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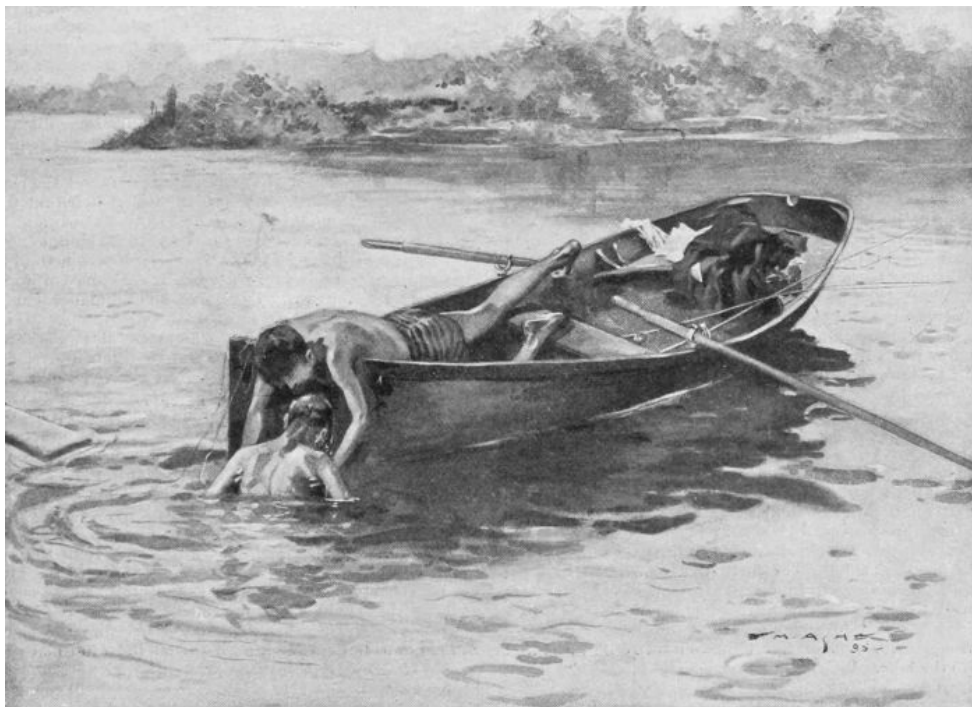


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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



JOE'S SCHEME.

BY J. SANFORD BARNES, JUN.

The sharp crackling of the gravel, and the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the driveway which led to the Thompsons' house, told Joe that Ned was going to be as prompt as he always was when the two boys had made any appointment, so he dropped his book, and ran to the door just as a neat little buckboard pulled up at the doorstep.

"Hello, Ned!" said Joe; "just on time. I knew that was you the moment I heard the rig turn in the gate. Wait till I get my hat and I'll drive to the stable with you. Say, will you stay to lunch? Jerry'll take care of him," he nodded toward the little roan, and disappeared in the doorway. In a moment he was back again, and jumping in with Ned they spun off to the stable, where Jerry, the coachman, promised to see that Tot should get his full measure of feed at noon.

"Now, to work," said Joe, "and after lunch we'll start off for the lake. Just you wait till you've heard my scheme, and you'll think it a dandy; see if you don't."

"Well, what is it?" said Ned. "There's no use keeping it to yourself forever."

"Come up in the workshop, for we've got to spend the rest of the morning there, and I'll tell you all about it."

The boys on leaving the stable turned down towards the farm barns, where in one of the vacant rooms Mr. Thompson had fitted up a neat little carpenter shop for his son. In one corner was a first-class lathe for all kinds of wood-turning, and across the room was a long carpenter's bench with all the appliances complete, while over in one of the other corners was what remained of Joe's first scroll-saw, rather dilapidated and cheap-looking now, but still of some service. Joe would not have parted with it even if he did not use it, for with it he developed his first love for carpentry, which had finally led to the present shop.

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"Now look here," said Joe; "my scheme is the simplest in the world; it's a plan to catch those bass in Laurel Lake which we can't get any way we've tried so far. It isn't the bait. Jingo! we've tried everything, from grasshoppers, dobsons, and live bait down to worms; they just look at it, and then look up at the boat over their heads, and scoot. Remember that monster we saw off Sea Lion last Tuesday? What would you give to get him, eh?"

"What would I give? Why, Joe, he's the biggest bass in that lake. I'd give—now, let me see," said Ned, scratching his head as he turned it from one side to the other; "I'd be willing to throw my new rod in the lake and stop fishing the rest of the summer."

"So would I," said Joe. "But look here, just get that cross-cut saw and help me get this plank so that we can get at it, and I'll explain as we go along." Joe measured off on the board ten divisions of eight inches each, and started sawing across the first line. "Now, you see," said he, "what I propose is that we take each of these ten pieces, cut up that old line of mine into lengths of about eight or nine feet, and then—see? Isn't that easy? The beauty of it is that we have a chance in ten different places; just string them along the shore, leave them, and while we wait jump in and play fish ourselves off Baldwin's Cliff; we can easily watch the floats from there. Catch?"

Ned had been listening eagerly, and approved the scheme heartily, only wondering why it had not occurred to them before. When Joe finished, Ned raised the question of bait, but was put off by Joe's saying there would be time enough to get all the grasshoppers and crickets they wanted, and maybe a few frogs, so they went to work, coats off, and sleeves rolled up in a businesslike manner. In the course of an hour or more they had that part of the work all done, and a short time afterwards they started up to the stable with their arms full of their invention, and deposited it complete in the box under the seat of Ned's buckboard.

"Now for bait," said Joe; "you take this box and keep along by that old stone wall and look sharp for crickets. There are lots of old boards and stones there; turn them all over and you'll get enough. I'll stick to

this field and get the 'hoppers."

They separated, and were soon hard at work, both using their hands to catch the wily bait; Ned said he never had any luck with 'hoppers or crickets that were caught with a butterfly net. After an hour they decided they had enough, and turned down toward a small stream which ran through the meadow, and got a dozen or more frogs, and so complete in all the details of their plan they came into the house and sat down to lunch. It seemed to both the boys entirely too long, and Joe fidgeted so much that his father noticed it, and tried to find out what the cause was.

"No, nothing's the matter, only we want to hurry up and get to the lake. We've got a scheme, and later we're going to have a swim."

"What is it, Joe?" said Mr. Thompson. "What's up? You're not going to catch that Jonah's whale you told me about with dynamite or anything like that, are you? You had better try putting salt on his tail," he added, jokingly, and he quietly passed the salt-cellar to Joe. "Come, fill your pockets; you'll need it."

Now it might as well be said right here that Mr. Thompson owned many a fine split bamboo rod, and two or three beautiful guns, and that there were pictures of partridges and woodcock in his den. Two fishing pictures in particular, which had always been Joe's delight, hung near the door, one of a great trout rolling up to take a fly as it skimmed the surface of the water, while the other, its mate, was of a fine small-mouthed bass clearing the water, and shaking himself in the air in his efforts to break away from the hook which had tempted him. In fact, Mr. Thompson was a sportsman of the truest kind. Little did Ned and Joe know how near he came to adding set lines to dynamite when talking seriously before he mentioned the salt. If he had been told "the scheme" this story would never have been written, but the boys went off unaware of what Mr. Thompson's views were on the method they had devised to try the bass in Laurel Lake. They took their rods and bait, of course, but kept mum about what was rattling under the seat as Jerry drove Tot up to the door.

A mile and a half and they turned in at old Farmer Sayre's, hitched and blanketed the pony, and with their variety of equipment went down to the shore of the lake, where their boat was made last.

"Go ahead, Ned, you row," said Joe; "we'll get there quicker, and I'm most crazy to see how she works; aren't you?"

"You bet," replied Ned. "Shove off. Let fall," he added, giving himself part of the orders he had picked up but a week before, while on a visit to a friend on the Sound. "Give way; how's that for nautical, Joe?"

"Never mind nautical," said Joe; "git there is what we want. *One, two—now, now!*" He grunted out each word to help Ned, who was pulling with all his might, and the light little boat jumped ahead at each stroke.

Around the point, which formed the bay in which the boat was kept, on the shore, but partly hidden by the trees, was an old, rather dilapidated ice-house; it was called that by courtesy, for it was no house at all; it had no roof—it never had one—but it was used once to store ice in, and the fishing-ground along the shore in front of it had always been designated by the boys as "off the ice-house." Ned and Joe claimed to themselves that they alone knew of the existence of a certain ledge which ran for some distance parallel to the shore, but much farther out than the average fisherman would think of dropping anchor.

As they approached the place, in order to get the right spot to leave the first float, which had a choice fat frog wriggling at the end of the line, Ned slowed down and began to row quietly. He got a certain stump on a point of land in line with the roof of a barn way back on the hill-side, and was watching for the cross-line, a clump of bright willows with a scraggly dead tree some distance behind them.

"Whoa, slowly," said Joe, who was also watching. "There! hold her, and I'll let him go. There, my fine friend," he added, addressing the frog; "good-by to you and good luck to us. Now, a stroke or two: there, let her slide! And to you, Mr. Hoppergrass, good-by, and good-luck." He gently dropped the line over the side, and, so with the others, all had a farewell given them as they were dropped over at intervals. Then the boys rowed on towards Baldwin's Cliff, keeping their eyes on the small floats as they left them bobbing under and over the tiny waves.

About four o'clock Ned and Joe had had enough swimming and diving, and fetching white stones from the bottom; they had been in, as was usually the case, too long, yet both wanted to stay in longer. Nothing had happened, as far as they could see, to their floats, and they felt keenly disappointed. They had hardly noticed that the clouds were gathering over the hills, and that the wind had risen so that little white caps had sprung up, and were dancing in towards shore. But a low mutter of thunder startled them, and they saw now no way but to adopt a means for shelter which they had followed before to keep dry.

"Hurry up, Ned," said Joe; "make for the boat; that storm's a dandy, and coming like thunder, too. It's pouring at the end of the lake already."

The boys put for the boat as hard as they could, and a moment later had her beached and rolled over, and their clothes snugly tucked away under perfect shelter.

"Here she is!" they both cried at the same moment, as the rain started to come down in large noisy drops, and the wind caught the spray from the water and whirled it along in sudden gusts.

"Let her rain," said Joe; "but doesn't that sting your back, it does mine; and that wind's cold, too. I'm going to swim out a way, the water's warmer than here."

So Joe plunged in and swam out from the shore.

Ned watched him as he paddled around in the deep water; he did not exactly like the idea. The whole scene, with the dark lowering clouds, broken now and then by the jagged streaks of lightning, each one followed by a sharp and startling smash and roar, made him shiver, and the large drops and an occasional hailstone made him skip around on the beach. The situation was exciting, though, and Joe, now quite a way out, felt the tingles creep through him. Finally, as Ned was still watching Joe, he saw him start forward with the overhand Indian stroke, making straight for the middle of the lake. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"Say, Joe! come back here! Don't be a fool; come back!"

Joe paid no attention; he did not hear the call, which was carried back into the woods by the gusts of wind; he kept on straight ahead, swimming as though in a race.

Ned turned and looked at the boat and then at Joe. "I know what's the matter," he said, aloud; "he's seen one of the floats way out there, and he's after it; but he can't stand it, I know he can't; he'll be all tired out when he gets there, and then when he has to tread water and play that fish—" Here he stopped, and gave a long low whistle. "By jingo! he must be a monster! why, he's towed that float nearly a hundred yards dead against this sea. No, sir! Joe can't do it, and here goes for wet clothes to get home in."

Ned had hardly finished speaking, and inwardly calling Joe some hard names for his foolishness, when he heard a cry from the water:

"Ned, oh, Ned! he's a whale! Hurry with the boat; I'm tuckered! Hurry!"

The last call to hurry was rather faint, and sounded almost as bad to Ned as if it had been "help" that Joe had cried; it made his heart leap in his throat.

"Let go the line," Ned cried back, "and keep your head, and I'll be there in a moment."

Again the words were lost in the wind, and Joe continued his struggle. In his excitement he felt that letting go that line would be like cutting it, and he hung on, now thrashing and splashing as the fish started to twine the line around his legs, and the sharp points of his fins pricked him. It was a case of the fish playing Joe, a pretty even struggle, but Joe was game and bound to have him. He did not appreciate that his strokes and kicks to keep his head up over the choppy surface of the lake were leaving him weaker and weaker.

As Joe turned his head a moment towards shore he saw Ned pulling towards him with all his strength; a moment later a wave struck him full in the face and caught him with his mouth open; he gulped and choked, and again started thrashing and struggling to gain his breath, but all he could do was to give a feeble cry of "help," then he sank out of sight, holding fast to the line.

Ned heard the faint cry, and turned as he rowed against the storm, which was now luckily falling as quickly as it had come up. The only thing he saw was the small piece of board tip up on its side and disappear. "Thank goodness he had hold of that line!" murmured Ned. "Now brace yourself," he added, aloud, "and keep cool, keep cool, keep cool."

It seemed to Ned that he said those words a thousand times; he was right on the spot, and was standing and waiting. The strain was something awful. He knew a good deal about swimming and about its dangers, and knew that a person had to come up twice, and that the third time down was down for good. He thought that Joe had not called before, yet he could not tell; but there was only one thing to do—wait, and, as he had said, "keep cool."

Ages and ages seemed to pass as Ned, shivering and pale, strained his eyes to see the block of wood appear again. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of the bit of wood slowly rising close by the side of the boat, and below it, as it came up zigzagging to the surface, he saw the white body following. It was a lucky thing that a stout trolling-line had been used in the scheme, for Ned reached far over the gunwale and firmly seized the line, then gently and steadily pulled the heavy weight to the surface. There were no signs of life in Joe's limp body; his cramped hand held the line twisted about his fingers, his eyes were closed, and his mouth half open.

Ned grasped the wrist which appeared first, and drew Joe along towards the bow of the boat, so that there would be no chance of capsizing. He lay out flat over the bow and held Joe under the arms, keeping his head well out of water, and waited. There was nothing to be done now but *wait*; no one was in sight, and shouting would have done no good, so he held on in his cramped position and watched the boat get a little headway in drifting towards shore, driven by the light wind. The sun had come out again, and blue patches of sky were appearing through the fast-flying clouds.

As the boat reached the shallow water, Ned leaped out up to his waist, still clinging to Joe's wrist; a moment more and he had him safe on shore, and, strange to say, there, too, was the cause of the trouble, the huge bass, still fast to the hook, which was far out of sight down his throat. The fight had been too much for him, and as Ned half carried Joe up the beach to a mossy bank, he also hauled the monster bass, that showed not a quiver of the gills or a movement of fin or tail. Ned placed Joe softly down, with his feet up on the bank and his head, face downward, over a soft rotten log, and then began the work which meant life or death. He had kept cool up to this time in a wonderful way, but now he began to get excited. He rolled Joe over and over, and kneaded him with his hands. Occasionally he stopped to listen to Joe's heart and feel for the chance of a single breath. It was a strange sight but a most impressive one—a young boy working for the life of his friend with all the fervor and love that a close friendship could call forth. Finally Ned's efforts began to have effect; there was a slight movement, a slow turning of the limp body, and Ned felt that Joe was safe, and he uttered a sigh that meant everything.

Gradually Joe's eyes opened, and finally, after more rubbing, he slowly sat up, and for the first time let go the line which he had held stronger than a vise up to this time.

"Ned," he said, feebly, "where am I? Where have I been? I can't remember anything. I am awful cold," he continued, and a shiver ran over him. "I must have swallowed half the lake. But I'll be all right in a moment. There! now I'm more comfortable," he added, as Ned propped him up against an old stump. "Is that the fish? Oh! Now I remember it all. He is a whale; I told you so; and I got him too!"

The excitement of seeing the fish changed his thoughts from himself, and the blood began to flow through his veins. The wind had died out, and the sun was warm and cheering. The spirits of the boys rose, and they began to forget a little of their narrow escape.

"Joe," said Ned, "is my hair gray? It ought to be; you scared me half to death."

"I'm sorry, Ned," replied Joe, "but I didn't do it on purpose; but I'm feeling rather queer. Let's get home."

They put on their clothes, wet as they were, and Joe staggered to the boat and fell into the stern seat and lifted the bass into his lap, where he could look at him and feel him.

As Ned, tired out and pale, took the oars and rowed slowly over the now glassy water towards the bay, Joe

listlessly took a small pair of scales from his pocket and weighed the fish, and when he found that he weighed over six pounds, just a little, he gave a long sigh.

"That's the biggest bass on record for this lake, don't you think so?"

Ned did not reply; he was too tired to even speak.

The other floats had been washed ashore or had disappeared somewhere; the boys did not look for them, or even think of them.

Tot seemed to know that he was pulling two very tired boys, and went along gently, and turned in of his own accord at the gate of the Thompsons' place.

Joe tottered as he got out of the buckboard, and held the bass up by the gills, to the astonishment of his father and mother, who were at the door to meet them. They had seen the storm come up, and had anxiously awaited the boys' return. As he stepped forward, the set line and block fell on the steps.

The long story was being told in a slow and labored way by Joe after Ned had gone, when it was interrupted by Mr. Thompson, who saw that his son was growing pale and faint.

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"That'll do for the present," he said. "Now come with me, old man," and putting his arm around Joe's waist, he gently helped him into the house and up to his own room, where he was undressed and carefully tucked into bed.

"So you caught him on a set line, did you?" said Mr. Thompson, as he sat by the bed-side, holding Joe's hand. "Now listen to a word of advice. Don't ever use set lines again. Fish with your rod and reel if you want to be called a true sportsman."

BOYS AND GIRLS AS RULERS OF MEN.

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

BY MRS. SERRANO.

There have been a great many Kings, since Kings first began to rule; but perhaps the little boy who to-day wears the Spanish crown is the only one among them all who was born a King; his father, Alfonso XII., having died more than five months before his birth, the throne remaining vacant during that time.

For the young people of America Alfonso XIII. possesses an interest apart from and superior to that which attaches to his exalted position as the ruler of a great nation, in being a descendant of the noble-minded and great-hearted Queen, the illustrious Isabella, who, by her encouragement and assistance, enabled Columbus to undertake the voyage across unknown seas which resulted in the discovery of a new world.

He is descended also from Henry of Navarre—the famous Henry of Navarre whose white plume so often led his soldiers on to victory—through Philip, Duke of Anjou, Henry's great-grandson, who succeeded to the Spanish crown, under the title of Philip V., on the death of his uncle Charles II. of Spain. Philip was the first of the Bourbon family who reigned in Spain, as Henry of Navarre was the first of that family who reigned in France.

To the Spanish people, who sincerely mourned the death of Alfonso XII., who had endeared himself to them by his frank and amiable disposition and by his many good qualities, the birth of the young King, which took place in the royal palace in Madrid on the 17th of May, 1886, was a joyful event. It was announced to all Spain by the firing of twenty-one cannon in every city throughout the kingdom. On the same day the infant was proclaimed King, his mother, Queen Maria Cristina, who had acted as Regent from the time of the late King's death, continued to fill the same office during the young King's minority.

A few weeks afterward, Queen Maria Cristina went with the royal infant, in accordance with the Spanish custom, to the church of Atocha. She drove to the church in a magnificent state carriage drawn by six horses covered with plumes and glittering with gold, and followed by many other splendid carriages. The Queen was dressed in deep mourning, and from time to time she held up the little Alfonso, who wore neither cap nor other head-covering, to the view of the people, who cheered and crowded forward to obtain a sight of the infant King, while the band played the Royal March.

The little Alfonso grew and thrived, more or less like other babies, until he was two years old, when he was taken in state to several of the provinces to show him to his people. Then he first experienced the uneasiness to which the head that wears a crown is said by Shakespeare to be subject, for the incessant cheering of the people and the ear-piercing strains of the martial music, wherever he was taken, disturbed him so greatly at last that he would cry out in his baby accents, "Stop, stop, no more!" Very soon, however, he began to grow accustomed to the honors paid him, and when he was taken out walking by the Queen,



THE KING OF SPAIN.

whose greatest pleasure it was, after he had learned to walk, to go out walking unattended with her children, Alfonso holding her by the hand while his two sisters walked in front, he would wave his hand to every one who passed. Sometimes he would forget to return a bow or a wave of a handkerchief, and then the Queen would say to him, "Bow, Alfonso."

At this time the little King had to take care of him and to attend upon him a Spanish nurse and an English nurse and an Austrian and a Spanish lady, besides his own special cook. The Spanish nurse of the royal children is always brought from one particular part of Spain, the valley of Paz, in the province of Santander, where one of the court physicians goes to select the healthiest and most robust among the various candidates for the position. As the young King is of a delicate constitution, thought to have been inherited from his father, the greatest care has been lavished upon him ever since his birth, the Queen herself exercising a watchful supervision over every detail of his daily life.

About four years ago Alfonso had a very serious illness, which everybody feared would terminate fatally, and which was probably due to a cause that has made many another little boy ill. Being in the apartments of his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, the elder sister of the Princess Eulalia, whose visit to us at the time of the opening of the exposition at Chicago made so pleasant an impression upon everybody, the Infanta gave the little boy a box of bonbons of a particularly delicious kind, which, seeing that he was observed by no one, he went on eating until he had finished the box. During his illness he would often inquire after a little lame girl to whom he used to give money in his drives to the country, wonder what she was doing, and ask that bonbons should be sent to her. All Spain followed the course of his illness with profound anxiety, and there was no one who did not sympathize with the widowed mother in her affliction, and rejoice with her when the dangerous symptoms passed away and the sick boy began to recover.

In October, 1892, Alfonso had another serious illness, the result of a cold, contracted probably at the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America at Huelva, where he presided at the inauguration of the monument erected to Columbus on the hill of La Rabida. This sickness also caused for a time the greatest uneasiness.

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The young King begins the day by saluting the national flag from his windows in the palace that look out upon the Plaza de Armas, where the relieving of the guard takes place every morning at ten o'clock, a ceremony which he loves to witness. He is passionately fond of everything military. He takes a great interest in the soldiers, in what they eat, and in other details of their life, and he often expresses pity for the cold which the sentinels on guard at the palace must feel. In the park at Miramar, when the troops are returning to their barracks after drill, he may often be seen delightedly watching the soldiers forming in line, and he returns their salute with a military salute. He is very fond of horses, and the bigger they are the better he likes them, as he himself says. He delights in military music and military evolutions, and a review of the troops is one of his great pleasures. On his seventh birthday he held a grand review of the troops, riding then for the first time in public. On that occasion 40,000 troops were reviewed.

Since that time his education has been directed less exclusively by women than before. His chief companions are his tutor, and the General who is the Captain of the King's guard, with whom he loves to talk about military matters. He still has his little playmates, however, and toys in abundance. He is fond of riding and driving, and he has a little carriage of his own, with two small Moorish donkeys to draw it, which looks very odd among all the large carriages in the royal stables in Madrid.

When the weather is fine he spends almost the whole of the day at the royal villa, called the Quinta del Pardo, situated a little outside Madrid. He is driven there in a carriage generally drawn by four mules, and is accompanied by his royal escort wearing their splendid uniforms and long white plumes. He knows personally all the soldiers who form his escort, and the moment he sees the Captain, as soon as the carriage leaves the palace gate, he speaks to him, and continues chatting with him all the way to the villa, the Captain riding beside the carriage door. He is accompanied by his tutor, his governess, and generally one other person.

In the villa he is instructed in the studies suitable to his age, particular attention being paid, however, to military science. The venerable priest, who is his religious instructor, teaches him also the Basque language, which is altogether different from the Spanish. In the afternoon his two sisters, Isabel Teresa Cristina Alfonso Jacinta, the Princess of Asturias, who is now about fourteen years of age, and Maria Teresa Isabel Eugenia Patrocinio Diega, the Infanta of Spain, who is about twelve, often go out to take afternoon tea with him. In the gardens of the villa he runs about and plays, after lessons are over, just like other boys of his age, playing as familiarly with the children of the gardener as if they were the sons of princes. Whatever money he happens to have with him he gives to the children of the guard and to such poor people as he may chance to meet on the way, for he is extremely charitable and generous, both by nature and education, the Queen, his mother, instilling into his mind the best and noblest sentiments.

In appearance Alfonso is interesting and attractive. His complexion is very fair, his hair light and curly, his expression rather serious. His usual dress is a sailor jacket and knickerbockers, sometimes sent from Vienna by his grandmother, the Archduchess Isabel, sometimes ordered from London by the Infanta Isabel, his aunt.

He is a very intelligent child, is very vivacious, and his manners, notwithstanding the high honors that have been paid to him since his birth as the chief of a great nation, are entirely free from arrogance and self-conceit. When the Queen Regent is holding audience in her apartments in the palace, which are directly below his, he will often go down and salute those who are waiting in the antechamber, giving them his hand, even though he may never have seen them before, this frankness of manner being a trait of the Spanish people, who are of all people the most democratic.

He is very affectionate in his disposition, although he has a very firm will; and he tenderly loves his mother, whom he also greatly respects, and his sisters, who are his favorite playmates.

He seems, as he grows older, however, to be perfectly conscious of his exalted position. He knows that he is the King, and in the official receptions and ceremonies at which he has to be present he rarely becomes impatient however long and solemn they may be. One of these rare occasions was during a royal reception in the throne-room. He was sitting at the right hand of the Queen, and all the high functionaries and courtiers were defiling past him, when he began to play with the white wand of office of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, a great officer of the palace. Suddenly leaving his seat and the wand of the Duke he ran



ALFONSO XIII., WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS.

down the steps of the throne, and mounted astride one of the bronze lions that stand on either side of it. The act was so entirely childlike and spontaneous, and was performed with so much grace, that it gave every one present a sensation of real pleasure. Even the Queen herself, while she regretted that the young King should have failed in the etiquette of the occasion, could not help smiling.

On another occasion of a similar kind he amused himself greatly watching the Chinese diplomats, looking with wonder and delight at their silk dresses, which he would touch from time to time with his little hands.

What most attracted his attention, however, was the Chinese minister's pigtail. He waited a long time in vain for a chance to look at it from behind, for the Chinese are a very polite people, and the minister would never think of turning his back upon the King. At last it occurred to Alfonso to run

and hide himself in a corner of the vast apartment, and wait for his opportunity, which he did. After a while the President of the Cabinet, seeing him in the corner, went over to him, and said, "What is your Majesty doing here?" "Let me alone," answered the boy; "I am waiting for the Chinese minister to turn round, so that I may steal up behind him, and look at his pigtail."

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The boy King, like most other boys, is very fond of boats, as may be gathered from the following anecdote. About three years ago the Queen gave a musical at San Sebastian, a sea-port where the royal family spend some months every summer for the sea-bathing, at which the Commandant of the Port was present. The little Alfonso was very fond of the Commandant, and had asked him for a boat, which the Commandant had promised to give the boy. He had not yet done so, however, and seeing him at the concert, the young King ran from one end of the room to the other, when the concert was at its best, and, stopping in front of him, said, "Commandant, when are you going to bring me the boat?"

In San Sebastian the royal family have a magnificent palace called the palace of Ayete, where, however, they live very simply. Alfonso plays all day on the beach with his sisters and other children, running about or making holes in the sand with his little shovel, in view of everybody. He takes long drives also among the mountains and through the valleys. Sometimes there is a children's party in the gardens of the palace, when he mingles freely with his young guests. Indeed, it is not always necessary that he should know who his playmates are. Not long since he was getting out of the carriage with his mother at the door of the palace in Madrid, when two little boys who were passing stopped to look at the boy King. "Mamma, may I ask those two boys to come upstairs to play with me?" Alfonso asked the Queen. "If you like," was the answer. He accordingly went over to the two boys, and asked them upstairs to play with him, and all three ran together up the palace stairs to the King's apartments.

The young King's birthday is always observed as a festival in the palace, and on his Saint's day, also, which is the 23d of January, there is always a grand reception. On this day it is the custom to confer decorations on such public functionaries as have merited them.

As a descendant of Queen Isabella there is something appropriate in Alfonso having sent an exhibit—a small brass cannon—to the great Fair in Chicago, at which he was the youngest exhibitor.

It is fortunate for the young King and for the country over which he is to rule that the important work of forming his character and educating his heart has fallen to a woman so admirably qualified for the task as the Queen Regent.

Born on the 21st of July, 1858, Maria Cristina is now in the early prime of life. Her appearance is distinguished and majestic; her manners are simple and amiable. She has a sound understanding and a cultivated mind, well stored with varied information. She is of a serious disposition, and is religious without bigotry, and good without affectation. During the lifetime of King Alfonso, her husband, she took no part whatever in politics, so that when she was called upon to assume the important responsibilities of the regency she was able to place herself above political parties, and to be the Queen of the nation. She has had the good fortune, in the midst of her personal grief—for the death of her husband, whom she loved devotedly, was a terrible blow to her—to win the good-will of the greater part of the Spanish people, and the respect of all by the wisdom and discretion with which, through her ministers and according to the constitution, she has governed the country. She is exceedingly charitable, and delights especially in relieving the wants of children; she gives large sums to children's aid societies. She educates at her own expense the children of public functionaries who have been left in poverty; she is constantly taking upon herself the care of orphaned children, and no mother ever asks her help in vain.

"TAIL-PIECE." This title Hogarth, the celebrated English painter, gave to his last work. It is said that the idea for it was first started when, in the company of his friends, they sat around the table at his home. His guests had consumed all of the eatables and *et cætera*, and nothing remained but the empty plates and glasses. Hogarth, glancing over the table, sadly remarked, "My next undertaking shall be the *end of all things*." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will be," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily.

The next day he started the picture, and he pushed ahead rapidly, seemingly in fear of being unable to complete it. Grouped in an ingenious manner, he painted the following list to represent the end of all things: a broken bottle; the but-end of an old musket; an old broom worn to the stump; a bow unstrung; a

crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; a cracked bell; the sign-post of an inn, called the "World's End," falling down; the moon in her wane; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; the map of the globe burning; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with the *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner; a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature; and an empty purse.

Hogarth reviewed this work with a sad and troubled countenance. Alas! something lacks. Nothing is wanted but this, and taking up his palette, he broke it and the brushes, and then with his pencil sketched the remains. "Finis, 'tis done!" he cried. It is said that he never took up the palette again, and a month later died.

PRISCILLA.

Miles Standish was a fellow
Who understood quite well, oh,
In fighting with the redskins how to plan, plan, plan.
But I think him very silly
When he wished to woo Priscilla
To send another man, man, man.

For she said unto this other,
Whom she loved more than a brother,
"Why don't you speak, John Alden, for yourself, self, self?"
So of course John Alden tarried,
And the fair Priscilla married,
And they laid poor Captain Standish on the shelf, shelf, shelf.

CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER II.

When morning came, old Wallace's face had grown a year older. Up to midnight he had hoped that better counsels might prevail, and that the meetings called by the leaders of kindred associations, such as the Trainmen's Union, would result in refusal to sustain the striking switchmen; but when midnight came, and no Jim, things looked ominous. A sturdy, honest, hard-working fellow was Jim, devoted to his mother and sisters, and proud of the little home built and paid for by their united efforts. Content, happy, and hopeful, too, he seemed to be for several years; but of late he had spent much time attending the meetings at Harmonie Hall and listening to the addresses of certain semi-citizens, whose names and accent alike declared their foreign descent, and whose mission was the preaching of a gospel of discord. Their grievance was not that their hearers were hungry or in rags, down-trodden or oppressed, but that the higher officials of the road owned handsome homes and equipages, and lived in a style and luxury beyond the means of the honest toilers in the lower ranks. Jim used to come home with a smile of content as he looked upon the happy healthful faces of his mother and sisters, but for months past his talk had been of the way the Williams people lived, how they rode in their parlor car and went to the sea-shore every summer and to the theatre or opera every night, drove to the Park in carriages, and hobnobbed with the swells in town. "Why, I knew Joe Williams when he was yard-master and no bigger a man on the road than I am to-day," said Jim, "and now look at him." His mother laughingly bade him take comfort, then, from the contemplation of Williams's success. If he could rise to such affluence, why shouldn't Jim? Besides, Mr. Williams had married a wealthy woman. "Yes, the daughter of another bloated bondholder," said Jim. A year or two before they regarded it, one and all of them, as no bad thing that there were men eager to buy the bonds and meet the expense of extending the road; but since the advent of Messrs. Steinman and Frenzel, the orators of the Socialist propaganda, Jim had begun to develop a feeling of antipathy towards all persons vaguely grouped in the "capitalistic class."

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He had long since joined the Brotherhood of Trainmen, having confidence in its benevolent and protective features. There was no actual coercion, yet all seemed to find it to their best interest to belong to the union, even though they merely paid the small dues and rarely attended its meetings. These latter were usually conducted by a class of men prevalent in all circles of society, fellows of some gift for speech-making or debate. The quiet, thoughtful, and conservative rarely spoke, and more frequently differed than agreed with the speakers, but all through the year the meetings had become more turbulent and excited, and little by little men who had been content and willing wage-workers became infected with the theories so glibly expounded by the speakers. They were the bone and sinew of the great corporation; why should not they be rolling in wealth they won rather than seeing it lavished on the favored few, their employers? The only way for workingmen to get their fair percentage of the profits, said these leaders, was to strike and stick together, for the men of one union to "back" those of another, and then success was sure. Called from his home to a meeting of the trainmen, Jim Wallace was one of the five hundred of his brethren to decide whether or no they too should strike in support of their fellows, the switchmen, demanding not only the restoration of the discharged freight-handlers, but now also that of Stoltz. Old Wallace had firmly told him No; they had no case. But by midnight the trainmen had said Yes.

An hour after midnight, anxious and unable to sleep, the father had stolen quietly up into the boys' room. Jim's bed was unoccupied; but over on the other side lay Corporal Fred, his duties early completed,

sleeping placidly and well. With two exceptions, all the companies of his regiment were made up of men who lived in the heart of the city. The two junior companies, "L" and "M," had been raised in the western suburb, and as many as a dozen young fellows living almost as far west as the great freight-yards were members of these. According to the system adopted in some of the Eastern States, each company was divided into squads, so that in the event of sudden need for their services the summons could be quickly made. Every man's residence and place of work or business were duly recorded. Each Lieutenant had two sergeants to aid him, each sergeant, two corporals; and immediately on receipt of notification, it was the business of each corporal to bustle around and convey the order to the seven men comprising his squad. By ten o'clock on the previous evening Fred Wallace had seen and notified every one of his party, and then, returning home, had gone straightway to bed. "There won't be much sleep after we're called out," said he, "so now is my time."

It would have been well for all his comrades had they followed his example, but one or two of the weak-headed among them could not resist the temptation of going to the freight-yards to see how matters were progressing, and there, boy like, telling their acquaintances among the silent, gloomy knots of striking railway men, that they too, "the Guards," were ordered out. It was not strictly true, but young men and many old ones rejoice in making a statement as sensational as possible. It would not surprise or excite a striker to say "we've received orders to be in readiness." It did excite them not a little when Billy Foster told them in so many words, "Say, we've got our orders, and you fellows'll have to look out."

"There need be no resort to violence," said the leaders. "We can win at a walk. The managers have simply got to come down as soon as they see we're in earnest." And at ten o'clock at night the striking switchmen, many of them ill at ease, had been waiting to see the prophesied "come down" which was to be the immediate result of the tie-up. What the leaders failed to mention to their followers as worthy of consideration was that superintendents, yard-masters, conductors, engineers, brakemen, and firemen, one and all had risen from the bottom, and could throw switches just as well as those employed for no other purpose. It was inconvenient, of course. It meant slow work at the start, but so far from being paralyzed, as the leaders predicted, the officials went to work with a vim. Silk-hatted managers, kid-gloved superintendents, and "dude-collated" clerks were down in the train-shed swinging lanterns and handling switches, and so it had resulted that all the night express trains of the five companies using the Great Western tracks, one after another, slowly, cautiously, but surely had threaded the maze of green and red lights, and safely steamed over the four miles of shining steel rails between the Union depot in the heart of the city and these outlying freight-yards, and, only an hour or so behind time, had haunted their long rows of brilliantly lighted plate-glass windows in the sullen faces of the striking operatives, and then gone whistling merrily away to their several destinations over the dim, starlit prairies. The managers were only spurred, not paralyzed.

"We'll win yet," said Stoltz, in a furious harangue to a thousand hearers, one-tenth of them, only railway employes, the others being recruited from the tramps, the ne'er-do-wells, the unemployed and the criminal classes, ever lurking about a great city. "The managers cannot play switchmen more than one night, and no men they hire dare attempt to work in your places—if you're the men I take you to be. Now I'm going to the trainmen's meeting to demand their aid." And go he did, with the result already indicated.

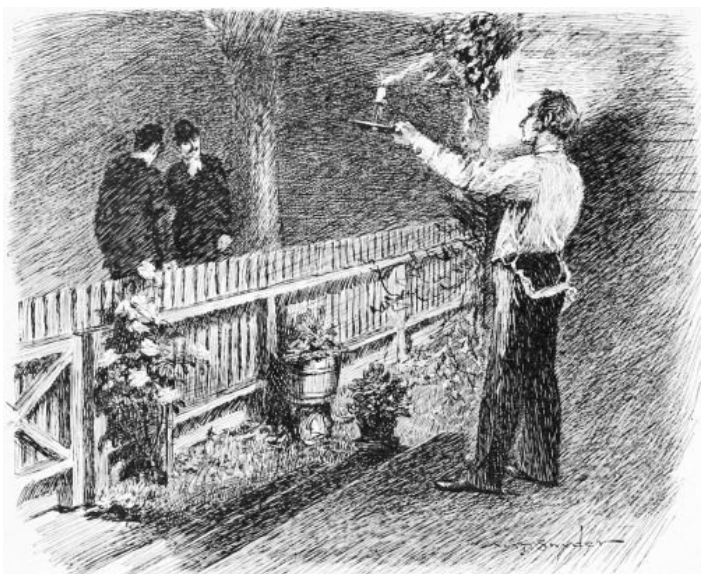
Half an hour after midnight, despite the protests of the old and experienced men, the resolution to strike went through with a yell, and when the dawn came, faint and pallid in the eastern sky, and the myriad switch-lights in the dark, silent yards began to grow blar and dim, there stood the long rows of freight cars doubly fettered now, for not only were there no switchmen to make up the trains, there were no crews to man them and take them to their destination. Jim Wallace had struck with the rest.

It was two o'clock when at last the father heard the heavy footfalls of his first-born on the wooden walk without. There he seemed to pause for some few words in low tone with a companion who had walked home with him from the yards. Old Wallace, going to the door to meet his son, heard these words as the other turned away. "And you tell Fred what I say. I'm a friend of yours, and always have been, but the boys won't stand any nonsense. It'll be the worst for him if he don't quit that militia business at once, and if he don't, he won't be the only one to suffer."

"Who is that?" demanded old Wallace, stepping promptly out from his front door. "Who threatens my son or my people?"

The stranger had stepped away into the shade of an ailantus-tree before he answered. Jim Wallace stood in moody silence, confused by his father's sudden appearance, and ashamed that such menace as this against him and his should have been spoken without instant rebuke. "What I said was meant in all friendship to you and yours, Mr. Wallace. You don't know me, but I know you," said the stranger; with marked foreign accent, but in civil tone. "I want to avert trouble from your roof if I can, and therefore told Jim to get Fred out of that tin-soldier connection. No son of yours ought to be used in the intimidation of honest workingmen who only seek their rights, and if he is wise he'll quit it now and at once."

"No son of mine shall be intimidated from doing a sworn duty by any such threats as yours," said Wallace, with rising wrath; "and if that's the game you play I'm ashamed to think that son of mine has had anything to do with you. Who are you, anyway? What do you mean by coming round 'intimidating honest workingmen,' as you say, at this hour of the night? You're no trainman. Man and boy I've known the hands on this road



**"WHO THREATENS MY SON AND MY PEOPLE?"
DEMANDED OLD WALLACE.**

nearly forty years, and I never thought to see the day when rank outsiders could come in and turn them against one another as you have. Who are you, I say?"

"Never mind who I am, Mr. Wallace. I speak what I know, and my voice is that of ten thousand working—or more than working—*thinking* men. If you're wise you'll see to it that this is the last time your boy carries orders to his fellows to turn out against us, for that's what he has done. If you *don't*, somebody may have to do it for you."

"That isn't all!" shouted the old Scotchman, as the other turned away, "and you hear this here and now. My voice is that of ten million law-abiding people, high and low, rich and poor, and it says my boys shall stand by their duty, the one to his employers, the other to his regiment, you and your threats to the contrary notwithstanding. You haven't struck, have you, Jim?" he asked, turning in deep anxiety to his silent, crestfallen son.

And for all answer Jim simply shrugged his broad shoulders and made a deprecatory gesture with his brown, hairy hand, then turned slowly into the little hallway, and went heavily to his room. At breakfast-time he was gone.

Fred came bounding in at half past six, alert and eager, yet with grave concern on his keen young face. "I've been the length of the yards," he said, "and I'm hungry as a wolf, mother. They say they're going to block the incoming trains, and prevent others going out. Big crowds are gathering already, and I shouldn't be surprised if we were ordered on duty this very day. Where's Jim?"

"He got up and dressed after you went out, Fred," was the reply. "He said he wanted no breakfast. Father has gone early to the shops. He thought he might meet you."

"Well, I'll stop there to see him on my way to the office. I've got to see Mr. Manners first thing about getting off if the call comes."

"I hope he'll say no," said Jessie Wallace, promptly. She was the younger, prettier sister, and the more impulsive.

"You thought the regiment beautiful on Memorial day, Jess, and were glad enough to go and see the parade," said Fred, with a mouth nearly full of porridge.

"That's different. I like the band, and the plumes and uniforms, and parading and drilling, but I don't want you to be shot or stoned or abused the way the other regiment was at the mines last spring."

"Well, there's where you and Manners don't agree. He objects to my belonging because of the parades and drills and summer camp, says it's all vanity, foolishness, and that only popinjays want to wear uniforms. I guess he'd be glad enough to have us in line if a mob should make a break for the works, but I own I'm worried about what he'll say to-day."

And Fred might well be worried. Dense throngs of excited men were gathered along the yards as he wended his way to the works after a few words with his father at the gloomy shop. An engine with some flat cars had come out with newly employed men to man the switches. Engineer, firemen, and the newly employed had to flee for their lives, and the assistant-superintendent was being carried to the emergency hospital in a police patrol wagon. Nobody was being carried to the police station. "There'll be worse for the next load that comes," shouted Stoltz from the sidewalk, and a storm of jeers and yells was the applauding answer. These sounds were still ringing in young Wallace's ears when he came before the manager. Mr. Manners turned round in his chair when Fred told him of his orders of the night before.

"Wallace," said he, "I told you last month that no man could serve two masters. We can't afford to employ young men who at any time may be called out to go parading with a lot of tin soldiers."

"This isn't parade, sir; It's business. It's protecting life and property."

"Fudge!" said Manners; "let the police attend to that—or the regulars. It's their business. If you leave your desk on any such ridiculous orders you leave it for good."

And at four o'clock that afternoon, towards the close of a day filled with wild rumors of riot, bloodshed, and destruction, a young man in the neat service dress of a sergeant of infantry—blue blouse and trousers, and tan-colored felt hat and leggings—walked in to Corporal Fred's office with a written slip in his hand, and Corporal Fred walked out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Jack and Neal entered into partnership in the poultry business.

"You see, I sha'n't have a cent of my own until I am twenty-five," explained Neal, "and my old grandmother left most of the cash to Hessie. She had some crazy old-fashioned notions about men being able to work for their living, but women couldn't. It's all a mistake. Nowadays women can work just as well as men, if not better. Besides, they marry, and their husbands ought to support them. Now, what am I going to do when I marry?"

Cynthia, who was present at this discussion, gave a little laugh. "Are you thinking of taking this important step very soon? Perhaps you will have time to earn a little first. Chickens may help you. Or you might choose a wife who will work—you say women do it better than men—and she will be pleased to support you, I have no doubt."

They were on the river, tied up under an overhanging tree. Cynthia, who had been paddling, sat in the stern of the canoe; the boys were stretched in the bottom. It was a warm, lazy-feeling day for all but Cynthia. The boys had been taking their ease and allowing her to do the work, which she was always quite willing to do.

"I'll tell you how it is," continued Neal, ignoring Cynthia's sarcasm. "I'll have a tidy little sum when I am twenty-five, and until then Hessie is to make me an allowance and pay my school and college expenses. She's pretty good about it—about giving me extras now and then, I mean—but you sort of hate to be always nagging at a girl for money. It was a rum way of doing the thing, anyhow, making me dependent on her. I wish my grandmother hadn't been such a hoot-owl."

Cynthia looked at him reprovingly. "You are terribly disrespectful," she said, "and I think you needn't make such a fuss. You're pretty lucky to have such a sister as mamma."

"Oh, Hessie might be worse, I don't deny. It's immense to hear you great girls call her 'mamma,' though. I never thought to see Hessie marry a widower with a lot of children. What was she thinking of, anyway?"

"Well, you are polite! She was probably thinking what a very nice man my father is," returned Cynthia, loftily.

"He is a pretty good fellow. So far I haven't found him a bad sort of brother-in-law. I don't know how it will be when I put in my demand for a bigger allowance in the fall. I have an idea he could be pretty stiff on those occasions. But that's why I want to go into the poultry business."

"And I don't mind having you," said Jack. "Sharing the profits is sharing the expense, and so far I've seen more expense than profit. However, when they begin to lay and we send the eggs to market, then the money will pour in. I say we don't do anything but sell eggs. It would be an awful bore to get broilers ready for market. By-the-way, I think we had better go back now and finish up that brooder we were making."

"Oh, no hurry," said Neal. "It won't take three minutes to do that, and it's jolly out here. It's the coolest place I've been in to-day. Let's talk some more about the poultry business. We'll call ourselves 'Franklin & Gordon, Oakleigh Poultry Farm.' That will look dandy on the bill-heads. And we'll make a specialty of those pure white eggs. I say, Cynthia, what are you grinning at?"

"I am not grinning. I am not a Cheshire cat."

"I don't know. I've already felt your claws once or twice. But you've got something funny in your head. The corners of your mouth are twitching, and your eyes are dancing like—like the river."

Cynthia cast up her blue eyes in mock admiration. "Hear! hear! He grows poetical. But as you are so very anxious to know what I am 'grinning' at," she added, demurely, "I'll tell you. I was only thinking of a little proverb I have heard. It had something to do with counting chickens before they are hatched."

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"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Jack, while Neal laughed good-naturedly.

"And I've also a suggestion to make," went on Cynthia. "From what I have gathered during our short acquaintance, I think Mr. Neal Gordon isn't over-fond of exerting himself. I think it would be a good idea, Jack, when you sign your partnership papers, or whatever they are, to put in something about dividing the work as well as the expense *and* the profits."

"There go your claws again," said Neal. "Let's change the subject by trying to catch a 'lucky-bug.'" And he made a grab towards the myriads of insects that were darting hither and thither on the surface of the water. "I'll give a prize—this fine new silver quarter to the one who catches a 'lucky-bug.'"

He laid the money on the thwart of the boat and made another dash.

"When you have lived on the river as long as I have you'll know that 'lucky-bugs' can't be caught," said Cynthia. "Now see what you have done, you silly boy!"

For with Neal's last effort the quarter had flown from the canoe and sunk with a splash in the river.

"Good-by, quarter!" sang Neal. "I might find you if I thought it would pay to get wet for the likes of you."

"If that is the way you treat quarters, I don't wonder you think your allowance isn't big enough," said Cynthia, severely; "and may I ask you a question?"

"You may ask a dozen; but the thing is, will I answer them?"

"You will if I ask them. Were you ever in a canoe before?"

"A desire to crush you tempts me to say 'yea,' but a stern regard for truth compels me to answer 'nay.'"

"You couldn't crush me if you tried for a week, and you couldn't make me believe you had ever been in a canoe before, for your actions show you haven't. People that have spent their time on yachts and sail-boats think they can go prancing about in a canoe and catch all the lucky-bugs they want. When you have upset us all you will stop prancing, I suppose."

"Claws again," groaned Neal, in exaggerated despair.

"I say, Cynth, let's go back and put him to work on that brooder," said Jack, who had been enjoying this sparring-match. "We'll see what work we can get out of him."

And, notwithstanding his remonstrances, Neal was paddled home and put to work. Cynthia's "claws" did take effect, and for the first time in his life he began to feel a little ashamed of being so lazy.

Jack was one of the plodding kind. His mind was not as brilliant as Neal's, nor his tongue as ready, but at the end of the year he would have more to show than Neal Gordon.

Mrs. Franklin carried out her plan of inviting their friends to the "hatching bee," and Thursday was the day on which the chicks were expected to come out. As the morning wore on Cynthia's excitement grew more and more intense, and all the family shared it.

"What shall we do if they don't come out?" she exclaimed a dozen times.

At one o'clock a crack was discovered in one of the eggs in the "thermometer row." At three it was a decided break, and several others could be seen. Cynthia declared that she heard a chirping, but it was very faint.

Mrs. Franklin remained upstairs to receive the guests, who came down as soon as they arrived. There were about a dozen girls and boys. Fortunately the cellar was large and airy, and the coolest place to be found on this warm summer day.

And presently the fun began. Pop! pop! went one egg after another, and out came a little struggling chick, which in due time floundered across the other eggs or the deserted egg-shells, and flopped down to the gravel beneath on the lower floor of the machine. It was funny to see them, and, as they gradually recovered from their efforts, and their feathers dried off, the little downy balls crowded at the front, and, chirping loudly, pecked at the glass.

Mrs. Franklin joined them now and then, and at last, when about seventy chicks had been hatched, she insisted upon all coming upstairs for a breath of fresh air before supper.

Here a surprise awaited them. Unknown to her daughters Mrs. Franklin had given orders that the supper-table should be arranged upon the lawn in the shade of the house, and when Edith stepped out on the piazza she paused in astonishment.

What terrible innovation into the manners and customs of Oakleigh was this? Last year, for a little party the children gave, she had wanted tea on the lawn, but it could not be accomplished. How had the new-comer managed to do it?

"Isn't this too lovely!" cried Gertrude Morgan, enthusiastically, turning to Edith. "My dear, I think you are the luckiest girl I ever knew, to have any one give you such a surprise. Didn't you really know a thing about it?"

"I have been consulted about nothing," returned Edith, stiffly. She would have liked to run upstairs and hide, out of sight of the whole affair.

"I hope you like the effect, Edith," said Mrs. Franklin, coming up to her as she stood on the piazza step. "I thought it would be great fun to surprise you."

"I detest surprises of all kinds," replied Edith, turning away, "and it seems to me I have had nothing else lately."

Much disappointed and greatly hurt, Mrs. Franklin was about to speak again, but at this moment Cynthia, enchanted with the success of the hatch, and with the pretty sight on the lawn, rushed up to her step-mother and squeezed her arm.



**"YOU ARE A PERFECT DEAR!" SHE WHISPERED.
"EVERYTHING IS NICER SINCE YOU CAME."**

"You are a perfect dear!" she whispered. "Everything is nicer since you came. Even the chickens came out for you, and last time it was so dreadful." And Mrs. Franklin smiled again and felt comforted.

The table was decorated with roses and lovely ferns, strewn here and there with apparent carelessness, but really after much earnest study of effects. Bowls of great unhulled strawberries added their touch of color, as did the generous slices of golden sponge-cake. The dainty china and glass gleamed in the afternoon light, and the artistic arrangement added not a little to the already good appetites of the boys and girls.

Fortunately Oakleigh was equal to any emergency in the eating line, and as rapidly as the piles of three-cornered sandwiches, fairylike rolls, and other goodies disappeared the dishes were replenished as if by magic.

After supper the piano was rolled over to the front window in the long parlor.

"Put it close to the window," said Mrs. Franklin, "and I will sit outside, like the eldest daughter in *The Peterkins*, to play. That will give me the air, and you can hear the music better."

They danced on the lawn and played games to the music; then they gathered on the porch and sang college songs, while the sun sank at the end of the long summer day, and the stars came twinkling out, and by-and-by the full moon rose over the tree-tops and flooded them with her light.

Altogether, Jack's second "hatching bee" was a success. A good time, a good supper, and, best of all, one hundred and forty chickens. Yes, it really seemed as if poultry were going to pay, and "Franklin & Gordon," of the Oakleigh Poultry Farm, went to bed quite elated with prosperity.

The next morning at breakfast they were discussing the matter, and Mr. Franklin expressed his unqualified approval of the scheme.

"If you succeed in raising your chickens, now that they are hatched, Jack, my boy, I think you are all right. You owe Aunt Betsey a debt of thanks. By-the-way, where is Aunt Betsey? Have you heard from her lately?"

There was no answer. Jack exploded into a laugh which he quickly repressed, Edith looked very solemn, while Cynthia had the appearance of being on the verge of tears.

"I want to see Aunt Betsey," said Mrs. Franklin, as she buttered a roll for Willy. "I think she must be a very

interesting character."

"It is very extraordinary that we have heard nothing from her," went on Mr. Franklin. "What can be the meaning of it? When was she last here, Edith?"

"In June."

"Was it when I was at home? Hasn't she been here since the time she gave Jack the money for the incubator?"

"That was in May. You were in Albany when she was here the last time."

"It is very strange that she has never written nor come to see you, Hester. It can't be that she is offended with something, can it? I must take you up to Wayborough to see the dear old lady. I am very fond of Aunt Betsey, and I would not hurt her feelings for the world."

There was a pause, and then into the silence came Janet's shrill tones:

"I know why Aunt Betsey's feelings are hurt. They was turribly hurt. Edith an' Cynthia an' Jack all knows too."

"Janet, hush!" interposed Edith.

"Not at all; let the child speak," said her father. "What do you know, Janet?"

"Aunt Betsey came, an' she went to see Mrs. Parker, an' Mrs. Parker said she'd been there before an' Aunt Betsey said she hadn't, an' it wasn't Aunt Betsey at all, it was Cynthia dressed up like her, an' Aunt Betsey said we was all naughty 'cause we didn't want the bride to come, an' the bride was mamma, and we didn't want her, it was the trufe, an' Aunt Betsey went off mad 'cause Cynthia dressed up like her. She wouldn't stay all night, she just went off slam-bang hopping mad."

"What does the child mean?" exclaimed her father. "Will some one explain? Edith, what was the trouble?"

"I would rather not say," said Edith, her eyes fastened on her plate.

"That is no way to speak to your father. Answer me."

"Papa, I cannot. It is not my affair."

"It is your affair. I insist."

"Wait, John," interposed Mrs. Franklin.

"Not at all; I can't wait. Edith was here in charge of the family. Something happened to offend Aunt Betsey. Now she must explain what it was. I hold her responsible."

"Indeed she's not, papa," said Cynthia, at last finding her voice. "Edith is not to blame; I am the one. I found Aunt Betsey's false front, and I dressed up and looked exactly like her, and Jack drove me to see Mrs. Parker. Edith didn't want me to go, but I would do it. Really, papa, Edith isn't a bit to blame. And then when Aunt Betsey came soon afterwards she went to see Mrs. Parker, and she didn't like it because she said she had been there two weeks ago and told her—I mean, Mrs. Parker told me about—"

Cynthia stopped abruptly.

"Well, go on," said her father, impatiently.

Still Cynthia said nothing.

"Cynthia, will you continue? If not—"

"Oh yes, papa; though—but—well, Mrs. Parker told me that you were going to marry again. And then when Aunt Betsey really went, Mrs. Parker said, 'I told you so.' Aunt Betsey didn't like that, and when she asked us if she had been here, of course we had to say no, and she was going right back to tell Mrs. Parker what we said; so I had to confess, and, of course, Aunt Betsey didn't like it, and she went right home that day."

Mr. Franklin pushed back his chair from the table, and began to walk up and down.

"I am perfectly astonished at your doing such a thing, and more astonished still that Edith—"

"Papa, please don't say another word about Edith. She didn't want me to go, and I would do it."

"Why have you not told me all this before?"

"Because, you see, I couldn't. I had heard that you were going to be married, and I didn't believe it until you told me; at least—"

Cynthia paused and grew uncomfortably red.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Franklin, smiling at her sympathetically. "It must have been very hard for you."

"It was," said Cynthia, simply; "only you know, mamma, I don't feel a bit so now. And then when you came home, papa, it was all so exciting I forgot about it, and I have only thought of it once in a while, and—well, I've been afraid to tell you," she added, honestly.

"I should think so! I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself, Cynthia. Has no apology gone to Aunt Betsey?"

"No, papa."

"It is outrageous. The only thing to do is to go there at once. Jack, get the *Pathfinder*."

The *Pathfinder*, boon of New England households, was brought, and Mr. Franklin studied the trains for Wayborough.

"Hester, you had better come too. It is only proper that I should take you to call on Aunt Betsey. Get ready now, and we will go for the day."

The Franklins were quite accustomed to these sudden decisions on the part of their father, and Mrs. Franklin did not demur. She and Cynthia hurried off to make ready, and the carriage was ordered to take them to the station.

Cynthia's preparations did not take long. Her sailor-hat perched sadly on one side, her hair tied with a faded blue ribbon, one of the cuffs of her shirt-waist fastened with a pin. All this Edith took in at a glance.

"Cynthia, you look like a guy."

"I guess I am one."

"Don't be so terribly Yankee as to say 'guess.'"

"I am a Yankee, so why shouldn't I talk like one? Oh, Edith, what do I care about ribbons and sleeve-buttons when I have to go and apologize to Aunt Betsey."

Edith was supplying the deficiencies in her sister's toilet.

"It is too bad. Janet ought not to have told. But it is just like everything else—all Mrs. Franklin's fault."

"Edith, what do you mean? Mamma did not make Janet tell; she tried to stop papa."

"I know she *appeared* to. But if papa had not married again would this ever have happened? You would not have heard at Mrs. Parker's that he was going to, Mrs. Parker wouldn't have said 'I told you so' to Aunt Betsey, Aunt Betsey wouldn't have found out you were there—"

"Edith, what a goose you are! Any other time you would scold me for having done it, and I know I deserve it. Now you are putting all the blame on mamma. You are terribly unjust."

"There, now, you have turned against me, all because of Mrs. Franklin. I declare it is too bad!"

"Oh, Edith, I do wonder when you will find out what a lovely woman mamma is! Of course you will have to some day; you can't help it. There, they are calling, and I must run! Good-by."

Hastily kissing her sister, Cynthia ran off.

Neal had much enjoyed the scene at the breakfast-table. He only wished that he had been present when Cynthia impersonated her aunt. It must have been immense. He wished that he could go also to Wayborough, but he was not invited to join the party. He was to be left alone for the day with Edith, for Mr. Franklin had decided that Jack should accompany them, to thank Aunt Betsey once more, and to tell her himself of the success of the hatch.

"I'll have to step round pretty lively, then," said Jack. "Those birds must get to the brooders before I go. Come along, Neal. It's an awful bore having to go to Wayborough the very first day. You'll have to look after the chicks, and don't you forget it."

The chickens safely housed, and the family gone, Neal prepared to enjoy the day. He had made up his mind to see something of Edith, and he had no idea of working by himself, especially as there was no absolute necessity for it.

"The day is too hot for work, anyhow," he said to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The executive business of the national government is divided into eight departments, and the heads of these eight departments are known as Cabinet officers, and form the President's Cabinet.

It often happens that we use the same name that is used in England for an officer or an institution, which is not, however, quite the same, and is sometimes widely different, and we must always be on our guard not to be confused by such seeming similarity. This is true in our political life, just as it is true in our sports. For instance, we could not get an international match between Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, and Oxford or Cambridge on the football field, because, although football is played at all of them, yet the game in the American colleges is so different from that played in the English universities that it would be impossible to have American and English teams meet on the same ground, any more than we could put a baseball nine against a cricket eleven. It is just the same way in our politics. The Senate is sometimes spoken of as corresponding to the House of Lords; but they really have few points of resemblance, save that they are both second chambers. So the Speaker of the House of Representatives is sometimes spoken of as if his position corresponded to that of Speaker of the House of Commons. This is not true at all. The Speaker of the House of Commons is, properly, merely a moderator, like the moderator of a New England town meeting, and his duty is to preside and keep order, but not to be a Speaker, in our sense of the word, at all, not to give any utterance to party policy. In the American House, on the contrary, the Speaker is the great party leader, who is second in power and influence only to the President himself. The functions of the two officers have nothing in common, save in the mere presiding over the deliberations of the body itself.

So in England the cabinet officers are all legislators, exactly as the Prime Minister, their chief, and they are elected by separate constituencies just as he is. In America the cabinet officers are not legislators at all, and have no voice in legislation. Instead of being elected by their own constituencies, they are appointed by the President, and he is directly responsible for them. It is upon his Cabinet officers that the President has to rely for information as to what action to take, in ordinary cases, and he has to trust to them to see the actual executive business of the government

well performed.

The chief of them all is the Secretary of State. At the Cabinet meetings he sits on the right hand of the President. He would take the President's place should both the President and the Vice-President die. It is he who shapes or advises the shaping of our foreign policy, and who has to deal with our ministers and consuls abroad. He does not have nearly as much work to do, under ordinary circumstances, as several other Cabinet officers; but whereas if they blunder it is only a question of internal affairs, and is a blunder that we ourselves can remedy, if the Secretary of State blunders it may involve the whole nation in war, or may involve the surrender of rights which ought never to be given up save through war. Questions of grave difficulty with foreign powers continually arise: now about fisheries or sealing rights with Great Britain, now about an island in the Pacific with Germany, now about some Cuban filibustering expedition with Spain, and again with some South-American or Asiatic power over insults offered to our flag, or outrages committed on our citizens. All of these questions come before the Secretary of State, and it is his duty to digest them thoroughly, and advise the President of the proper course to take in the matter. The Secretary of State very largely holds in his hands the national honor.

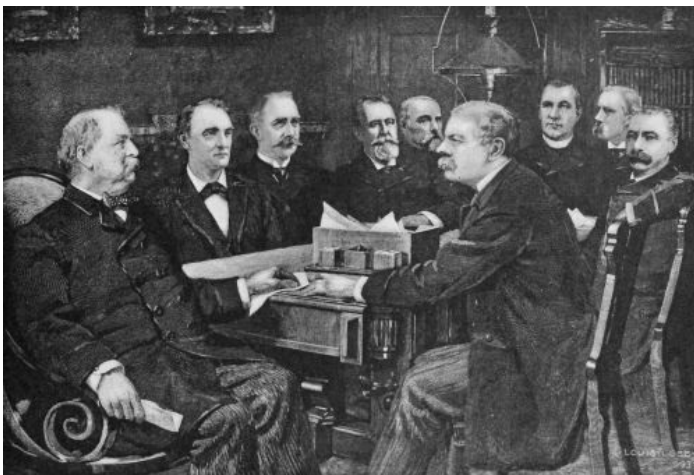


THE CABINET-ROOM.

Next in importance to the Secretary of State comes the Secretary of the Treasury. The great economic questions which the country always has to face are those connected with the currency and the tariff, and the Secretary of the Treasury has to deal with both. On his policy it largely depends whether the business of our merchants is to shrink or grow, whether the workingmen in our factories shall see their wages increase or lessen, whether our debts shall be paid in money that is worth more or less than when they were contracted, or in money that is worth practically the same. I do not mean by this to say for a moment that the Secretary of the Treasury, or any other official, can do anything like as much for the prosperity of any class or of any individual as that class or individual can do for itself or himself. In the end it is each man's individual capacity and efforts which count for most. No legislation can make any man permanently prosperous; and the worst evil we can do is to persuade a man to trust to anything save his own powers and dogged perseverance. Nevertheless, the Secretary of the Treasury can shape a policy which will do great good or great harm to our industries; and, moreover, he has to work out the financial and tariff policies which he thinks the President and the party leaders demand. The position is therefore one of the utmost importance.

The Postmaster-General has to deal with more offices than any other official, for he has to control all the post-offices of the United States. He is the great administrative officer of the country. Unfortunately, under our stupid spoils system, postmasters are appointed merely for political reasons, and are changed with every change of party, no matter what their services to the community have been. This is a very silly and very brutal practice, and all friends of honest government are striving to overthrow it by bringing in the policy of civil service reform. Under this all these postmasters will be appointed purely because they will make good postmasters, and will render faithful service to the people of their districts, and they will be kept so long as they do render it, and no longer.

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**J. Harmon, Attorney-General. J. D. Morton, Agriculture.
H. Smith, Interior. W. L. Wilson, Post. Gen.**

**President Cleveland. J. G. Carlisle, Treasury. H.
Herbert, Navy. R. Olney, State. D. Lamont, War.**

A MEETING OF THE CABINET.

The Secretary of the Interior has to deal with the disposal and management of the great masses of lands we have in the West, and also he has to deal with the management of the Indians, and with the administration of the pension laws. All three are most difficult problems, and their solution demands the utmost care, patriotism, and intelligence.

The Attorney-General is the law officer of the government. He sees to the execution of the Federal laws throughout the country, and appoints his agents to do this work in every district of every State, and he also advises the President and heads of departments on all legal matters.

The Secretary of Agriculture is a man of mixed duties. A good many bureaus of one kind and another are under his supervision, and most of the scientific work of the government is done under him. Some of the scientific bureaus, however, are under other departments. The work done by these scientific bureaus, as by the coast survey and the geological survey, and by the zoologists in the department, has been of

the very highest value, and has won cordial recognition from all European countries. Much of the work of the early scientific explorers in the West reads like a veritable romance; and this governmental work has

added enormously to our knowledge in all branches of science, from the natural history of mammals and birds, to the geological formation of mountains, and the contour of the coasts.

The remaining two officers are the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War. The Secretary of the Navy, again, occupies a most important position, for upon the navy depends to a very great extent the nation's power of protecting its citizens abroad, and of enforcing the respect to which it is entitled. Most fortunately for the last ten or twelve years the secretaries of the navy have done admirable work. Each has built on the good work of his predecessor, so that we are gradually getting our navy to a pitch where it can worthily uphold the honor and dignity of the American flag.

The Secretary of War is an officer whose duties are usually not very important, as he has comparatively little of consequence to do during time of peace, but is perhaps the most important officer of the Cabinet, with the sole exception of the Secretary of State, whenever a war arises. He has all kinds of work to do even in peace, however. Thus during the last two or three years the experiment has been tried on a large scale of working the Indians in as soldiers; and although hitherto this experiment has not had the success its promoters anticipated, yet good has been obtained by it. But when war comes, the Secretary, if not a powerful man, will be crushed helplessly; and if a powerful man, can do great good for the country and win a great name for himself, for in war he stands as one of the supreme officers, and upon his energy and capacity depends much of the success of the contest.

A strong President will usually make up his mind on certain policies and carry them out without regard to his Cabinet, merely informing them that their duty is to do the work allotted to them; but except in the case of these few policies, to which the President is committed, and the workings of which he thoroughly understands, he has to rely on his advisers.

The necessary advice is given him in these Cabinet meetings as well as privately. At these meetings the business of the departments is discussed, and also all questions of public policy of sufficient importance to make the President feel he would like advice about them. Of course the importance of the questions thus discussed may vary much, ranging between the adoption of a course of policy which may force Great Britain into war with us on the one hand, and on the other the abolition of the annual football games between Annapolis and West Point. The average Cabinet officer has a great responsibility, and can exert a most powerful influence for good or for evil throughout the entire republic.

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

You can tell me nothing about it, girls, nothing that I do not perfectly understand when you confide to me that you find vacation days rather slow of pace. Jenny Lucille spent last year in college, studying hard, and under high pressure from her entrance as a Freshman till the day she passed her examinations triumphantly, and was ready to begin her work as a Sophomore. It was due to her parents, who were making a great sacrifice in sending her from home, that she should do her best, and be an honor and credit to them, and being a girl of acute sensitiveness and much devotion to duty, Jenny would have been incapable of wasting her time. Then it is, after the first feeling of homesickness wears off, a gay and exciting world, this college world where so many young women are gathered, where there are sports and games and pleasant social evenings, and the feeling that something worth while is happening every day. The time flies, especially the last half of the last term, and at last, when there is a breaking-up, and the girls separate and take their different ways for home, notwithstanding their gladness that they are going to meet their dear home people, tears fill many eyes, and overflow furtively, and wet dainty handkerchiefs, and not till the train or the boat is fairly off are the faces quite bright again.

Well, home is reached, and home is sweet. How kind and hearty the father's greeting, how loving the mother's word and look, how much the children have grown, how nice it is to be in one's own room again, and to sit in one's own old seat at the dear home table! But after a little, if the household be a quiet one, and the village or town a place in which little goes on, the girl is vexed to find herself a wee bit blue. She wouldn't let anybody divine it; she shakes herself, and calls herself names in private, but she has to fight to be cheerful, and now and then she sits down and writes a long letter to her chum, and indulges in a good comfortable cry, with nobody to guess that she is not entirely contented, as indeed all sensible people would say she ought to be. The chum at Bar Harbor or Put-in-Bay, or some nook in the White or Green or Blue Mountains, some perch in the Rockies, or springs, or beach, or other gay resort, has had no time to be blue, and *her* letter back will be a complete contrast to Jenny's.

Now, my dear Jenny, listen to me! This fit of low spirits will pass presently, and you will be none the worse for it, if you will just credit it to the account of reaction. Take hold of whatever work there is to do in the house, the harder the better, and do it with both hands. Read an entertaining book, not a study book, but a bright story, the novel people are talking about, or else the novel of yesterday, which you have always felt you ought to read, but have not yet had time to attack in earnest. Hawthorne, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, Dickens, choose your author and your book, and float off into the life of imagination, which cheats the life of the actual of so much of its pain.

Whatever else you do, resolutely speak brightly and look cheerful. The brave effort to be bright and cheerful on the outside braces up the inside wonderfully, soul and body, as you know, being such inseparable partners.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

If you can't afford a barometer to tell you what kind of weather you are going to have, perhaps the following old proverbs will prove of use in helping you to prophesy as to whether it will rain to-morrow or not:

If spiders in spinning their webs make the termination filaments long, we may, in proportion to the length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so for ten or twelve days.

If many gnats are seen in the spring, expect a fine autumn; if gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, there will be fine weather.

If the garden spiders break and destroy their webs and creep away, expect rain or showery weather.

If sheep, rams, and goats spring around in the meadows, and fight more than usual, expect rain.

If cattle leave off feeding, and chase each other around the pastures, rain.

If cats back their bodies and wash their faces, rain.

If foxes and dogs howl and bark more than usual, if dogs grow sleepy and dull, rain.

If moles cast up hills, rain.

If horses stretch out their nicks and sniff the air and assemble in the corner of a field with their heads to leeward, rain.

If rats and mice be restless, rain.

If peacocks and guinea fowls scream, and turkeys gobble, and if quails make more noise than usual, rain.

If the sea birds fly toward land, and land birds toward the sea, rain.

If the cock crows more than usual, and earlier, expect rain.

If swallows fly lower than usual, expect rain.

If bats flutter and beetles fly about, there will be fine weather.

If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves, and fly to their nests, rain.

Some of the queerest miscellaneous quips received are to the effect that:

If there are no falling stars to be seen on a bright summer evening, you may look for fine weather.

If there be many falling stars on a clear evening in summer, there will be thunder.

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning.

If fish bite more readily, and gambol near the surface of the ponds and streams, then look out for rain.

If porpoises and whales sport about ships, expect a hurricane.

The best proverb of all, however, is the following couplet:

A coming storm your toes and teeth presage;
Your corns will ache, your hollow molars rage.

HOW TO MAKE A HERBARIUM.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY.

A young lady who was a great lover of wild flowers once brought me a number of pressed specimens to name. They were carefully pressed, but were loosely laid between the pages of a magazine. Among them were several choice plants, one or two of the rarer orchids, and a ginseng that I had never found. In handling them the leaves and flower petals had become broken.

"Your specimens are being ruined," I said. "Why do you not gum them each on a separate piece of paper and lay them in a box? You have here an excellent beginning for a herbarium."

"Oh dear, no!" she said. "I never could take the trouble to make a herbarium. I don't care for the flowers after I know what they are. You may have them all, and welcome."

She had doubtless seen the longing look in my eyes. I was generous, however, and tried to persuade my friend to treasure her own flowers, which she had been at some pains to press, assuring her that the herbarium did certainly pay for its trouble, and that unless she were a collector she would fail of becoming a real botanist. My arguments had no effect, and I fell heir to my friend's specimens.

Another time a lady (a member of a botanical club) said to me: "I don't care to make a collection. I would as soon look at hay as dried plants. What I want to study is *living nature*."

This sounds like a fine sentiment, and if the herbarium were to take the place of out-door study, we would

better burn our entire collection.

Here are the questions, then: How will the herbarium help us in our study of flowers? and Why is it not better to confine our study to "living nature"?

We cannot deny that the herbarium is a matter of time and trouble; but nothing worth having can be acquired without trouble. There is a lever which lightens all tasks wonderfully. That lever is enthusiasm. If you are enthusiastic about anything, you will be pretty sure to succeed, whether that thing be music, drawing, or even arithmetic. This is especially true of nature studies. The successful student of insects, birds, flowers, shells, or rocks must love his work with a passionate ardor. He must almost be a man with a hobby.

Now perhaps you will say, "I have not this enthusiasm, and therefore I shall not be successful." Let me tell you a secret. Nature herself inspires enthusiasm. You have but to work in any one of her departments, and you will learn to adore her. She is like a story-book. The first few pages, and especially the preface, are somewhat dry. But pretty soon, as the story opens up, you can hardly leave it for your meals or your sleep.

The principal value of a herbarium is that one has it always on hand for reference when the living flower cannot be studied. After the summer comes winter. My young lady who threw away her flowers forgot their names during the winter. She could not help forgetting some of them, for the botanical names of flowers are often hard to learn, being composed of Latin or Greek words, or of proper names with Latin terminations; and sometimes it would seem that the smaller and more unpretentious the plant the longer and more jaw-breaking its name.

When early spring comes, one can make a point of reviewing his herbarium and refreshing one's memory, so as to begin where he left off last fall. Thus each season's work is clear gain. The very labor necessary to make a herbarium impresses the flower and its peculiarities vividly upon the memory. If you handle and linger over your flowers, they will seem to you like pets whose sweet faces you cannot forget.

You want your herbarium, then, for reference, just as you need an encyclopædia in your library. You want it when the snow is on the ground and there is no "living nature" in the flower realm to study.

Every page of the herbarium should look neat and pretty. In order to secure this result you must first know how to press your flowers. A flower once wilted can never be made to look nice on paper. It is therefore necessary to keep fresh the specimen you wish to preserve. You might carry a large book, and shut your flowers in it as soon as plucked. But that would be inconvenient. A better way is to buy a botany box and carry it with you in all your walks. You never know when you may find some new thing. The box is of tin, opening on one side, and it may hang by straps from your shoulder. If you lay a little wet moss inside, and close the door every time you lay in a flower, your plants will keep fresh in their cool dark nest for three or four days.

To press them tear up newspapers into uniform sizes. Newspapers are porous, and absorb the moisture from plant stems and leaves better than brown wrapping-paper. Insert several leaves of the newspaper between the single flowers. When all are ready, place the whole pile between two boards, the same size as the papers (any carpenter will cut them for you), and lay the whole under a heavy weight, like a trunk or pile of large books. Once a day look over your plants, and put those not quite pressed into clean dry papers. The papers already used, unless badly stained, can be spread out, dried, and used again. The problem is how to dry the plant quickly and thoroughly. The quicker it is dried the better it retains its colors. The petals will fade, but careful pressing will make them look very well, not at all like hay. If the plant be taken out of its press too soon its leaves will wrinkle. Some delicate plants will dry in twenty-four hours' time, others take three or four days, or even a week.

Have ready sheets of nice white paper. These you can get a printer to cut for you of uniform size. The regulation size is 17 by 11 inches. If the specimen be too long for the paper, bend the stem once or twice. A botanical specimen should include the whole stalk down to the root, unless, like some of the taller sunflowers, it be quite too long for the page. Place only one specimen on a page, and fasten it in several places with narrow strips of gummed paper. Last fall I had a bright idea. After the election I collected a number of unused ballot pasters. From these next summer I shall cut blank strips, already gummed, and I shall moisten them with a wet camel's-hair brush, and use them for my herbarium. Large leaves will stay down better if a drop of mucilage be placed in their centre. When the stem is very heavy I sew it with double thread tied on the under side, or I cut two small slits in my paper, and slip the stem through. As fast as sheets are prepared, leave them under a large book till the mucilage is dry. The page is then ready for labelling. Write now in the lower right-hand corner your own name, the botanical and common name of the flower, where and when found; or you can get labels with your name printed on them, which you can paste on the bottom of your page.

HERBARIUM OF J. BROWN.

Caltha palustris

(Marsh-Marigold).

IN MARSH NEAR BRIDGEPORT, MAY 3, 1894.

The papers belonging to the same family should now be placed inside of family covers, made of still brown paper, and these again should be inclosed in a box. I use the boxes in which tailors send my husband's shirts and suits of clothes. On the cover of the box write the families which it contains. That plan facilitates finding any particular specimen. Certain families, as ferns and orchids, go well together; mints and figworts are allied. Composites should have a box to themselves, and the species should be gathered into genus covers.

The botany gives directions for poisoning plants, if you are likely to be troubled with insects. Many of my mounted specimens are ten or twelve years old, yet I have never had any such annoyance. Therefore I do not poison my plants. I always use mucilage. Perhaps flour paste or starch would afford food for insects.

It is pleasant to keep a flower calendar as part of the herbarium. Procure a diary, and note the day when

you first find certain flowers. This, if kept several successive years, will show interesting variations of season, and of the time of the flowering of the same plants.

For study of trees keep a leaf album. I know of no other way to learn the many species of oak and maple.

The herbarium is never a finished book. Each year, as you visit different parts of the country, you will add to its beautiful pages. You may well show it to your friends with pride. It is an achievement, a monument of your industry, and proof of your knowledge. To yourself it will be a source of never-ending pleasure. Here a leaf will recall a visit to a friend, a trip to the mountains, or a month at the sea-side. This flower suggests a picnic, or a shady walk, or mountain stroll with choice companions. Turn to the herbarium on a day in January, when the wind and snow are having a merry dance outside, and you will see visions of sweet woods, fresh fields, and blooming wild flowers, biding their time, but sure to come again.

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THE RUNNING HIGH JUMP IN DETAIL.

From instantaneous photographs of Mr. Baltazzi jumping.



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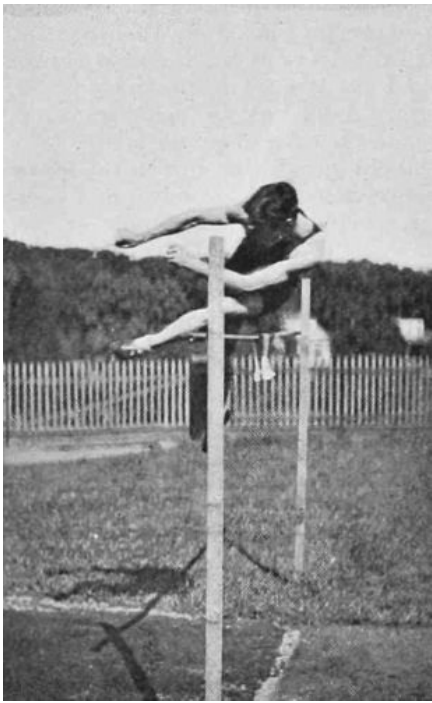
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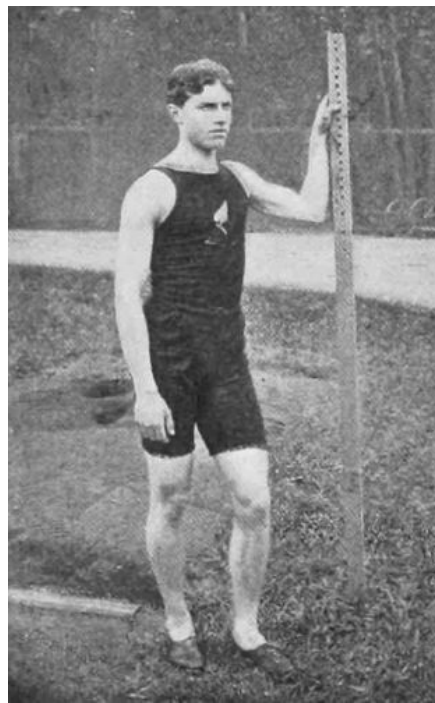
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7.



S. A. W. BALTAZZI.

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INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

The pictures on the opposite page are reproductions of instantaneous photographs taken especially for this Department of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE. They clearly show the exact position and form of an athlete at the various stages of action in the running high jump, and a careful study of them will prove of great usefulness to any one desirous of perfecting himself in this particular branch of out-door athletics. The striking feature of the series is that it proves that a man practically steps over the bar with one stride, instead of flying over it in a compact bunch as he appears to do when watched by the naked eye. But before describing the jump itself, it will be best to give certain general directions about the necessary lay-out, and a few points on preliminary work.

In the first place, no one should start in to train for this event until after he is eleven or twelve years old. In fact, it is safe to say that no boy under this age ought ever to go into any kind of systematic athletic work, for his ambition is liable to lead him to injurious over-exertion. Don't do any high-jumping in the winter months; for running on a hard board floor is not a good thing, and you are apt to slip and get injured. If you want to take up jumping as a specialty, spend the winter, or the in-door season, in pulling weights so as to strengthen the back and chest, and in going through leg motions to fortify the limbs. No one can ever succeed as a high-jumper unless he has a well-developed chest and back. As will be seen later on, the strain on the dorsal muscles is practically what lifts the man over the bar. This sounds very much like lifting one's self up by the boot-straps, but it is nevertheless correct. The leg exercises are simple. There are two kinds. One is to lift yourself up on your toes. Start in by doing it about twenty-five times every day for a week; then increase the number until you get up to about three hundred times. An expert high-jumper can lift himself five hundred times without great fatigue. The second exercise is the "frog motion." This consists of placing the heels near together and of squatting and rising. Do this a few times only, to start with, and gradually bring yourself to the hundreds. Exercise the chest, as I have said before, with weights and dumbbells. Strengthen the back by bending over with the legs stiff, the arms thrown out in front until the finger-tips touch the floor easily.

The jumping costume should consist of a jersey suit rather than of a linen blouse and trousers, because the knit goods cling to the form and keep the muscles warm. The trousers should never reach the knees, which have to be kept free. The feet are encased in shoes made of kangaroo-skin, laced in front like running shoes, and are worn without socks. The left shoe is made several ounces heavier than the right, and is about twice as heavy as a sprinter's foot-wear. The heel is made of quarter-inch sole leather, and has two spikes. Some men jump with one spike in the middle of the heel, but this is very bad, because when the jumper alights his heel bone pounds on the spike and soon raises a stone bruise. If you have two spikes fixed at the extremities of diagonals drawn through the centre of the heel this bruising is easily avoided. There are no spikes on the heel of the right shoe, but the heel itself is made slightly thicker. In the toes of both shoes there should be six spikes.

A great many athletes who have gone in for high jumping have abandoned the sport after a few weeks of training because of sore heels. They should remember that the heel must be toughened as well as the other muscles, but as soon as it begins to feel sore, rest until it is in good condition again. A good way to avoid soreness of the heel and ankle is to keep that part of the foot thickly painted with iodine all the time. Keep the ankle absolutely black for several months, until the muscles there have become so tough and strong that there is no danger of straining or bruising. For the leg muscles, rubbing with alcohol is good, but do not resort to this too frequently. And in order to have the leg muscles in the best of condition, do not indulge in the frog motion and other exercises for a week or two previous to a match.

For practice the jumper should have two square posts about two inches thick, made of almost any kind of wood, and bored with holes one inch apart up to five feet eight inches, and half an inch apart above that. The pegs should be three inches long, and the bar, made of pine, should be about twelve feet long and one inch square. The posts are placed eight feet apart, and it is usual to hang a handkerchief over the centre of the crossbar, so that it can be seen better. A jumper must *always* keep his eye on the bar from the time he starts to run until he lands safely on the other side. The runway should be eight feet wide and about forty feet long. It should be made of cinders, well rolled, and ought to be kept dampened so as to make it springy. Beyond the posts the earth should be turned over and raked, so as to make a soft landing-place.

There is no rule about how far off from the bar a jumper should start to run. The nearer the better, because less power is then wasted on the approach. In No. 1 the jumper has just started. He takes an easy gait at first, with his eye fixed on the bar, and he regulates his speed and his step so as to come to the "take-off" with his left foot. In jumping all the work is done with the left foot. A good way for a beginner to determine how far from the bar to take-off is to stand before it on one foot and lift the other until he can touch the cross-piece with his toes. He takes-off as far back as he can thus place one foot and touch the bar with the other. This distance from the base line between the posts to the take-off is usually equal to the height of the bar from the ground.

As the jumper approaches the bar he runs as fast as he can, and in picture No. 2 he reaches the take-off with his left foot. His heel strikes first (as may clearly be seen from the heavy mark underneath it), and gives the power for the jump. The toe merely gives direction to the motion imparted by the heel and the big shin muscle which connects with the heel. The leap has now begun, and with the right foot rising the jumper begins to sail over the bar. His line of travel is a perfect semicircle, beginning at the take-off, and ending in the soft ground on the other side at exactly the same distance from the base-line of the posts. No. 3 shows him still rising from the ground, his right foot giving the direction of the leap. The muscles of the arms and back are now just coming into play to raise the torso and the left leg—and all the time the eye is firmly fixed on the bar. In No. 4 the right foot is just passing over the handkerchief, and the arms and back are seen straining with the exertion of bringing up the left leg. Notice that muscle of the neck. It connects with the muscles of the side and abdomen, and these harden like steel to force the quick motion that has to be made to lift that side of the body. The strain on this neck muscle and the working of the back and arms are even better displayed in No. 5, where the left leg is almost up, and is about to clear the bar. Considerable practice is required for this motion, because it has to be done very quickly. The left foot has to be brought in very close to the right thigh, and yet the sharp spikes must be kept from tearing the flesh. Note how the eye is constantly on the bar.

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In the next picture, No. 6, the bar has been cleared, the whole body is over, and the right leg has dropped. It is now no more used, except as a balance to the body, the entire work of the jump, as before stated, being done with the left leg. The jumper's eye is still fixed on the bar, and not until he is well over it, as shown in No. 7, does he remove his gaze. As he clears the stick his back muscles give a twist to his flying form, and his right arm thrown into the air aids him in turning, so that he will fall facing the bar. The left leg has now passed the right, and is making ready to sustain the weight of the body on landing, while the right is thrust slightly backward to sustain a proper equilibrium. The strain on the back and arms is relaxed. In No. 8 he is just about to land, and the camera has given us a beautiful display of the looseness of the arm muscles, showing the right arm still in the air and about to drop as soon as the feet strike the ground. The body is lying along the curve of the semicircle through which the jump has been made.

The bar in all these pictures was at 5 ft. 8 in., and each photograph necessitated a separate jump. This alone is enough to show in what excellent form the young athlete worked, for a kinoscope could not have caught his separate actions in one leap to better effect than these photographs have shown them in eight different leaps. The ninth picture is a portrait of the clever young athlete, who is shown in action in all the others. He is S. A. W. Baltazzi, of the Harvard School of this city, who holds the interscholastic high-jumping record not only of the N.Y.I.S.A.A., but of the United States. At the Interscholastics last May he cleared 5 ft. 11 in., but since then he has covered 6 ft. in practice, and I have no doubt that he will defeat the Englishman who is coming over to represent the London Athletic Club at the international games this fall. Baltazzi is seventeen years old, and weighs 135 pounds. He began jumping while at St. Paul's School, Garden City, in 1891, and won first in a school competition with 4 ft. 9 in. At the school games of 1892 he took first, with a jump of 5 ft. 1/2 in., and in 1893, as a member of the Harvard School, he established the in-door scholastic record of 5 ft. 3-1/2 in., at the Berkeley School winter games. The following year, at the same games, he raised the record to 5 ft. 6-1/2 in., and subsequently took first in the Wilson and Kellogg games with a jump of 5 ft. 5 in. At the Interscholastics of 1894, Baltazzi and Rogers tied for first place at 5 ft. 9 in., breaking Fearing's Interscholastic record of 5 ft. 8-1/2 in. In September of that year he won first at Travers Island, jumping 5 ft. 7 in., and later in the winter he took first in the Barnard games with 5 ft. 8 in. Having taken first in the Berkeley, Poly. Prep., and Columbia College handicap games of 1895, he lifted the Interscholastic mark up to 5 ft. 11 in. at the Berkeley Oval in May. The following week, at the Inter-city games, he cleared 5 ft. 10-1/4 in., and took first at the N.Y.A.C. spring games with the same figure. Baltazzi expects to enter Columbia College this fall; and if he does, there are five points sure for the New-Yorkers at Mott Haven for some years to come.

The picture printed on this page is a reproduction of a photograph taken of G. B. Fearing, the Harvard high jumper, in 1892. Fearing held the record of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. until Rogers and Baltazzi broke it in 1894. His form was entirely different from Baltazzi's. As he clears the bar in this picture, both his feet appear to be curled up under his body, and his head is thrown forward and down. He seems to be almost reclining on his side, whereas Baltazzi makes the leap with his body practically perpendicular, although he necessarily bends forward in the motion which lifts the torso over the stick. Fearing's form as displayed in this photograph does not give the same idea of power and assurance as that shown by Baltazzi.

The prospects for record-breaking in the N.Y.I.S.A.A. next year are not very bright, for most of the record-breakers are leaving school. Besides Baltazzi, Tappin, the mile runner of Cutler's winning team, will go to Columbia. Yale will get Meehan, who is a clever half-miler, Ayres, the hammer-and-shot man of Condon's, Powell, the bicyclist, and Hackett, the mile walker. The first three in this last group hold United States interscholastic records in their events. Princeton's track team will no doubt secure three of Barnard's best athletes, Syme, Simpson, and Moore, whereas Harvard will only get one good man from the N.Y.I.S.A.A., Irwin-Martin. Cowperthwaite, broad jumper, and Beers, who holds the high hurdling record, will also leave school for college. This will make room for new men, and ought to be a good thing for the association.

A correspondent suggests that the schools of New York—and I don't see why it would not be just as good an idea for schools of other cities—hold an interscholastic bicycle meet this fall. At first thought this sounds like a very good scheme. There are few scholars, comparatively, who are strong enough, or who have the inclination to play football, and now that use of the bicycle has become so universal these could devote the fall season to preparation for a bicycle contest. Far be it from my intention to suggest to even the weakest football-player that he give up the gridiron for the bicycle; but I have seen so many young men standing around football fields watching the game, with no ability or desire to participate in it, that I welcome the suggestion of making the autumn a bicycle season too.

It is very probable that the inter-collegiate association will do away with bicycles at the Mott Haven games next spring. If they do, the interscholastic associations will no doubt follow suit, and then the wheelmen will find themselves, to a certain extent, out of it, if they have not already prepared for separate contests. It is right that bicycle events should be excluded from track and field meetings, because a running track is not the proper place for a bicycle race. Bicycle races, however, ought not to be given up entirely or left to professionals, because such racing is productive of good sport. The best course to pursue under the circumstances, then, is to have a meet especially for bicyclists. I am sure there are enough wheelmen in the schools to make it worth while, and the fall season with cold days and bracing air is just the time for such sport.

If a bicycle field day cannot be gotten up this fall, there is no reason why there should not be an interscholastic road race. The executive committee of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. could easily arrange such a contest, and offer a pennant to the winning school. Let each school of the association enter two riders, and let the managers of the race adopt a course. This can be easily done by looking over the back numbers of Harper's Round Table, and choosing a good road from one of the many bicycle maps of the vicinity of New York that have recently been printed. This would be a novelty in the way of school contests, in this section at least, although it is quite a common event with the California school associations.



G. B. FEARING'S FORM IN HIGH JUMPING.

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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.

Thirty years ago there were probably fifty coin-collectors where there is one to-day. As a consequence coins have now little value unless they are, first, coins of great rarity; or, second, scarce coins in absolutely uncirculated condition, or "mint state."

Dealers in coins whom I have questioned say that there is very little demand, and that in many instances they sell coins now at a lower price than they would have paid for them a generation ago. Further, if coins could be sold as quickly as stamps, they could afford to sell them at an even lower price. As it is, the interest on the capital locked up in stock and the cost of doing business are so large, that they make very little profit. The common obsolete coins (except U. S.) are bought by the dealers at the price of old metal. There is no money in collecting coin, but lots of fun.

JOS. GOLDSMITH.—The green 5c. Confederate unused is sold by dealers at 50c. The value of common stamps by the million depends on the assortment. If there is a fair quantity of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, and 15c., etc., they bring a good price. For 1c. and 2c. only there is little demand. Dealers' addresses are not given in this column.

HELEN MACKAY.—The used 3d. Canada unperforated is quoted in catalogues at 20c. on wove paper, \$1 on laid paper, \$1.50 on ribbed paper.

L. M. I.—The current blue special-delivery is printed from the same dies as the previous blue, but the lines have been deepened and two cross lines added under the words TEN and CENTS.

WILLIE K.—No premium on the coins. The stamp is the 3c. blue 1869 U. S.

G. TARLETON.—U. S. fractional currency has no value beyond face unless it is absolutely uncirculated. There ought to be a demand for these interesting war relics, but practically there is none. Dealers sell them at a small advance over face.

D. R. O'SULLIVAN.—There is no premium on the coins mentioned. Rare coins if worn by use have very little value. High prices are paid for rare coins if in "mint state," that is the condition when the coins are new and uncirculated.

A. E. BARRON, Tarrytown, N. Y., wants to correspond and trade with stamp-collectors. He has the beginning of a good collection.

H. B. THAW.—The Bloods Penny Post is catalogued at 50c. There are three varieties of the Bloods Despatch worth from 15c. to \$4 each. The Adams Express is not a stamp. It is probably a trade-mark.

R. CRAIG.—State Revenues, as a rule, are collected only in the State using them. General collectors do not buy them, and consequently they are not catalogued.

A. LOWKOWSKY.—The letter-sheets will no longer be made. There are eight main varieties—series 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and the first issue without series number. They are not classed as stamps, but as envelopes, and envelopes are not collected as generally as adhesive stamps. I believe you can buy the \$3, \$4, and \$5 Columbian stamps at face from the Washington, D.C., Post-office.

R. G. HUGHES.—It is a Colombian revenue stamp. These stamps are not generally collected except in Colombia, and hence no value can be given. Your sketch is admirably well done.

R. MOODY.—The stamp is the 3c. 1869 U. S., and is sold by dealers at 2c. The coin has no premium.

LEWIS E. B.—If the coins are in mint condition the dealers will probably buy at a premium. If not uncirculated they are worth face only.

L. KENTON.—The coin and bank token do not command a premium.

P. B. EVANS.—The 10c. U. S. you mention is the 1861 issue if not griled. If griled it is the 1868 issue. Your questions as to values have been answered several times in this column. You can get a late catalogue of any dealer at a small price.

M. N.—If in mint condition the dealers will buy, otherwise they are worth face only.

ROBERT CRAIG.—Not worth more than face.

G. L. MURPHY.—Not generally collected in the U. S., hence no value can be quoted.

A. MITTEL.—The coin is probably the William III. of England. The stamp is the current 2c. postage-due.

A. BEE.—The unused U. S. and British North American Colonies stamps issued before 1865 are all advancing in price rapidly. The used stamps are also advancing, but slowly.

J. WOLFERT.—If the stamps you mention are in good condition I would advise you to sell them by auction. Rarities bring a higher price when all the big collectors compete for them. Common stamps, on the other hand, do not bring catalogue price at auction.

W. J. HOLBECK.—The Mobile 5c. blue is quoted at \$7.50. If on the envelope do not take it off.

J. ADAMS.—The present \$1 black U. S., it is said, will soon be printed in another color. The 8c. with triangular ornaments is on sale at many offices. No copies have yet been seen with the white-framed triangular ornaments.

FRANK T.—Almost any dealer can supply you with a complete set of the U. S. stamps (cancelled) showing die varieties between 1870-1882. It consists of the 1c., 3c., 6c., 7c., 10c., and 12c., and, counting shades, numbers about twenty stamps. Prices vary.

M. C. WRIGHT.—The best way is to go to responsible stamp-dealers, look over their stock, and take no damaged stamps at any price, however low.

ROUND TABLE.—I do not know to what "1894 penny" you refer. The dimes have no premium.

S. T. DODD.—Yes. The present issue of U. S. will probably all be printed on water-marked paper.

PHILATUS.

War-time Memories.

My grandmamma is an old lady, and lived in Atlanta, Ga., at the time Sherman and his soldiers, on their famous march to the sea, took possession of that city. She buried her plate and valuables under the house. Her husband was away in the service of the Confederate Army, and she was left alone with two or three little children.

One night two young officers came and knocked on the door, demanding admittance, which she refused. They grew angry and made some terrible threats. Grandmamma had an army musket in the house. She told them if they didn't desist she would fire through the door at them. After some further parley they left. But they returned the next morning and told her she was the spunkiest little woman they ever saw.

One day grandmamma received some fresh sausage from the country. Presently in entered a man wearing the blue. He took those sausage and stuffed his pockets full. On the table was a large sugar-bowl, filled. He picked it up and carried it away, dipping the raw sausage in the sugar and eating it.

Finally, grandmamma obtained guards to protect the house. One cold night one of the guards was dozing in front of the fire when in stalked a huge Indian. Planting himself in front of the fire, he began to act and talk in a shocking way. The guard promptly ejected him.

Such were a few of the many experiences of my grandmother during the "times that tried men's souls."

Correspondents wanted.

HARRY R. WHITCOMB.
UMATILLA, FLA.

On the La Viga Canal.

I will tell you about our big canal, La Viga. At the park called the "Zocalo" one takes the tram. After going through a good many dirty streets the tram lands you at the "Embarcadero," a clean spot, where you get into flat-boats that look like barges. The first town you come to is called Jamaica. Here there are lots of canoes filled with vegetables, which are very cheap indeed. Along the route you usually meet women in canoes selling tamales. These are made of corn boiled, crushed, some "chile" added, and then the whole put into cornhusks. They are good eating. The next town you come to is Santa Anita, where you get off, if you wish, eat some tamales, and drink some pulque. Leaving Santa Anita, you reach, a little way out, what used to be floating gardens—now delightful places for picnics.

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BICYCLING

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

The map this week shows the macadamized and asphalted streets in Philadelphia and its vicinity; and for all bicycle-riders who live near the Quaker City, or who think of going there, this map will prove of great value. It will be very easily seen that Philadelphia is eminently adapted to bicycling. In the first place, Broad Street runs from League Island entirely through the city, and out to the Willow Grove turnpike on the north. To get in and out of Philadelphia either to the south or the north, therefore, one needs but to take the shortest route to Broad Street, which is kept in admirable condition. Furthermore, one can get with the utmost ease to the river—*i. e.*, the Delaware—by turning from Broad Street either down Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, or Pine. The Market Street ferry is perhaps best reached by taking Chestnut Street, and then turning a block north just before reaching the river.

In making this map it has been found advisable, for the better clearness of the reproduction, to omit a good many unimportant streets in the heart of the city. Every asphalted or macadamized street in Philadelphia is

given, but in many cases other streets are omitted, or every alternate street is given. The wheelman who studies the map may very likely count a certain number of blocks on the map to the place where he wishes to go, and in that case he would be somewhat mystified in making this map agree with his count. Names are given in the case of macadam or asphalt streets, and you have only to watch for those names on the signs to find any place in the city and to keep the situation before your eyes.

Within the next few weeks we intend to publish certain of the best trips in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and it will be important to study this map, in connection with those, to discover the best method of getting out of the city in different directions. For example, to get out to Fairmount Park from the public buildings, run north on Broad Street from the buildings to Spring Garden Street, thence turning left, proceed to or across the river—the Schuylkill. In either case, turn to the right immediately before or after crossing, and the run is direct to the park. By not crossing, and following the river up through the park, you will come to the Wissahickon road. By crossing, and running out Belmont Avenue, you get into Montgomery County, and so out of the city. Germantown may be reached by the Wissahickon road or by keeping straight to the northward on Broad Street until you reach Tioga Street. Turning left into this, you soon run into the Chestnut Hill road, and can keep to this until entering Germantown at School Lane. All through Germantown, and out to the north and westward there are beautiful roads of macadam that it is a pleasure to ride over.

Turning in the other direction, the rider, by bearing to the right into Rising Sun Lane from Broad Street, will have a clear course out of Philadelphia to the northeastward. By turning right into Lehigh Avenue, and continuing over Belgian block pavement to Kensington Avenue, he will run into Frankford, which is the way he has come from New York. The roads out of Camden on the other side of the Delaware are clearly marked. Crossing the Market Street ferry, you go south by Broadway or north by Pea Shore road, and by studying the map the rider will see where are the best roads for reaching Essington, Derby, Lansdown, and Haverford on the southwest.

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. Trenton to Philadelphia in 821.

SPEED.

One who has made a study of the subject states that the average rates of speed attained by certain travelling things, are as follows: A man walks three miles an hour; a horse trots seven; steamboats run eighteen; sailing vessels make ten; slow rivers flow four; rapid rivers flow seven; storms move thirty-six; hurricanes, eighty; a rifle ball, one thousand miles a minute; sound, eleven hundred and forty-three; light, one hundred and ninety thousand; electricity, two hundred and eighty thousand.

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A Good Natural History Morsel.

Vacation and moth-time come hand in hand the first week in July. The boys of the neighborhood come yelling from school to eat supper and go to bed to be up at six o'clock. At six o'clock around comes a man with a leather pouch filled with carbon sticks. One by one the boys, some on bicycles, some on foot, begin to follow him. Let us suppose we have joined the procession. We come to an electric light. As the light is let down the boys begin to jump up and down, yell, push, etc., to get first pick.

The man takes a fine brush and quickly cleans the globe. As the insects fall to the ground there is a general scramble. We are lucky enough to get a fine specimen of a Luna, and start for home to save us from getting mobbed. One of the most common of the large moths found in the globes is the Luna (*Attacus luna*). The spread of the wings is from three to four inches. The general color is a beautiful tint of green. The edges of the fore wings are brown, the streak crossing the body. There are four eye spots, one on each wing. A white furry body and light golden antennæ complete the colors of this beautiful, delicate moth.

Another of the beautiful moths is the Cecropia (*Attacus cecropia*). The general color is a beautiful brown, and the usual eye spots are prevalent. The Io (*Saturnia io*) is a rival of the Luna in beauty. It is of a deep yellow with purplish-red markings and the usual eye spots. The *Attacus Prometheus* and *Polyphemus* moths are occasionally found in the globe. The most common victims are the Sphinx moths, who have a very long name, *Macroscla quinquemaculata*.

ALBERT W. ATWATER, R.T.K.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Facts About Alaskan Indians

Some time since, Sir Knight James F. Rodgers, of Tiffin, Ohio, wrote us: "A man gave an illustrated lecture on Alaska at our school-house. He said, 'That when a girl arrives at the age of fourteen she is taken to the mountains and confined in a house for one year; when a girl arrives at the age of eighteen her parents put a wooden button in her lower lip; that the people worship the white crow.' Are these statements true?"

In reply, Mr. O. T. Mason, Curator of the Department of Ethnology in the National Museum, Washington, very kindly says: "I take special pleasure in answering the inquiries of James F. Rodgers, of Tiffin, Ohio. He may have misunderstood the lecturer somewhat, and, therefore, without characterizing it, say, first, that among all savage tribes in the world there is a custom of separating young women when they come to be of marriageable age. These customs differ from tribe to tribe, and the length of time of their separation varies. There are no high mountains in Alaska, and one year seems to be rather a long period, yet the general fact remains; secondly, a button of wood, or ivory, or stone, called a labret, is placed in the lower lip of girls, in some tribes of boys, in other of both. Among the Eskimo and the Indians of Alaska, as the child grows older and the orifice becomes enlarged, a stone or block of wood of greater and greater size is inserted, until I have seen a block at least 2-1/2 inches in diameter taken from the lip of an old woman. The Botocudos of South America, on the Amazon, are especially curious in this regard, for they not only insert enormous blocks in their lips, but also in the lobe of the ear, until it falls upon the shoulder; thirdly, as to the worship of the Alaskan natives, it should be said that there are two kinds of natives in Alaska—Eskimo and Indians. The Eskimo have one sort of primitive religion, the Indians quite another sort. It does not convey exactly the right idea to us that the natives worship anything, certainly it is very far from the truth to say that anybody in Alaska worships the white crow.

"The Indians of Alaska, like the other Indians of America, are divided up in their tribal relations into bands or clans called 'Totems,' and these are generally named after some prominent animal of the region. Great respect is paid to these animals, and frequently the clan refrains from eating the whole or a portion of the totemic animal. It is a very interesting study. I cannot find out that the Eskimos have any definite names for the objects of which they stand in awe. They have among them a class of men called 'Shammans,' who believe in spirits and practise certain rules for the influencing and controlling these spirits. The same worship is common all over Siberia and northern Europe. None of these people have an organized form of worship. Such a thing would be impossible in a country so forlorn and cold."

Kinks.

No. 90.—BEN BOLT. (A NEW VERSION.)

THIRTY PROPER NAMES CONCEALED.

O don't you remember old Sally, Ben Bolt,
Old Sally whose hair was so red,
Her matutinal cry of "Buy any shad?"
Racked our ears till we wished we were dead.
In a small back yard off the alley, Ben Bolt,
The miserly fish-wife of yore
Sits nursing her hord, while she counts once again
The same sheckles she counted before.

O don't you remember the streamlet, Ben Bolt,
Where the boys that played hookey from school
Sat snug on the banks eating taffy and pie,
Or bathed in the clear crystal pool.
But next day, perhaps, you remember, Ben Bolt,

We would fain for a bed negotiate,
Our respective papas had the evening before
Plied the rod at so lively a rate.

O don't you remember our teacher, Ben Bolt,
The man so averse to all fun?
No ham bone or sparerib sent up to our rooms
But he sniffed it and took it away.
Near the church round the corner they've laid him at last,
Where the willows 'n sympathy wave,
And the mocking-bird, chorister meet for a Czar,
Gently warbles a dirge o'er his grave.

No. 91.—PECULIAR WORD SQUARE.

1 10112
4 * *3
5 * *6
8 9127

1 to 2 is exalted reputation.
3 to 4 is one of the surfaces of a solid.
5 to 6 is a strain sung by a single voice.
7 to 8 is to repose or recline from labor.
1 to 8 is a snug abode.
9 to 10 is a summer drink extensively used.
11 to 12 is equivalent to 320 rods.
7 to 2 is a well-known and beautiful flower.

M. BEEMAN STOUT.
LYONS.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 89.

1. "Elm."—Holmes.
2. "Chestnut."—Holmes.
3. "Norway pines; larches."—Phebe Cary.
4. "Chestnuts."—Holmes.
5. "Spice-trees."—Holmes.
6. "Pine-tree."—Whittier.
7. "Pines."—Paul Hamilton Hayne.
8. "Pine-trees; oaks."—J. T. Trowbridge.
9. "Willow."—Holmes.
10. "Pine; elm."—Holmes.
11. "Hemlock."—Holmes.
12. "Hemlock-tree; hemlock-tree."—Longfellow.

Rabbits and Water

Victor Gage wanted to know the experience of others who have kept rabbits. I have kept them for the last five years. I find that they will not drink water if you feed them on clover, grass, cabbage, lettuce, turnip tops, and other green plants. There is always a little dew on this food. If there is much dew, they will get enough water to last them all day, and often for three or four days. On the other hand, if you feed them on dry food, such as hay, oats, corn, stale bread, and other dry things, they will generally drink water about two or three times a week, and sometimes every day.

I keep my rabbits in a house somewhat like the one Mr. Chase illustrated in the Round Table some weeks ago. When it rains and the rabbits are thirsty, they will lick the drops of rain as they run down the wire netting. I think that if Mr. Gage feeds his rabbits on the dry food mentioned for four or five days and then give them water, he will be convinced that rabbits do drink.

LION GARDINER.
CONCORD, N. H.

Questions and Answers.

Vincent V. M. Beede, East Orange, N. J., asks some members to describe some less common games of dominoes, and tell the origin of the game croquet. Let's have them in the form of morsels for printing. L. V. Riddle, 13 Roanoke Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., is interested in botany, and wants to hear from Albert W. Atwater and all young naturalists and botanists. Ralph Cain, 1041 Santa Fe Street, Atchison, Kan., thinks it would be a capital idea to form an electrician Chapter about the Table, and would like to have other members join him. He hopes to become an electrical engineer—an excellent direction for one's ambition just now, we think, for electricity is to be the motive power of the future far more than it is now. Knights of to-day who reach their threescore and ten in due time will see steam supplanted by it on our railways. Sir Ralph will find Callaud cells, duplicated for strength, the battery most used for sustained power. The arc light is the result of frictional not chemical electricity.

W. D. S.: What is the simplest and cheapest form of electric battery depends upon the use for which the battery is needed. Electricians use the blue-stone for telegraph or closed-circuit work; sal-ammoniac or Leclanche and other open-circuit batteries for electric bells and burglar-alarms; acid batteries, such as Grenet, Bunsen, and others, for electro-plating, and dry batteries for medical use. The cost is from \$1.50 to \$5 per cell. Books on electricity are divided into subjects. For instance, Ayrton's *Practical Electricity* is a series of lectures for students, \$2.50, while Mayer's work, at \$3.50, treats wholly of telegraphy. Ask J. H. Bunnell & Co., 76 Cortlandt Street, N. Y., for their catalogue, which they send free if you mention the Round Table. Mary Newell Eaton, 197 South Lafayette Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., wants in-door games for persons of sixteen to twenty. She also wants to hear from any member who has visited or who now lives in Italy or China. She may send us the morsel she mentions.

Joseph H. Durant hopes we will publish a story every other week that young artists may illustrate. We could hardly find space for one so often, but we intend to offer some prizes for illustrations. Conditions will be announced soon. Sir Joseph must learn to use India ink or water-colors (black only). Pencil cannot be reproduced at all, and crayon but poorly. John H. Campbell, Jun., 413 School Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., wants to receive sample copies of amateur papers, to join corresponding clubs, and to hear from members in Germantown with a view of forming a local Chapter.

Smith Phillips sends us some odd epitaphs from tombstones in a cemetery at Brownsville, Pa. Such oddities are in many similar yards. It is in this cemetery, by-the-way, that the parents of James G. Blaine are interred. Speaking of cemeteries, can any one tell us why we use single slabs set up at the head of the grave, while in England and France, countries from which we borrowed most of our customs, one sees quite different marks of graves? Where did we get our idea? Who can tell the Table?

Ronald Chipchase thinks we should add swimming to our list of all-around sport events when we offer another medal. Lloyd Thomas asks how to make a simple telescope for use in studying astronomy. Better not make it at all. One that is of any real use can only be made by an expert, and is expensive. G. D. Galloway, Oakwood Place, Eau Claire, Wis., publishes the *Albermarle*, and wants to send you a sample. It is a neat eight-page amateur paper. Will Fred Hawthorne tell us about the fruits of Jamaica—what ones are ripe when he writes. Compare them, date for date, with their appearance in Massachusetts, and carefully describe those that we do not have. Sir Fred, we should explain, lives at "Mona Great House," Kingston, British West Indies.

[Pg 783]

CAMERA CLUB.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 9.

TREATMENT OF UNDER-EXPOSED PLATES

By an "under-exposed plate" is meant a plate which has not been exposed long enough to the action of light for the objects to make a deep enough impression in the silver salts, or to cause the chemical change to take place which makes the perfect picture.

The normal development of an under-exposed plate results in a negative in which the high or white lights are very strong, and have a chalky appearance in the print, while the shadows have little or no detail; and where a plate has been much under-exposed, only clear glass is the result of the development. The reason why the high lights appear so harsh and strong is due to the fact that to get detail in the shadows the development is carried on till the high lights are very much over-developed and the film has become dense.

The practised amateur usually knows whether his plate has been under-exposed or not, and treats it accordingly. The beginner, not having learned how to gauge exposures correctly, must learn how to distinguish an under-exposed plate as soon as the developer begins to act on it, so that he may get a good, or fairly good, negative.

If a plate which has been under-exposed is placed in a normal developer, the high lights will be some time in coming out, and the shadows will not appear at all, or, if they do, will be very dim. If the development is continued in order to bring out detail, the plate is apt to fog, and is then spoiled entirely.

If the rest of the image does not follow the high lights in a reasonable length of time, take the plate from the developer and place it in clean water. It will do no harm if it stands in water for a few minutes, for water will bring out detail in an under-exposed plate.

Nothing has been said about the different kinds of developers, though they will be fully treated in later papers. The beginner should stick to one developer till he has learned just how to use it.

If one is using pyro, a fresh solution should be at once made up, using half the quantity of pyro given in the formula, and the full amount of the alkaline solution. The pyro is the developing agent, or that which gives the required strength or density, while the alkaline solution, containing the sulphite of soda, prevents the staining of the negative and preserves the pyro. After the development of the plate is finished turn off the

solution, leave the plate in the tray, pour water over it, and allow it to stand for fifteen or twenty minutes, being careful that it is covered from the light.

If one uses hydrochinon, which is a favorite developing agent with amateurs, dilute the developer and add from three to seven drops of iodide solution. This solution is composed of 1 grain of iodine, 1 ounce of water, 1 ounce of alcohol. Mark the bottle "Accelerator." This solution hastens the development of the image and brings it up evenly, and the contrasts between the lights and shadows are made soft and delicate.



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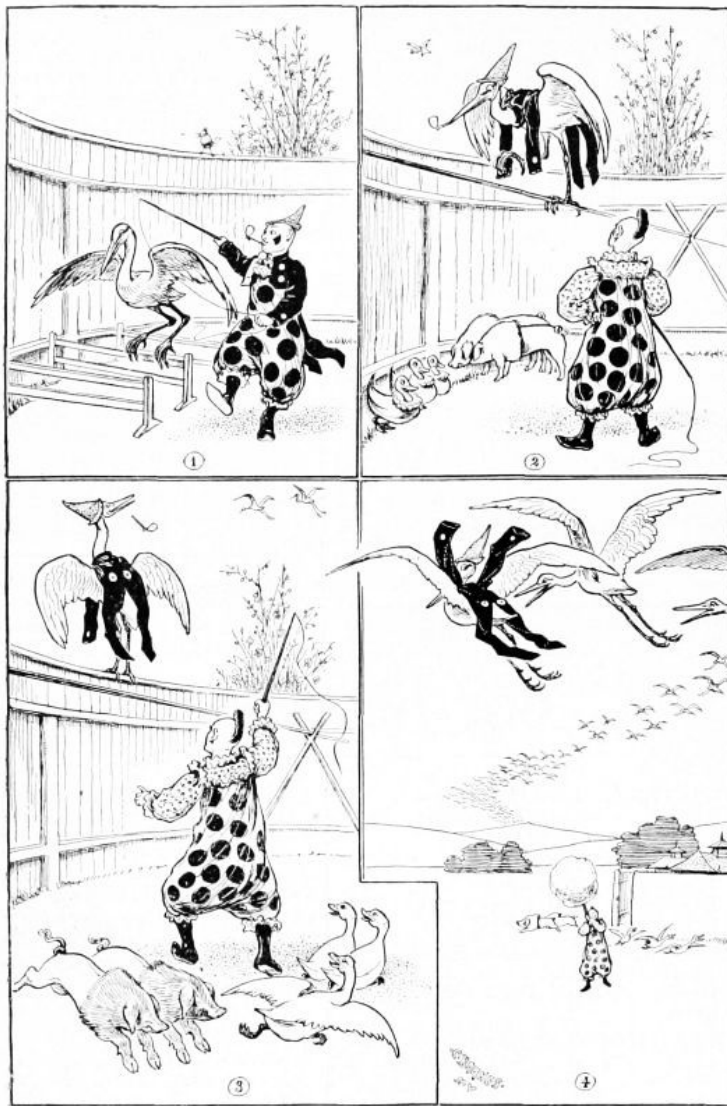
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THE CIRCUS TRAINING SCHOOL—AN UNPROFITABLE PUPIL.

CARAWAY SEEDS.

I'm going to plant these little seeds,
 And some fine day I'll wake
 To find a pretty spreading stalk
 All bending down with cake.

HARD WORK.

"Well," said Jack, "vacation has begun, and I'm just as busy as ever."

"Doing what?" asked his father.

"Finding something to do," said Jack. "And I tell you, Daddy, it's hard work."

PROOF POSITIVE.

PERCY. "Don't two negatives make an affirmative?"

PAPA. "Yes, Percy."

PERCY. "Then I'm awful smart."

PAPA. "Why?"

PERCY. "Because the teacher says I'm a 'Know-nothing.'"

All great artists have queer experiences during their lives, which the biographer loves to dwell upon in his

books of anecdotes. Here is one that occurred to the great pianist Paderewski in England. He received a polite letter from an invalid lady, asking him if he would spare the time to play her one piece during an afternoon, as her health would not permit of her going to any crowded concert-room, the letter closing with an offer of a half a guinea reward.

Paderewski replied with an invitation to call at his hotel, appointing an hour when he would receive her. The lady called, and Paderewski, after pleasantly greeting her, sat before his piano and played a prelude, a nocturne of Chopin, and Songs without Words.

The little impromptu concert over, the lady rose, thanked the virtuoso most graciously, and extended her hand to bid him adieu, slipping the promised half-guinea into his palm.

"Ah, what is this?" Paderewski inquired.

"Why," she said, sweetly, "it's the half-guinea I promised you."

"Now, I really believe," he answered, with a smile, "that I shall be able to get to the next town without it." And pleasantly returning the coin, he bowed the lady out.

Napoleon's smooth face was a sure evidence of his dislike for a beard. In some anecdotes of the Russian campaign there is a story told of the great Emperor and a poor but witty barber, who had occasion to shave him.

Napoleon had made a rather lengthy detour from the line of march with a detachment of officers. Arriving at a small village they refreshed themselves with a good meal and baths. Napoleon, wishing to be shaved, the village barber was called in. While the poor fellow strapped his razor and passed it industriously over the great Emperor's chin, he remained silent and seemingly melancholy, although performing his work with amazing rapidity and smoothness. When he had finished, Napoleon complimented him, remarking, "But, man, why do you wear such a melancholy face? You should be happy to have the privilege of shaving an Emperor."

"I am doubly happy, your Majesty."

"Then what is it that troubles you?"

"Alas, your Majesty, when I think of the Kings upon Kings and Emperors that have died without knowing what it was to be shaved by me, I am sad and melancholy."

"What did Washington mean when just, before the battle of Trenton he said, 'Put none but Americans on guard to-night?'" asked an Irishman, who was heatedly defending the valor of the Celtic race in general. "I'll tell you what he meant! He meant, 'Let the Irish sleep; I've work for them to-morrow.'"

BOBBY. "Mamma, I want you to crack me open."

MAMMA. "Why, my boy, what's the matter with you?"

BOBBY. "Papa said I was a bad egg. I don't believe it."

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