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BRADDY'S BROTHER.

BY JULIANA CONOVER.



It was the ending of the ninth inning; the score stood 8 to 7 in Princeton's favor, but Harvard had only one man out, and the bases were full.

Was it any wonder that the Freshmen couldn't keep their seats, and that the very air seemed to hold its breath while Bradfield, '98, twisted the ball?

In the centre of the grand stand, where the orange and black was thickest, but the enthusiasm more controlled, stood a boy, his whole body quivering with nervous excitement, his eyes glued—as were all others—to the pitcher's box.

"Come in, now! look out! lead off!" the Harvard coach was saying, as the umpire's "one strike, two balls, two strikes, three balls," raised and dashed again the hopes of Princeton. Then came a moment of horrible nerve-destroying suspense, and then the umpire's calm and judicial—"striker out."

Above the cheers, which literally tore the air, the shrill discordant note of the boy's voice could be heard, yelling like mad for Princeton and '98.

"Who is that little fellow?" said a girl, just behind him to her companion. The boy turned like a flash.

"I'm Braddy's brother," he said, his chest still heaving, and his cheek glowing. "He's struck out *seven* men!"

The girl smiled, and an upper classman, who was next to him, patted him on the back.

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"It's a proud day for Braddy's brother," he said, "and for '98 and Princeton, that is, if Harvard doesn't—" For a moment it looked as if Harvard would, for the regular thud of the ball against the catcher's glove was interrupted by the ominous crack of the bat, and the men on bases ran for their lives on the bare chance of a hit, or possibly an error.

But '98 was not going to let a hard-earned victory slip between her fingers like that; the short-stop fielded the swift grounder beautifully, and the runner was out at first.

There was a short cheer, then a long wordless, formless burst of triumph swelling out from a hundred throats. The crowd swarmed on the diamond, the Freshman nine was picked up and carried off the field, "Braddy" riding on the crest of a dangerous-looking wave which was formed by a seething, howling mob.

"Well," said the Senior, turning to his small neighbor, "how does 'Braddy's brother' feel now?"

But "Braddy's brother's" feelings were too deep for utterance; besides, he was trying to remember just how many times the Princeton Freshmen had won from Harvard in the last six years.

"Hullo, Dave! Dave Hunter!" called Bradfield, as a small boy passed near the group on the front campus. "Don't you want to take my brother off for a little while, and show him the town?"

Dave came up blushing with pleasure at having the man who had just pitched a winning game single him out.

"This is Dave Hunter, a special friend of mine, Bing," Braddy continued, turning to the little chap who was lying stretched out on the grass beside him, and who felt by this time as if he owned the whole campus and all the college buildings, for hadn't he been in the athletic club-house, the cage, and the 'gym.'? and wasn't he actually going to eat at a Freshman club, and sleep up in a college room? It was the greatest day of his life, his first taste of independence; and the glory of being "Braddy's brother" seemed to him beyond

compare.

"Don't keep him too long, Dave," said Bradfield, as the two boys started off; "we'll have to get through dinner early if we want to hear the Seniors sing."

Young Bingham Bradfield nodded and blushed and smiled all the way down to the gate, as men in the different groups which they passed called out:

"There goes 'Braddy's brother,'" or, "Hullo, little Brad," or, "What's the matter with '98?" and one who knew him at home sang out, "B-I-N-G-O—*Bingo!*" It was awfully exciting.

"They're going to have a fire to-night," Dave said, as they walked up Nassau Street. "I heard some of the Freshmen say that they would begin and collect the wood as soon as it was dark."

"Where do they get it?" asked Bingham.

"Oh, just take it," Dave answered, carelessly. "They take fences and gates, and boards and barrels, and, oh, anything they can find. That would be a dandy one," pointing to a half-broken-down rail fence which divided an orchard from a newly opened road.

"It wouldn't let any cows or horses out, you see. They stole our barn gate once, and the horses got loose on the front lawn and tore up all the grass. We didn't mind, though," with true college spirit, "for we'd beaten Yale."

"Yale Freshmen?" eagerly.

"No," with great scorn: "the 'Varsity. Nobody's much stuck on Freshmen in Princeton," he continued, "except, of course, your brother. He's great; he'll make the 'Varsity next year, sure."

Bingo's feelings were soothed. *He* thought all the Freshmen "great," but was satisfied if others only appreciated Braddy.

They grew very chummy, the two boys, and Braddy's brother had learned a great deal about college life by the time he was brought back to the campus.

It was in the middle of Senior singing, when the shadows from the tall old elms were being swallowed up in the gathering darkness, and the groups in white duck trousers scattered about the grass were beginning to be indistinguishable, that slim figures were seen hurrying mysteriously to and fro, and the peace of the evening was rudely broken into by the preparations for a "Freshman fire."

The victory had already been celebrated on Old North steps, for had not Bingo himself heard the Seniors sing, as an encore to a favorite solo, these never-to-be-forgotten lines, composed for the occasion:

"The Freshmen nine came from Harvard for to show
How they played the game of ball;
But found when Bradfield got in his finest curves
They couldn't hit the ball at all.
The game stood in our favor 8 to 7
When they came to the bat once more.
Their Captain said, 'Tis the ending of the 9th,
We've got to tie the score.'
Chorus.—Then when he saw the bases full
His sides with laughter shook.
But when he heard the umpire shout
'Two strikes'—then 'striker out!'
He wore a worried look—
He wore a worried look."

That brought even a finer glow to the boy's cheek than when the familiar "Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!—'way down on the Bingo farm!" had drawn the attention of his brother's friends to him, and made him feel for a moment as though he were a college hero.

The singing had ceased with "Old Nassau," and the campus was alive now with hurrying groups. The usual night cries filled the air: "Hullo, Billy Appleton!" "Hullo, Benny Butler!" "Come over here!" "See you later," etc., and the Freshmen were shouting and rushing wildly about. "Where's Porter?" "Where's Tommy?" "Where's Dad?" was heard on all sides. "'98 this way, '98 this way!"

"Stick to me, Bing," said Braddy, as he started over to his room in Witherspoon; "stick close to me, or you'll surely get lost."

"We haven't half enough wood, Park," said a '98 man, coming up to the class president, who was standing near Bradfield; "it won't make any sort of a fire."

"Can't you get more? We must have a good one," answered Porter, "Get a fence, or a house—any old thing will do. I've got to find Runt and Bunny now, and see about a wagon for the nine. Will meet you later."

"Come on, Bingo," said Braddy.

He, Braddy, ought not to stay round and hear all the arrangements for a celebration which was to be in his honor. The nine was supposed to keep modestly out of the way, and know nothing whatever about it.

"Come on, Bing!"

But Bingo didn't "come on," he has business of his own to transact. The Freshman fire, his first fire, *must* be a success, and he knew where a good fence was. Quick as thought he dropped behind his brother, and was soon lost in the crowd, then he made a break for the street. At the corner he met Dave Hunter.

"Hullo! where you going?"

It was a secret, but he told, and Dave, like "Ducky Daddies," "Cocky-locky," etc., in the old Grimm fairy-tale of *Henny-Penny*, said, "Then I'll go too."

It was a full hour later, and the Freshmen were crowding about the old cannon, round which a pile of boards, fence rails, barrels, etc., were stacked, all ready to light. The resources of the town had been about exhausted, and the raiders were returned "bringing their sheaves with them." Roman candles and fire-crackers still went off at intervals in different parts of the campus, but they were only a side issue, the fire was the real business of the evening. The college was there almost to a man, and the cheering for and by '98 was "frequent and painful and free," or would be to one whose nerves were below par; to a healthy enthusiast it was soul-stirring and exhilarating.

Even the upper classmen added their thunder from well-trained iron lungs when the old wagon containing the victorious nine came up, dragged by a lot of wild, reckless, muscular Freshmen. Only true heroes could so calmly have imperilled their lives, for these bold young spirits were actually standing up and singing, as the wagon lurched and pitched and wobbled over curbstones, and down into gutters, and up again. But fortune favors the brave, and they reached the fire without a single accident, and were halted at the cannon's mouth in the front row. Everything was ready, yet there seemed to be some hitch. The crowd began to get impatient.

"What's the matter?" they cried. "Why don't you light her up?"

"We're waiting for Braddy," came back the answer.

"Where is he?"

"Give it up."

"He's hunting his brother," said one. "He's down on the Bingo farm," cried another.

This was rather "fresh," but there was a general laugh, which turned into a cheer as Braddy, wearing a worried look, pushed his way through the crowd.

"I can't find the kid," he said, anxiously.

"Oh, he will turn up all right," said the others; "he's sure to come to the fire. Brace up and light her, Jennings."

Just then there was a shout from behind, and the closely packed mass opened up to let a fence come in, which two small flushed and panting boys were dragging after them.

"Great Scott, it's Braddy's brother!" said the Senior who had sat next to him at the game. "Where in the world did you get all that fence, and how did you manage to drag it here?"

Bingo was far too breathless to answer, but Dave spoke up.

"A lot of fellows helped us," he said. "We brought it round a back way, but Brad and I brought it through the campus alone."

"Give them a cheer, fellows," cried the Senior, "and start the fire."

"Here's to Braddy's brother," sang the Freshmen, as they threw the lighted matches into the pile, "drink her down! Here's to Braddy's brother, and—"

"Dave Hunter!" shouted Bingo, who had found his voice.

"—and Dave Hunter he's the other; drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down!" etc., ending up with a rousing B-I-N-G-O—*Bingo!*

Then the fire began to crackle and sizzle and blaze up and roar, and the Freshmen cheered and sang and shouted, and the bright light revealed groups of girls with brothers and friends who had come to see the celebration, and myriads of small boys who had come to see the fun.

It was a beautiful sight. The wood had been piled up in pyramid form, and the flames rose red and yellow almost to the tops of the tall elms, those still sentries of the campus. How it spluttered and hissed and crashed and roared! and not even the Freshmen could drown the mighty voice, which spoke in so many different tongues, though they did their best; and as Braddy's brother, standing near the wagon which held the nine, watched the shooting, dancing, devouring flames his heart thumped so that it almost broke out of bounds, and he drew long, very long breaths.

The fire had died down somewhat, the cheering was more spasmodic and subdued, the time for speeches had come. Every one crowded closer, and the wagon, not the burning pile, became the centre of attention.

"Speech! speech!" cried '98. "A speech, Braddy."

Bradfield was not only the pitcher, but the Captain of the Freshman nine. So they forced him upon the high seat, and yelled for quiet. Braddy looked down upon the densely packed mass, hushed for the moment into something like stillness, and his nerve completely deserted him. There he stood, fair and boyish, a target for all eyes, but he could not say a word. He opened his mouth, he even gestured, but no sound came. It was a case of pure stage-fright, and the awkwardness increased with every second. "Fellows," he managed to stammer out—"fellows—"

But there he stopped. Suddenly the painful pause was broken by a high excited voice. "Tell 'em Princeton's the biggest college in the world, Tom, and that '98 can beat any Freshman nine in the country!"

It broke the spell. Long and loud were the cheers that followed this outburst, and "Braddy's brother," covered with confusion, was hoisted by a dozen hands into the wagon beside the nine. By the time that quiet had once more been restored Tom Bradfield had recovered his "nerve," and his speech on that memorable occasion will go down to posterity as one of the best on record. All the speeches were good, *splendid*, Bingo thought, for he heard, and understood, and thrilled with every word. When the final

sentence had been delivered, and '98 had once more dragged the nine in triumph round the now visible cannon, and cheered them hoarsely for the last time, and when the crowd had begun to disperse, leaving the smouldering embers, and shouting and singing as they went, Braddy turned to his brother with a smile and said,

"Well, Bing, ready for bed?"

And Bingo answered with a sigh, "I suppose a fellow has to go to bed even after a Freshman fire."

"THE OLD-FASHIONED LAWYER."

Laura's cousins were coming to stay overnight, so she asked mamma if she might not invite some other school friends, and some of brother Will's, to spend the evening. And as these friends were pretty sure to come, mother and daughter held a conference as how best to entertain them.

"Why not have games?"

"The very thing! What would I do without your help, mother dear," was the impulsive answer.

"And the best game I know to start with would be The Old-fashioned Lawyer. That will rub away all shyness, and all will feel as though they were friends for a year."

Laura was delighted, and contentedly ran off to tell her brother. But Will did not know the game, and Laura had to explain.

"We'll need an odd number of players. But that can be arranged by you or I dropping out.

"The odd one must be Judge, to settle disputed points.

"The players must sit opposite each other in two rows, and the Lawyer is to stand in the centre between the rows. The Judge can sit in the big green chair, because it is high; for he must keep all the players in full view.

"The game begins by the Lawyer putting a question to the person at either end of one of the rows. But the one to answer is not the one addressed. And there, Will, is where the fun comes in."

"Who is to answer?"

"The person at the extreme end of the opposite row. And should he not correctly answer before the Lawyer counts five, he must change places with the Lawyer. And the Lawyer begins to count slowly out loud as soon as he asks the question."

"What if the person addressed replies."

"Then he must pay a forfeit.

"After the first question is answered, the Lawyer may address whomever he pleases, but the party addressed must remain silent; it is the opposite one who must answer. The Lawyer must of course ask questions that are possible to answer. If he should take advantage, there's the Judge to keep him in order."

"What kind of questions *would* you ask?"

"Why, ordinary ones. Whether or not a person paints from nature? Who is your favorite musician? Which do you prefer, rowing or sailing, tennis or golf? All kinds of questions like that. I don't believe one of us could tell the date of the first crusade, or who invented ink and when.

"And another thing, never look at the individual you intend next to question. For both he and his opposite neighbor would then be prepared. You must play very rapidly or it's no fun. And if any question or discussion occurs, the Judge must decide."

"That will be right jolly, Laura. Do you think the folks will all come?"

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CORPORAL FRED. ^[1]

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER V.

For a mile after leaving its armory the regiment had marched through the beautiful residence portion of the city, cheered and applauded to the skies. Turning "column right," it had then threaded a narrow street, shop-lined and less sympathetic, had tramped in cool disregard through half a mile of railway property where, in groups of twenty or thirty, strikers and sympathizers recoiled, but scowled and cursed them, yet prudently refrained from further violence. Once in a while some street arab let drive a stone, then dove under the nearest car, and scurried away into hiding. Then came the lumber district, the swaying bridges where they broke their cadenced stride, and crossed at route step. Then in the gathering darkness the head of the column reached the outlying wards. Square upon square, section on section of frame two-story houses, the homes of citizens of only moderate means, and here, too, people clustered on door-steps or ran to gather at street corners and murmur God-speed and blessing, for less than a mile away now the western sky was lighting up with the glare of conflagration, and the direful word was going round that the mob was firing the freight-cars, and that, despite the efforts of fearless and devoted firemen, the flames were

spreading to warehouses and factories along the line. Only a few minutes after sundown the first summons had banged on the gongs of the engine and truck houses of the west side. Then every fire-box for four miles along the lines of the Great Western seemed to have been "pulled," and in a wild confusion of alarms assistant chiefs were driving their clanging buggies, followed by rushing hose-wagons and steamers, all over the outlying wards, unreeling their hose only to have it slashed and ruined by swarming rioters, and they themselves, the fire-fighters of the people, men whose lives were devoted to duty, humanity, and mercy, brutally clubbed and stoned by overpowering gangs of "toughs" bent on mad riot and destruction. For hours from every direction the vicious, the desperate, the unemployed of the great city had been swarming to the scene, and the police force that, properly led and handled at the outset, could easily have quelled the incipient tumult, was now as powerless as the firemen. Oh, what if a prairie gale should rise and fan these flames, as once, long years before, it swept before it an ocean of fire that left only a ruined city in its wake!

Marching at route step now, but still in stern silence, the column seemed to quicken its pace and push eagerly ahead. Open spaces between the houses or one-storied cottages became more frequent. Fiercer and wilder the flames seemed shooting on high. Over the low hoarse murmur of the distant throng could now be heard occasional crackle of pistol shots, followed by fierce yells. Out at the front, a hundred yards in advance of the staff, an alert young officer, with a dozen picked men, scoured the streets, the front yards, the crossings, sweeping the way for the main column; and now as they came within six blocks of the scene, the roar of the riot mingling with that of the mounting flames drowned all other sounds about them. Women at squalid saloons and corner groceries were laughing and jeering. Women at quiet homes were weeping and wringing their hands. Somewhere up at the front, beyond the black bulk of a row of warehouses, a sudden flash and glare lit up the westward front of every house, and shone on scores of pallid faces. A volume of flame, a burst of beams, sparks, and billowing smoke flung high in air, and an instant later a dull roar and rumble shook the windows close at hand, letting some loose sashes down with startling clash and jangle. From the sidewalks arose stifled shrieks and louder wailing. From the head of the column, where some horses shied in sudden fright, came the firm, low-toned orders of the Colonel: "Forward the first company! Clear that street ahead!" For, as if hurled back by the explosion, a dense mass of rioters came flooding into the broad thoroughfare, blocking it from curb to curb. Promptly at double time the foremost company went dancing by, forming front into line as it cleared the group of mounted officers, and then the Colonel turned in his saddle, and looked back beyond his staff to a second rank of orderlies and buglers, to where a pale young fellow, hatless, and with heavily bandaged head, rode side by side with the signal sergeant, his dark eyes fixed on the soldierly form of his commander.

"Corporal Wallace!" called the Colonel, and our wounded Fred urged his horse to the commander's side. "You know all these buildings hereabouts. Can you judge what they're blowing up?"

"That's near the shops, sir. They may have fired them."

"Which is Allen Street? The police officials are to meet us there."

"Second street ahead, sir; just this side of the crowd."

"What's that big plant off there to the northward?" asked the Colonel, indicating a group of factorylike buildings whose walls and windows were illumined by the glare of the flames in the freight-yards.

"The Amity Wagon-Works, sir, where Sercombe and I were discharged this afternoon."

"Yes. I heard about that. Similar cases occurred in town. Never you mind, my lad, there'll be employers enough for both of you when this trouble's over, and troubles enough for the employers who discharged you. Now ride close by me; we'll need guides here, and that's why you're mounted. What an infernal row they're making yonder," he added, as though to himself, as yells of rage and triumph mingling rose madly over the hiss of the flames.

Already the advance company was nearing the crossing of the second street. At the hydrant on one side stood a fire-engine blowing off its useless steam. In a buggy, surrounded by a dozen helmeted police on foot, sat an inspector of the department, alternately eying the flames and the surging mob on one side, and on the other the dim column swinging up the dusty street. Already dozens of excited men were rushing, ducking, and darting along the sidewalks, speeding to their fellows in the mob to say the soldiers were close at hand. The little squad in advance had reached the crossing, when the official in the buggy raised his hand, signalled halt, and, obedient to the time-honored republican principle of the subordination of the military to the civil power, the Lieutenant respected the order. The leading company marched straight to the crossing, then, too, in its turn, as one man, halted short at the command of its stalwart captain, and down came the musket butts on the wooden pavement. The Colonel spurred forward, his Adjutant and Corporal Fred following in his tracks. There was little of gratification in the soldier's face as he recognized the official in the buggy; but the laws of his State, which he had sworn to obey, as well as the orders of the Governor and the officers appointed over him, prevailed. The Governor's orders placed the troops at the disposal of the Mayor. The Mayor ordered the Colonel to report to the Inspector of Police. It was something unheard of in military tradition, but this was no time to expostulate or object. The gentleman and soldier touched his hat to the ex-ward politician. "Mr. Morrissey, I report with my regiment for your instructions." And the long column behind him, battalion by battalion, came to the halt.

Up the side street among some piles of lumber arose above the tumult, or rather pierced its low, deep-throated roar, the shrill cries of a child in mad excitement and distress. "Oh, let me go!" it wailed. "I must see the Colonel! I want my brother! They're killing my father! Oh, don't stop me! Fred! Fred!" it screamed, and in the grasp of a burly policeman at the outskirts of a crowd of women and children a little hatless boy could be seen madly struggling.

"Ah, go home to your mother wid yer fairy stories," was the cajoling answer, as the officer strove to thrust the youngster back among the by-standers; but all in an instant a lithe young fellow in the uniform of a corporal had sprung from his saddle and rushed to the scene. In another moment he had raised the boy in his arms, and with his burden clinging sobbing at his neck, Fred Wallace came bounding back down the street.

"Hear him, Colonel, oh, hear him!" he cried. "He has come straight from the shops. Jim, my brother, sent him to beg for help. They're mobbing father."

"Sure they fired the shops good fifteen minutes ago. They're all in a blaze," said an officer of police, in a tone of remonstrance. "There's no use going there."

"Who sent the kid?" asked the Inspector, doubtfully. "How do you know this isn't all a fake?"

"It's my brother," cried Fred, nearly mad with impatience and dread. "Oh, for pity's sake, let us go, Colonel! Jim sent you himself, didn't he, Billy?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed the little fellow, "and they were screaming and bursting in the door."

"Who is he, anyhow?" went on the official, still bent on investigation, when the Colonel sharply interposed.

"This is no time for talk. I believe the story. You can see—hear it's true. I demand the right to drive back that mob, or the whole country shall ring with the story of your refusal."

"My goodness, Colonel! I'm not to blame. I've got my orders just as you have. I'm told to use force only as a last extremity, and not to fire at all. You can't scatter that mob without firing."

"Can't I?" shouted the Colonel, eagerly grasping the implied permission. "Out of the way there, you people!" he cried to some women and children scurrying across the street. "Come up with the rest of that first battalion!" rang his voice, clear and thrilling, over the throng. "Mount, corporal, you must show us the way. The police will take care of the little man. Forward. Company B! Tumble that crowd into the gutter!"

"Forward, double time!" ordered the Captain, as the Inspector whipped his buggy out of the way, and the rifles bounded up to the right shoulder. "March!" he added, an instant later, and straight up the broad avenue, steady, solid, unswerving, went the long double ranks, the Colonel and his little party trotting close behind, the senior Major, with his three companies, following sturdily in their wake while the Lieutenant-colonel, ordering the bugle signals "attention" and "forward," prepared to support them with the rest of the column. Yelling and jeering, but scattering right and left, the nearest rioters leaped for the sidewalks, or turned and fled into the thicker mass ahead, less able from its own solidity to move. "Port arms!" was the next command, and down came the brown barrels across the broad blue chests. "Give 'em the butt if they keep in the way," growled the burly Captain. "Steady there in the Centre. Keep in line," he cautioned, as some eager fellows strove to quicken the pace and lead in the anticipated charge, and so tramp, tramp, tramp, in the quick cadence of the dancing feet, sixty-six strong, the senior company led the ready column straight into the heart of the mob, straight through the gates, where two foolhardy fellows striving to lower them were flattened out by the whack of musket-butts, and went down like stock-yard cattle under the blow of the steel. Over the gleaming lines of tracks, in the glare of blazing rows of freight-cars, right, and left, sweeping the cursing rioters like chaff before them, reckless of flying missile or savage oath, through the broad gates beyond the yards, with clearer ground ahead, they kept their steady way, then slowed down to quick time, their triumphant passage safely forced. Then, once outside the yards, leaving to their comrades in the rear the easy duty of facing and standing off the raging but impotent throng, the foremost company, led now by the Colonel, with Corporal Fred in close attendance, broke once more into column of fours, and plunged into a narrow street lighted by the flames shooting aloft from the repair shops of the Great Western road. Ahead of them, separated from the yards by the high picket-fence, was an open space well nigh packed with rioting men, their savage faces ruddy in the glare. The fence itself was blazing from the neighboring cars, and a broad section almost opposite the shops had been hurled down by the mob.

"Back with you, Captain!" called the Colonel to his Adjutant. "Turn the second battalion into the yards and up to that gap. We'll hem them on two sides there! Close up! Close up!" he shouted to the rearward companies. "Now, Captain Fulton, form line again the moment you clear this lane." The Adjutant went clattering back full gallop. Another minute, and the rush and roar of the crowd beyond the fence told that the ready second was sweeping all before it down among the blazing cars. Presently the long rows of drab felt hats could be seen dancing along in the fire-light.

"Never fear, corporal, we'll be there in time," said the Colonel. "See, the flames haven't reached half their length. Now, Fulton, right turn and drive them north. Split 'em up! Give 'em—fits!" he added, with a gulp, for he was a pious man, and opposed to the use of terms that come "far more natural" at such a time. And the next thing Fred knew Captain Fulton's men were again double-timing up another street, whirling the crowd before them. "G," "H," and "L"—Fred's own company—were sweeping the broad space in front of the shops from one side, and fairly pitching the mob into the faces of their comrades of the second battalion as they neared the gap. If there were broken noses, blackened eyes, battered heads all through those suburban streets and lanes that grew so grim that night it surely wasn't the fault of the Colonel's "boys," but a score of these fellows, following the lead of the hatless corporal, who sprang from his horse opposite the blazing entrance, bending low to avoid the stifling smoke, pushed on across the little court-yard, past a wrecked and dismantled wing whose roof was just crackling and bursting into fierce flames.

Behind them, sure of protection now, a dozen linemen came dragging their hose. A knot of ragged, raging "toughs," issuing from a narrow door, burst away at sight of them—not so quick as to escape some resounding thumps of those hated rifle-butts, and through this smoking portal leaped Fred, closely followed by his comrades. The shooting flames overhead and down the main building lit a pathway even through the stifling clouds of smoke, and a moment more brought the foremost of the party to a little room partitioned off. There on its accustomed peg hung old Wallace's coat.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT HE HAD RAISED THE BOY IN HIS ARMS.

Here, there, and everywhere, overturned benches and chairs and scattered tools, and scraping, struggling footprints on the dusty floor told of some recent and desperate battle. Something warm and wet was sprinkled all about the place, at touch of which Fred grew sick and faint; but not another sign was there of old Wallace or of Jim, until from under a blazing, half-finished car some fifty feet away the firemen dragged a battered, bleeding form, and the younger brother threw himself by the senseless elder's side, madly imploring him to say what had befallen father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS SCORCHING WAS NOT IN VAIN.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

Arthur Clark believed himself the victim of gross injustice. His bicycle had brought him into disgrace. He had come home flushed with victory, ready to be hailed as the uncrowned king of scorchers, and here he was virtually a prisoner in his room, thither he had been sent directly after a wretched supper of oatmeal porridge.

"I wouldn't mind it if I had been ordered not to go into the road race," he said to himself, for the fiftieth time, as he rolled impatiently in his bed; "but just because I promised my father I wouldn't do any riding that would exhaust me, he has packed me off to bed as if I were a mere child. That's pretty rough on a fellow of fourteen. Anyhow, I beat all the scorchers in our school, and that's something."

Arthur could not go to sleep. He twisted and squirmed from one side of the bed to the other, listening to the solemn protests of the katydids and the shrill chirping of the crickets. That industrious prompter, conscience, began to annoy him shamelessly. Now that the first flush of his resentment had died away, he thought that perhaps his father was right after all. True, he had beaten all the other fellows easily; but then, what if it had been a hard struggle? Wouldn't it have exhausted him? It occurred to him that he had broken his word.

Arthur fell asleep very late. He usually slept so fast and so hard that from bedtime until the rising bell seemed like one minute. But now he tossed restlessly. His sleep was light. Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt-upright in bed. He saw a streak of pale whitish light on the floor and across his bed, and caught a glimpse of the moon. Oh, yes, it was the moon that had awakened him. Queer that had never happened before. He would go to sleep again. Then a rough, rather hoarse voice startled him. It came from his father's room.

"You're comin' right down ter de bank, dat's wat you're goin' ter do," the voice said, "an' if ye don't open de safe ye'll be learned how—see?"

"I shall not go one step. You may do your worst." It was his father's voice now.

"Hurrah for you, father!" Arthur could hardly keep from shouting. Then there was silence for a moment. He heard two sharp clicks that told of the cocking of a revolver; then his mother's voice pleading with his father to remember the children. Now there was the sound of a struggle. The burglar won, although he feared to use his revolver lest the noise might summon help. Arthur understood it all. His father was the cashier of the Traders' Bank. The burglar probably had an accomplice outside who would help take his father to the bank and force him to open the safe.

Help must be got. The bank was in Plainfield, three miles away. If only there were some way of telephoning to the police station! He knew that a sergeant sat there all night. Men slept upstairs. But there was no telephone. Now a thought came to him that almost made him shout for joy. In ten seconds he had jumped into his sweater and knickerbockers, and was lacing on his rubber-soled bicycling shoes. He did not wait for a hat or stockings. He peered anxiously over the edge of the porch roof into the backyard. No, there was no one watching there. Noiselessly the boy lowered himself over the edge, and climbed down one of the pillars, crushing the honeysuckle vine as he went. He found his bicycle leaning against the house, where he had left it that afternoon after the race.

He picked up the wheel and walked on tiptoe across the grass at the rear of the house. He threaded his way between the rows of corn-stalks in the kitchen-garden. He made a long circuit, and at last came out in the road. Then he mounted his bicycle and wheeled away at a pace that would have astonished his friends. Going down hill he was very cautious. He back pedalled. There must be no falling; therefore no coasting. Again on the level road, he shot forward like a racer. He knew that if the burglars got his father into the bank they would try to make him open the safe in which \$70,000 had been deposited that day. His father would resist, he knew. He remembered what had happened to other bank cashiers who resisted. The thought choked him. He bent over his handle bar, and the wheels seemed to fly. The pale, sinking moon, the silent road that stretched its white length before him, the tall trees, mysterious in their own dark shadows, the grass shining with dew, all made a picture that he never forgot. Above all, a scene stood out that he could not shut from his mind, try as he might—his father in the hands of the two ruffians, resolutely defying them in face of awful danger.

The sergeant nodding in his chair in the police station at one o'clock in the morning was startled by the vision of a bareheaded, white-faced boy.

"Hurry!" the boy exclaimed. "The Traders' Bank! Robbers!" In less than a minute the sergeant and two of his men were on their way to the bank. Arthur followed them closely. He hid with them in the dark vestibule of the bank. It seemed to the boy as if years passed before he at last heard footsteps in the silent street. Then the minutes were hours long. At last the two robbers and their victim arrived at the outer door. They pushed him in and told him to be lively about unlocking that door. At that instant the policemen jumped forward and presented their pistols at the heads of the burglars. They made no resistance. They were too surprised. Arthur and his father walked home side by side, Arthur pushing his bicycle by the handle bar. For a long time they had nothing to say to each other, for each was busy with his thoughts.

"Arthur," said his father at length, "I'm glad there is a scorcher in the family, but I—"

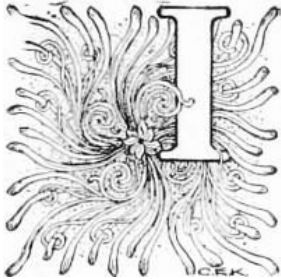
"Yes, sir," interrupted the boy, eagerly; "but I want to tell you I'm sorry I went into the road race to-day."

"Perhaps I was too hasty," said Mr. Clark. "But the bicycle has done one good thing. It has shown me that my son is as quick-witted as he is brave."

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

THE SON OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.



In the summer days of the year 781 an odd sort of a procession marched through France.

There were fluttering standards and melodious trumpets; there were gallant knights, and grave men in robes and gowns, and noble ladies, and a long train of servants; there were spearmen and bowmen and horsemen in martial array; and the central figure of all this parade and pomp was a very small boy of but three years old.

Strangest of all was this small boy's dress. He was but little more than a baby, and yet he rode upon a stately war-horse housed in purple and gold. He was clad in complete armor of polished steel; on his head he wore a casque of steel and gold, surmounted with a tiny golden crown; in his small hand he bore a truncheon, and about his neck was slung a cross-handled sword of steel and

gold.

A stalwart knight rode at the little boy's bridle-rein, his protecting arm holding the small rider firmly in the saddle; the royal banner fluttered ahead, and at the boy's right hand rode his governor and guardian, Count William, called the snub-nosed—well, because it was.

From castle and cottage, from town and hamlet, came thronging men and women, boys and girls, with smile and cheer and shout of hearty welcome: "Heaven bless his little Grace! God guard our little King! Long live King Louis!"

For this very small boy of three was indeed a King entering his dominion. He had been crowned by the Pope at Rome King of Aquitaine. Then, from his father's splendid palace in Aachen, or what is now the German city of Aix-la-Chapelle, he had started with his glittering escort to take possession of his kingdom in southwestern France. Over the first part of the route he was carried in his cradle; but when he left the city of Orleans, and, crossing the Loire, set foot within his own dominions, this cradle-travelling, so the old chronicle tells us, "beseemed him no longer." He was a King, and this was his kingdom; therefore like a King he must make his royal progress. So upon this little three-year-old was put a suit of shining armor, made expressly for him, with sword and truncheon "equally proportioned"; they set him on horseback, and thus royally attended he entered Aquitaine, and marched on to his own royal palace at Toulouse. He must have looked "awfully cunning"—this three-year-old in armor—but just think how tired the poor little fellow must have been.



"HEAVEN BLESS HIS LITTLE GRACE."

Aquitaine was that large section of southwestern France that stretched from the river Loire to the Pyrenees, and from the Bay of Biscay eastward to the banks of the Rhone. It had been brought under subjection by the conquering monarch whose short-lived empire embraced all of Europe from Rome to Copenhagen, and from the English Channel to the Iron Gates of the Danube, and who, parcelling out his dominion among his boys, had set over the principality of Aquitaine as King his little three-year-old Louis, forever famous as the son of Charlemagne.

Here, in his palace at Toulouse, did Louis rule as King of Aquitaine for thirty-two years, subject only to his renowned father, Charles the Emperor, called Carolus Magnus, or Charlemagne. This mighty man, "the greatest of Germans"—great in stature, in aim, in energy, and in authority—looked sharply after the small boy he had made King of Aquitaine. He had the lad carefully and thoroughly educated, and Louis grew to be an intelligent, bright-faced, clear-eyed, sturdy, and strong young man, but he was sober and sedate, skilled in the Scriptures and learned in Latin and Greek, unsuited to the rough war days in which he lived, more a scholar than a soldier, and more a priest than a prince.

So the years slipped by. Then trouble came to the great Emperor. One by one the sons of Charlemagne sickened and died—those brave and stalwart boys upon whom the father had relied as the stay and help of his old age, his successors in his plan of empire. At last only Louis the Clerk was left.

Hludwig Fromme he was called by his subjects of Aquitaine—that is, Louis the Kind; and thus, though wrongly rendered, the name of this good and peace-loving son of Charlemagne has come down to us as Louis the Pious, or Louis le Debonair.

Nowadays we are apt to think of debonair as meaning gay, careless, fashionable, and "dudish"; but Louis, the son of Charlemagne, was anything but this. He was kind, courteous, loving, gentle, and true; but he was also strict, dutiful, and just. He was strong of limb and stout of arm; none could bend bow better nor couch lance truer than he; but he never cared for sport nor the rough "horse-play" of his day; he seldom laughed aloud: he was grave, prudent, and wise, "slow to anger, swift to pity, liberal in both giving and forgiving."

He won the loyalty of his subjects of Aquitaine by love and not by tyranny; he kept at bay the pagan Moors of Spain, and, under wise counsellors, sought to govern his kingdom justly and well.

But when his brothers died, and he, the youngest of the three, was summoned to his father's side, he left his palace by the Garonne, in pleasant Toulouse, and hastened to Aix-la-Chapelle, his father's capital.

It was the year 813. An assembly of the nobles of the empire met the great King in his capital, and promised to recognize King Louis of Aquitaine as heir to the throne of Charlemagne. Then in the great church that he had built at Aix-la-Chapelle the old monarch, dressed in magnificent robes (which he never liked and would but rarely put on), stood before the vast assembly of princes and nobles of Germany, leaning upon the shoulder of his sturdily built and kindly looking son.

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The sounds of prayer and song that opened the ceremony were stilled, and then the old Emperor, facing his son, told him that the lords and barons of the empire had sanctioned his appointment as associate and heir.

"You will reign in my stead," he said. "Fear God, my son, and follow His law. Govern the Church with care, and defend it from its enemies. Preserve the empire; show kindness to your relations; honor the clergy as your fathers, and love the people as your children. Force the proud and the evil ones to take the paths of virtue; be the friend of the faithful and the helper of the poor. Choose your ministers wisely; take from no man his property unjustly, and keep yourself pure and above reproach in the eyes of God and man."

Then Charlemagne bade Louis take up the iron crown of Rome and the empire that lay upon the altar, and place it upon his head. "Wear it worthily, O King, my son," the father said, "as a gift from God, your father, and the nation."

And when the son of Charlemagne had thus crowned himself Emperor, turning to the great assembly the old man said: "Behold, I present to you your sovereign and your lord. Salute him, all people, as Emperor and Augustus!"

A mighty shout of loyalty and welcome filled the crowded church, and thus was the son of Charlemagne crowned as his great father's associate and successor. And when, in the year 814, Charlemagne, still a sturdy old man, suddenly fell sick of a fever, and died in his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the age of seventy-one, Louis ascended the throne of what was called the Holy Roman Empire as its sole and sovereign lord.

He came to his vast power with high hopes and lofty aims. The solemn words of his father upon his coronation day lived in his memory, and he determined to rule in peace, in justice, in wisdom, and in love. He would abstain from war; he would lift his people higher; he would make his court learned, refined, and pure; he would be father and friend to all his people, and make his realm rejoice. Louis, called the Pious and the Kind-hearted, should rather have been called Louis the Well-intentioned.

But alas for good intentions if strength of will be wanting! Louis lived in harsh and brutal days, and men could appreciate neither his gentle manners nor his worthy aims. He had neither his father's strength of mind nor firmness of will, nor had he what is called magnetism—the power to compel men to do as one elects. His noble aims were speedily brought to naught; his high purpose was swiftly overthrown; his ambitious sons opposed him, quarrelled with him, defied him, assailed and dethroned him; and after a stormy reign of twenty-six years, during which he many times wished to give up his crown and become a monk, Louis the Well-intentioned died, in the summer of the year 840, on one of the little islands in the river Rhine, a discrowned, defeated, and sorrowing King, conquered by his sons.

The great empire his father had left him was speedily broken asunder, and from its remains, after long years of disorder and of blood, came at last the nations of France and Germany—the outgrowth of that vast heritage of power which the son of Charlemagne had received from his mighty father, but had neither wit nor will enough to govern or hold unbroken.

A noble man in many ways was Louis, the son of Charlemagne. But he lived in advance of his times, for stormy seas demand a strong hand at the helm, and great matters require the head to plan and the will to do. In all of these requirements for royalty was Louis deficient; and while history accords him praise for honesty of purpose, gentleness of heart, good intentions, and lofty aims, it still writes him down as an unsuccessful ruler, because a weak-willed son could not uphold the heritage of a father who indeed was great.

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OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND

CHAPTER IX.

The last excitement of the summer before school began was a river picnic, given by Gertrude Morgan. A note was brought to Edith one afternoon which ran thus:

"MY DEAREST EDITH,—Will you, Cynthia, Jack, and Neal Gordon join us on the river to-morrow? My cousins, Tom and Kitty Morgan, are here, and another fellow, awfully nice, that Tom brought with him, and we want to do something to entertain them. This is such perfect weather for the river. We will come up from Brenton early, and reach Oakleigh before noon. You can join us in your boats, and we will go higher up above the rapids for dinner. If you will bring your chafing-dish and your alcohol lamp for the coffee it is all I ask. On the whole, you need not bring the lamp. We will build a fire. But the chafing-dish would be nice. *Do come! Don't fail. Au revoir* until to-morrow at about twelve. Devotedly,

"P.S.—I am sure you will lose your heart to Tom's friend. I have!"

The next day, shortly before noon, the Franklins were awaiting their friends on the Oakleigh boat-landing. They had two canoes, one that the family had owned for a year or two, and another that Mrs. Franklin had given her brother on his birthday.

Baskets were packed in the boats, containing the chafing-dish, some sandwiches, and delicious cake that Mrs. Franklin had had made as her contribution to the picnic, and a large box of candy which Neal had bought.

It was a glorious day. The September sun shone brightly, and a trifle warmly, on the dancing river. The gay foliage along the banks—for the autumn tints had come early this year—was reflected in the clear water, and a gentle wind stirred the white birches. An army of crows had encamped near by, and the woods rang with their cawing as they carried on an important debate among themselves.

Presently around the curve came the advance guard of the picnic, a canoe containing Dennis Morgan and his cousin Kitty, while closely following them was another, paddled by Tom Morgan, in which sat Gertrude and a stranger.

They all waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and when they came within speaking distance Gertrude shouted:

"Isn't it fun? Such a perfect day, and more fellows than girls! You know my cousins, don't you, except Neal? Kitty and Tom, let me present Mr. Gordon, and this is Mr. Bronson. The Misses Edith and Cynthia Franklin, Mr. Tony Bronson. There, now, did I do it correctly? Did I mention the ladies' names first, and then the gentlemen's? I picked up a book on etiquette in a shop the other day, and it said you must."

Every one laughed, and no one noticed but Cynthia that Neal's face darkened when he heard Bronson's name and saw him for the first time. Of course, she knew at once who he was.

"There ought to be a grand change of partners," continued the lively Gertrude, "but it's too much trouble. However, Tom, you had better get out and take one of the Oakleigh canoes, and an Oakleigh girl and Jack can get in here—unless Mr. Bronson would rather be the one to change."

This was said with a coquettish glance at Bronson, who in a low voice hastened to assure her that he was more than satisfied with his present position.

He was a handsome fellow of about seventeen, tall and of somewhat slight build, with very regular features. His eyes were his weak point. They were of a pale greenish-blue, and were too close together.

His greeting to Neal was most cordial. "Holloa, old fellow!" he said; "this is a piece of luck. Miss Morgan told me you were stopping here, so I was prepared for the pleasure."

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"As if he hadn't known it before," muttered Neal to Cynthia, as he helped her into the canoe, and they pushed off. "He sent that letter here and he got mine from here. He's a hypocritical ass."

"Look out, Neal!" cautioned Cynthia; "you know how sound carries on the water." And she was quite sure from the expression on Bronson's face that he had heard.

There was some discussion as to where their destination should be.

"Let's go as high as we can," said Gertrude. "Above Charles River village."

"But there is the 'carry,'" objected her brother.

"What of that? We've often carried before."

"Not with an average of one fellow to a boat.

No; I say we stop the other side of the small rapids. If any one wants to explore above there on his own account he can do so."

It was finally settled thus, and the party set forth. It was a pretty sight. The cedar canoes, with gay carpets and cushions, and freight of girls and boys in white boating costumes, gave the needed touch of life to the peaceful Charles River. So Mrs. Franklin thought when she came down to see them off.

"I have not been invited," she said, "but I really think I must drive up this afternoon and see your encampment."

"Oh, do, Mrs. Franklin!" cried Gertrude, enthusiastically. "We would just love to have you come, and we ought to have a chaperon, though we *are* all brothers and sisters and cousins! She is the most perfect creature," she added to Bronson, as they moved off. "You know she is the Franklins' step-mother. Isn't she a dear, Jack?"

Jack, who was paddling, acquiesced. Bronson sat at ease in the bow. He was always lazy. Neal, though averse to hard work which was work only, was ready for anything in the way of athletics. He was now an accomplished paddler, and had already far outstripped the others.

Their destination was some two or three miles up the river. The water was low, and Cynthia kept a sharp look-out for rocks.

"Keep to the left here, Neal," she directed; "that ledge runs all across the river."



THE START FROM OAKLEIGH.

"I bet those Brenton fellows will scrape going through here. Not one in a hundred would take the left. I haven't scraped once since I had the canoe. The bottom is as smooth as the day she came, and that is saying a good deal when the river is as low as it is now."

They skirted a huge oak-tree which had fallen half across the river, and, passing through some gentle rapids, reached the cleared shady spot on the bank where they were to eat their luncheon. The others soon arrived, and preparations were immediately begun for building a fire. The boys explored the neighborhood for dry sticks, and a cheerful little blaze was soon crackling away on the bank. Potatoes had been buried beneath to roast in the ashes, and the coffee-pot, filled with water from a neighboring spring, was placed above. Dennis Morgan, whose coffee was far-famed and unrivalled, superintended this part of the work.

The girls unpacked the baskets, and spreading a table-cloth, arranged the goodies most temptingly thereon.

"Edith, you must do the oysters on the chafing-dish," said Gertrude; "no one does them like you."

"Oysters! Have you really got oysters? How perfect!" cried Cynthia, who, laden with cups and saucers, was stumbling over some stray boughs at the imminent risk of herself and the crockery.

"Let me help you, Miss Franklin," said Bronson, coming languidly forward.

"Oh no, thanks!" returned Cynthia, tartly. "I would not trouble you for the world. You have quite enough to do."

Dennis Morgan, who heard her, turned away to hide a laugh. Bronson had been leaning against a tree most of the time with his hands in his pockets.

"Come, now, don't be too hard on a fellow, Miss Franklin. I'll do anything you ask. A fellow feels kind of out of place, don't you know, with so many working."

"Really! Well, if you are truly anxious to make yourself useful, perhaps you will get some ferns to decorate the table?"

"Certainly," said Bronson, looking about him in a helpless way: "will these do?" and he broke off a large brake.

"No, of course not. The ones I want grow at quite a distance from here, over in those woods there," pointing. "Please get some."

"Oh, Miss Franklin, so far? But you will go with me, of course."

"Of course, did I hear you say?" asked Cynthia, straightening herself from her arrangement of the table and standing very erect, with a bottle in one hand and an olive on the end of a fork in the other. "What can you be thinking of? Of course *not*. I am busy. But you have no time to lose if you want to get them here before lunch is ready. It is a good half-mile there and back."

"When Miss Franklin commands I have but to obey," said Bronson, with a bow, though there was a disagreeable light in his steely eyes. "Who will take pity on me and go with me? Miss Morgan, surely you will be so good?"

Gertrude was much pleased at being singled out by the guest of the occasion, and although she knew that the ferns which were growing in profusion all about them would adorn the table just as well, she gave no hint of it, for she was not averse to taking the walk with Bronson.

"Tell me about the Franklins," said he, as he took her red umbrella and opened it. "Are they fond of their step-mother?"

"All but Edith, and she can't bear her, and I don't think she is over-fond of Neal, either. Tell me something about him, Mr. Bronson. He is a school-mate of yours, you say?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I think it's awfully bad form for one fellow to give away another, don't you know. Of course, some fellows would, but I'm not that kind."

Gertrude admired these sentiments extremely. She wished that Bronson would hold the umbrella at an angle that would shield her a little more. It was entirely over him, while she herself was in the sun, and it was rather warm walking. However, it was a pleasure to have her umbrella carried by such an elegant-looking individual, even though she derived no benefit from it.

From his words and manner Gertrude gathered the idea that Bronson, if he chose, could tell something very much against Neal Gordon, but his high sense of honor held him back.

"What a lovely fellow he is!" thought Gertrude; then she said aloud, "Of course I would not have you for the world. I have always fancied there might be something, don't you know?"

Now Gertrude had really never fancied anything of the kind, and yet she did not dream of being untruthful. It was an idea born of the moment. Her vanity prompted her to agree with Bronson, who was apparently such a very charming fellow.

"Oh, don't say that, Miss Morgan! I didn't mean to give you that idea. You're so awfully clever, you have guessed what I never intended to say. Don't ever tell what I said, will you? I wouldn't take away the fellow's character for the world."

Gertrude blushed and promised, pleased to find herself in the position of having a secret with Bronson. She told her cousin Kitty, afterwards, that he really talked most confidentially with her.

When they returned, luncheon was ready. Cynthia took the ferns with a cool "Thank you," looked at them critically and somewhat dubiously, and laid them on the impromptu table.

"Terribly anty," she said, shaking a spray vigorously in the air. "Ugh! look at the ants!"

"Perhaps those that grow over here would not have had any ants," said Bronson, "but I am so much obliged to you for sending me for these, Miss Franklin. I had such a charming walk. It quite repaid me, even though

you are so chary of your thanks."

"I'm so glad," returned Cynthia, "but not as glad as I am famished."

She left Bronson, and walking around to the farther side of the table, sat down. Neal followed her, and presently they were all seated and enjoying the dainty meal. Never was there such clear and fragrant coffee, and the rich cream that the Franklins had brought made it "equal to the nectar of Olympus," said Bronson; he was addicted to airy speech.

The oysters were done to a turn and seasoned to a nicety, and the sandwiches melted in one's mouth. In the midst of the feast they heard the sound of wheels on the bridge, and looking up, they saw Mrs. Franklin, who was driving herself.

"You see I couldn't stay away," she called to them. "Jack, come tie Bess for me, and then let me have a bite, if you have anything to spare."

Edith's face clouded. "Why did she have to come so soon?" she thought, and her expression was not lost on Bronson.

"So this is the rich sister and step-mother," thought Bronson; "and the eldest daughter doesn't like her coming. Now, I don't exactly see why Gordon can't settle the balance if she has such a pile. But I'll lie low and work him easily."

He watched his opportunity, and after luncheon he followed Neal to the river-bank, where he was getting a pail of water for dish-washing purposes.

"I say, Gordon, old fellow, I haven't had a chance before to thank you for sending me the fifty. You see I was in a confounded hole myself, and there was no way out of it but to ask you. I hated to dun you. As for the rest, there's no hurry about that whatever."

Neal looked at him. His brown eyes could be very searching when occasion required. Bronson stooped, and picking up a flat stone from the little beach on which they were standing, he tossed it across the river.

"Five skips," said he, lightly, as he turned away.

"Hold on a minute," said Neal. "Your offer is very kind, but you may be pretty sure that I'll pay you as soon as I can. I've no wish to be under obligations to you any longer than is necessary."

"As you like," returned Bronson, with a shrug. "I only thought it might ease your mind to know that there's no actual hurry. Ah, Miss Franklin," as Cynthia drew near, "can't I persuade you to go out on the river with me?"

"I am afraid not. I should think that you hadn't paddled a great deal, as I noticed that you took your ease coming up."

"Miss Franklin, I never should have imagined that you were timid on the water. How little one can tell!"

"I am not a bit timid, but I don't care to be upset."

"Upset!" laughed Bronson. "Why, I've been upset a dozen times. In such a shallow ditch as this it wouldn't make much difference, as long as we're suitably dressed."

Cynthia looked at him slowly, criticisingly, scornfully. Then she said:

"I should think bathing clothes were the only things suitable for upsetting. And the Charles River isn't a ditch. Of course you didn't know, and we can pardon the ignorant a good deal."

Bronson turned away and left them.

"That last was a scorcher," chuckled Neal, who had been listening attentively. "If there is one thing Bronson hates above another, it is to be thought not to 'know it all,' and he caught on to what you meant."

Cynthia, however, felt a little remorseful. She was quite sure that she had been rude. Bronson was a stranger, and should have been treated with the politeness due to such. But then he was Neil's enemy, and Cynthia could never be anything but loyal to Neal. Thus she soothed her conscience.

When luncheon had been cleared away and the baskets packed to go home, Bronson asked Edith if she would go out with him on the river.

"Just for a little paddle, Miss Franklin," he said. "Do come!"

Cynthia heard him, and she frowned and shook her head vigorously at her sister, hoping that she would not go, but Edith had no intention of declining the invitation. She said yes, with one of her prettiest smiles, and accompanied Bronson to the place where the canoes were drawn up on the bank.

"I suppose it doesn't make any difference which one I take," he said, and, either by accident or design, he singled out Neal's boat and put it into the water. Edith stepped in, and then watched Bronson's movements with some trepidation. He did not seem to know much about the management of a canoe, and they rocked alarmingly with his short, uncertain strokes.

"I'll soon get the hang of it," he said, reassuringly. "I have never been much on a river, but it's easy enough."

Cynthia walked along the bank, watching them.

"I hope you've got a life-preserver, Edith! Mr. Bronson says he is in the habit of upsetting—likes it, in fact—and I'm dreadfully afraid for you. You know you can't swim, and Mr. Bronson will never be able to save you *as well as* himself. *Do* be careful of my sister, Mr. Bronson. The ditch is rather deep just there. Oh, look at him wiggle!" she added to Neal, who had followed her.

"And the fellow has taken my canoe!" growled Neal.

"Poor Neal! You boasted too soon. You'll never again be able to say there isn't a scratch on the bottom."

"I only hope I shall ever see the boat again. He'll probably smash her all to smithereens."

"I suppose it makes no difference if Edith is 'smashed to smithereens,' only the canoe," remarked Cynthia, demurely.

In the mean time Edith was having an exciting voyage. Bronson paddled slowly and unevenly up the river until he found himself in the rapids, which were much swifter and more dangerous than those they had passed through on the way from Oakleigh. The canoe scraped and creaked over the rocks. The only wonder was that a hole was not stove at once in the bottom.

They were in the midst now of the rushing water. Suddenly the boat lodged for a moment on a rock, and swayed to and fro. Down to the very water's edge went first one side and then the other. A half-inch more and they would have capsized.

Edith sat perfectly silent, scarcely daring to breathe. Bronson, never before so quick in his movements, righted the craft, and with a vigorous push of the paddle got off the dangerous rock.

"I—I think it would be rather pleasanter to tie up," faltered Edith.

"So do I. Wish you had said so before. Not that I mind exploring, but it's hot work such a day as this."

They found a shady bank and drew up under the bushes. Edith gave a sigh of relief.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" asked Bronson, getting out a silver cigarette-case with a *blasé* air.

"Oh, not at all."

"That's nice. Now we can be comfortable. I am so glad you came with me this afternoon, for I want to talk to you, Miss Franklin. I want in talk freely to you about something."

Edith's face expressed her astonishment.

"You look surprised," he continued, "but you will not be when I tell you what it is. You are the only person whom I can rely on to manage the matter well and to help me. It is connected with Neal Gordon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EXPLANATION.

MAMMA. "Why do you come in every minute for something to eat, Herbert?"

HERBERT. "Because, mamma, I am so small that I cannot eat enough to last me over an hour."

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ON THE EARTH AND IN THE SKY. THE EARTH YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW.

BY N. S. SHALER,

PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

From ancient days men have been seeking to learn the history of the earth; how it came to be set in the orderly array of the heavenly bodies; how it has step by step come forth from the ancient chaos to the existing perfection; how and to what end it is to go forward in ages beyond our own. In this century many thousands of able men have been engaged in these inquiries.



A RING THROWN FROM THE SUN FORMING A SEPARATE PLANET.

The studies of astronomers have made it evident that in the olden days, indeed before days began, at a time which is to be reckoned as many hundred million years ago, the sun and the other bodies of the solar system, including our earth, the kindred planets and their satellites, were parts of a great mass of vapor or star dust, which extended throughout the spaces in which these spheres now swing about the sun. As time went on this nebulous mass, just like many such masses which the telescope reveals in the distant heavens, drew together, because its particles were impelled by gravitation towards the central point, and as it contracted it began to revolve, much as our earth and the other spheres as well now turn on their axes. Thus turning, it divided into successively formed rings, each of which in time broke up, the matter of the ring gathering into a separate planet. At first this planet, like the original mass, was gaslike, and when separated from the sun it began to gather in on itself, in most cases forming rings, which in time were to alter into the lesser spheres—the moons. The earth and all

the planets lying further away from the sun have these little bodies about them, but in one case, as if to show the stages of creation, the unbroken ring remains, forming the magnificent circles which girdle Saturn. When, in the history of these wonderful processes of growth which have taken place in our solar system, our earth parted from the shrinking sun, the separate life of the sphere began. In the course of ages it set off the mass of the moon, and after that process was effected by further shrinking, it was reduced from a body several hundred thousand miles in diameter to a relatively small sphere. Such are the steps which led to the birth of our planet.

As the earth's matter gathered into a smaller bulk, its heat was greatly increased, so that for a time it was a hot, shining star like the sun. Gradually, however, it parted with so much of its heat that it, as we may say, froze over or became covered with a solid crust which soon became cool enough to permit the waters hitherto in the state of steam to descend upon the surface of the sphere. With this descent of the waters, which led to the formation of the seas, another stage of great importance in the history of the earth began. In the earlier ages the heat of the earth, which came from within its mass, was so great that the temperature coming from the sun was of no consequence, but when the earth acquired a crust of cold rocks, a new period began, that in which the solar heat was thereafter to be the source of most of the movements that occurred in this limited world. Thenceforward to the present day, and yet on through the ages, the sun and earth are linked together in their actions in a marvellously entangled way.

When the sun's heat began effectively to work on the earth in the manner which we now behold, the winds began to blow, the ocean waters under their influence to circulate currents, and the moisture to rise into the air to be carried to and fro and to fall as rain. It seems likely that these movements of air and water, which we know to be due to the action of the sun's heat, took place at first upon the surface which was everywhere covered by the ocean, a vast continuous sea through which the lands had not yet pierced, and in which living creatures had not begun to dwell. This universal field of waters could not have long continued, and this for the reason that certain changes in the earth itself brought about the creation of broad folds on the sea-bottom, which grew upward until dry lands rose above the level of the waters. The way in which this process took place can in general be easily understood.

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After the earth had cooled to the point where its outer parts were what we term cold, and the whole of its mass approximately solid, it remained as it does to-day, exceedingly hot in its central portions, and therefore kept on slowly cooling. What we call the outer or crust part, because it had already become cool, had little heat to lose. The greater portion of the temperature, which crept away into the frigid places of the heavens, where the thermometer is always some hundred degrees below the freezing-point, came from the interior of the sphere. Because of this cooling in the deeper parts of the earth the mass shrunk in its interior portion, while the outer part, losing less heat, because it had less to lose, did not contract to anything like the same extent. Thus it came about that this crust portion which forms the surface, and that which is below to the depth of many miles, were forced to wrinkle in order to fit the diminished centre. The action may be compared, in a way, to what takes place when in an apple or other similar fruit or vegetable with a distinct skin the water dries out of the interior parts. The skin wrinkles, because it has little water to lose. Let us conceive that the heat which keeps the particles of matter apart in our earth answers to the water which separates the solid portions of the fruit, and the likeness becomes clear.

When the great wrinkles of the earth's crust were high enough to bring their surfaces in part above the level of the ocean, another important stage in the history of the sphere was begun. Before that time, the water which the sun's heat had lifted into the air, and sent back to the earth in the form of rain, had fallen into the ocean whence it came without in any way affecting the solid parts of the crust. But now a portion of it came down on what we call the dry land, making the beginning of the rivers and the lakes, and in its course to the sea wearing away the rocks over which it flowed, conveying the débris to the oceans, where it served to build layers of rocks upon the bottom, which with the further upward growth of the continent might in turn rise above the sea. Thus we may fairly reckon the appearance of the land above the seas as the third great event in the history of the earth.

After the earth had cooled down so that the waters had something like their present temperature, and probably after the lands had appeared, came the fourth and, on many accounts, the most interesting episode in the history of the planet. This was the beginning of what we call life, those little temporary gatherings of the earth's substance which take shape in the form of animals and plants. As yet we do not know, we are not likely indeed ever to know, just when or how this change from the earlier stage in which the earth knew no living creatures to that in which they were to abound in seas and on land. All that has been found out concerning the matter leads us to believe that the first steps led to the creation of very simple species—jellylike forms having but few of the qualities which we commonly associate with living beings. But the first steps taken in the immemorable ages, the others followed in quick succession, so that the earliest fossil remains which we find in rocks formed on the sea-bottom, a hundred million or more years ago, show that the earth was richly peopled with a lowly life.

Probably at some time after the lands had risen above the sea, and had begun to yield their waste in the form of mud, sand, and pebbles, to provide strata on the sea-bottoms, volcanoes began to break forth on the sea-bottom and along the margins of the continents. These strange outbursts, mainly of steam, but often accompanied by molten rock, appear to owe their formation to the accumulation of beds on the bottom of the ocean, which as they are formed are to a great extent filled with water. Accumulated to a thickness of many miles, the water in the lower part of these strata gradually becomes exceedingly heated. In the end it breaks forth in steam, having a temperature quite as hot as molten iron, so that it may melt ordinary rocks.

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The beginning of volcanic action on the earth was in a way important, though the event is less noteworthy than any of those which have been previously remarked, for tremendous as a volcanic eruption may be (that of Kratakoa in 1883 shook a large part of the earth's surface, perturbed all its atmosphere, and sent its dust to every part of the world), they, after all, are not leading features in the earth's history, but rather incidents. It is otherwise with the last great physical event in the history of the earth, which we shall now have to consider.

As the earth became divided, so that there were a number of continents and oceans, its climate became diversified. This was in part accomplished by the changes in the course of the ocean currents, such as our Gulf Stream; in part it may have been by slight variation in the sun's heat. However brought about, from very ancient days to the present time large portions of the earth's surface have occasionally had climatal

conditions which cause the rainfall to descend in the form of snow, the snow falling in such quantities that it did not melt away in the summer season. This condition now exists about either pole, and to a certain extent on the high mountains, even those of tropical lands.

From time to time, owing to the variable adjustments of climate, these periods of excessive snow have endured for ages, in which the glacial sheet has extended in either hemisphere far towards the equator. In our present day the earth is just escaping from the last of these wonderful ice epochs. At a time so recent that it may be called a geological yesterday the greater part of Europe and of North America was buried beneath accumulations of snow, or rather of ice formed from it, the sheets having in places the depth of a mile or more, and, according to their strange nature, moving slowly over the surface, crushing and grinding the rocks as they went, until the ice either reached the sea, where it would float off as icebergs, or a place on the land where it was far enough south to be melted away.

On the surface of North America the ice sheet, the remnant of which still covers Greenland, expelled all life from the region of Canada and the United States from a line a little to the east of the Rocky Mountains, and in general north of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to the sea-coast. It was deep enough to flow over the top of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, and a primitive man (for there were such in those days) might possibly have journeyed over all the realm without discerning the least trace of the earth's rock surface, for even the higher mountains were buried.



THE ICE SHEET WAS DEEP ENOUGH TO FLOW OVER THE TOP OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

We do not yet know how many of these glacial periods there have been, or whether they occur at the same time in both the northern and southern hemispheres, but it is clear that they have been of frequent occurrence. In the intervals between the ice epochs warm conditions appear to have prevailed even up to the pole of the hemisphere, which was shortly afterwards to experience the dreadful winter of an ice-time. Thus, at a period which in its geological sense was not long before the last glacial epoch, the Greenland district bore a forest much like that which now exists in parts of the Southern States of this country. It seems probable from the history of the past that the next revolution in our northern hemisphere will dissipate the ice about the arctic pole, and make a wide realm now uninhabitable to man fit for his use.

The foregoing little sketch of a few of the great events of the earth's history does not take into account the greatest of them all, the coming of man. But the conditions which surround the appearance of this flower of the earth are as yet so imperfectly known that they cannot well be considered.

HINTS TO YOUNG BOTANISTS.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVY.

ROOTS.

When we are about to do a thing thoroughly and systematically we often say we will "begin at the root of the matter." That is because the root of a plant is supposed to be the first thing in its life. It is indeed the foundation, the substructure of a plant, but not strictly the first thing that starts to grow. The little stem feels the first quiver of life, and the root follows. You can see the little stem, or *caulicle* in fat seeds like squash and melon, beans and pease. Split a squash seed, and between the two fat sides the caulicle lies cozily tucked, like a tiny tail or handle. Plant a squash seed in the earth. The caulicle, fed by the two fat sides, pushes its way upward into the air, making a stem with leaves, and finally a big vine, while from its lower end the root develops and pushes itself as fast as possible into the earth.

The roots of some plants are small. I think most weeds make pretty large and strong roots, which are hard to pull up. But when a tree has grown to its full size its roots are almost as large as its branches. I once saw a fine old maple-tree cut down, and its roots dug up to make room for a cellar. I was surprised to see what a big hole the roots made. Two men dug for several days before they had the roots all up.

The work for the roots to do is to drink water. The upper half of the plant is very thirsty, and calls constantly for water. The roots push and dig into the moist soil, drink in water, and pass it up by a sort of pumping process. Only think, drinking and pumping! That is what roots do. And so if the earth is dry, and the roots can find nothing to drink, the plant will die. But after a shower see how glad the leaves seem, and how stiff and straight they stand, because the roots are sucking up great draughts of water.

To protect roots in their hard burrowing work a little cap of hard cells is fitted over their tips. Little hairs grow all over them, whose purpose is to help absorb moisture.

Some thick and fleshy roots are good to eat. They form many of our best vegetables. Beets, turnips, parsnips, and carrots are such roots. They belong to biennial or two-year plants. The first year they store up food in their roots; the second year draw upon this food, and produce flowers and fruit. They are named from their shapes. *Fusiform*, like radishes, when thicker in the middle, tapering at both ends. Carrots are *conical*, thicker at the top. Turnips bulge out in the middle, and are *napiform*. When clustered like a dahlia the roots are *fascicled*. All are *taproots*, or main roots. Besides these *primary* roots there are *secondary*.

You may have noticed secondary roots springing from the joints of a corn-stalk above ground. The wonderful banyan-tree sends down roots from its branches, making new trees, until one tree is the mother of a colony.

There are plants which take their nourishment from the air alone, and not from the soil. They need roots as hold-fasts, not as drinking-cups. Some lovely orchids grow in that way. Those leathery patches which you have seen on old fence-rails and rocks are lichens. They have roots for attachment only, and such are called *aerial* roots.

Then there are *climbing* rootlets. Look at the poison-ivy, but do not touch it, and you will see it climbing over tree-trunks and fence-posts by means of rootlets. The trumpet-creeper will show you the same thing. These rootlets are very strong, as you will find if you try to pull, as I did once, a trumpet-creeper out of a grape-vine.

A large class of plants are beggars and thieves. This is a hard thing to say of them, but, what would you call them when they press their roots into the bark of other plants and suck their sap, which is the same to the plant as life-blood? Why can't they dig in the soil for themselves? Some of these plants wear fine clothes, and look innocent enough. There is the beautiful yellow fox-glove. Many times I have seen it, tall and showy on hill-sides and in woods. But they were root-parasites, that is, fastened by their roots on the roots of other plants, sucking juices dishonestly. The delicate purple gerardia sometimes does the same thing. So, you see, appearances are deceptive, and in plants, as well as people, you cannot always tell character from the outside.

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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.

It does not surprise me to find a number of bright girls asking for directions about the entrance to the difficult road of authorship. It is quite common for young people to think that nothing on earth can be so delightful as to write songs and stories, and have them published for the world to read. The fact, dear girls, that many of you overlook, is that no trade or profession or business is ever learned without time, study, and effort—what I might call the serving of an apprenticeship. Very few authors succeed at the beginning, although there is a contrary impression. Even those who seem at once to achieve eminence have really been getting ready for their work all their lives. You can see what I mean if you will read Miss Alcott's *Life and Letters*, or Mrs. Burnett's story of *The One I Knew the Best of All*, or, better than either, a charming little essay by Robert Louis Stevenson, in which he describes the books he read as a boy, and the pains he took to cultivate a good and clear style.

It is perfectly right for any reader of the ROUND TABLE to wish to become an author. In days to come the youthful Knights and Ladies for whom Kirk Munroe, Ellen Douglas Deland, W. J. Henderson, Captain Charles King, and your friend of the Pudding Stick are now writing, will be grown men and women, and some of them will be furnishing the literature of the next generation. I cannot say too strongly to all my correspondents, who are interested in this subject, be patient, be fearless, be thorough. Do not be in haste to send some busy editor the story which you have just written. Never send anything to an editor until you have written it four or five times over, and are satisfied that it is the very best thing that you can do, and that it is expressed in the briefest possible compass. A very good school for aspiring young authors is found in the beautiful little amateur papers which many young people publish for circulation among their friends. The several school and college literary papers are also excellent fields for beginners in journalism. Among the rising authors of the day I know a half-dozen whose first laurels were gained in school and college magazines.

I would like to suggest that some of you who belong to Round Table Chapters should try the plan of having a little paper in connection with your Chapter. You could easily appoint one member of the Chapter the editor, then different girls and boys could furnish contributions. In every neighborhood there are a great many interesting things happening from day to day, so that your local column might be very spicy and entertaining. You could give your paper an attractive name, and should any of the members possess a typewriter you could have as many copies made each week as you have subscribers. Perhaps somebody among your friends has a little hand-press on which the little paper could be printed. Subscribers would be willing to pay two or three cents for a number of the paper, and thus you could have a little fund over expenses for the charities of the Chapter. Wouldn't that be charming? I cannot enter into all the little details of such an enterprise, but if any of you shall adopt this suggestion I hope to hear all about it, and to know whether you think that it pays. I once knew a family in which a little home paper was kept up for years, each brother and sister in turn acting as editor, and different members of the household copying out the matter. They had a serial story, which ran on in the most exciting way for a long time, and on Saturday evenings father, mother, children, and friends always assembled to read and listen to the new number. This paper was called *The Busy Bee*.

A few sentences ago I said, let me know if you think it pays. Speaking of payment, do not make the mistake of supposing that I principally mean payment in dollars and cents. The money one earns by writing is the smallest part of the pleasure it gives. Several girls inquire of me what price they ought to put on their poems and stories, and what sort of letter they should send with a contribution when addressing an editor. All that is really necessary in the case is to write your full name and post-office address plainly at the top of your opening page, in the right-hand corner. In brackets at the other side you may, if you choose, write

"offered at usual rates." Be sure always to write only on one side of your paper, to send a folded and never a rolled manuscript, to have it typewritten, if you can; if not, to have your writing very legible, and to send an envelope addressed to yourself, and enough stamps to pay return postage should your manuscript be declined. The stamps may be loose, or may be attached to the envelope, as you prefer. As a rule the first contributions of young people are worth very little money, and it is not good form to set a price on what you write unless you are an author of assured reputation. You must remember that publishers pay for work according to its market value, just as we pay for sugar and soap, and calico and note-paper, chairs, and tables, or anything else we buy. When you go to a shop you always try to get good value for the money you give in return for goods. It is the same with articles and poems which are offered to the press. Hundreds and thousands of people are writing, and you must expect to face difficulties and have a struggle before you find your place, even if you are very well prepared for it.

I would like the Chapters of the ROUND TABLE which have paid me the honor of naming themselves for me to write me a letter through their secretaries. I have a reason for asking this favor. I would also like to receive copies of amateur papers, published by young people who read the ROUND TABLE.

Margaret E. Langster.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER III.

Tommy often wondered afterwards why it was that he did not feel frightened when he found himself so close to this great congress of wild animals. But at the time he did not feel in the least alarmed, and he and the ex-Pirate sat together for some time under the oak planning as to what they had better do. Perhaps Tommy felt no fear, because all the animals seemed to be on such good terms with one another, and so gave evidence that they would not harm any one else. The little boy noticed the Lion and the Lamb lying down together; the Fox was playing tag with the Geese ("Fox and Geese, I suppose," thought Tommy); the Red Wolf was strolling about, arm in arm, with a bearded Goat and his kids; and half a dozen Mice were having all sorts of fun with an old Tom Cat who wanted to sleep.

"I guess the only thing for us to do," remarked the ex-Pirate at last, "is to just walk over and go aboard. There's no use sitting here any longer. We have not any umbrellas, and it is liable to begin to rain at any moment. Let's try our luck."

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"Perhaps it would be best for us to walk around to the other side," suggested Tommy. "There doesn't seem to be so many animals there."

His companion approved of this, and they started off together, making a circuit which soon brought them to the other side of the huge house-boat. There were scarcely any beasts in sight, and so they boldly approached the great craft which towered high up above their heads. When they had come quite close, the ex-Pirate's keen eye caught sight of a small port-hole near the stern, and after calling Tommy's attention to it they decided to try to get in that way. The port-hole was very narrow, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the two managed to squeeze through. But they succeeded, nevertheless, and found themselves in a sort of dark chamber where there was a ladder that led to the upper regions of the Ark.

"We're all right now," said the ex-Pirate. "Do you think this will be too much for you?"

"What?" asked Tommy, who did not quite understand.

"The ladder."

"Not a bit. Why?"

"It's more than you."

"How do you mean?" asked the little boy, now somewhat puzzled.

"You are a lad, aren't you?" said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes."

"Well, this is a ladder."

There was not anything that Tommy could very well answer to any such statement; but then he had long since given up any idea of following the peculiar arguments and reasonings of the ex-Pirate. Yet in order to show him that, even if the ladder was more than he, he was certainly equal to climbing it, he seized the rungs and clambered up. It ended at a trap-door which, when lifted, opened into a very large room that appeared to occupy the entire length of the Ark.

"Aha!" exclaimed the ex-Pirate. "This is where they have the boxing-matches."

"Will they have any?" asked Tommy, eagerly, and his eyes opened very wide.

"I don't know," returned the ex-Pirate, "but this is the spar-deck."

"How did you get here?" suddenly asked a familiar voice from behind them, which so startled Tommy that he almost stepped into the open trap. When he looked around he saw, to his great joy, that it was the Sheep.

"Oh, we just came," answered the ex-Pirate, quickly. "Things come and things go, you know."

"Yes, I've heard that before," interrupted the Sheep. "But if Noah catches you, he'll put you ashore."

"But we don't want to go ashore," said Tommy, who at seeing his old friend the Sheep had entirely recovered from his momentary alarm.

"Well, I'm very busy now," continued the latter, "and the animals will be coming in pretty soon. If you want to see them, you had better go up to the other end of the Ark and sit on a rafter over the entrance. But don't let the Bull see you. He's in a mighty bad humor. Good-by," and the Sheep trotted off and disappeared almost as suddenly as he had come.

"Guess we'd better do that," said the ex-Pirate, meditatively. "We don't want to get put out." So they walked to the other end of the big room, being very careful to make as little noise as possible, and when they came to the large arched entrance with the heavy bolted doors the ex-Pirate helped Tommy climb up a post, and the two slid out on a rafter, from which they could obtain a first-rate view of anything that might happen. Just below where they sat, and directly opposite them, was a window with a small counter in front of it and the words "Ticket Office" painted over it. Below the counter, nearer the floor, was another window, only smaller—"for the little animals, I suppose," thought Tommy. When their eyes had become accustomed to the semi-obscurity of their surroundings they found that they were not the only occupants of balcony seats. A few feet away from them sat a Gopher. He wore a pink sun-bonnet, and looked somewhat timidly at the intruders. As soon as the ex-Pirate saw him, he said: "What are you doing up here? Why aren't you outside?"

"Lost my ticket," answered the Gopher, timorously.

"Lost your ticket?" repeated the ex-Pirate.

"Yes, sir," continued the little animal, meekly. "Not exactly lost it. I put it in my mouth, and forgot, and swallowed it. I've got it inside."

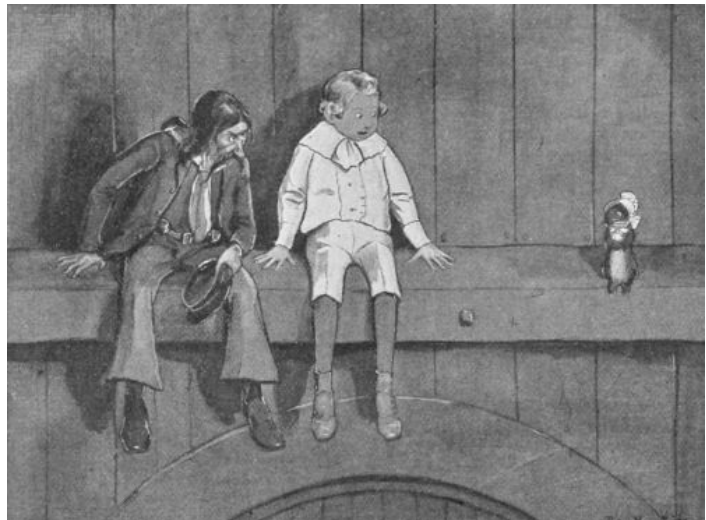
"Oh," said the ex-Pirate. "Well, you'll get it back as soon as we start."

"Please may I stay?" asked the Gopher.

"Why, certainly," replied the ex-Pirate, affably, waving his hand in a grandiose way, just as if he had been the proprietor of the Ark; whereupon the Gopher looked much pleased and relieved, and settled down comfortably again at his end of the rafter.

Just then the shutter of the ticket window was thrown up with a loud bang that made Tommy jump, and the Bull stuck his head out and peered up and down the large room. He was a very fierce-looking Bull, and he wore on his head a cap with the word "Purser" embroidered on it in gold letters.

"All aboard!" he bellowed, in a voice that fairly made the timbers tremble, and scared the Gopher half out of his wits. And then some one from the outside opened the heavy doors and the animals began coming in.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? WHY AREN'T YOU OUTSIDE?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The annual meet of the American Canoe Association, which is now in progress on Lake Champlain, is decidedly the most important sporting event of the year to canoe lovers. For the past week hundreds of enthusiasts have been paddling and sailing and racing off Bluff Point, and every known kind of canoe has been seen on the water. It is only twenty-five years since canoeing as a sport found favor in this country, but since then it has grown steadily, and now there are canoe clubs in every State. Although the canoe, both as a paddling and a sailing craft, is distinctly American in its origin, it is a fact, nevertheless, that canoe cruising and the sport of canoe sailing were introduced from England. About thirty years ago a Scotchman named John MacGregor built a canoe, which he called the *Rob Roy*. It resembled an Esquimau kayak, being low and narrow and decked all over, except for a narrow space in the middle. It had a small lateen-sail, but the mode of propulsion used most by MacGregor was his two-bladed paddle. In this queer little boat he explored many of the waters of Great Britain, and cruised extensively in Holland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden, meeting with many adventures, an account of which he afterwards published under the title of *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*. He has also written several other interesting accounts of other trips. The most delightful account ever written of a canoe cruise, however, is Stevenson's *Inland Journey*. Any young man who has the slightest inclination toward the sail and the paddle will surely take them up with enthusiasm after reading these books.

The choice of a craft is always difficult, especially to one who has had little or no experience in canoeing. I told last week how an inexpensive canoe might be built of canvas, but for cruising purposes a boat made of wood is necessary. It is taken for granted that any one who can afford the time for a cruise can also afford the money to purchase a suitable craft for his journey. A good cedar canoe nowadays costs from \$80 to

\$150, but boats made of less-expensive woods may be had for as little as \$30. The building of these light canoes has become such a big business that there are over fifty varieties made now where there were only half a dozen fifteen years ago. But in spite of all the varieties there are only about three classes—the racing-canoe, the paddling canoe, and the cruising canoe—which use both sail and paddle.



BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

after the Indian birch-bark canoe, and are made of basswood or cedar. They cost from \$30 to \$50, according to finish, and are very serviceable. The basswood boats are not so liable to leak as others.

Another advantage of the "Peterborough" is that it will carry more passengers and duffel than any other style of canoe, and can easily be carried over land or around locks if you are travelling along a canal. It is easy to paddle, sails fast before the wind, and is the best craft in the world to shoot rapids. At night it can be drawn up on shore and turned upside down, thus making a dry and comfortable shelter. The "Nautilus" style of canoe is from twenty-eight to thirty inches wide and about fifteen feet long. It is fitted with a centreboard, and is an excellent cruising craft. It will carry one person comfortably, and two at a pinch, and the air-tight compartments forward and aft make it a life-boat, unsinkable. Beneath the decks and hatches there is plenty of room for dry stowage. At night the owner of a "Nautilus" canoe can either haul his craft ashore or anchor in deep water. In the latter case, he hoists his canoe tent above his head, unfolds his mattress, and sleeps comfortably in the cockpit. Personally, however, I prefer to land and pitch camp.



SAILING BEFORE THE WIND.



IN CAMP.

of coffee, and if you are an expert with a chafing dish you can rival the best of city restaurants. But it is not probable that you will have such a luxury as a chafing dish among your equipments. You will probably have a saucepan instead—in fact it is necessary that you should have a saucepan. And with a little practice you can cook almost anything in the latter that you can in a chafing dish. The other necessary cooking utensil is a coffee-pot. With that and the saucepan and a small kettle you can live very comfortably. There are a number of small books of convenient pocket size that will tell you all you want to know about camp cooking. This is a good subject to study up before starting on a cruise.

The supplies that a canoeist takes with him in his boat should consist of a few pounds of sugar, a box of salt, three or four pounds of ground coffee in a tin box with a close-fitting screw top, some bacon, a pound of tea, a couple of jars of marmalade or jam, a tin of deviled ham, and a pound or two of pilot-bread or hardtack. There will be lots of places along the course of your cruise where you will be able to replenish these stores should they run short, and at the villages you pass you can secure fresh meat if you care for it or are skilful enough cook to prepare it. Always have a line and some fish-hooks with you, for a canoeist should be a good fisherman.

A mess-chest is a good thing to have if you are travelling in a "Peterborough." This is a tin box three feet long, one foot high, and about eighteen inches wide. Its top should have a cover of painted canvas, with flaps that will come down over the edges. In this box your provisions and a change of under-clothes may be kept perfectly dry. Carry plenty of matches and a good lantern.

Your matches should be kept in a glass jar with a screw top—an old preserve jar is just the thing. Then they cannot get damp.

As to the cruise itself, it should be carefully planned beforehand. Never start off with only a general idea of where you want to go. It is a bad thing to trust to luck in canoeing. Plan your trip so that you will start at the head of some river, or as near the head as you can find good water, and cruise down. Don't attempt to cover too great a distance in one day. Twenty-five miles a day is enough, and is more than you will care to make if most of it has to be paddled. Further—never hurry. Take plenty of time to fish, bathe, land, visit the country, and eat your meals regularly. If you have only a certain number of days to devote to your cruise, lay out the distance you must cover each day, and try to stick to your schedule as closely as camping-grounds will allow. Keep a record of your adventures in a log-book; this will prove not only interesting but valuable in the future.



CRUISING CANOE UNDER PADDLE.

No one should ever think of taking a canoe cruise unless he can swim. The canoeist gets too many upsets to risk venturing into deep water unless he can take care of himself. It is a good thing to practise upsetting in shallow water, so as to learn how to climb back into your boat again. Having fallen into the stream or the lake, whichever it may be, swim back to your canoe and seize the side nearest to you at the middle with your left hand. Then reach across the cockpit to the opposite gunwale with your right, and extend your body horizontally on the surface of the water. By a quick motion you can easily draw yourself across the cockpit and into the canoe again. It is well to keep your paddle tied to a thwart with a stout string long enough not to interfere with your work. Then it cannot float away when you upset.



A RACING CANOE.

The sails most commonly used on canoes are the leg-of-mutton sail and the standing lug. On racing canoes you usually see the bat sails—but racing canoes are mere machines that are not good things to have or to imitate, and the better element among canoeing sportsmen to-day are frowning them down. A leg-of-mutton sail requires a tall mast, which some canoeists regard as a serious objection. The sail, however, runs to such a small point aloft that there is really very little surface exposed to the wind, and very little weight up there. It is the most simple form of sail, too, and can be easily raised and lowered, or reefed, and is, I believe, the safest kind of a sail for a canoe. It can be used to very good advantage on a boat of the "Nautilus" type.



LEG-OF-MUTTON.

For a canoe of the "Peterborough" type the best kind of a sail is the standing lug. It is very nearly square (and if you want to manufacture one yourself you can make it square), and very good for running before the wind. It is easily managed, and serves admirably as a tent or awning when you are camping with your canoe turned up for shelter.

One of the greatest pleasures of canoeing is that the impressions you get are so vivid and real. All the world seems so big and strong. Your craft is so tiny that everything else appears to be very large. A breeze that would be welcome to a yacht is a gale to a canoe, and what are moderate waves to a sail-boat of ordinary size are heavy seas to a "Peterborough." And then, in a canoe, you are your own captain and your own crew. You can go as close in-shore as you wish, and the panorama that passes by you is so near that you almost feel you can touch the fields and hills, or pick up the cows from the pastures and put them down again. And then the expense of canoeing is so moderate. You can live on your voyages at the rate of about fifty cents a day. You carry your house along with you; your only expenses are for provisions. I should be glad to give more space to the subject, but while I believe that a great many of the readers of these columns are interested in canoes—or would be if they had ever tried one—I realize, too, that there are others who are just as eager for bicycling and cat-boat sailing and mountain climbing and hunting and fishing. And to them I shall talk later. But if there is anything about canoes that any reader of the ROUND TABLE desires to know, I shall be glad to reply to his questions.



STANDING LUG.

[Pg 851]

Football practice has begun in California. The school term opens in August on the Coast, and the football men of the Academic Athletic League are already on the gridiron. The Oakland High-School eleven promises to be a strong one again this year in spite of losses by graduation. Lynch will probably fill McConnell's place at tackle, and Walton will no doubt play half-back. Russ, the clever half-miler, is trying for quarter. He is not particularly apt at the game, and is too good a track athlete to risk his legs in a scrimmage. If the O.H.-S. Captain can find another man for the position, it will be best for the general welfare of the school's sport to keep Russ on the cinder track. Chickering will be on the end again, and Guppy is pretty sure to hold the other flank.

Captain Anderson will keep his old position at full-back. He has speed, endurance, and pluck; he runs low, uses good judgment, and plays hard all the time.

His principal fault is that he runs too far out in circling the ends. It is better football to make for a hole and

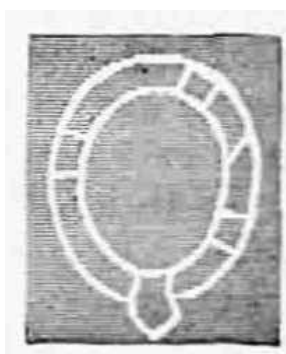
to depend on your end rush to hold the opposite end off. A down inside the end is better than a hard run away around with the risk of being forced beyond the line. A two-inch gain is better than a run across the field. What the team needs most is a good punter and place kicker, and the ends ought to learn to get down the field quicker on punts, and to follow the ball better than they do now.

A great many letters come to this Department every week asking questions and making suggestions. Most of them are signed by the writers, just as any gentleman signs a business letter when writing to another, and these can be answered in due time. Others come signed with initials merely, or with *noms de plume*, and without addresses. Most of these writers expect me to answer them through the columns of the Department. This is not always possible or advisable. The subjects spoken of in the letters may not be of sufficient general interest to deserve space here, yet they may be of sufficient importance to warrant a personal reply. I always endeavor to acknowledge in some way all the letters that come to the Department, but I cannot promise to answer anonymous communications.

THE GRADUATE.

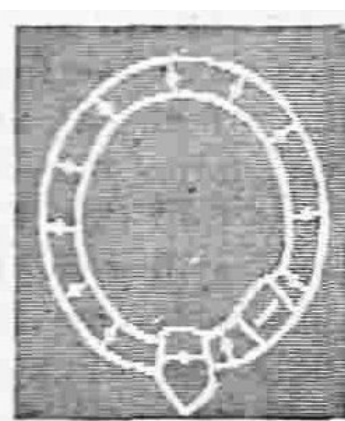


This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors. And the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.



SMALL.

The high prices for the Great Britain 4d., red or blue paper, garter water-mark, quoted in the *ROUND TABLE*, No. 821, has stimulated the readers of this Department to look over their collections, and several think they have the rare varieties, but are not certain that they know the difference between the three garter water-marks. Therefore, I give fac-similes of all three—small, medium, and large garters. There is not only a difference in size between the medium and the large, but also a slight difference in the design. There must be many copies of these stamps, as they were quite common for many years, and prices did not advance much until about 1888. They are frequently found in old Collections.

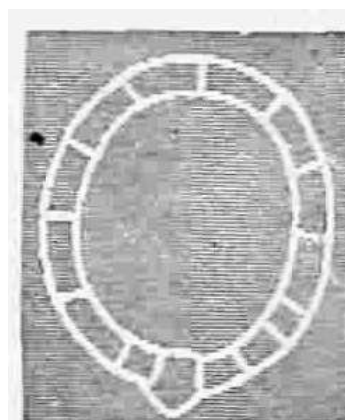


MEDIUM.

The newest development in the collection of U.S. stamps is that of plate numbers and stamps showing all or part of the imprint. Many English stamps bear the plate numbers on the stamps themselves, but the U.S. has never followed this example. Collectors who have a chance to look over the stamps on sale at their post-office, should buy all the different stamps they can find with the marginal imprint and plate numbers, and lay them aside for future exchange. This is especially true of all the stamps issued previous to 1890. Many of the smaller offices have stamps of previous issues. Only the other day a collector bought of a local postmaster complete sheets of several 1870 issues, and about a year ago a sheet of 1868, 24c., was bought at face, and sold immediately for \$200.

S.S.S.S. These four initials stand for the "Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps," which has just condemned the following issues as not worthy of collection: Portugal "San Antonio" Centennial Stamps, the 4, 10, 20, 30, and 40c. surcharged on the one dollar stamp of North Borneo and Labuan, and the various Chinese locals.

The annual meet of the American Philatelic Association is about to hold its convention at Clayton, N.Y. It seems probable that Mr. Tiffany, of St. Louis, will retire from the presidency, and Mr. Alvah Davison be elected in his place. The society now numbers about 1200 members, but lately has not occupied the commanding position it formerly held.



LARGE.

J. O. P.—No premiums on the coins mentioned.

CONSTANT READER.—It is the St. Anthony Jubilee issued by Portugal. It has little value, as these stamps were made for the purpose of selling to collectors primarily, and for postal use secondarily. I do not think Portugal will find it very profitable, as collectors are growing shy of philatelic trash.

A. B. STERN, Asbury Park.—It is a medal or token, not a coin, and it has no money value.

J. V. D.—Priest's Paid Despatch stamp is worth from \$5 to \$20, according to variety and condition. The 1818 half-dollar is sold by dealers for 75c.

F. M. L.—Dealers quote the 1859 1c. at 5 to 10c.

INTERESTED READER.—Your coin is either Austrian or Russian, probably the first. The value is about 10c.

N. P. P.—There are four varieties of the 1807 and five varieties of the 1802 1c. worth from 20 to 75c. The "Army and Navy" is not a coin, but simply a medal or token. There are tens of thousands of varieties of these tokens issued from 1861 to 1865 during our civil war.

PHILATUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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[Pg 852]



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.

This week we have divided the trip from Philadelphia to Atlantic City into two parts, of thirty-one and thirty-five miles each. It is perfectly possible for a good rider to go from Philadelphia to Atlantic City in one day, but if he can take two days to it, the ride will be pleasanter, he will see more of the country, and he can then take the train back to Philadelphia instead of riding the return.

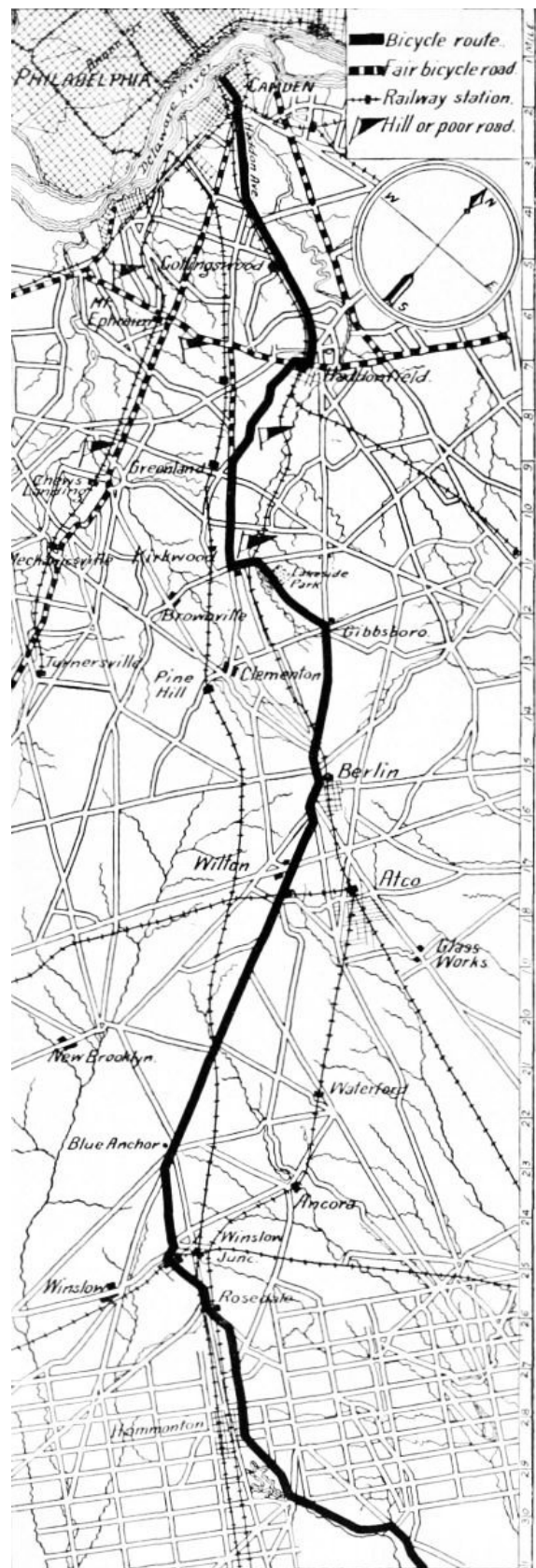
Leaving Philadelphia by Market Street, go east, across the ferry to Camden, and thence proceeding by Federal Street turn into Haddon Avenue. Upon reaching Line Street, keep to the left until the city line is reached; then take the right fork. The rider passes through Collingswood, Haddonfield, Greenland, to Kirkwood, a distance of ten miles or more over a reasonably good road, though not of the best nor in the best condition. Keep to the left in going out of Kirkwood, and be careful of the railroad crossing, which is a bad one. After passing over this crossing, turn to the right at the paint works, passing by Lakeside Park to Gibbsboro, a distance of two miles. Here the grade is very good, but the road is in a pretty bad condition, and the rider had better keep to the side paths when outside of the town. From Gibbsboro to Berlin is four miles over a gravel road not in any too good condition, and side paths will again be a boon. The road is direct. It is also direct through Wilton to Blue Anchor, a distance of eight miles. There will be no difficulty in recognizing the road, it being very straight, and in most cases showing by its size, as compared with branch roads, which is the main road.

Running out of Blue Anchor, the rider takes the middle road of three forks, and shortly after passing this main fork he arrives at another, where, keeping to the left, he runs two miles into Winslow Junction. Crossing the track, he will find the road to Rosedale, a distance of a mile and a half, still gravel and not in the best of condition, but it is perfectly easy to tell which is the correct road. At Rosedale the tracks are crossed again at the station, and the run into and through Hammonton is made, the road being pretty good if you keep to the side paths. This makes in all about thirty or thirty-one miles, and the rider can stop at Hammonton for the night, though there are very few good accommodations, or even passable ones, to be found anywhere on the route from Philadelphia to Atlantic City; but the lack of good accommodations is really the one objection to making a two-days-trip of the

Atlantic City route.

A word should be said here as to riding long distances. Any one who practises on a bicycle, *i. e.*, any one who rides a certain number of miles a day for a certain number of days, depending on the particular make-up of the individual, will get himself into such a condition that he can ride any reasonable distance; *i. e.*, up to one hundred miles in a day. It is not, therefore, a particularly desirable or difficult-to-be-attained facility to ride long distances in a day. Some men like to ride long distances fast; others like to ride a short distance fast, and then stop and walk or make a detour; while still others like to do a certain amount, say thirty or forty miles, taking a whole day for it, at a slow gait.

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. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824.



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[Pg 853]



Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

PRINTING AND TONING.

There are so many brands of sensitive paper on the market, and they are so cheap, fresh, evenly sensitized, and easy of manipulation, that it is a waste of time and money for the amateur to attempt to prepare his own. Even professional photographers are taking advantage of the prepared papers, and buy the paper ready sensitized.

The gelatine papers have almost entirely taken the place of the albumen paper, a paper which was always hard for the amateur to handle. The gelatine paper prints quickly, tones easily, and many different tones can be obtained in the same bath by removing pictures at a longer or shorter time. The combined toning and fixing bath is very popular, but the real gold tones can be obtained much better with a toning and fixing bath prepared separately.

See that the glass side of the negative is perfectly clean. Place it in the printing-frame, the glass side out, adjust a piece of sensitive paper over the film side, fasten in the printing-frame, and expose to the light till the picture is a little darker than required for a finished print. As soon as it is dark enough, remove it from the frame, and put it in a book, and put the book in a drawer. Do this with each print till all are printed. Thin negatives must be printed in the shade, but a good negative may be printed in direct sunlight.

For beginners who wish to use the combined toning and fixing bath, it is better to buy it already prepared. A bottle of prepared developer, which costs fifty cents, will tone from one hundred to one hundred and fifty prints 4 x 5.

Place the prints one by one in the tray, taking care that no air-bubbles form on the surface of the print. If not immediately broken they will leave dark spots on the prints. As the prints tone very quickly they must be kept in motion all the while. The best way to secure uniform tones is to slip the bottom print out and place it face up on top of the others, which should be face down in the tray. As soon as the last print has been turned in this way, turn the whole batch face down and repeat the operation. By handling the prints in this manner, the toning process is seen at once, and as soon as a print has received the desired tone it can be taken from the tray and placed in a dish of running water.

The prints should wash half an hour or more. The color obtained in the bath will remain. It does not fade as does the albumen print on being removed from the toning bath.

The gelatine prints should be toned at once after printing. Even if they are kept in a perfectly dark place, the half tones and high lights quickly discolor.

The separate toning baths are easily prepared. What is called the stock solution is made as follows: 15 grs. chloride gold and sodium, 7½ oz. of water.

Dissolve and keep in a tightly corked bottle, marked "Gold Solution." Chloride of gold and sodium comes already prepared in 15 grain-quantities, and costs thirty cents a bottle.

The other stock solution is a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda. A saturated solution is a solution which contains a little more of the substance dissolved in it than it can hold in solution. This is shown by a deposit on the bottom of the bottle.

To make the toning bath, take 3½ oz. of water in the graduating glass and add ½ oz. of the gold solution. Dip a piece of blue litmus paper into the solution, and if it does not turn the paper red add a little more of the gold solution until it does. Then add enough of the bicarbonate of soda solution till it turns the litmus paper back to blue. A few drops of the soda solution should be added at a time, stirring the solution with a glass rod.

Mix the bath half an hour before wanted for use. Place the prints in this bath without previous washing, and tone till the required color is obtained. Rinse and place in a fixing bath composed of 1 oz. of hyposulphite of soda and 8 oz. of water. Leave them in this fixing bath five minutes, then wash for half an hour in running water.

In preparing stock solutions, label the bottles and write the formula with direction for use on the label. This saves time and trouble.

In preparing chemical solutions one must be very exact, as a little more or less of one ingredient sometimes produces chemical changes in the solution, rendering it useless for the purpose for which it was intended.

Pauline asks how to fume paper. Fuming albumen paper makes it easier to print and tone. Freshly sensitized paper does not need fuming, but paper that has been prepared some time should be fumed before using. To do this pin the paper inside a box, a wooden soap-box is just the thing, and set it over a saucer of ammonia water. Cover the box with a blanket, and let it remain for fifteen minutes. Use at once.

STARVED TO DEATH

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Table of Contents,

which is sent free on application to the Publishers, there are found dozens of the best things in the World, which are well worth committing to memory; and they who know most of such good things, and appreciate and enjoy them most are really among the best educated people in any country. They have the best result of Education. For above Contents, with sample pages of Music, address

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[Pg 854]

The Order's Badges.

The Founders decided to have new badges and asked for designs for the same. Old badges are still official, and those who have them need not feel called upon to buy the new style. Designs were received from about a score of members, but almost none of the suggestions were practicable. An old Founder, who has excellent taste in such matters, suggests an outline star; a centre the rose from the top of the King Arthur Table, and the letters K. L. O. R. T., one on each of the star's five points. The star is American, and the rose historic—a relic from the Order from which we get our name.

There can be two styles of badges, one a silver stick-pin to cost about ten cents, and the other a gold and enamel pin, same design, with pin and catch, to cost about \$1, and handsome enough to be worn as a scarf or dress pin, instead of a pin of any other design. When so considered, it is not a direct outlay for the Order, since nearly every person has and wears a pin of some sort. The designs are not yet made, of course, but they will be if the Table agrees to them. Founders need not write unless they disapprove of the suggested designs. Badges will be prepared at the earliest possible moment, and orders filled.

A Walk in the West Indies.

The other day I took a walk among the mountains with others of our family. We started in the morning before the sun had time to gain his full heat, and walked along the bank of a river until we reached higher ground. From the top of one of the mountains we could see wide stretches of blue sea, and green sugar-cane fields, and the whole of Kingston lying in the broad valley far away and beyond us. We saw Port Royal and the old Spanish ship *Urgent*, lying at anchor in the harbor.

All this we looked at as we rested, and it was the best sort of resting, too. Then we turned our backs on it, and walked in the opposite direction. Higher and higher we climbed, and I found a wild rose, a white one, growing by the path, and some butterfly-weed further on—a veritable breath of America. The path is only wide enough for mules and donkeys, and people single file. We met some negro women with fruits on their heads, and the ground was covered with mangoes, green and yellow, some with large bites in them, for all the negroes eat them. Parts of the river crossed our path, sometimes with occasional little waterfalls; and we drank, partly from thirst and partly from pure pleasure in drinking water so clear and sweet and cold.

We passed a coffee-mill with big barbecues, and men spreading out the coffee on them with shovels. There seemed to be a great deal of it, but there are only a very few people here who have succeeded in making their "pile" by raising coffee. The big mill-wheel was silent; it is turned by water power, and was probably out of order. I never heard of anything Jamaican that wasn't the latter. It was deliciously cool up there, with a strong wind blowing, and occasional small patches of shade from thick-leaved mango-trees. There were plenty of banana-trees, but only a few palms. Palms grow better further down. The mountains were becoming misty already when we turned to go back. They generally do in the afternoon.

GWENDOLEN HAWTHORNE.
JORDEN TOWN, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The Helping Hand.

Another memorial stone is promised for the School Building. It is to bear the name of J. Paul Charlton, who was a Canadian Knight and a Founder of our Order. His uncle sends \$10 to the Fund, and says he will provide the stone as soon as the size is given him. The stone will cost \$3 to \$6. The Table will be glad to hear from others who may wish to place memorial stones in the building. It is not necessary that the person belonged in life to the Order. We hope most of the Chapters will also give name stones.

What do you think of Mr Munroe's appeal? We agree with him that *every member ought to be represented* on the Honor Roll. Have you forwarded your dime yet? Let us raise the balance of this Fund and crown our efforts with success. Ten cents from *you* will do it. We have received since last report. Josephine Howard, 10 cents. A friend, \$1. Kirk Munroe, 10 cents. W. A. Charlton, Jun., \$10. M. Le Roy Arnold, 25 cents. Harry Harper Chapter, of Newtown, Conn., \$10. A friend (K), \$10. Mary Barnes, \$2. Total \$33.45.

Note to Washington Members.

It is intended to have an entertainment in Washington, toward the end of September, in aid of the School Fund, and all readers there are cordially invited to attend. Due notice will be given of place and exact date. Any who are willing to help at selling tickets are asked to send word to Elizabeth W. Hyde, 1418 Euclid Place, N. W. The tickets will be twenty-five cents, and the entertainment a most attractive one.

A Sparrow's Ride.

In this city, and not far from our house, my father owns a large mill in which is a great deal of machinery. The other day a workman, busy beside a pulley that has spokes in it and a hollow cone for a rim, noticed an English sparrow fly rapidly toward him as if chased by an enemy and fleeing for its life. There was a flutter, and the sparrow suddenly disappeared. A workman near declared the bird had gone into the pulley. The first workman could not believe it, and so he did not stop the machinery.

Three hours afterward, when shutting down for the night, out flew the sparrow. It was a bit uncertain with feet and wings, but presently recovered itself and departed. An estimate was made, and it was found that the sparrow had made nearly twenty thousand revolutions, and was still unharmed.

JOHN B. KETCHAM.
LANSING.

Help Wanted.

The Little Women chapter, of Upper Nyack, N. Y. is to hold a fair in aid of the School Fund, and asks for contributions of fancy-work and money. It also wants kitchen aprons, for they always sell. Send articles, postage prepaid, to Sophie Moeller, president, Upper Nyack, N. Y., at any time within three weeks. We ask the Table to help this Chapter.

Kinks.

No. 95.—IN A GARDEN.

Supply blanks by names of plants.

A — — — stood off apart,
Clad in her —, she cried:
"How can I stanch my — — —
Since my — — — died?"

Often she — at — — —
To go to feed her —;
She also watered all the —,
And put — in their —.

She tried to keep a notions shop
For sale of fancy goods.
Like — — — for a —,
— — — too, and — — —.

But nothing brought — or — — —,
Till one — an — — —
Gave — advice that gave — — —.
This was his pleasant plan!

Said he, "Your — shines, and —
Your —, sweet as honey.

There's --- - --- - ---, and I think
You'd best try ---."

No. 96—HOLLOW ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

Upper left-hand diamond—1. In crystal. 2. A small fish. 3. Ventured. 4. The eaves of a roof. 5. Existing. 6. To moisten. 7. In crystal.

Upper right-hand diamond.—1. In crystal. 2. A large wooden vessel. 3. Pacifies. 4. Thunders. 5. Beneath. 6. To stitch. 7. In crystal.

Lower left-hand diamond—1. In crystal. 2. The end of a piece of lace. 3. Modified. 4. Fanatics. 5. Having the qualities of beer. 6. Arid. 7. In crystal.

Lower right-hand diamond.—1. In crystal. 2. Uncooked. 3. Committed to memory. 4. Relating to the arch-fiend. 5. Winds. 6. An English prefix meaning "separated.". 7. In crystal.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

No. 97.

First is a prima donna.
Second is a city in Germany.
Third the capital of New Jersey.
Fourth are the celebrated falls of the United States.
Fifth is one of the five great lake ports.
Sixth is the president of the United States.
Seventh is a country in Europe.
Eighth is a well-known temperance lecturer.
Ninth is a celebrated English novelist.
Tenth is an American explorer.
My whole counted down the centre is a celebrated American poet.

LINDA MOHRMANN.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 92.

Name, Cromwell. 1. Craven, raven. 2. Rink, ink. 3. Olive, live. 4. Madder, adder. 5. Waft, aft. 6. Event, vent. 7. Lace, ace. 8. Lair, air.

No. 93.

1. Anti-mony. 2. Si-mony. 3. Patri-mony. 4. Cere-mony. 5. Matri-mony. 6. Ali-mony. 7. Scam-mony. 8. Parsimony. 9. Acri-mony. 10. Testi-mony. 11. Har-mony.

No 94.

L I V E D I N G
I R O N I D O L
V O I D N O D E
E N D S I N G L E N
 I D O L
 N O S E
D I N G L E E E L S
I D E A E D I T
N E A T L I M E
G A T E S T E P

Two Facts about Germantown.

It was in Germantown that the mariners' quadrant was invented by Thomas Godfrey in 1730; and that Christopher Sower, Sr., printed the first Bible in America, a copy of which,

Questions and Answers.

Charles Bellas, South Auburn, Neb., wants samples of amateur papers, and George W. Buchanan, Searcy, Ark., wants to correspond with editors of such papers. "O. E. S." wants us to offer prizes for music settings. We will do so. A "member" asks all about chicken raising. He will find this information in a long illustrated article in the ROUND TABLE, No. 806, which he can order through any dealer. It is too soon to reprint it. Estrella E. Ulrich, age sixteen, is a member who lives at Buckland's Road, Onehunga, Auckland, New Zealand, and sends us a puzzle answer "too late," as she says, "for the competition, but to let you see that children born and brought up in this out-of-the-way corner of the world know something about authors of England and America." If Lady Estrella's excellent answer is a sample of what Auckland Ladies can do, we will have to admit that New Zealanders are well informed on literary matters. Will you give the Table a morsel about Auckland?

Annie Kidder: It is impossible to tell, at this distance of time, who was the original of "Little Blue Jacket," the picture published by this paper nearly nine years ago. It was from a photograph taken in London, and we doubt if any record can now be found of it. We have none.

[Pg 855]

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

The favorite candies illustrate the use of fondant both for the centre of candies and for the outside, or "dipping," as candy-makers call it. In the first place get everything in readiness. A fork, some sheets of oiled paper—paper rubbed with olive oil—or waxed paper, a large bowl, and three small saucepans or basins, your flavoring, the chocolate, and your mass of fondant are what you will need. Take a half-pound of fondant and work into it half a teaspoonful of vanilla drop by drop. Then break off small bits and shape them into balls or pyramids. Stand them on the papers so they will not touch each other, and let them harden in a dry cool place—not the refrigerator—for two or three hours. When the creams are ready to dip take half a pound of unsweetened chocolate or cocoa and put it in the bowl, and place this in one of the basins or saucepans into which boiling water has been poured. You can add a trifle of boiling water to the chocolate to hasten its melting. When it is melted add an equal amount of melted fondant, and stir constantly till the mixture is like thick cream. To melt the fondant put it into a saucepan, and set this into a second filled with hot water. Never place the basin with the fondant in it directly on the stove. It will scorch and burn in a twinkling. In melting fondant for dipping you must never forget to stir it, because unless stirred it will go back into clear syrup. Be very careful no water splashes into it. If when the chocolate and fondant are mixed together they are too thick for a smooth covering add a few drops of hot water, drop by drop, until it is as desired. If you get the fondant too thin it is useless. When the mixture is ready bring it to the table, saucepan and all. Drop into it one of the balls, and take it up on a fork, and, shaking it a bit, turn it on the oiled paper. This must be rapidly done, as the hot mixture will melt the balls if they are in it too long. If the mixture for dipping gets too stiff take it to the stove and let the water in the under basin heat again, or replace the cold water with hot from the kettle, carefully stirring the fondant every moment. If the chocolate runs off too much and shows the white cream underneath, the dipping mixture was too hot. Take it out of its basin of hot water and stir it, letting it cool a little before beginning the dipping again. The method of dipping candies, whatever may be their centres or their flavors, is the same, so that once you can make chocolate creams, you can make any of the cream candies.

GOOD HEALTH WORK.

Some conception of the constant danger to the public health of New York may be had by reading the last quarterly report of the Board of Health. The sanitary inspectors, who are kept more steadily at work now than ever before since the organization of the Department of Health, in addition to their other labor, destroyed 600,000 pounds of vegetables unfit for food, 300,000 pounds of meat, 13,000 pounds of fish, and 50,000 pounds of confectionery, so called—the poisoned sugar stuff sold to children at the penny shops all over town.



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THE MERRY OWLETS.

There were three little owls that had slept all day
In their downy nest in a dead tree's hollow;
Said the first: "It's time to go out and play,
I hear the good-night of the chimney-swallow!"
"Oh no," said the second; "the sun is high.
Who wants to be blind as a bat?—not I!"
But the third said: "Rats! we have slept enough!
Let's go, anyhow, and play blindman's-buff!"

SAMMY. "Who is the father of his country?"

JIMMIE. "George Washington."

SAMMY. "Correct. Who is his uncle?"

JIMMIE. "Why, I don't know."

SAMMY. "Uncle Sam."

MOTHER. "I really don't see how I'm going to make both ends meet."

BOBBY. "Why, mamma, you give me hold of one end, and you take the other, and we'll stretch it."

WILLIAM PENN.

Robbin and Dobbin, William Penn,
He was one of the best of men.
He was a Governor good and great
Of Pennsylvania's early State.
And he ruled by love, as a man should do,
For he was a Quaker kind and true.
Robbin and Dobbin, William Penn,
He was one of the best of men.

A bee is a "busy bee," for it is said that in order to obtain enough honey for a load it has to visit many hundreds of flowers. It averages twenty trips a day, and from twenty to fifty pounds of honey are yearly produced by the hive, according to its size. Statistics taken from European countries place the number of beehives and their output of honey yearly as follows:

Germany, 1,910,000 hives, with an output of 45,000,000 pounds; Spain, 1,690,000 hives, with an output of 42,000,000 pounds; Austria, 1,550,000 hives, with an output of 40,000,000 pounds; France has 950,000 hives, producing 23,000,000 pounds; Holland, 240,000 hives, producing 6,000,000 pounds; Belgium with 200,000 hives produces 5,000,000 pounds, and Russia with 110,000 hives produces 2,000,000 pounds.

Europe is estimated to yield from its beehives 40,000 tons of honey, valued close on to \$11,000,000, and its wax, 15,000 tons, valued at \$7,500,000.

This is a large and rich amount of sweets for the little busy bee to bring to mankind yearly for nothing.

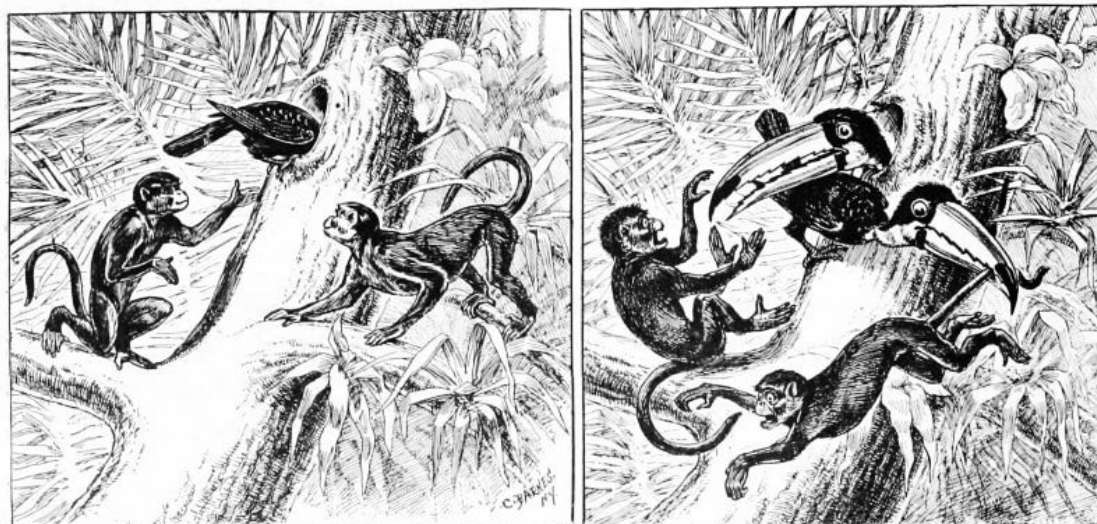
MOTHER. "Didn't I tell you to put the mince pie away this morning?"

JACK. "Yes, mamma, you did; but you didn't say where to put it, so I stored it away in my stomach."

MOTHER. "Jack, what have you done with the money you saved up last week?"

JOHNNY. "Papa told me to save for a rainy day; yesterday was the first one we had, so I spent it."

A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.



"CAN WE CATCH THAT OLD CROW?"

"WELL, IF ONE OF US CAN'T DO IT, WE'LL SEE WHAT TWO CAN DO."

"HA, HA! WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TOUCAN DO!"

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 821.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, AUGUST 20, 1895 ***

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