in the cold. At best he can only be a second-rate. Now this law of life, namely, that you must work hard to succeed in anything, does not apply to us, who are lords of creation, alone. One of the most wonderful things about our world is that the rules of the game of life are obeyed by the smallest atom that lives as well as by "king man" himself. If any living thing neglects or disobeys those rules, that disobedient being, whether it be common or low, suffers for its disobedience. If it obeys those rules, it grows stronger by obedience, and increases and develops its own power.

Let me tell you one or two instances of obedience by the creatures round us to these hard rules of life.

Have you ever seen a little salmon? A dainty, plucky little fellow he is. It takes him two years to grow from the egg to your finger's length. These two years of babyhood are spent in the quiet waters of his river home. By the time the second summer is passed he is about five inches long, golden-sided, with bright crimson spots, and weighs perhaps two ounces. Then he starts on his first great journey to waters unknown. No one knows where he goes, what lonely places he visits, where in the great sea the little adventurer makes his winter home. Certainly the Arctic Ocean is not too cold for him, for the waters of the far Mackenzie, emptying themselves into the polar sea, swarm with salmon; but wherever the little fellow does winter, the climate, food, and life must agree with him amazingly. He goes seaward in August. Next summer he is back in the same old river; and not only that, but in the very pool in it where he was hatched out. He is the same, but not the same; for now he weighs from three to five pounds. In the river it took him two years to grow five inches and weigh two ounces. In those six months of sea life he has gained at least twenty-four times his own weight. There is a reward for you! He felt he ought to go away and fight it out in the great sea. He went, he fought, he won, and now he revisits the old river a very different fish indeed. There is no longer any reason why he need lurk behind stones and dash aside to avoid the rush of the voracious trout. The very trout that once tried to gobble him must move out of the way, for he is almost a salmon. What has made him the strong beautiful fish he is? One thing, and one only—the struggle with the deep sea, and all the deep sea means. If he had been content to stay behind his fellows in the warm clear river he would be scarcely any bigger than he was last fall. His red spots would not be quite so bright, nor he himself so vigorous. Nature whispered to him to go forth and strive and grow, and since he obeyed her, and did his best, she kept her word with him.

Have you ever tried to crawl up on a bunch of wild ducks, or sat behind a blind while your wooden decoys were spread on the water all around you? If you have done either, I know you will agree with me when I say the wild duck is a very smart fellow indeed. His eye is keen, he is full of sense, and very hard to fool. Now his cousin, the tame duck, is next door to an idiot. He cannot hide himself or protect himself in any way. Strangely enough, too, while the wild duck finds one wife and one family quite all he can attend to, the big, hulking tame duck is a regular Mormon, and prefers a dozen wives, and neglects his children sadly. It is not hard to guess why these two birds are so different. The tame duck is only a wild duck domesticated, that is, put in such a position that he could not continue to live the natural sort of life that was best for him, the life

of continuous struggle. He is, in short, a degenerate wild duck; his wings are not so broad or so strong, the muscles of his breast have grown puny and shrunken; he does not even want to fly far north in spring or far south in winter. He is content with his farm-yard and puddle. He has stopped *trying*, and so has stopped *growing* too.

One more instance I will give you, boys, of the important place this law of struggle plays in the lives of the very beasts. I was visiting some time ago the museum in one of our universities. One of the professors was with me, and we came to a case full of plaster casts of brains, the brains of animals. While looking at these you could, of course, easily compare their size and character, and form some opinion of the intelligence of the animal itself. The professor pointed out to me one very interesting brain cast. It was taken from the head of a rhinoceros that had lived very long ago—lived at the same time as mammoths and other antiquated animals. It was quite a large and well-developed brain. We next went to another case and took out the cast of a common rhinoceros, such a one as lived in our own times, and it was very evident that the present-day rhino was not nearly so large or intelligent as his progenitor of long ago. This seemed at first very strange; for why should the rhino's brain have degenerated while they are still struggling forward in the march of life? The answer is to be found in the sort of battle they have to fight. When the antediluvian rhino lived, the world was peopled with terrible monsters, brutes of great strength and savagery. With these he had no easy time of it. He had to match himself against them. Great strength alone was not enough; he needed cunning as well. Struggle he must, and struggle hard or go under; and he survived because he did struggle hard and did not go under. When, however, most of the monstrous forms of life had gradually passed away, the rhinoceros had no enemy he stood much in dread of. The milder animals of a later day get out of his way. There is nothing to be gained by contending with him. He needs no longer to strive; life comes easily, and food is plenty. Thus it is that a perpetually "good time" resulted in weakening his head and lowering his intelligence. He is, indeed, the degenerate descendant of a noble parent.

So, boys, wherever we look, the same result is taught us. The very beasts of the field can only hold their own by doing their best. We, their kings and lords, must put our right hand to the work, too. We can only live our best life, develop our true self, by striving. The tallest and strongest trees are what they are because they have overcome the mighty force of gravitation that seeks to drag down and hold down to the earth every particle of matter within them. Life, even in the tree, means something that *overcomes*, rises above a force that holds it down; and yet only holds it down that its most beautiful and best nature may be developed to the full. So it is with us men. The brave man is not he who never felt fear. If a man is intelligent he must, under fearful circumstances, feel fear; but he who, feeling fear, overcomes his feeling and stands unmoved, or does in spite of danger the right and brave thing—this man has true courage, this man is the real hero. You may have heard the story of the officer who, when the cannon balls began to cut down files of his men, stood all trembling in front of the regiment. It looked as though he was terribly afraid. His knees were shaking under him, and his face was set and white. Some one standing near heard him talking to himself, heard him say, as he looked down at his trembling legs, "If you only knew where I was going to take you, you would give way altogether." That, I take it, is true courage. On the walls of a great school-room in one of the largest public schools in England is written this motto—and you cannot find a better:

"So near is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers, 'Lo, thou must!'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

W. S. Rainsford.

BOBBY'S GARDEN.

Bobby. "I have just finished digging and raking my garden, and now I want five cents."

Mamma. "What, five cents for making your garden?"

Bobby. "No, mamma, not for making the garden, but to buy a package of succotash seed."

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

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 8.

OVER-EXPOSED PLATES, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

The process of developing a negative would be very easily and quickly mastered if the exposure of the sensitive plates were always timed exactly right. Correct exposure, however, is the exception rather than the rule of amateur photography. To get good negatives, therefore, the amateur must learn to distinguish

between a correct and incorrect exposure of the plate, and how to treat it, if incorrectly exposed, in order to preserve the image which is impressed on it.

Over-exposure is the most common fault of the beginner in photography. A properly exposed plate grows into a negative step by step, until the whole image, with all its delicate gradations of lights and shadows, is fully developed. An over-exposed plate acts in a very different manner. When placed in the developer, instead of the high lights first appearing and the objects coming out gradually, the whole image comes out almost at once—"flashes up" is the technical and really appropriate term. If the plate is left in the developer, the image will fade away almost as quickly as it came out, and the result will be a thin negative, from which satisfactory prints cannot be made.

TREATMENT.

As soon as the image flashes up, showing that the plate has been over-exposed, take it from the developer and place it in a dish of clean water to stop development. Turn the developer from the tray and rinse the tray. Mix up a weak solution of developer, or dilute this same developer one-third with water. Add to this weak developer a few drops of a solution of bromide of potassium, prepared with a quarter of an ounce of bromide of potassium and five ounces of water. This solution should be mixed and kept always ready for use. Label the bottle "Restrainer." The bromide is called a restrainer, as it makes the development of the image proceed more slowly.

Put the plate back in the tray, and turn the developer, to which the bromide has been added, over it, rocking the plate gently. Watch the development closely, and if the image still comes up too fast add a few more drops of bromide. Unless the plate has been very much over-exposed, by taking it from the developer and using the restrainer carefully, a good negative can usually be obtained. If the plate has been too much over-exposed, there is no way of saving it.

If one knows or thinks that a plate has been over-exposed, the plate should not be put in a normal developer—that is, a developer which would be used for a correctly exposed plate—but it should be put into the weak developer to which bromide has been added.

Some amateurs, in developing, have three trays of developer. The first tray contains normal developer, the second tray contains developer prepared for over-exposed plates, and the third for under-exposed plates.

If a plate is found to be under or over exposed, it is washed and removed to the tray containing the proper solution. This is a very good plan if one has a quantity of plates to develop which have been exposed at different times and under different circumstances, as it saves preparing fresh developer after development has been started.

> Sir Knight Frank Kane asks what is meant by a flat negative. A flat or thin negative is one which has been over-exposed, and not sufficiently developed to give the necessary density, so that the light passes through all parts quickly, and gives a flat picture, wanting in contrast. The next number of the Round Table will give methods for strengthening or redeveloping thin negatives.

THE RAINBOW TABLE.

A RAINBOW TEA.

BY MARY J. SAFFORD.

Suggestions for pretty effects at church fairs are always in order, and one which I attended recently was so attractive in its arrangements, and so well carried out in every detail, that a description may be of service to those who are planning a sale.

Even the tickets were in harmony with the remainder of the decoration. They bore diagonally across the centre, the upper left-hand and the lower right-hand corners, a rainbow, while the lettering ran:

RAINBOW TEA.

IN AID OF

The...

At..

Admission, 25 cents.

Entering the room one saw directly opposite to the door the seven tables, each representing one of the colors of the rainbow. All were the same length and width, covered with the pretty, inexpensive crepe cloth, and bordered with a frill of crepe-paper the same shade. From the end of each table ran a width of the crepe cloth, through whose centre was a strip of satin ribbon the same shade about four inches wide. These extended to a small square table and fastened on the top. This table was placed midway between the red and the violet one, which stood on the same line, perhaps six feet apart, the other five tables being set between in the order of the colors of the rainbow, the green at right angles with the red and the violet, and the remainder slanting. The effect of the semicircle was extremely pretty, and it also afforded room for attendants and buyers to gather around the lower ends of the respective tables.

The central ornament of each was a banquet-lamp, corresponding in color with the table on which it stood; that on the red one had a red porcelain vase in an iron stand, with a red shade; the green lamp had a green pillar and green shade; the yellow table bore a brass lamp, etc.

The red, orange, and violet tables contained a bewildering variety of articles for sale, and it was an interesting study to note the ingenuity with which the respective colors had been introduced into the fancy-work, painted china, etc., displayed to tempt purchasers.

On the orange table, for instance, were small gilded straw baskets, filled with delicious home-made molasses candies, tiny emery-cases covered with brown velvet, and surrounded by petals cut from deep yellow cloth, perfectly representing the daisylike flower known as "black-eyed Susan," sunflower penwipers, handkerchief-cases, made by folding an embroidered handkerchief over a square of yellow perfumed silk, the four corners meeting in the centre, laundry-bags, embroidered with yellow silk, sachet-cases with yellow buttercups strewn over them, teacups decorated with gold, etc.

The red table bore similar testimony to the cleverness of those who had supplied its wants, while the violet one was a marvel of daintiness and suggestion of spring-time loveliness. The banquet-lamp had a silver stand and shade of violet silk and white lace; near it was a sofa cushion of sheer white linen lawn embroidered with violets, and surrounded by a wide insertion of lace, finished with a ruffle edged with lace. Beside this was a little bag, of white silk, with a pattern of lilac sweet-pease, in the bottom of which a needle-book was inserted, and not far off lay a table-centre embroidered with violets.

The yellow table was tempting, with a large glass bowl filled with lemonade, served with a variety of yellow cakes. The green one dispensed ice-cream. The blue, besides tea, sold pretty blue-and-white china cups and saucers, tied together with blue ribbon; and the indigo one was sought by lovers of chocolate.

The attendants at each table wore its colors. And another pretty feature of the occasion was a large pine-tree, standing in one corner of the hall, from whose branches hung oranges made of yellow paper, each one containing some prize for the purchaser.

QUEER MONEY.

Here is an amusing account of a traveller who went many years ago to Mexico, and found the natives using a strange kind of currency. Says he:

"In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change, she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a small biscuit. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who had witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was legal tender in many portions of the country.

"I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth three farthings each. Afterwards, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that I discovered was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."

In looking over the programmes of the different scholastic athletic associations, I find that the Connecticut High-School A.A. is about the only one which has the same list of events as that approved by the I.C.A.A.A. It also uses the same system of scoring—5, 2, and 1—whereas most of the other interscholastic associations award three points to the winner of second place. This, however, is a different question, and one that I hope to treat of later. One thing at a time; and if we can get the card straightened out by next spring I shall be

satisfied. If I can persuade all the executive committees to adopt the list of events in use by the colleges I shall consider that this Department has done some good, and has accomplished at least one valuable thing in its own sphere of usefulness. I am optimistic enough to believe that a year from now every association will have adopted the uniform schedule.

The Connecticut Association at one time had the standing high and broad jumps as well as the running high kick on their card; but when Yale offered a silver cup for competition among the schools in 1891, one of the conditions attached to the gift was that the programme must be made to correspond with the inter-collegiate schedule. To the New Haven college, therefore, is largely due the credit for the Connecticut H.-S.A.A.'s present emancipation from acrobatics. The events on their card, like those of the I.C.A.A.A., comprise the 100 and 220-yard dashes; the quarter, the half, and the mile runs; the mile walk; the 120-yard hurdle race over 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, and the 220-yard hurdle race over 2 ft. 6 in. hurdles; the 2-mile bicycle race; the pole vault; the running high and broad jumps; the shot and hammer, both of sixteen pounds.

It is only natural that a university or college association which takes an active interest in the sports of its preparatory schools should wish to have the athletes who are making ready to enter its ranks familiar with the events on the inter-collegiate card. We all know very well that, no matter how great the college-man's interest may be in sport, as such, he is not going to waste his time and money and energy in training and encouraging young men who do not expect to go to college, or who practise high kicking and standing jumps, or other feats of which he takes no notice. He very justly argues that there are enough young athletes in the country, who want to do what he does, for him to give all his attention to them. Therefore if school associations want the colleges to take a lively interest in their efforts, to send them trainers, and to offer them cups, I would advise them to work along the lines that college athletes have found most suitable for their purposes, and to let other matters alone. No one to whom I have spoken of this matter so far has disagreed with me. If any readers of this Department have any arguments for the other side, I am sure we shall all be glad to hear them.

IOWA STATE HIGH-SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION GAMES, MUSCATINE, MAY 25, 1895.

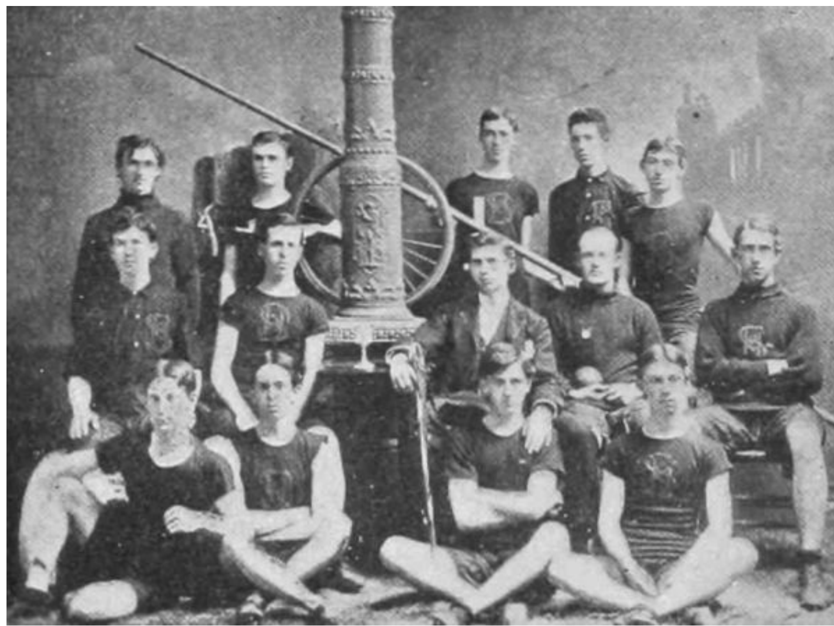
Event.	**Winner—5 points.**			**2d—3 points.**	**3d—1 point.**
50-yard dash	Horsburgh, T.		5-3/5 sec.	Bannister, C.	Holbrook, T.
100-yard dash	Holbrook, T.		11 "	Booth, I. C.	Dean, M.
120-yard hurdle	Holbrook, T.		20-1/3 "	C. Hanley, M.	J. Hanley, M.
Mile run	Morland, T.	5 m.	18 "	Horsburgh, T.	
Half-mile bicycle	Cole, C.	1 "	16 "	Riggs, I. C.	Mahin, M.
Half-mile run	Demorest, M.	2 "	19 "	Swisher, I. C.	Morland, T.
Half-mile walk	Brunn, M.	4 "	12 "	Reed, T.	
220-yard hurdle	Holbrook, T.		28-4/5 "	Conger, C.	Freeman, I. C.
440-yard dash	Demorest, M.		55-2/5 "	Hertz, I. C.	Bannister, C.
220-yard dash	Holbrook, T.		24-4/5 "	Dean, M.	Bannister, C.
Standing high kick	Flournoy, C.	7 ft.	6 in.	Brunn, M.	Leefers, T.
Running high jump	Flournoy, C.	5 "	3 "	Booth, I. C.	Horton, M.
Running hop, step, and jump	Booth, I. C.	39 "	3 "	Freeman, I. C.	Horton, M.
Baseball throw	Halinan, C.	314 "		Conger, C.	Dean, M.
Putting 12-lb. shot	Keister, C.	38 "	3 "	Holmes, C.	Holbrook, T.
Standing broad jump	Flournoy, C.	9 "	9-3/4 "	Holbrook, T.	Lackmond, C.
Pole-vault	Flournoy, C.	9 "	3 "	Booth, I. C.	Freeman, I. C.

Points Made.

Clinton	50
Tipton	43
Muscatine	30
Iowa City	28
	—-
Total	151

Tipton, T. Clinton, C. Muscatine, M. Iowa City, I. C.

A very good example of what might justly be called a "freak" programme is that of the Iowa State High-School Athletic Association. Their field day was held at Muscatine on May 25th last, and I insert a table showing the results of the games more as an interesting curiosity than as a valuable contribution toward athletic records. Of the seventeen events on the card, only nine appear on the I.C.A.A.A. schedule, and one of these—the 12-lb. shot—ought to be left out. If the hurdles are undersized, then the Iowans have really only six numbers on their list that would admit them to competition with the Interscholastic Association of the United States, which we hope to see in full-fledged running order next spring. Iowa has a claim to recognition in athletics, her university having sent to the Mott Haven games this year the fastest sprinter that has entered for many a year. Let me therefore urge the younger athletes to train themselves for events that they can achieve renown in rather than to waste their time in high kicking. Crum would have received scant attention at Mott Haven even if he could have hopped, stepped, and jumped from one end of the Oval to the other.



CLINTON HIGH-SCHOOL TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.

Champions of the Iowa State High-School Athletic Association.

Four schools were represented on the Fair Grounds at Muscatine, and Clinton H.-S. took the cup with 50 points. The Clinton team consisted of fourteen boys only, and as they have trained themselves without any assistance from older athletes, their performances are creditable. While it is true that none of them as yet threaten the Interscholastic records, it must be remembered that our Eastern schools have been in athletics many years longer than the Iowans, and enjoy far greater advantages from trainers and coaches than can be had in the West. In a very few years, however, matters will no longer be thus, and I confidently look to see several of these records held beyond the Mississippi. My young friends on the Pacific coast are going to raise a few of the marks too. Look out for them!

If the plan now proposed in the middle West can be carried out, we shall see next year an Interscholastic Association composed of the principal schools of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This organization will be a powerful one, and its meetings, where the entries will be restricted to the firsts and seconds of the State contests, ought to be productive of good records. Such competition cannot fail to elevate sport in that section, and then the East will have to look to its laurels.

At a meeting of the schools represented in the Senior and Junior football leagues, held in Boston early last May, some good changes were made in the manner of running things, and several excellent rules were adopted. The constitution now governs both leagues, which are united under the single title of "The Interscholastic Football Association"—of New England, I suppose. Henceforth the president of the association will practically be elected by goals and touch-downs, because the office goes to the Captain of the winning eleven of the Senior League. The vice-president is similarly chosen, the office going to the Captain of the champion team of the Junior League. There are to be graduates on the executive committee, which is perfectly proper, but that these should be chosen from one college alone is unwise and unfair. The new scheme is to have the executive committee consist of the Captain of the Harvard football team, three undergraduates of the schools in the league, with the president *ex officio*, and two graduates of Harvard.

The objection I make to this arrangement is that it is hardly right to look upon the Interscholastic Football Association as a feeder for Harvard alone. It is probably true that Harvard has done more for football in the Boston schools than has any other college, and even more than any other college ever will do; but still men do go from Boston schools to other places than Cambridge, and these men might feel that there is a little too much crimson ink on those regulations. It would be better to have it set down in the constitution that certain members of the committee shall be graduates of the schools that are members of the leagues (college graduates, too, if you like, and even ex-members of 'varsity teams, if practical football knowledge is wanted), but let the eligibility to committee membership depend upon the candidate's school relations rather than upon his college connection. It might happen some year, or for several years in succession, that the football men of the Boston schools would go to Tufts College or to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then both those institutions would feel that their interest in the welfare of the Interscholastic League entitled them to an eye in its supervision. I remember that in 1888, the year the Interscholastic League was formed by Harvard to train players for the Cambridge eleven, several of the best players of one of the strongest teams went to Yale.

The teams in the Senior League are now limited to six, and before the series of games begins in the fall each school must hand in its list of players for the year. It is also required that each player shall have at least twelve hours a week at his school, and be not over twenty-one years of age. The Seniors get considerable advantage over the Juniors in the matter of voting, they being allowed two votes to the latter's single ballot.

It is almost impossible to avoid typographical errors, especially in matter consisting largely of numerals, like the tabulated records so frequently printed in this Department. I remember once of a publisher in London who made up his mind to publish a book that should have no typographical errors whatever. He had his proofs corrected by his own proof-readers, until they all assured him that there were no longer any errors in the text. Then he sent proofs to the universities and to other publishing houses offering a prize of several pounds sterling in cash for every typographical mistake that could be found. Hundreds of proofs were sent out in this way, and many skilled proof-readers examined the pages in the hope of earning a prize. A few errors were discovered. Then all the proof-sheets having been heard from, the publisher felt assured that his book would appear before the public an absolutely perfect piece of composition. He had the plates cast, the edition printed and bound between expensive covers—because as a perfect specimen of

the printers' art it was of course unique in literature, and exceedingly valuable to bibliophiles. The edition sold well and was spread all over the country. The publisher was very much pleased with himself for having done something that had hitherto been considered an impossibility. Then his pride had a fall, for six or eight months later he received a letter calling his attention to an error in a certain line on a certain page. Then came another letter announcing the discovery of a second error in this perfect book. I believe before the year was up four or five mistakes were found.

This only goes to show that, even with the greatest care, absolute perfection is impossible. The next best thing, therefore, is to correct unavoidable errors as soon as they are discovered. This Department depends hugely upon its readers to find its occasional slips, and I shall take great pleasure in calling attention to the misprints as soon as I know of them. There are many who preserve the Round Table and depend upon the accuracy of the figures given for reference in the future. They can make their tables absolutely true by noting in ink on the margin of the pages any corrections given here later. The errors I have discovered thus far follow:

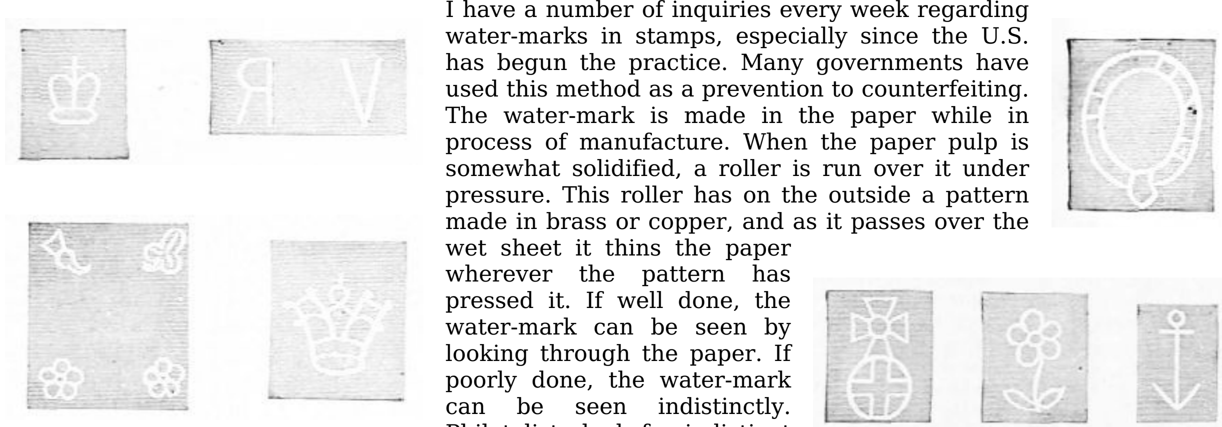
Hackett's time in the mile walk, shown in the table on page 538, should be 7 min. 46-2/5 sec., instead of 7 min. 4-2/5 sec. On page 537, Meehan's time at the end of the first lap in the half-mile run should have been given as 61 sec., not as 60. In the table of the Connecticut H.-S.A.A. games printed on page 634, Beck's shot-put is given as 36 ft. 8-1/2 in. His actual performance was 37 ft. 8-1/2 inches. At the dual games between the Hillhouse High-School and the Boardman Manual Training-school of New Haven, Beck made a put of 39 ft. 5 in. This would therefore correct his interscholastic record in the table on page 706, where it shows 39 ft. 3 in. The order of the finish in the bicycle race at the Connecticut H.-S.A.A. games was Baker, Steele, Rutz. This is stated correctly in the table, but not in the text.

A few years ago, long before photography had reached the stage of accuracy which we now enjoy, instantaneous photographs were made of a horse in action, and it was shown that the old conception of a galloping steed with four feet off the ground, the animal posed very much like a Roman arch, was absolutely erroneous. The actual position of a moving horse was shown to be entirely different and somewhat peculiar. Motion is so swift that our eyes cannot keep up with it—cannot even catch one of its elements. Thus we get a very imperfect idea of moving objects that we look at, and not until photographs come to our assistance do we really know just what we have seen.

What the readers of this Department are presumably most interested in just now is sport, and more particularly that sport participated in by their schoolmates, and by young athletes of their own age in other schools. Each individual, no doubt, has his own favorite branch of athletics, and he naturally strives to reach as great a degree of perfection as he is capable of in that special kind of work. It is not always easy to succeed in becoming perfect. Books and descriptive articles are valuable, but they must lack a great deal. The next best thing to actual physical demonstration, therefore, will be a series of instantaneous photographs that show each element of an athletic performance from the beginning of the action until the end. This Department will endeavor from time to time to offer these series of elements to its readers, and will begin next week by showing just how the high jump is performed. The photographs that will accompany the text show how each motion of the jump is made, where the jumper is, and how he looks during the entire transit over the bar.

The Graduate.

This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.



I have a number of inquiries every week regarding water-marks in stamps, especially since the U.S. has begun the practice. Many governments have used this method as a prevention to counterfeiting. The water-mark is made in the paper while in process of manufacture. When the paper pulp is somewhat solidified, a roller is run over it under pressure. This roller has on the outside a pattern made in brass or copper, and as it passes over the wet sheet it thins the paper wherever the pattern has pressed it. If well done, the water-mark can be seen by looking through the paper. If poorly done, the water-mark can be seen indistinctly. Philatelists look for indistinct water-marks by placing the stamp face downward on a piece of black paper, or japanned iron, and then apply pure benzine to the back of the stamp with a camel's-hair brush. This method reveals water-marks better than any other. Formerly most paper had a water-mark, but as a rule to-day it is used on fine qualities of writing-paper only.

England and her colonies have used water-marks in stamps since 1854. In that year the Small Crown was used for 1d. red and 2d. blue. The V. R. was used on the 6d. violet issued in the same year. In 1855 the Garter was used for the 4d. in three sizes known as the "Large, Medium, and Small Garters." To give an idea of the difference in value according to water-marks I quote from a late catalogue:

						Unused.	Used.
Small	garter,	4d.	on	bluish	paper,	$75.00	$1.25
"	"	4d.	"	white	"	100.00	2.50
Medium	"	4d.	"	"	"	60.00	1.00
"	"	4d.	"	bluish	"	75.00	2.00
Large	"	4d.	"	white	"	1.75	.08

In 1856 the "Large Crown" and the "Heraldic Emblems," or "Four Flowers," were used on the 1d., 1-1/2d., 2d., 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. stamps.

Eleven years later the "Spray of Rose" was used on all stamps from 3d. to 2s. The "Anchor" was used on the 2-1/2d. in 1875, and the "Orb" on the same stamp five years later. The "Maltese Cross" was used on the 10s. and £1 in 1878. This completes the water-marks on English Stamps, with the exception of 1/2d. stamp, which was printed on sheets marked "half-penny."

J. Hall.—All U. S. stamps since 1857 should have been perforated. Any unperforated U.S. stamps since then are the results of accident, and should not be catalogued. They are "freaks." Proofs are not perforated, and can be distinguished from stamps by their having been printed on card-board or India paper.

A. P.—I should like to follow your suggestion and give a list of all the new issues if space permitted.

A. Lordell.—There are three varieties of the current 2c. U. S. with the triangle more or less different, Types I., II., and III.

B. K. H.—I strongly advise you not to buy the Chinese local stamps. They are simply philatelic trash, and will probably be worth less money ten years from now than they cost to-day. Buy good stamps from a responsible dealer. As a rule the higher the value the more likely to increase in the future. This applies to all but the first-class rarities now worth from $50 apiece upward.

W. F. Brown.—No addresses of dealers can be given in this column. I believe the dealers have a full supply of all the Columbian stamps, except the $1 and $2, which are sold for $7 and $4 respectively. There is no 7c. Columbian stamp.

M. S. C.—The coin dealers sell the 1803 cent for 10 cents. The English coins mentioned are all common.

L. V. Bliss.—Thanks for your suggestion. I would adopt the same at once, but the postal laws do not permit the printing of any illustration of a U.S. stamp, or even part of such and the absence of illustrations would make such articles uninteresting and very difficult to understand.

H. Crossman.—England 1840 1d. black, 2d. blue.

Ray B. Baker.—The Cape of Good Hope, 1861, 1d. red is worth 60 cents, the wood-black, $15, the wood-black error, same issue, $250. The 1/2d, 1871 is sold for 6 cents. $1, $2, and $5 Columbian, $7, $4, $5.50 respectively.

O. A. P.—It is not a coin, and is worth nothing.

Helen O. Kauper.—The 90c. orange, 1890, is sold by dealers for $1.50 unused, 75 cents used. The coins are worth face value only.

B. W. Leavitt.—A 2c. stamp should always be enclosed with a letter of inquiry.

C. McQueen.—The values of all the Columbians are about the same as six months ago, except that the $1 has advanced to about $6 in value, and the $2 is hard to get at less than $4.

H. H. Bowman.—The 3c. 1861 mentioned by you is the regular rose issue, but oxidized by time. All red stamps with cochineal are subject to oxidization from dampness, sulphur fumes, etc.

H. C. Durar.—I congratulate you on your discovery of a rare local.

J. B. Daggett.—There are three varieties of the 1803 cent. The small circle is sold for 10c., the large circle for 40c., the 1-100 and 1-1000 for 35c. The Kossuth medal has no value.

W. S. Fowler.—The first postage-stamp ever made was the 1 p. black of 1840. It is sold for 8c. The 1 p. red was used from 1841 to 1880. There are many minor varieties, some of which are rare.

E. P. Noyes.—The silver dollar does not command a premium.

J. S. Green.—No premium on the eagle cent. The Dutch penny has no value in the U. S.

W. H. Kerr.—The two Siam provisionals, 1 att on 64 atts and 2 atts on 64 atts, are worth 10c. or 15c. each. The other stamp is a "sick-fund" stamp from Germany.

C. C. Perpall.—The difference in the stamps is caused by imperfect printing.

ASH.—The $3 gold pieces do not command any premium. The dates given are the common dates.

M. C. W.—The two stamps are revenue stamps from Bosnia. They cannot be used in payment of postage. Embossing was described in the last number of the Round Table. Stamps vary in value from year to year, and even month to month. Generally there is an increase year by year, but in a few instances they decrease in value. No catalogue can fix prices, and the same issue may be cheap or dear, according to the condition of the individual stamp.

PHILATUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

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

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

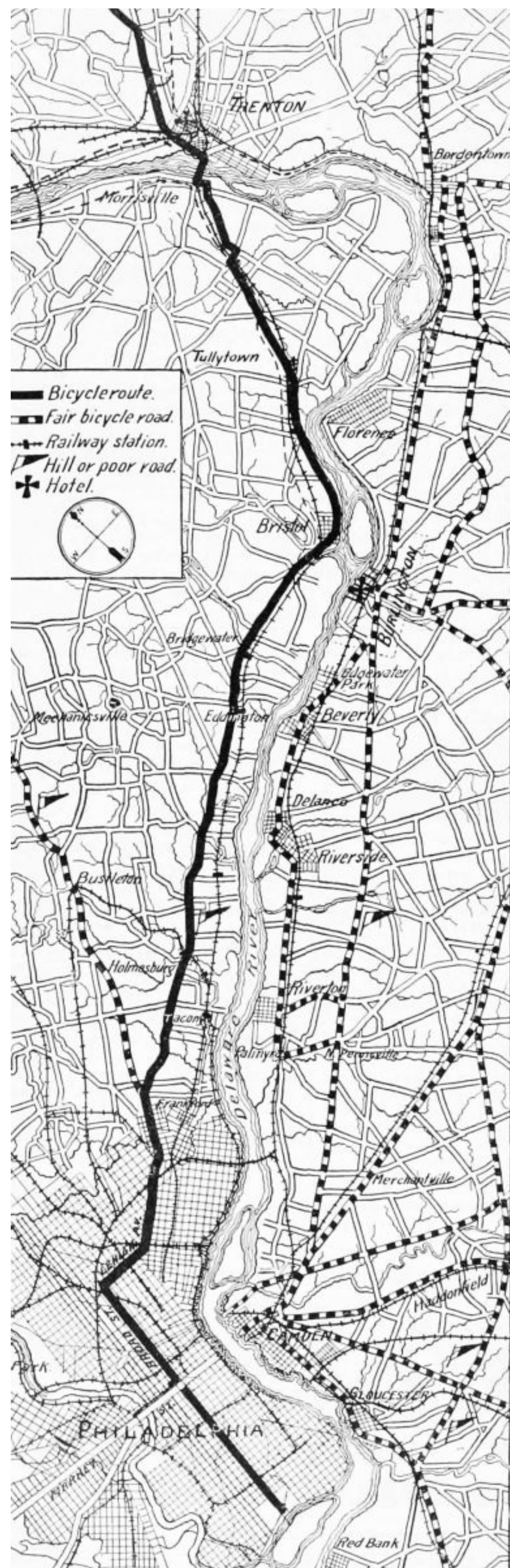
The last stage of the run from New York to Philadelphia is given in this week's map. The distance is thirty-one miles, and the road, good in the main, is greatly helped by being generally a little down grade. On leaving Trenton by Warren Street the rider will soon come to the Delaware River, which he should cross by the Warren Street Bridge. He then runs into Morrisville on the other side. Immediately after crossing, turn left to the Bristol turnpike, and on reaching this turn to the right into it. The run is direct then to Tullytown and thence to Bristol. Between Tullytown and Bristol the run is along the river, and at times the road is quite good, especially if rain has not made the reddish-yellow earth soggy and muddy. For a good deal of the distance from Trenton to Bristol—a distance of nine miles or more—you will do well to take the side path, which here, as elsewhere over such generally level country as New Jersey and this part of Pennsylvania, is likely to be good.

From Bristol turn to the right at the hotel and run on to the cemetery, where you should take the left fork, which will carry you direct to Frankford-on-Pike, a distance of fifteen miles. From here the run to the outskirts of Philadelphia is but two miles. On this run from Bristol you pass by Bridgewater, Eddington, Holmesburg, near Tacony, and into Frankford, and there is but one hill of any note, which is just before entering Holmesburg. Indeed, this is not a bad hill compared with some of the Western Massachusetts hills, and some of those on the New York-Albany route. Entering Philadelphia you run along Lehigh Avenue, until reaching Broad Street, where you turn left into the latter, and run on to the public buildings in the centre of the city.

Philadelphia is a magnificent city for bicyclists, and we propose next week to give a map of all the asphalted and macadamized streets within the city limits, which in the coming weeks will be followed by short routes in the vicinity. The New York-Philadelphia run is a capital one, and can be made if the trip is taken at easy stages, as we have described it, by any one who can ride a wheel. Many women could do it without difficulty, and it has the added advantage of

being part of the way on the great New York-Washington run. So that if you arrive at Philadelphia, and want a little longer journey, especially if it is in the fall of the year, and Washington is in full feather, there is a fine opportunity for a good long trip of easy stages to Washington and return to New York. Inquiries are constantly being made to the Department regarding trips, and the best roads from one town or city to another. Partly because of the absolute inadequacy of space, and partly because maps of many of these routes could not be judiciously published, we have been unable to answer these questions. A general suggestion can be made, however, in regard to this matter. If you join the L.A.W. Division in the State where you reside, you pay $2, and receive a copy of the road book of that State, if one has been issued, besides maps showing the best bicycle roads. These are sent you free of charge. You can procure road books of other States by writing to the Secretary of the L.A.W. Division for the State of ——, naming the particular State in question. These will cost from $1 to $2 each. Using these there will be no difficulty in laying out the best roads between almost any two points you desire.

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. Tottenville to Trenton in 820.



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[Pg 757]

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.

Going to the country? City girls think as much of their summers among green fields as country girls do of coming to town, and one can say no more than that.

School is over, and the lessons done with for the present, and now you may enjoy the sense of freedom from rules, which is one of the really charming things in a vacation. If I were you, though, I would not spend all the summer weeks without learning something, either about Nature and her wonders, or else about housekeeping and sewing.

At Aunty's in the mountains help is hard to get, and Aunty and her daughters make their own beds, and do much of the housework outside of the kitchen. Do you know how to make a bed? It looks very easy, yet there is an art in doing it well.

In the first place you must thoroughly air your bed every day. Pull the bed-clothes apart, set the mattress on end, if it is in two pieces so that you can manage it, and open the windows widely. Leave bed and bedding this way, exposed to air and sunlight, for at least an hour. Then spread your under sheet smoothly on the mattress, tucking it well in at the top. Similarly tuck the upper sheet in with great care at the bottom of the bed, so that it will not work loose and leave the feet of a restless sleeper exposed. Be sure in laying on your blankets that the open end of them is at the top of the bed. A person often requires a second thickness of blanket before morning, and can arrange it as she wishes if the closed end of the blanket is at the bottom of the bed.

Now comes your dainty upper spread, to be folded up and laid aside at night, your bolster, and your pillows. I would enjoy sleeping in a bed made by one of my girls if she followed these directions.

Of course you are going to begin making your Christmas presents this summer. The beautiful centre-pieces, doilies, and other bits of embroidery which you intend to send here and there to dear friends must be planned for and finished, from the first careful stitch to the last, during your summer leisure. A set of towels or handkerchiefs with a monogram in the corner of each will delight mamma, and Arthur will be very much pleased if his sister makes a cover for his mantel or his chiffonier. It will be well to select your materials and take them in your trunk, and then set apart a definite part of each day for your work.

Some of you belong to the Needle-work Guild, and are pledged to send a certain number of finished garments to the headquarters of the society in the autumn. You must make these little garments, slips, petticoats, aprons, or whatever they may be, with the utmost nicety. Let only loving, careful stitches go into your work for the poor.

Last summer a beautiful girl from town found part of her pleasure in teaching some little children in a sea-side village how to sew. Her little class came to her vine-shaded veranda every week, and there she showed them how to hem and over-hand and fell and back-stitch, and when work was over she gave them a little treat of candy and fruit. Do you suppose they forgot her when the long winter came, and don't you think they are hoping to see her again this summer?

Will you all take notice that if you wish letters answered in this column you must send them a fortnight in advance of the occasion? It is impossible for me to answer in "next week's paper" an inquiry which comes to me on the Saturday or Monday just before an issue. Please give yourselves and me a little longer time.

Margaret E. Sangster.

A READY ANSWER.

The poorer classes among the Maltese have a ready wit, if the story told by a returned traveller is true. An English officer stationed at Malta, failing to make a Maltese understand what he meant, called the poor man "a fool." Understanding this much, the man, who had travelled about a good deal, though he did not understand English, replied by asking, "Do you speak Maltese?" "No." "Do you speak Arabic?" "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No." "Do you speak Italian?" "No." "Then if I be one fool, you be four fools."

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Commit to Memory.

In Germany the children in the schools Commit to Memory the words they are accustomed to sing; and they are seldom at a loss for Music anywhere; especially when great numbers are assembled do they sing together, in mighty chorus, the songs and hymns of the Fatherland without reference to a book "for the words." This is a grand result coming out of the Schools. In America too much time is occupied in teaching, not enough in learning, and, as a result, when we want to sing—perhaps only the National Hymn—"nobody knows the words." Let it be regarded an essential part of School work, daily or weekly, for Teacher and pupil to Commit to Memory some good thing in Prose or Verse.

The Franklin Square Song Collection comprises Eight Numbers, which may be had bound separately or in different styles. These numbers may also be had in two volumes at $3.00 each. For full list of contents, sixteen hundred songs and hymns, alphabetically arranged, address

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Something New In Puzzles.

Here is something quite new in puzzles. There is contained in the following story a four-line verse from one of Alice Cary's most familiar poems. The first two lines contain seven words, the third line six, and the last, eight. Every other line rhymes. The verse's subject is a moral one—about right living. It is not concealed in any way. It is not made up of parts of words, nor of letters omitted, or words misspelled. But it is there—openly and plainly there. Who can find it?

The author of this puzzle is Miss Mamie Denton, who lives in Grand Rapids, Mich. No prizes are offered for finding this verse, but we hope you will try to find it. We will print it in a week or two. The following is the puzzle:

This is the true story, dear aunt Ruth and Ulyses, of my trip to Europe. We started October twenty-fifth, from Rockport, Texas. How many days we were upon the water I cannot tell, as Sarah, my sister, was very ill on the way, and I devoted myself constantly to her. Nevertheless we at last arrived at our destination, which was Brussels, where Eva Irving was awaiting us. Near our hotel was a shop owned by Gustav Narheisen, whose sign bore this—'Oysters To Sell.'

Every member of the family appeared in the window as our carriage stopped at the hotel, but auntie explained to us that their neighbors were particular friends of hers, and it was out of compliment to us that they were watching our advent so eagerly. Eleven heads we counted before we entered our hotel, the Meisterschaft, where we ate a hearty supper, and I retired at once.

Next day Gustav called, bringing his wife, Irene, and his two daughters, Nerissa and Dorcas. Our first impression, I must say, was not favorable; but Nerissa was really a beautiful girl. Genuine worth, however, cannot long conceal itself, and we were not slow to discover the noble qualities of Eva's friends. Auntie took us out next day. Coming home, we found auntie's maid packing her trunk, and learned that we were to start for Havre that afternoon. Delighted at the thought of new scenes were we. After discussion we decided to go by an overland route as far as the river Yonne, down which we sailed until we reached the mouth. Then from there we sailed to Havre.

As we were tired out we were glad to rest at the Thiers house. Going out next day, we met an old friend, Olive Easton, who had married and settled in a small village on the Seine, near Beauveau. Yet we were glad to leave this lively seaport town behind us and sail up the Seine again. Our destination this time was Marseilles. Entering it, we purchased a copy of the *Literary Idler*. This we hastened to peruse, reading very eagerly the news from Toulon and Tameraque. Lest inquiries should be made respecting this paper, let me say that it is one of the few English papers published in foreign cities.

Gustav sent us a letter containing an invitation to the wedding of his daughter Olivia, which was to take place in October, and as this was December, he thought that we might be there in time. Nerissa also sent us a note, telling us in confidence that her marriage was to follow Olivia's, as soon as her Theodore was able to provide a cozy home for her. I was anxious to attend the wedding.

Next morning while poring over a copy of *Dreams*, with Raphael, the hotel cat, curled up in my lap, Eva entered and announced that an old friend of ours from Austin was in Marseilles and would call upon us the next afternoon. I was in a flutter of joy, and forgetting my book, ran away to tell my sister of the good news. Nothing ever ruffled my sister's composure, but the light in her eyes told that she would be glad to see George Ogden. Five years ago we three played together as children, George always treating my sister with admiring deference, but finding fault with me whenever opportunity offered.

Ruby Eliot had written to us that her cousin from Austin was wintering in Toulon, but we had not thought of meeting him here. The next afternoon our maid Harriette was nearly crazed by the demands made upon her time and taste. I gave up in despair, and confined myself to looking like a fright in a dark red silk. Not so with my sister, who was perfectly exquisite in a dove-colored silk and white lace. George called at half past four, and, of course, gave all his attention to Sarah.

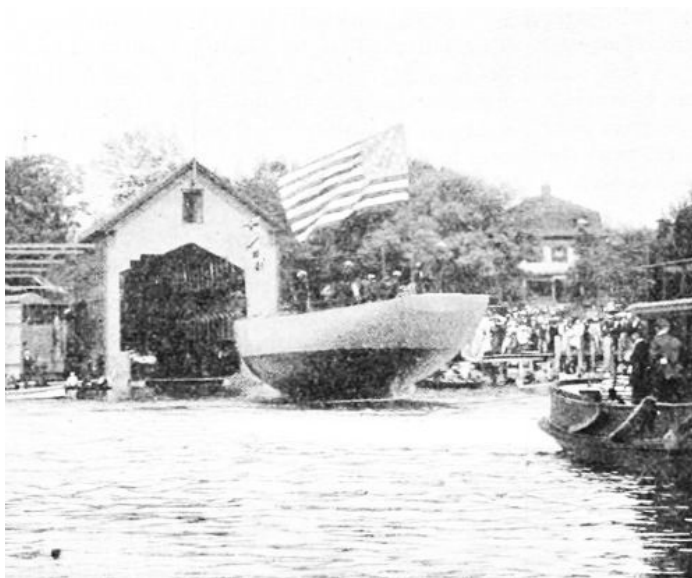
The sequel to this story cannot be written, but those two were only friends, after all, and some people admire elves in red dresses more than saints in gray. Our next move was cross country by rail, and after

many days sailing through bays, channels, and straits we landed at Dover, where we remained until October, when we crossed the strait to Brussels, arriving in time for the double wedding.

Yesterday something happened to convince me that there was no place like Austin in which to spend the rest of my days. Now as we are about to return to our native country a slight feeling of disappointment will arise that Dover was the only city in Britain visited by us. Yet how glad we shall all be to return to our native land.

Seeing the "Defender's" Launching.

I really wish I had had every member of the Round Table that is interested in boats with me on Saturday, June 29th. On that memorable day I went with a party of friends on board of a sloop-yacht to witness the launching of the *Defender*. We left Warren about 9.30 A.M. We dropped anchor in Bristol Harbor just in time, for about five minutes later the big boat glided down the ways amid the banging of guns and the shrill whistles from the numerous steamboats. The only thing to mar the occasion was that the launching was not as successful as expected, for the boat stuck on the ways and was not floated till two days later.



AT THE "DEFENDER'S" LAUNCHING.

As soon as the launching was over, I looked around to see what yachts were in the harbor. At our left was the *Colonia*, the practice boat for the crew of the *Defender*, consisting of thirty-three men. Among the other yachts were the Valiant, the handsome *Conqueror* of F. W. Vanderbilt, the *Shearwater*, *Sakonnet*, and many, many others. The harbor, indeed, presented a beautiful picture from the shore. After lunch, my chum and myself went in one of the row-boats up near the cup-defender, thus getting a finer view of it than ever.

Souvenirs have been floating around Bristol and vicinity for a month in the shape of aluminum rings; but other souvenirs were sold on the launching-day. Some were stick-pins made from the bronze of the rudder-post. About 3.30 a stiff breeze set in, and many of the yachts took advantage of it and started out on a spin. When we got back to our yacht the waves were dancing merrily about its bow, much to our delight.

When we got "under way" and fairly flew out of the harbor, the crew of the *Colonia* took off their caps and waved to us (Captain "Hank Huff" also), and it is needless to say the salute was returned, and kept up for at least three minutes. With our spinnaker "set" we just skimmed homeward, reaching Warren in an hour. The spray came over the boat as we sped along. For my part, I got an extra coat of tan. I should like to know if any other members of the Table were at the launching.

LUISE DE ALCAZAR, R. T. L.
WARREN, R. I.

Questions and Answers.

Ida Fitzpatrick: We believe there is no active Chapter in Hempstead now. J. C. Failing: There is no active mineral Chapter. Can't we have one in Oregon? All Chapters interested in minerals also collect stones, flowers, etc. Noah Roark: It is likely that we shall have some attractive offers to make to members in September. Watch for them. They are not quite ready now. Will Frances A. Rice send her address, that we may return some stamps?

We have to thank Katherine Warren for her morsel about Bermuda. We fear, however, we shall not have space for it. Does any member know of a rule, condition, or whatever it might be called, regarding the title of the Emperor of Germany, or German Emperor—one that was fixed at the time William I. was proclaimed at Versailles? The question is whether "German Emperor" is the correct title, or "Emperor of Germany," and why? Who knows about it?

Tom S. Winston says he is immensely fond of machinery. Are you? He lives at Abbeville, La.—away down near the Texas line. He wishes the Table had a Chapter of amateur machinists or engineers. He may tell us about that stock ranch. Isabel McC. Lemmon, Englewood, N.J., asks if Elsie G. Unruh will send her address? She wishes to forward some pressed flowers. Berthold Landau, 310 East Third Street, New York, wants to join a literary Chapter.

Dudley Polk asks if the "literature of to-day tends toward the realistic or the idealistic." We believe the critics say it tends toward the former. Some say that they think the day of literary realism is about over. G. G. B. asks the cost of a chicken-coop such as Mr. Chase recently described. The cost of material varies so, according to locality, that it is difficult to name any fixed sum. The cost can easily be figured out, as the drawing is made according to a scale. Find the number of square feet of lumber required, and the cost of the window-frame at any lumber dealer's.

C. L. B. Beach, Hull, Iowa, wants to trade pressed flowers. He also wants specimens of the "fly-catcher" and of the "pitcher-plant." Andrew Neill: The numbers of Harper's Young People, November to April, and of Harper's Round Table, April 30th to the end of the year, will be bound into one volume, not two. Beginning with the change in form and name, pages containing advertisements will be bound into the volume, not cut out as formerly. Platinum and iridium are found in the Ural Mountains, in Brazil, California, and Ceylon. They are original or primary substances, not manufactures. Platinum is used in telegraph keys, and iridium, being very hard, for nibs in the ends of gold pens.

Helen P. Hubbard: Common oyster-shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, manganese, magnesia, flour, bromine, phosphoric acid, and iodine, and, ground to a powder, were once used as medicine, since all of the substances are good for building up the system. Walter Henry, of Wisconsin, asks where he can procure silk-worm eggs. We think he can get them from the American Silk-Culture Association, Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. At any rate, both will be glad to give him information where he can get them.

RICH TIMES.

California was a rich spot for one to live in back in the fifties, or before then. The following account of nuggets of gold found in California in the old days, recently given by an authority, almost makes one wish that one had been living there at that time, although the hardships endured by the pioneer settlers were something which no amount of gold could compensate for.

The largest mass of gold ever found in California was that dug out at Carson Hill, Calaveras County, in 1854. It weighed 195 pounds. Other lumps weighing several pounds were found at the same place. August 18, 1860, W. A. Farish and Harry Warner took from the Monumental Quartz Mines, Sierra County, a mass of gold and quartz weighing 133 pounds. It was sold to R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, for $21,636.52. It was exhibited at Woodward's Gardens for some time, then was melted down. It yielded gold to the value of $17,654.94.

August 4, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of the Feather River a nugget which weighed 54 pounds avoirdupois before and 49-1/2 pounds after melting. A nugget dug at Kelsey, El Dorado County, was sold for $4700. In 1864 a nugget was found in the Middle Fork of the American River, two miles from Michigan Bluff, that weighed 18 pounds 10 ounces, and was sold for $4204 for the finder. In 1850 at Corona, Tuolumne County, was found a gold-quartz nugget weighing 151 pounds 6 ounces. Half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne County, near the Knapp Ranch, a Mr. Strain found a nugget which weighed 50 pounds avoirdupois. It yielded $8500 when melted. In 1849 was found in Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne County, a nugget that weighed 28 pounds avoirdupois. In 1871 a nugget was found in Kanaka Creek, Sierra County, that weighed 96 pounds. At Rattlesnake Creek the same year a nugget weighing 106 pounds 2 ounces was found. A quartz bowlder found in French Gulch, Sierra County, 1851, yielded $8000 in gold. In 1867 a bowlder of gold quartz was found in what is known as the "Bowlder Gravel" claim, from which many smaller gold-quartz nuggets have been taken at various times.

Outside of California few nuggets of note have been found in any of the Pacific coast States and Territories. The largest nugget ever found in Nevada was one taken out of the Osceola Placer Mine about twenty years ago. It weighed 24 pounds, and is supposed to have contained nearly $4000 in gold. A hired man found and stole it, but repenting, gave up to the owners in a month or two over $2000 in small bars—all he had left of the big chunk. In the same mine, about a year ago, a nugget worth $2190 was found. Montana's largest nugget was one found by Ed. Rising at Snow-Shoe Gulch, on the Little Blackfoot River. It was worth $3356. It lay twelve feet below the surface, and about a foot above the bedrock. Colorado's biggest nugget was found at Breckinridge. It weighed 1 pounds, but was mixed with lead, carbonate, and quartz.

Jack. "What two professions are the same?"

Bobby. "Don't know."

Jack. "The dentist and the artist; they both have to draw."

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[Pg 760]

WICKED WILLIE'S DREAM.

The combination of too much huckleberry pudding and a guilty conscience after annoying his sister's pet kitten.

Teacher. "Now, girls, you all know what liquid measure is. Little Alice may tell me what measure treats of inches, feet, and yards."

Little Alice. "Tape measure, teacher."

Auntie was a Southern mammy who had come North with the family she was born in, for the first time in her life. The sights and peculiarities of the Northern people, so strange to her eyes, caused her a great deal of trouble and confusion, and also provoked much mirth. Now Auntie had seen but little ice in the South, and one very warm day she addressed her young missus: "Lor', chile, I's dot a powerful headdake."

"Why, Auntie, I'll get you some ice," which the young lady did, telling her to put some in a handkerchief around her head, and take a small piece in her mouth.

Auntie started to do as she was directed, but evidently overdid it, for in a short time she burst into the dining-room, shouting,

"O Lor', missee, I's frizzed, I's gwine ter die. O Lor' er massy, gim me some hot water, quick, befo' I's a dead mammy."

"Why, what on earth is the matter, Auntie?"

After a great deal of trouble, the following explanation was given:

"I's done swallow dat piece of ice as youse tole me, an' it stuck in my chest, an' den it began ter freeze all my chest, an' I done feel it er reachin' fer my heart. Dat settled it sure 'nough. Nothin' would stop that freezin' till I swallered de hot water ter melt it. Yes, I's better now, but I don' want no more ob dat ice."

Teacher. "If your father was to hear of your bad conduct it would make his hair turn gray."

Bobby. "I beg your pardon, sir, my father hasn't any hair left."

Tommy. "Why does the sun rise in the east?"

Bobby. "I guess there must be a (y)east factory over that way."

FIRST BOY. "Did you hurt yourself when you fell that time?"

SECOND BOY. "Nop, not when I fell; it was when I hit the ground I hurt myself."

THE HORNETS' NEST.

The hornets' nest is football-shaped
   About the rose-bush curled,
But I would never raise my foot
   To kick it for the world.

A gentleman once asked a lawyer what he would do provided he had loaned a man $500, and the man left the country without sending any acknowledgments.

"Why, that's simple; just write him to send an acknowledgment for the $5000 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only $500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessary."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JULY 23, 1895 ***

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