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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, AUGUST 27, 1895 ***

OAKLEIGH.
A MILITARY BICYCLE CORPS' OUTING.
A PILOT'S STORY.
CORPORAL FRED.
FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS.
STEWED QUAKER.
HIS WHEEL SAVED HIS LIFE.
TWO BRAVE MEN.
GREAT MEN'S SONS.
THE PUDDING STICK
ON BOARD THE ARK.
INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT
STAMPS
BICYCLING
THE CAMERA CLUB

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VOL. XVI.—NO. 826. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Tony Bronson was the son of a man who had made a great deal of money in a doubtful line of business by rather shady proceedings. In other words, he was not strictly honest, and had amassed a large fortune in a manner that would not bear investigation.

Of this Tony, of course, was ignorant; but he inherited from his father a mean spirit and a determination to turn every circumstance to his own account. He had been sent early to St. Asaph's School that he might associate with the sons of gentlemen and become a gentleman himself, but he had acquired only the outward veneering. His manners were most courteous, his language carefully chosen, and he had sufficient wit to enable him to readily adapt himself to his companions, but he had not the instincts of a true gentleman. He was mean, he was something of a coward, and he was very much of a bully.

Years ago, soon after the two boys first met at St. Asaph's, Neal detected Tony in a cowardly, dishonorable action, and had openly accused him of it. Tony never forgave him, but he bided his time. With an unlimited amount of pocket-money of his own, he soon discovered that Neal was running short. When a convenient opportunity came he offered to lend him a small sum. Neal, after a moment's hesitation, weakly accepted the money, assuring himself that it was only for a short time, and that he could easily repay it, and then have no more to do with Bronson. It saved him trouble.

Thus it had gone on. The time never came when Neal felt able to pay the debt; on the other hand, he borrowed more, and now it had reached alarming proportions. His monthly allowance, when it arrived, was gone in a flash, for Neal had never been in the habit of denying himself. It would have been hard for him to explain why he did not go frankly to his sister, tell her the whole story, and ask for her help, except that he was thoroughly ashamed of having placed himself in such straits and did not want to acknowledge it.

Tony Bronson had become intimate with Tom Morgan at St. Asaph's, Tom not being particular in his choice of friends. In that way he had come to visit the Morgans in Brenton. His handsome face and apparently perfect manner attracted many to him who could not see beneath the surface, and his languid man-of-the-world air made an impression.

He cultivated this to the last degree. He was not naturally so lazy, but he thought it effective.

When he said to Edith that he wished to tell her something about Neal Gordon, she looked at him in still greater surprise.

"I want to ask your help, Miss Franklin. A girl can manage these things so much better than a fellow. I like Gordon immensely, and I want to do all I can to help him out of a scrape."

"Does he know that you are speaking to me about him?"

"No, of course not. The fact is—"

"Then I think, Mr. Bronson," interrupted Edith, gently, but with decision, "that perhaps it would be better for us not to discuss him."

"But you quite misunderstand me, Miss Franklin. I am speaking only for his own good. I can't bear to see a fellow going straight to the bad, as I really am very much afraid he is, and not lift a finger to help him. I thought if I told you that perhaps you might speak to his sister—"

Edith interrupted him again, with heightened color. "I can do nothing of the sort. Nothing would induce me to speak to Mrs. Franklin on the subject. I—I couldn't possibly."

Bronson looked at her compassionately.

"Ah, it is as I thought! You and Mrs. Franklin are not congenial. I am so sorry."

Edith said nothing. She knew that he should not make such a remark to her, a perfect stranger. She felt that he did not ring true. And yet she could not bring herself to administer the reproof that Cynthia would have given under like circumstances.

"I am afraid I have offended you," said Bronson, presently; "do forgive me! And if you like I will say no more about the bad scrape Gordon is in. I thought perhaps I could prevent a letter coming from the faculty, but I see it's of no use. I'm awfully sorry for the fellow. You don't really think you could do anything to influence his sister?"

At last Edith found her voice.

"I don't think I can. And if you don't mind I would rather not discuss the Gordons—I mean, Mrs. Franklin and her brother."

"Certainly not, if you don't wish, and you won't repeat what I said, of course. If we can't help him, of course we had better not let it get out about Gordon any sooner than necessary. But holloa! What's this? The carpet seems to be getting damp."

It undoubtedly was, and gave forth a most unpleasantly moist sound when pressed. Upon investigation they found that the bottom of the canoe was filled with water. They had sprung a leak.

"We had better get back as quickly as possible," said Edith, rather relieved to have the conversation come to an end. "Is there a sponge there? I can bail if it gets any worse."

But no sponge was to be found, and it rapidly grew worse; Edith's skirts were damp and draggled. Presently there was an inch of water above the carpet.

"We shall sink if this goes on," she said.

"Oh, I fancy not," returned Bronson, easily; "we haven't very far to go."

But their progress was not rapid, and the pool in the canoe grew deeper.

"Perhaps you will lend me your cap," said Edith; "I can use it as a dipper." He did so, and she bailed vigorously. "It must be a very large leak. I suppose we got it on that rock in the rapids, and we scraped again just before we tied up, which made it worse. If it were our boat I would not care, but I think it is Neal's."

She was so occupied that she did not see Bronson smile. His smile was not attractive, though his teeth were perfect.

Matters would have gone badly with them if they had not at this moment met Jack and Kitty Morgan in the Franklins' canoe.

"What's the row?" called Jack.

"Nothing much," said Bronson. "We've sprung a little leak, that's all."

"A little leak! I should think so. My eye! Why, man, you must have a regular hole for the water to come in like that. Where have you been, anyhow? You had better put in here at this little beach and step over into my boat."

"What's the matter with stepping over right where we are? No need of going to shore."

Jack eyed him with curiosity and contempt. He looked so much like Cynthia that Bronson felt withered. He did not care for Cynthia, for he knew that she did not like him.

Jack did not speak at once, but paddled towards the bank. Then he said:

"You won't try stepping from one canoe to another in mid-stream if I have anything to say about it."

The change was safely accomplished, and they proceeded down the river towing the injured boat, the carpet and cushions having been transferred with the passengers. Relieved of the weight it did not fill as rapidly, and they at last reached the picnic-ground.

Bronson was mortified at coming back in such ignominious plight, but he made the best of it.

"I am awfully sorry, Gordon, if it is your canoe. It must have been pretty frail, though, to go to pieces at a mere scratch."

"She's the finest cedar canoe to be found in the city of Boston, and it would take more than a mere scratch to do her up this way. From appearances I should say you had pounded round on the rocks pretty freely," growled Neal, who had turned the boat upside down, and was examining it carefully.

Bronson stooped over him. For the moment they were alone.

"Of course I would feel worse about it if it were any one's but yours. As it is, we'll just call ten off that fifty still owing. That will go towards repairs. More than cover them, I should say."

Then he sauntered off, his hands in his pockets.

"What a cad the fellow is!" muttered Neal. "It would give me real pleasure to knock him down."

"I heard him," said Cynthia. Her cheeks were red and her blue eyes had grown very dark. "He is an odious, hateful creature, and I *de-spise* him!"

Having delivered herself of this, Cynthia felt better.

They all went home soon afterwards, Edith leaving earlier in the carriage with Mrs. Franklin, for her shoes and skirts were too wet for her to wait for the slower movements of the canoes. It was an unfortunate ending to the day, and Edith was uncomfortable also about her conversation with Bronson. She knew that she ought not to have listened to a word of it.

She wondered if it were really true that Neal was in difficulty. She thought she must talk it over with Cynthia that night. Of course Cynthia would stand up for Neal, that went without saying, but it was always a relief to Edith to talk things over with her.

It was a rather silent drive home, and Mrs. Franklin sighed to herself when Edith barely replied to her remarks. It seemed perfectly hopeless; she and Edith would never grow any nearer to each other; but there was nothing to be done.

That night, when the girls went to their room, Edith was spared the necessity of opening the subject, for Cynthia began at once.

"What a perfectly hateful creature that Bronson is! I don't see how you could go on the river with him, Edith. I think you got well paid for it."

"I don't see why you dislike him so, Cynthia. You take such tremendous prejudices. He is awfully handsome."

"Handsome! I don't admire that style. That la-da-da-it-is-I-just-please-look-at-me kind doesn't go down with me."

Cynthia thrust her hands into imaginary pockets, leaned languidly against the bedpost, and rolled her eyes.

"Er—Miss Franklin—carn't I persuade you to go out on the rivah?" she said, with an exaggerated manner and accent, and a throaty voice.

Edith laughed. Cynthia was a capital mimic.

"I like a broad A, and, of course, I never would use anything else myself, but his is broader than the Mississippi. It just shows it isn't natural to him. To hear him talk about 'darmp grarss,' and he'd just come from 'South*armp*ton.' He is a regular *sharm* himself. I dare say he was brought up to say 'ca'm' and 'pa'm' and 'hain't' and 'ain't.'"

"Cynthia, what a goose you are!"

"Well, I can't bear him, and neither can Neal. Jack doesn't like him either."

"There, that is just it. You are so influenced by Neal and Jack. Tony Bronson spoke very nicely of Neal, as if he were a true friend of his."

"Pooh! Much friend he!"

"Well, he did, Cynthia, and that is just what I want to talk over with you. Neal must be in some terrible scrape."

"Has that Bronson been telling you about that?" cried Cynthia, indignantly.

"Oh, then it is really true! I thought it must be."

"No, it isn't—at least, not what Bronson told you. I am just certain that whatever he told you wasn't true," said Cynthia, who felt that she had said more than she should. "I shouldn't think you would have discussed Neal with him. Neal is one of our family."

"I didn't," said Edith, somewhat curtly, "though I don't exactly see why you should speak of Neal Gordon as one of our family. I told Mr. Bronson I preferred not to talk about him. But he spoke so nicely of Neal, and said he wanted to help him, and he was afraid the faculty would write about him, and he wanted to get him out of the scrape if he could."

"Oh, the hypocrite! But what is the scrape? Did he say?"

"No, I wouldn't let him. But it is absurd to call him a hypocrite, Cynthia. I shall never believe it unless you tell me why you think so."

"I can't do that, but I *know* he is," said Cynthia, stoutly. "You have just got to take my word for it, for I can't explain."

The girls talked far into the night, but Edith was not convinced. She felt that there was something at the bottom of it all, for Cynthia could not deny it. After all, she was sorry. Edith liked Neal, a Gordon though he was. But she did not doubt that he was in a difficulty of some kind.

The summer was over and the glorious autumn leaves dropped from the trees, leaving the branches bare and ready for the coming of snow. One could see the course of the river plainly now from Oakleigh windows. Beautiful October was swallowed up by chill November, and the wind grew biting. One was glad of the long evenings, when the curtains could be drawn and the lamps lighted early to shut out the gray skies and dreary landscape.

Neal was back at St. Asaph's, and the winter work had begun. Cynthia and Jack went every day to Boston, and Edith also went in three times a week for lessons. She objected to this on the plea of expense, much as she desired a thorough education. She greatly feared her step-mother had brought it about. But her father reprimanded her sharply when she said something of this, and insisted that she should do as he desired.

The poultry had already begun to bring in a little money, for Jack sold a few "broilers" to his mother at market prices, though she usually added a few cents more a pound.

"They are so delicious, Jack," said she; "better than I could get anywhere else, and worth the money."

He kept his accounts most carefully, and it was pleasant to write down a few figures on the page for receipts, which thus far had presented an appalling blank.

In due time came a present to Edith from Aunt Betsey: a package containing an old-fashioned camel's-hair scarf that had belonged to "Grandmother Trinkett," and, scattered among its folds, five ten-dollar gold pieces.

Government had proved worthy of the old lady's trust, for the money had come safely; but then she had

actually addressed the package clearly and correctly.

Edith, of course, was much pleased, and notwithstanding her aunt's suggestion that she should place it in the savings-bank, she determined to expend the money in a handsome winter suit and hat. She dearly loved nice clothes.

Cynthia looked somewhat scornfully at the new garments.

"If Aunt Betsey sends me fifty dollars, you won't catch me spending it on finery," she informed her family. "I have other things to do with *my* money."

She did not know how truly she spoke, nor what would be the result of her manner of spending Aunt Betsey's present.

The fall slipped quickly by, and the Christmas holidays drew near. Neal was coming to Oakleigh, and many things were planned for the entertainment of the young people.

Cynthia went about fairly bursting with excitement and secrets. This was her best-loved time of the whole year, and she was making the most of it.

The 25th of December fell on a Wednesday this year, and Neal came down from St. Asaph's on Monday, to be in good season for the festivities of Christmas Eve. Plenty of snow had fallen, and all kinds of jolly times were looked for.

Outside the scene was wintry indeed, and the white walls of Oakleigh looked cold and dreary in the sitting of snow which lay so thickly over river, meadow, and hill, but in the house there was plenty of life and cheery warmth. Great fires burned briskly in all the chimneys, and the rooms were bright and cozy with warm-looking carpets and curtains and comfortable furniture. There had been a good deal done to the house, both outside and in, since the coming of Mrs. Franklin. Edith still maintained to herself that she did not like it, but every one else thought matters vastly improved.

"Hurray! hurray!" cried Jack, rushing into the house on Tuesday and slamming down his books; "good-by to school for ten days! It was a mean shame that we had to have school at all this week. Neal, you were in luck. St. Asaph's must be mighty good fun, anyhow. By-the-way," continued he, holding his chilled hands to the fire, "I saw that Bronson fellow in town to-day—the one that smashed your canoe."

"You did?" said Neal, glancing up from his book, while Cynthia gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Yes," said Jack, "and he said the Morgans had asked him out here for the holidays, so I guess we are in for another dose. It strikes me they must be pretty hard up for company to want him."

Neal said nothing. Edith looked up from her work and watched him sharply, but his face told little.

"Hateful thing!" exclaimed Cynthia. "I would like to pack my trunk and take a train out of Brenton as he comes in on another."

"I can't see why you all dislike him so," observed Edith. "You detest him, don't you, Neal?"

"Oh, Edith, do hush!" cried Cynthia. "Yes, of course he does; he's hateful." But Neal still said nothing, and Edith got no satisfaction.

Christmas Eve closed in early. At about four o'clock it began to snow, and the wind blew great drifts against the side of the house. Every one said it was going to be an old-fashioned Christmas.

It was the custom in the Franklin household to look at the presents that night. As Cynthia said, when arguing the point with some one who thought it a shocking idea to see one's gifts before Christmas morning, it made it so much more exciting to open their own packages, and to look at their treasures by lamplight. Then in the morning they had the pleasure of seeing them a second time, and of investigating their stockings, which, of course, were hung ready for the coming of Santa Claus.

After supper Jack and Neal carried in the great clothes-basket which for days had been the receptacle for packages of all sizes and kinds, those that had come by post and those which the family themselves had carefully tied up, until now it looked like Santa Claus's own pack.

Mrs. Franklin presided at the basket and read the names, and when the colored ribbons were untied and the tempting-looking white parcels were opened, there were shrieks and exclamations of delight, for every one declared that this particular gift was just what he or she most desired.

Each one had a table covered with a white cloth, upon which to place his treasures, and when all was done the "long parlor" at Oakleigh looked like a fancy bazar, so many and varied were the articles displayed.

There was an odd-looking package addressed to Jack and Cynthia. It was heavy and covered with postage-stamps in consequence, and proved to be a large box stuffed with straw.

"What under the sun is it? Of course it's from Aunt Betsey," said Jack, as he rooted down into the hay, scattering it in all directions. Out came what appeared to be an egg tied up with old-fashioned plaid ribbon, and an ancient-looking beaded purse. The purse was marked "Cynthia," so Jack appropriated the egg, but with an exclamation of chagrin.

"She is sending coals to Newcastle," said he. "Aunt Betsey must have thought it was Easter. But it is the queerest-feeling egg I ever came across. It's as heavy as lead."

He shook it and held it up to the light.

"Ha, ha!" said he; "a good egg! I'd like to have the machine packed with just such eggs."

Inside were ten five-dollar gold pieces, and Cynthia found the same in her purse.

"I will put mine away for a 'safety' in the spring," said Jack, clinking his gold with the air of a miser, and examining the empty egg-shells. "Isn't Aunt Betsey a daisy and no mistake? Just see the way she's fixed up this egg-shell; she cut it in half as neat as a pin. I don't see how she ever did it."

"I wish I had an Aunt Betsey," remarked Neal; "those gold pieces would come in pretty handy just now."

"Aunt Betsey is so fond of giving gold," said Cynthia. "She always says it is real money, and bills are nothing but paper. I shall put mine away for the present, until I think of something I want terribly much, and then I will go grandly to Boston and buy it like a duchess. Goody Two-shoes, but I feel rich!"

And she danced gayly up and down the room, waving her purse in the air.

Neal had very nice presents, but he was disappointed to find that there was no money among them. He suspected, and correctly, that his sister and her husband had thought it wiser not to give him any more at present.

"Then I'm in for it," thought he. "I'll have to ask Hessie, and there'll be no end of a row. Of course she will give it to me in the end, but it would have been nicer all round if she had come out handsomely with a Christmas check. Of course these skates are dandy, and so is the dress-suit case and the nobby umbrella and the sleeve-buttons; but just at present I would rather have the cash they all cost."

He said something of this afterwards to Cynthia.

"Bronson is screwing me for all he's worth," said he. "I'll have to get the money somehow, and fifty dollars is no joke. Of course, I'm not going to take off the ten he so kindly offered for the canoe; I'd like to see myself! If Hessie doesn't see matters in the same light I'll have to do something desperate. But, of course, she will give it to me."

"Neal," said Cynthia, impulsively, "if mamma doesn't give you the money you must borrow it of me. There is that fifty dollars Aunt Betsey has given me. You can have it just as well as not."

"Cynthia, you're a brick, and no mistake," said Neal, looking at her affectionately, "but you know I wouldn't take your money for the world. You must think me a low-down sort of fellow if you think I would."

"How absurd! It is a great deal better to owe it to me instead of to a stranger like Bronson, or any one else. I'm sure I think of you just as if you were my brother, and Jack wouldn't mind taking it. You can pay it back when you get your own money."

"Yes, nine years from now," said Neal. "No, indeed, Cynth, I'll have to be pretty hard up before I borrow of a girl."

"I think you are too bad," said Cynthia, almost crying. "I don't see the difference between a girl and anybody else. I don't need the money; I don't know what to buy with it. I would just love to have you take it. It would be lovely to think my money had paid your debts, and then you could start all fresh. Please, Neal, say you will if mamma does not give it to you."

But Neal would not promise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MILITARY BICYCLE CORPS' OUTING.

The bicycle corps of a military academy near Chicago recently made a journey on wheels from that city to Springfield and back again, camping at night wherever darkness overtook them, foraging among the neighboring farm-houses for their subsistence, and conducting themselves on the whole as if they were actually in the field on active service. A guard was posted as soon as camp was pitched in the evening, and sentries kept watch throughout the night, keeping away all intruders, and seeing to it that none of the cadets ran the lines to visit a near-by village, or to milk some unprotected cow in a neighboring farm-yard. The boys did their own cooking, which at times was marvellous to look upon, and fearful to digest; but they all lived through the experience, and got back to the school in the best of health and condition. A week was occupied in making the trip, and the experience and general knowledge of bicycling which the cadets acquired in that time was such as they doubtless could never have obtained in any other way. There were seventeen in the party, including the Major commanding, who was one of the instructors at the academy, and each wheelman carried about thirty pounds of baggage, consisting of a change of under-clothing, a blanket, a shelter tent, arms, and cooking utensils. The incidents of the journey were many, and the element of adventure was not lacking.

WATCHING THE EVENING POT BOIL.

Of course there were a number of accidents to the machines, one of the most serious occurring about the fourth or fifth day out when about eighty miles from Springfield. It was a creeping tire, and no amount of cement or tire-tape could be made to stop it. A total of eight valves was torn off in that one day, which, with the delay caused by punctures from thorn-hedges, cost a great loss of time. When within ten miles of Springfield, with a heavy thunder-storm coming up behind them, the tires of two wheels got badly punctured, and a halt had to be called. It was thought that repairs could be quickly effected, but this proved not to be the case, and the main body was thereupon ordered to push on, while the disabled riders were left to complete their patching, with orders to catch up as soon as possible. But night and the storm came on rapidly, and under these unfavorable circumstances

the cadets were unable to locate the punctures. They therefore determined to camp for the night, and having found shelter behind a hay-stack, they put up their shelter tents over their wheels and slept comfortably in the storm all night. The next morning repairs were effected, and by fast riding the stragglers overtook their companions.

The foraging was a source of about as much fun to the boys as the cooking. The first evening of the trip the foragers brought back to camp among other things a bag of oatmeal. A special order was given to the guard that night to notify the three-o'clock detail to put the oatmeal on the fire to cook slowly at 3.30 A.M. The guard obeyed his instructions as far as they went, but, not being a cook, and having received no further orders, he did not look at the oatmeal again, with the result that this particular breakfast dish was not much of a success. But sleeping in the open air sharpens the appetite, and burnt as it was, the oatmeal was entirely consumed. On another occasion—this time it was for luncheon—foragers were, as usual, detailed to supply the commissariat. All who had been sent out returned to camp within a reasonable time, except two, and it was soon deemed expedient by the Major to send a corporal's guard in search of these. The guard remaining absent very much longer than seemed necessary, the Major himself mounted his wheel and started to gather in the delinquents. He found them, corporal's guard and all, comfortably seated behind a hay-stack eating pork and beans and cold chicken, and drinking fragrant hot coffee from a generous earthen pot. The farmers all along the route were most generous to the bicyclists. In a number of cases they absolutely refused to accept any pay for provisions furnished. At a place near Bloomington the country people were notably hospitable. One man brought to the camp seven dozen eggs, another six spring chickens, and another a pail of milk, while one thoughtful mother sent all the pies she had in the house. Then the good natives sat around on the grass and watched the boys cook and eat.

A QUIET CAMP BY THE WAY.

Wherever it was possible to do so, camp was pitched near water. One of the prettiest spots found was on the shore of the Kankakee River, near Wilmington, where the corps brought up late one afternoon after a hot and dusty ride. Tents were never before so quickly raised, and a minute later the quiet stream was being churned into foam by the swimmers. At Lincoln the camp was on State property, and the boys had the use of the National Guard's swimming pool. But this was not the only courtesy they received at the hands of the militia. At this same Camp Lincoln the Adjutant-General's department had provided good-sized tents for the bicyclists, with extra blankets, and a cooking-stove, on which hot coffee was steaming when the corps arrived. Further on in the run the same hospitality was shown. At Streator a good-natured merchant distributed free soda-water checks to all, and as many as each wanted. One lady invited the cadets into her house and gave them cake and lemonade, and had all the girls of the neighborhood in to serve it. The notes of the "Assembly Call" were mighty unwelcome sounds that afternoon.

But besides the fun and the exercise and healthfulness of the journey, a good deal of useful information was absorbed. On the run out from Chicago the road followed the line of the new drainage canal, giving all a good opportunity to witness the blasting and the working of the giant machine shovels. At Springfield the corps visited the Legislature, then in session, and the home of President Lincoln. They were also received by the Governor. At Joliet they were taken through the penitentiary, and among other souvenirs of the place, each one carried away a piece of striped cloth from the tailor shops. These pieces did important duty later in the journey, most of them returning to Chicago in the form of patches to the well worn uniforms.

On the whole the trip proved most successful, and there is not much those boys don't know to-day about the handling of bicycles.

THE BICYCLE CORPS AT DRESS PARADE.

A PILOT'S STORY.

For a number of years I have been a traveller on the North River ferry-boats running between New York and Jersey City. One of the pleasures of these short trips has been in my interest and admiration for the skilful way in which such huge, unwieldy boats are handled by their pilots. The tides in the river are at times very strong, and especially so near the ferry slips. To prevent mishaps it requires the most careful manœuvring, as a small error of judgment might send the heavily laden boat crashing into the bulkheads. Such an accident would endanger the lives of the people on board.

When the heavy gong sounds, and the rumble of the paddle-wheels stops, and the boat glides silently over the water, it is then that the pilot and his engineer are on the alert—one with his hand on the wheel, moving it this way and that, and the other with his hand on the lever bar, ready to back water or go ahead, according to his signals.

I remember a story that a pilot told me, of which he was the hero. He did not tell it boastingly, but in a simple, quiet way, and not before a great deal of persuasion was brought to bear upon him. We were standing at the time on the lower deck of a ferry-boat belonging to the line upon which he was then employed. Pointing to a grimy young bootblack who was industriously polishing away, he said: "At one time I polished boots the same as that youngster is doing there. I loved the boats and the crowds, but more especially I loved to watch the pilot and the engineer at work. To see the latter polishing and oiling his machinery as carefully as a mother would dress a baby was my chief enjoyment. I dare say I knew every part of the engine as well as he did, or at least I thought so, and many a shine I let pass simply to see him work the boat in and out of the slip. This curiosity, or rather interest, on my part stood me in good stead at one time, as you will see. We were unusually crowded on the trip when my stroke of good luck took place, both gangways running past the engine-room being choked up with horses and wagons.

"Most of the drivers had gone forward, and I sat in my usual place on the ledge at the engine-room door alone. Bang! the first bell sounded to reduce her to half speed, and I glanced around to watch the engineer shut off steam. He was sitting facing the engine in his arm-chair, his chin in his hand, and his arm resting on the side of the chair. I was surprised to see that he made no move, and, thinking he was asleep, I ran in to shake him. By this time the pilot evidently thought something was wrong, and the big bell sounded twice, meaning, as you probably know, to stop the engine. I could not make the engineer move, and, without hesitating, I stepped across to the engine, and grasping the wheel, I shut off the steam and disconnected the eccentrics.

"Of course the engine stopped, and the pilot, thinking everything was all right, commenced to send down his signals. I was a little frightened—more at the idea of my working the big engine than at making any mistakes, for I knew exactly what to do. Well, we had some trouble making the slip, and I had to back her out. I can tell you, working that lever bar was no easy job. Then came the sharp tinkle for full speed, and shortly I had her well out into the river. Then came the bells to stop her, and again to reverse and go ahead under half speed.

"By that time I was very tired, but no longer nervous, and when we again neared the slip and the welcome bell to stop the engine sounded, I was very glad. The double signal to back water came, and I pushed the lever bar up and down twice before I got my last signal to stop. When I heard the rattle of the chains as they tied her in the slip I was worn out, and it seems to me I must have fainted, for when I came to it was in the presence of the pilot and some of the officers of the line. They told me the engineer had died of heart-disease; and in recognition of my services they placed me at school and gratified my ambition to become a pilot, as you see."

Hubert Earl.

CORPORAL FRED.[1]

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER VI.

Ten minutes later, while police and firemen, both protected by the First Battalion, were devoting their energies to checking the flames that were rapidly sweeping through the great repair shops, and the other two battalions of the regiment were clearing the blazing freight-yards of the last skulkers of the mob, the surgeon had established a temporary field-hospital in the open enclosure between the main entrance and the yards. Thither had been driven the two ambulances, conspicuous by the red cross of Geneva. Here, feebly moaning, lay poor Jim, kicked and clubbed into most unrecognizable pulp. Here beside him knelt Fred, still praying for tidings of his father. Slinking away from the scene of their recent triumph the rioters fled before the solid ranks of the troops, only to regather, though in smaller force, and resume the work of pillage and destruction farther along the line. And now the Colonel began to appreciate the full effect of orders to serve under police instruction. First he had to send Major Flint with his battalion to report to Police Captain Murray a mile away in one direction. Then Major Allen with the second was despatched far out to Prairie Grove. Ten minutes more and a third detachment was demanded to assist Police Sergeant Jaeger, now struggling with the strikers at the elevators along the canal, and when ten o'clock came the Colonel with his staff, his hospital, and something like a dozen officers and men, whose heads were cut by stones and coupling-pins, had just one company left in his immediate command. "B" had gone to the Prairie Avenue crossing, where a mail-train was stalled, and "L," Fred's own, was posted at the storage warehouse, half a mile northward. Fred himself still remained by his brother's side, while police and firemen, lantern-bearing, were searching through what was left of the long line of repair shops in vain quest of the old foreman. With Fred, too, by this time were his mother and sister Jessie. Poor little Billy, led home by sympathizing women, had told his story, and the brave wife and mother, leaving to the elder daughter the duty of caring for the house, had taken Jess and made her way through the now scattering crowd, through the still blazing yards, through the friendly lines of National Guardsmen, over the well-known pathway to the shops, there to take her place by her stricken first-born's side, tearfully, prayerfully waiting for tidings of the husband and father, even while devotedly tending the son. By 10.15 the flames about the buildings were extinguished, and the firemen turned their attention to the blazing ruins in the yards. And now the searching parties were raking through the burned-out sections of the shops in the belief that there, and only there, could old Wallace be found. Time and again, as some one came out from the grimy gateway, the sorrowing woman lifted her white, piteous face in mute appeal. Jessie, weeping sorely, was clasping Jim's blood-stained, nerveless hand. Fred had gone to join the searchers. Far down the tracks toward Prairie Grove the glare of new conflagrations reddened the skies. From up the yards near the warehouses came stories of fresh gatherings of the mobs. The police thought more soldiers should be sent there, and the Colonel said he had but one company left. Out in front of the shops an elevated iron foot-bridge crossed the freight-yards. It had been red hot in places until the firemen turned their streams and cooled it off. Then Fred's friend, the signal sergeant, with a couple of men, had mounted it, and sent their night torches

swinging. "Hurrah for Colton," said the Colonel. "That boy's worth his weight in gold," for presently a bugler came running up to report the sergeant had established communication with Prairie Grove, and soon after with Captain Wagner's post far up the tracks. The first message from below told of fresh fires and outbreaks, as was to be expected. The first from above set the Colonel's eyes adancing.

"Police report rioters gathering in force about the Amity Wagon-Works. Twelve loaded cars on their tracks there. Think they mean mischief."

"Hullo!" cried the Colonel. "Where's Corporal Wallace?"

And poor, sad-faced Fred, just back from unsuccessful searching, and now kneeling by his mother's side, promptly sprang to his feet and approached his commander.

"What's in those cars at the Amity Works, corporal?

"New wagons, sir. Loaded yesterday and ought to have started last night, but they couldn't get anything out."

"I can't bear to take you away from your mother, my lad, until we hear of your father; but I feel sure, somehow, that he is safe, and the doctors tell me your brother will recover, though he may be laid up some time. It is more than likely we'll be called on for more duty presently, and if we are"—and here he glanced keenly at the young fellow from under the brim of his scouting hat.

"I'm ready, sir," said our corporal, grimly. "I'd welcome a chance," he added, as he glanced back at the group about his brother's battered form, at his mother's white face, and Jessie's weeping eyes; and just then Jim feebly rolled his bandaged head from side to side, and his swollen lips were seen to be striving to form some words. Eagerly the mother bent her ear to catch them. All others ceased their low-toned chat; all eyes seemed fastened on them—anxious mother and stricken son. Only she to whom his earliest baby lispings were intelligible, inexpressible music could understand his meaning now.

"Did father—get home safe?"

"DID FATHER—GET HOME SAFE?"

Then Jessie's sobs broke forth afresh, and a young railway man, whose bruises the surgeon had been dressing, could stand it no longer. He was one of the striking trainmen, and knew Jim well.

"Mrs. Wallace," he cried, struggling to his feet and coming towards her, "I'm a Brotherhood man and bound to them in every way, but I can't stand this. I know what's happened, though I had no hand in it, as God's my judge! The old man's safe, ma'am—safe and out of harm's way, though I don't know where. Jim wrapped him in his own coat with our badge on it, and run him out through the south gate when they burst in here. I saw him. There were only a few fellows down there, and he got him out all right, and made him promise to keep away. I saw the old man cross the street into the lumber-yards, and gave Jim my word I wouldn't peach. I'm no traitor to our fellows, but I couldn't see the old man hurt." (And here his eyes wandered to where Jessie crouched beside her brother.) "I tried to keep 'em off from Jim, but he would go back and brave them, and there were men among them no one could influence after old Stoltz said his say. I got these," he added, half in shame, "battling against our own people, trying to save him, but they were far too many for both of us. They were madlike, and most of them were black-guards we'd not be seen with any other time. They downed him, and nearly kicked the life out of him, because he wouldn't say which way the old man went or where he'd hid him."

Then, at least, the old foreman was not in the ruins—might, indeed, have escaped from the rioters. Yet Mrs. Wallace was not much comforted. Again and again she implored Jim to say whether he had designated any particular place as his father's refuge; but Jim had drifted off again into the borderland between the other world and this. His ears were deaf to her appeal. If father had been spared, she said, surely he would have made his way home to reassure them. In vain Fred pointed out that to do so he must again venture through the mile-long yard of rioters, firing cars, and mad with glut and triumph. He would surely have been recognized, and by that time every striking switchman and trainman knew it was he who held the throttle of the first engine to essay to break the morning's blockade—more than enough to ruin him. They might not themselves use violence, but they or their women would point him out to the bloodhounds in the mob—men who were ready for any deed of violence, no matter how brutal or cowardly, and the brave old fellow would have met the martyr's fate at their hands.

"He never would have gone and left poor Jim to go back and face them all alone," cried Mrs. Wallace, breaking down at last; and then Fred had to tell her that Jim was himself a leader in the strike, a personal friend of Steinman, and completely influenced by him. Neither father nor Jim believed that they would assault one of their own Brotherhood, the man whose contributions had exceeded those of any other, and whose heart had been hot for action days before. They did not realize that men are turned to tigers at the touch of blood or riot, and that for lack of other material—just as the mob of Paris guillotined their own leaders when gentler blood was all expended—so would these mad dogs turn for victims upon their kind.

"Go you and search," said Inspector Morrissey to two of his bluecoats. "You know every hiding-place about here. Find him, or trace of him quick as you can."

And the wearied officers turned away. They had had a wretched time of it, for over thirty hours, and not a wink of sleep. Scattered by twos and threes they had been expected to preserve the peace even though

repeatedly cautioned not to use force. An important election was close at hand. The city officials, now seeking re-election, had forfeited long since the respect of the educated classes of the community, and their only hopes lay now with the great mass of the populace in which the strikers were largely represented, and from which their supporters and sympathizers were without exception drawn. It would not do to club or intimidate, and thereby offend these thousands of voters, and the police, brave and determined individually, and long schooled in handling the "tough" element, now found themselves absolutely crippled and hampered, first by a feeling of personal friendship for many of the railway men themselves, second by absence of either support or approval when it came to handling the rioters. Not until the mob had burst all bounds, and the safety of the great city was at stake did the officials realize the tone of the torrent they had turned loose, and then gave reluctant, half-hearted orders to suppress the riot even though somebody had to be hurt. When at last the city troops were marched to the several scenes, the wearied police took heart again, and many of them went to work with their old-time vim.

Just before eleven o'clock Jim was tenderly lifted into one of the regimental ambulances, and with his mother and Jess carefully driven over home, where sympathizing neighbors gathered and ministered to one and all. Half a dozen of Jim's associates, strikers themselves, but appalled and disgusted now at the contemplation of the result of their folly, established themselves as a guard at the cottage, while others eagerly, fearfully joined in the search for the honored old Scotchman who, with too good reason, many feared, had fallen a victim to the fury of the rioters. Farley, Jim's brakeman, had not been seen for hours, and this was significant. Fred, leaving his brother safely stowed away in bed, with all possible comfort secured for the night, kissed his mother's tear-stained face and told her he must go. She clung to him shuddering a moment, yet could not say no. He was a man now, just twenty-one, and knew his duty. Had not the Colonel said there was further work ahead?

It came, quickly enough. A man in a buggy with a prancing, frightened horse, was eagerly importuning the imperturbable gray-mustached Colonel, as Corporal Fred returned to his post, and the conversation was more than interesting.

"I *have* appealed to the police. They say they're powerless. They've got all they can do now. There's two companies of your regiment right there near them within four squares. Colonel, if you will only order them to go with me we can disperse that mob, and save the plant, cars, and all."

"How many rioters are there, Mr.—Mr. Manners?"

"There must be five hundred; five hundred at least, and they've set fire to the cars twice, and driven off the firemen and police."

"But, Mr. Manners, two companies of *tin* soldiers can't drive away five hundred strong men; and I understand you spoke of my men to-day as such."

"Don't kick a man when he's down, Colonel. I may have said something foolish—any man's liable to make mistakes; but four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property is burning up there, and my watchmen are being stoned and killed. We discharged some bad characters last week, and they're heading the mob now."

"Yes, this does seem to give your discharged men a chance. Now there were two or three given their walking papers to-day," continued the Colonel, with provoking coolness, his lips twitching under his handsome gray mustache.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Colonel, don't rub it in! I'll make it all right with those men. Just think what's happened to the Amity Works all the time you've been keeping me waiting and begging."

"I know what's been happening, Mr. Manners," said the veteran officer, calmly, "and you don't know what wouldn't have happened but for the prompt action of the very regiment you saw fit to ridicule, and the very men you kicked out of their clerkships because they obeyed the order to turn out, as *it* turned out, to save you and your works. I ordered two companies there twenty minutes ago. The mob scattered at their coming, and not a dollar's worth have you lost. I only kept you here out of danger for a while, and now, if you please, Corporal Wallace of my headquarters party—with whom possibly you're acquainted—will conduct you safely back. Jump into the gentleman's buggy, corporal. Your uniform will pass him through our lines without detention. Good-night, Mr. Manners. Next time we send a summons to the works, it'll probably be for Sergeant Wallace, and I hope to hear of no further objection on your part."

And despite sorrow for Jim and anxiety about his father, Corporal Fred couldn't help feeling, as he drove with his abashed employer swiftly through the dim yet familiar streets, that life had some compensation after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"I tell you the steamship is a wonderful machine."

That was the exclamation of Mr. Powers as he sat on the deck of the *St. Petersburg*. Away above him towered the three funnels from which the brown smoke went swirling away to leeward. Away below him throbbed the giant quadruple-expansion engines, turning the twin screws over nearly ninety times a minute, and hurling the massive fabric forward through the sea of sapphire and silver twenty-one knots an hour. Little Harry Powers, who sat beside his grandfather, thought the steamer a fine thing too, but he was not quite so much impressed with it as was the old man, because he had not lived in the days when there were no steamers.

"No buffeting head winds and head seas for months at a time now," exclaimed Mr. Powers. "Steam is invincible."

"Um—yes, generally," said Captain Ferris, who was going over as a passenger to bring out from Gourock a new yacht.

"Why not always?" asked Mr. Powers.

"Well, in order to answer that question," replied the Captain, thoughtfully, "I must tell you that some steamers are not as large and powerful as others."

"Of course I know that," said Mr. Powers, rather impatiently, "but they all manage to get across in defiance of the winds."

"Perhaps I'd better tell you of an instance I have in mind," said the Captain.

"Do so by all means," answered Mr. Powers; and Harry leaned forward attentively, because he perceived that a yarn of the sea was forth-coming. Captain Ferris settled himself comfortably in his chair, cast a look around the horizon, and then launched into his story.

"Three years ago," he said, "I was in Hamburg in command of the steamship *Bristow*. She is a vessel of about 1200 tons, and is in the carrying trade, though she occasionally takes half a dozen passengers at low rates. I was ready to get under way for New York when a man, accompanied by a boy about the age of your grandson there, came aboard and applied for passage. He said that he had come to Europe on business, and had received word that his wife was very sick in New York. He was anxious to get home and my ship was the first that was going. I advised him to wait three days and take the Hamburg-American liner, which would arrive fully five days before us; but he said he had not money enough to go that way except in the steerage, and he could not think of doing that because his boy's health was none too good. So, of course, I agreed to take the two. The boy looked up at me and said,

"'Thank you, sir; and please make the ship hurry, because mamma is waiting for us.'

"I promised him I'd do my best, and, indeed, I did make up my mind to push the ship as she'd never been pushed before. We sailed at three o'clock on June 28th—I remember that date well enough. It was a lowering damp afternoon, with a brisk southwesterly wind, and as soon as we got fairly out into the North Sea the ship began to butt into a nasty chop that sent the spray flying over her bows. But I was able to escape the worst of it by hugging the Holland coast, and so got down into the English Channel in some comfort. But now it was no longer possible to hug the coast, for that would have carried me too far out of my course. However, the *Bristow* made good progress till we passed Fastnet Rock and got well out into the Atlantic. And there our troubles began. The morning of our third day out dawned with a hard low sky, a dead calm, and a deep, long, oily swell underrunning the ship. She rolled pitiably indeed. The barometer began to fall, and the wind rose and became very unsettled. I think that before noon it blew from every point of the compass, and some of the gusts were regular white squalls. The swell was running from the south, but the wind was chiefly from the west, southwest, and northwest. Toward evening the wind settled down, and by dark it was dead calm. But the terrific swells that swept up from the south, the gradual fall of the barometer, and the lurid state of the sky told me that there was a lot of trouble ahead of us yet. We were about 400 miles west of Fastnet at ten o'clock, and I lay down, giving my first officer instructions to call me in case the wind rose. Just before midnight I was aroused, and went on deck to find the wind coming in short angry blasts from the nor'west. At midnight it came out with the full force of a hurricane right in our teeth. In a short time a terrible confused sea was running. It was a frightful night. At three o'clock in the morning a thunder-storm swept over with the gale. Fierce lightning and a deluge of rain combined to make an appalling scene. Daylight found the ship reeling and staggering over huge jagged walls of water that loomed up ahead of her as if they would swallow her. Just after four o'clock a fearful sea fell bodily over the starboard quarter and stove in one side of the cabin, filling it with water. I saw that it was madness to try to drive the ship against such weather, and I hove her to. When I went to my breakfast, Mr. Howard, my passenger, and his son were there, very quiet and with white faces.

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"'Will the ship sink, Captain?' asked the boy.

"'Oh no,' I answered; 'she's all right.'

"'But we sha'n't get home to mamma so soon,' murmured the boy, mournfully."

FOR TWO WEEKS, INCH BY INCH, THE "BRISTOW" FOUGHT AGAINST A SERIES OF WESTERLY GALES.

"I had hove the ship to so as to bring the damaged side of the deck-house to leeward, and I set the carpenter at work repairing it. We were hove to for twenty-eight hours, and then, the weather moderating somewhat, I started the *Bristow* ahead at half speed. We had drifted back fully seventy-five miles, and as we did not make more than three knots an hour ahead, it took us fully a day to recover the lost ground. Although the force of the wind had abated, it was still blowing a gale, and the sea was sufficiently heavy to impede our progress very much. In all my experience at sea I have never met with such heart-breaking weather. If the wind had only shifted to our beam I would have been profoundly grateful, while a hurricane on our quarter, disturbing at any other time, would have filled me with joy. That boy's pale anxious face and the thought of the sick mother at home haunted me as I walked the reeling bridge or clung to its rail, and held my breath when some green wall crashed down upon our forecastle deck. But the westward sky seemed to be made of chilled steel, and out of its pitiless lips blew one gale after another, and all full of a biting cold that made the name of summer a foolish jest. For two weeks, inch by inch, the *Bristow*, running her engine at its full power, fought her way against a series of westerly gales.

The decks were white with crusted salt, and the iron-work became browned with rust, until the ship began to look old and haggard from her struggle with the elements. But the worst had not come yet. On the seventeenth day out, while I was at my dinner, the pale-faced boy and his father sitting opposite to me and gazing at me in mournful silence, the chief engineer came to me with a grave countenance, and asked me to step aside that he might speak with me.

"'Captain,' said he, 'I am sorry to tell you that the coal in our bunkers is getting very low, and that unless we make better headway it will run out before we make port.'

"'Cut up all the spare wood in the hold,' I said, 'and feed that to the furnaces.'

"The engineer went away shaking his head, and then the boy came up to me and said,

"'Captain, are we ever going to get home?'

"'Oh yes,' I said, with an effort to appear cheerful; 'of course we are. We're doing very well now.'

"The boy looked at me reproachfully and walked away. His father hadn't said a word to me for two days. But I declare it wasn't my fault. Well, you may think we had had our share of trouble, but we were not through yet. On the afternoon of July 20th several large ice-floes were sighted, and that night the ship ran into a dense field of ice. By this time most of our spare wood had been burned, and we were depending largely on our sails to carry us along, while the wind, which was still blowing half a gale, was almost dead ahead. And here we were in an ice-field that hemmed us in as far as the eye could see. The temperature of the air was bitterly cold, and it seemed as if we had been plunged into the midst of arctic regions. The ice-floes crashed and groaned, gulls whirled phantomlike and screaming above our stained spars, and all the time the wind blew against us as if some supernatural force were bent on driving us back. On the evening of the 21st the ship's carpenter came to me and said,

"'Captain, there are six inches of water in the hold.'

"For a minute, I think, I could not speak, for this new misfortune quite stunned me.

"'Have you found the leak?' I asked at length.

"'Not yet, sir,' he answered. 'It is somewhere forward, though.'

"'Make a close search for it, and let me know at once,' I said.

"He went below, and in about half an hour reported that one of the plates in our starboard bow had been cracked by the ice. The break was below the water-line, but I succeeded in stopping it up by melting some tar, which I fortunately had aboard, and pouring it into the crack. Our engine was stopped altogether now, because the ice was so thick that it was dangerous to push the vessel ahead. There was a good deal of sea underrunning the ice, and it required the greatest skill and watchfulness to prevent disaster. To avoid injury altogether was quite impossible. At four bells in the morning watch on July 23d, while we were still in the ice-field, there was a jar and a crash. I sprang from my bunk, in which I had been lying dressed, and jumped on deck.

"'What in the world has happened now?' I cried.

"'Carried away our rudder, sir,' called the second mate, who was leaning over the taffrail.

"The pale-faced boy came up to me, and looking into my face with his great solemn eyes, said,

"'What shall we do now?'

"'Rig another,' I answered as bravely as I could.

"I'm not going to describe to you the rigging of a jury-rudder, because it's one of the commonest feats of sea-engineering; but I will tell you that it cost us a day's hard work, and required the use of some spare stuff which I would have been very glad to put into the furnaces, for the coal supply was becoming smaller and smaller, and we were seven hundred miles from the nearest port. Well, we were twelve long, heart-breaking days in the ice. Fortunately it rained heavily during two of those days, and by using everything we had on board, including the boats, to catch the rain, I succeeded in fairly replenishing the supply of water in our tanks. We were fortunate in having an unusually large supply of food, and this alone saved us from falling into the straits of hunger. We had plenty of everything except beef and pork. These articles were exhausted, and we had to depend upon canned food, bread, crackers, tea, and coffee. But we had enough of those to last us three months, so that I did not deem it necessary to shorten the allowances. On August 2d we got clear of the ice, and began to make progress at the rate of four knots an hour under sail and a little steam, but three points off our course. In all this time we had sighted nothing save one distant sail; but on August 3d, to our intense joy, a steamer rose over the horizon ahead of us. I set signals of distress, and they were seen. The steamer proved to be the *Argonaut*, from Halifax for Liverpool, and her Captain agreed to tow us into Halifax. It was a long, long way, and we knew it would be a slow task, but the thought of it lightened every heart. My men jumped eagerly to the task of passing the great hawser, and at four o'clock in the afternoon it was stretched, and the *Argonaut* began to drag us westward at six knots an hour. Our ship's company gathered in the bow and gave a cheer, and the boy smiled and said,

"'At last we shall get home to mamma.'

"I turned in after that and slept the sleep of exhaustion. The *Argonaut* towed us gallantly for 250 miles; and then, on the night of August 5th, we ran into another gale from the nor'west. It was not as bad as those we had previously encountered, but it checked our advance, and before morning had raised a heavy sea. At eight o'clock the tow-line parted with a report like that of a gun. To think of stretching it again in such a sea was hopeless, but the *Argonaut* lay by us all day. Several times in the course of the following night we saw her lights, but before morning the wind shifted to the southeast, a fog came up, and we never saw the *Argonaut* again. Sadly we set sail on the *Bristow*, and began to move slowly through the still troubled waters. But at nine o'clock the fog cleared off, the wind hauled to the eastward, and the sea became moderate. I was now able to set every stitch of canvas on the vessel with a fair wind, and I laid my course for St. John's, Newfoundland. We forged ahead at four knots an hour, and hope revived in every breast. But before night the wind fell light, and our progress became nothing better than a drift of two knots hourly. Still we were going ahead, and we did not despair. Calm weather and light winds continued till August

10th, and then the wind came in ahead. We were now about two hundred miles from Cape Race. Two schooners passed us in the course of the day, and I signalled to them our condition, asking them to report us, and they promised to do so. I now determined to use the last fuel I could find aboard the ship. Our coal had been exhausted, and I did not dare to strip the spars from the masts lest I should still need them to make sail. All the bulkheads in the ship were iron, but I had every available bit of wood-work cut away, including the doors, and so made enough steam to start the engine again. We went ahead very slowly all that day, but the following morning, when 38 miles southeast of Cape Race, we came to a stand-still. Our fuel was all gone, and the boilers were cold.

"'What shall we do now?' asked the pale-faced boy.

"'Send a boat to Cape Race for help,' said I.

"My first officer, Hiram Baker, and four seamen volunteered to make the voyage, and at nine o'clock, with a well-provisioned and unsinkable life-boat, they pushed off from the ship. We watched them out-of sight with aching hearts and throbbing eyes. There was a light breeze from the westward, and the life-boat was able to work to windward, so she could come pretty near laying her course. The weather seemed settled, and I felt that unless some unforeseen accident occurred she would reach her destination before the next day. And so, indeed, she did. Two powerful sea-going tugs were despatched from St. John's, and on the afternoon of August 12th they hove in sight. Two hours later they had us in tow, and that night we arrived in St. John's, six weeks and three days out. The boy and his father hurried off to the telegraph office and sent a message to New York. In the morning a messenger came aboard with an answer. I can never forget with what eager hands Mr. Howard tore open the envelope. Then he threw his arms around his boy and said,

"'She is much better!'

"'Then we shall be at home in time, after all.'

"And he came up to me and gave me a kiss, which rewarded me for all my struggles."

In the thirteenth century the Chinese government issued some paper currency. To-day there are probably but two notes of that issue extant. One is in the British Museum, and the other in the possession of the Oriental Society of St. Petersburg. These notes were issued in the reign of Hung Woo, the founder of the Ning Dynasty, who died in 1398. The face value of the notes is about a dollar, and that issue of paper currency was the only one ever guaranteed by the Chinese government. To-day these notes are probably the rarest and most valuable of currency issues. Nearly all note collectors and Chinese bankers are fully aware of their existence and their value.

STEWED QUAKER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I don't like to be very ill—just ill enough to make her,
(My grandmamma) say softly, "Child, I'll fix you some stewed Quaker."

It's sweet and thick and very nice, and has molasses in it,
And lots of vinegar and spice; you want it every minute.

And being medicine, of course you sip and say it's dandy.
Just only think! it's *medicine*, and tastes like taffy candy!

Now castor-oil and squills, and stuff that wrinkles up your forehead,
And puckers up your mouth, and gags and burns, are simply horrid.

I don't mind being ill at all, if darling grandma'll make her
Nice dose she used to make for pa when he was young—stewed Quaker.

HIS WHEEL SAVED HIS LIFE.

The bicycle has proved useful as a life-saving machine in many instances, but it remained for John O'Hara, of Broome Street, in New York, to discover how good a bicycle is as a means of escape from a mad dog. John is a well-grown lad, and is so fond of bicycle-riding that he goes on wheeling trips through the streets of the Fast Side. All of these streets are crowded, but probably no one of them is so jammed full of pedestrians and push-carts and peddlers' wagons as Forsyth Street. Experts say that no other part of the world is so thickly populated as this neighborhood, so you can easily imagine how difficult it must be to go wheeling a bicycle through it.

John O'Hara was enjoying a pleasant spin on the smooth asphalt pavement of Forsyth Street, near Broome, at noon the other day, when he noticed the crowd scattering right and left, and diving into open hallways and down cellar stairs. Presently he heard a cry of "Mad dog!" He wheeled around and turned to flee to the southward. As he hurried away he looked back over his shoulder, and saw a big white dog galloping after him, its red tongue lolling out, and yellow foam dripping from its open jaws. As the dog ran it turned and snapped viciously right and left. The cries of the crowds on the sidewalk warned everybody on the pavement, so that there was a clear field ahead of O'Hara for several blocks. He pushed hard on the pedals, and sprinted away as hard as he could. If he could only be sure of plenty of headway he knew he would be

safe. The dog was not running very fast, for his gait was uncertain, and he wavered from side to side.

If O'Hara had turned out into any of the side streets he would have been safe, but in the excitement of the moment he did not think of this. His one idea was to run ahead as fast as possible. Now and then the carts and wagons in the street were slow in turning out, and O'Hara had to slow up. In this way he ran five blocks, now gaining on the dog, and now almost overtaken. At Canal Street there was such a jam of vehicles that the bicycle rider almost had to stop. The dog galloped ahead of him, snapping at the wheel as it went past. O'Hara might have even then turned northward for safety, but he was too excited, as probably most of us would have been in his place. He kept straight ahead, and as the dog fell in front of him, the wheels of the bicycle passed over its neck and stunned it. Away went O'Hara at full speed, and a policeman, fortunately near at hand, shot and killed the dog before it could recover. Probably this is the first time that a bicycle was ever used as a weapon as well as a means of flight from danger.

TWO BRAVE MEN.

It has frequently been asserted that no fortifications of masonry could resist modern ordnance, and this is doubtless true so far as heavy siege guns are concerned. But in the recent war against China the Japanese troops found on several occasions that with their light batteries of field and mountain artillery they were unable to make any impression upon the heavy stone defences of some of the walled Chinese towns. The gates, especially, seemed able to resist any amount of bombarding, for the masonry was much thicker and higher at these points, and frequently there were three and four heavy iron-bound oaken doors to be broken open before an entrance could be effected. The attacks on these walled towns furnished occasions for a number of brave deeds on the part of the Japanese soldiers, who proved themselves to be reckless in the display of courage, and absolutely fearless in the face of the greatest dangers. One of the first occasions of the kind was at Kin-chow, a good-sized town surrounded by a very high stone wall with only a few gates. The Japanese artillery had been firing at the principal gate for an hour or so without effect, and the infantry had made assault after assault against the perpendicular walls without being able to dislodge the enemy, who were well screened behind battlements and embrasures. At last the commander of the attacking force decided that the only way to get into the town would be to blow open the gate with dynamite or nitro-glycerine. It was all very well to decide upon this, after looking at the heavy doors from a distance through field-glasses, but it was an entirely different matter to put the explosive in place and set it off.

TOKUYI BLOWING UP THE GATES OF KIN-CHOW.

Nevertheless, as soon as it was announced that it had been determined by the commander to blow open the gates, Onoguchi Tokuyi, a private soldier of the corps of engineers, volunteered to take the cartridge and place it under the doors. He rushed from among his companions and ran straight for the wall, from the top of which the Chinese poured a perfect hail of bullets at him. But the Chinese soldiery never aim, and usually fire with their eyes closed, so that Tokuyi reached the gate unharmed. He placed the bomb under one of the hinges, lit the fuse, and only had time to retreat a few steps when with a roar and a crash the great oaken doors were torn to pieces and fell inward. The soldier was knocked down by the force of the explosion, but he quickly picked himself up, and, leaping through the dust and smoke, placed a second cartridge under the inner gate and blew that open in the same way. By this time a perfect avalanche of Japanese infantry was pouring through the opened doorway, and in a very few minutes the Chinese were in full rout. Tokuyi was found unconscious after the fight, lying near the second door. He had been hit in the shoulder by a bullet as he entered the outer gate. He was treated by the army surgeons, and sent home to Japan to get well, and then he was decorated for his bravery by the Mikado.

A similar exhibition of courage was given by an infantryman at the storming of the Gemmun Gate at Ping-Yang. There, too, the thick stone walls proved impervious to Japanese shot and shell, and after two fruitless assaults it was decided to try some other method. Lieutenant Mimura volunteered to open the gate single-handed, but Private Harada stepped out and said he would follow along and help. Both men then ran for a corner of the gateway, while their comrades diverted the attention of the Chinese defenders by keeping up a hot fusillade. Mimura and Harada clambered quickly up the face of the wall by placing their hands and feet in the chinks between the stones. They succeeded in reaching the top without being seen by the Chinese, who were busy blazing away at the main body of the enemy, and then jumped down and rushed for the inside of the gate. They had to cut their way through a horde of Chinamen as soon as they had gotten inside the town; but they finally beat them off, and threw the bolts of the heavy gates, that were at once shoved in by the attacking force outside. Both Lieutenant Mimura and Private Harada were promoted the next day.

MIMURA CLIMBING THE WALLS OF PING-YANG.

Two gentlemen had a rather lively dispute, which finally wound up in an agreement to fight it out in a duel. One of the gentlemen was extremely thin and the other stout. The stout gentleman complained that it would be useless for him to fire at such a shadow, for one might as well expect to hit the edge of a razor as to hit the man. Whereupon the lean man made the proposal to chalk a line down the fat man, and if his shot failed to take effect within the narrow side of the line it wouldn't count.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

THE SON OF LUTHER

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

igh on a Saxon hill-side overlooking the pleasant valley of the Itz, and in the shadow of the loftier Frankenwalds, stands an old castle now gray with age and rich in memories. In one of its many guest rooms, near an open window, about which crows and jackdaws hung with swirl and clamor, there sat, many years ago, a stockily-built, firm-featured, fearless-eyed man writing a letter.

Armed men fill the castle; upon its walls and on its highest turrets watchmen stand on guard; above it floats the standard of the Elector of Saxony; and the great gate opens only to the summons of those who come with credentials or password.

The time is one of anxiety and excitement, for the Protestant Princes of northern Germany have taken a bold stand against their lord the Emperor. Messengers ride daily to and from the castle, and letters are sent now this way and now that, freighted with important measures or hot with words of protest, counsel, and appeal, strengthening those who waver, restraining those who are over-bold.

As by his open window in the ancient castle of Coburg, where his presence is honored and his word is law, the strongman sits at work. What is the letter that he writes? Who is the Prince or preacher for whom his words of wisdom are penned? Is he a soldier issuing commands, or a councillor sending advice to Elector, Duke, or King?

We draw near the writer, and as we look over his shoulder, following the queer old German script his quick quill traces on the paper, this is what we read:

> "Grace and peace in Christ. My dear little son, I am glad to hear that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do this, my son, and continue it; when I return home I will bring thee a fine fairing.
>
> "I know a beautiful cheerful garden, in which many children walk about. They have golden coats on, and gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears and cherries and plums; they sing, and jump about, and are merry; they have also fine little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. And I asked the man, 'Whose children are they?' He replied, 'These are the children who like to pray and learn and are pious.' Then I said, 'My good man, I have a son; his name is John Luther, may he not also come to this garden to eat such nice apples and pears, and ride such fine little horses and play with these children?' And the man said, 'If he likes to pray and learn and is pious, he shall come to this garden with Philip and James; and when they all come together they shall have pipes and cymbals, lutes and other musical instruments, and dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'
>
> "And he showed me a fine meadow in the garden prepared for dancing, there being nothing but golden pipes, cymbals, and beautiful silver cross-bows. But it was yet early and the children had not dined. Therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'My good master, I will go quickly and write all this to my dear little son John, that he may pray diligently, learn well, and be pious, that he also may be admitted into this garden; but he hath an Aunt Lena whom he must bring with him.' The man answered, 'So be it; go and write this to him.'
>
> "Therefore, my dear little son John, learn and pray with all confidence; and tell this to Philip and James, that they also may learn and pray; and ye will all meet in this beautiful garden. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. Give greetings to Aunt Lena, and also a kiss from me. Thy father who loves thee.
>
> "19th June, 1530.
> "MARTIN LUTHER."

A cheery, bright, helpful, storylike letter to a boy, is it not? And written from that old German castle in a time of danger and of controversy. And the writer is neither soldier, prince, nor priest, but greater than soldier, prince, or priest, the one man who gave the death-blow to the ignorance of the Dark Ages, and changed the history of the world. For the writer was Martin Luther, the apostle of the Reformation, the "renegade monk" who dared, in spite of Pope and Orders, to tell the world that alike the Word of God and the conscience of man were free, and who, in the year 1521, commanded by Pope and Emperor to take back his bold words, heroicly said, in the midst of enemies, and in the face of almost certain death: "I may not, I cannot retract; for it is neither safe nor right to act against conscience. Here stand I. I cannot do otherwise. God help me."

And the little four-year-old boy to whom this storylike letter was written was Luther's first-born, the dearly loved "son John." He was named for his grandfather Hans (or John) Luther, the Saxon miner, and he was born in June, 1526, in the cloister-home in Wittenberg, where his father, Martin Luther, had first lived as monk, and afterwards as master. For when that monk made his heroic stand, and the men of North

Germany followed him as a leader, the Prince of his homeland, the Elector of Saxony, gave him as his home the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg, deserted by the monks, who would not follow him whom they called "the renegade."

Here in the cloisters of the old convent, close to the city wall, and almost overhanging the river Elbe, Martin Luther and his wife Catherine made their home; here they received into their household students, professors, travellers, and guests—men anxious to hear the glad tidings of religious freedom that this great leader proclaimed to Germany and the world, and here, as I have told you, in June, 1526, little "Hanschen," or "Johnny" Luther was born.

Luther was a man who loved home and family ties, and from babyhood little John was most dear to him. The Reformer's letters to his friends are full of references to the small stranger who had come into the Wittenberg home; and neither hot religious disputes, knotty theological problems, nor grave political happenings could crowd Johnny out of the father's heart.

We get these glimpses of "our John" frequently. "Through the grace of God there has come to us," he writes to one of his friends, "a little Hans [John] Luther, a hale and hearty first-born"; and a few days later he says that, with wife and son, he envies neither Pope nor Emperor. Of the year-old boy he writes, in May, 1527, "My little Johnny is lively and robust, and eats and drinks like a hero."

That year of 1527 some terribly contagious disease, called, as all such "catching" illnesses then were, "the plague," visited Wittenberg and converted the Luther household "into a hospital." "Thy little favorite, John"—thus he closes a letter to a friend—"does not salute thee, for he is too ill to speak, but through me he solicits your prayers. For the last twelve days he has not eaten a morsel. 'Tis wonderful to see how the poor child keeps up his spirits; he would manifestly be as gay and joyous as ever, were it not for the excess of his physical weakness." It was in the midst of the poverty and worry that the plague and the other crosses he endured brought about that Luther wrote his great hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," one of the grand and triumphant "Hymns of the Ages," and we can imagine that, with his powerful voice, he rang the hymn out gladly when, in December, 1527, he could write thankfully, "Our John is well and strong again."

Luther was a great letter-writer, and in the midst of pressing duties and important deeds, away from his loved ones, he could always find time to write home. Many of these "letters home" remain on record, beginning "To the gracious dame Catherine Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite unnecessarily"; or, "To my sweet wife Catherine Luther von Bora. Grace and peace in the Lord. Dear Catherine, we hope to be with you again this week, if it please God." But one of the most famous of the Luther letters is that one which, when "our John" was just four years old, his father wrote from the old castle of Coburg, in the shadow of the Saxon mountains, and in the midst of stirring times, sitting at the window, as we have seen, while outside the crows were cawing and the jackdaws were chattering, and armed men guarded the great letter-writer as the most precious of Germany's possessions.

Five boys and girls blessed that cloister-home at Wittenberg. The Luthers were never "well-to-do"; sometimes they were so short of money—for Luther was overgenerous in his charities—as to feel the pinch of poverty. But Luther had friends in high places who would not let him want, and he was therefore able to give his boys tutors at home and good instruction later on in life.

"Son John" could scarcely be called a brilliant scholar. Indeed, he was a bit dull, and inclined to take things easy. In this his mother seems to have been just a trifle partial to her first-born, and inclined to help him thus take things easy. So, when he was sixteen, "son John" was sent away to school.

From the letter which he bore from his father to Mark Crodel, the teacher of the Latin school in the Saxon town of Torgau, young John seems to have entered the school as a sort of "pupil-teacher," for thus the letter runs:

> "According to our arrangement, my dear Mark, I send thee my son John, that thou mayst employ him in teaching the children grammar and music, and at the same time superintend and improve his moral conduct. If thou succeedest in improving him, I will send thee two other sons of mine. For, though I desire my children to be good divines, yet I would have them sound grammarians and accomplished musicians."

Young John would seem to have been sent to Torgau as one needing correction; and, indeed, I am afraid he was not always a good or a dutiful son; otherwise it is hard to explain the words of Luther when one of his friends spoke of the boy's frequent attacks of illness. "Ay," said Dr. Luther, "'tis the punishment due to his disobedience. He almost killed me once, and ever since I have but little strength of body. Thanks to him I now thoroughly understand that passage where St. Paul speaks of children who kill their parents not by the sword, but by disobedience."

Just how the son "nearly killed" his father we cannot say. It may have been the great man's strong way of putting things, but evidently "son John" also needed reformation.

However that may be, we catch more glimpses of John's good side than of his bad. He was the companion of his father in many of his expeditions about Germany, and he was with him on that fatal trip to Eisleben in January, 1546, to reconcile the quarrelsome Counts of Mansfeld.

With his boy he forded the icy rivers Mulde and Saale, where they nearly lost their lives, and where the Reformer doubtless "caught his death." Escorted by horsemen and spearmen, Luther and his son entered Eisleben; the Counts of Mansfeld were reconciled, but Luther fell sick, and that very night, the 18th of February, he died.

All Germany mourned the great man's death; all Germany hoped that his sons might follow in the father's steps. But the three boys seem only to have turned out respectable men, without any of the elements of greatness or leadership.

John Luther made a fairly good lawyer. He married the daughter of one of his professors at Königsberg University; served as a soldier in the German army; settled down, and died at Königsberg, in the year 1576, at the age of fifty. His name is chiefly remembered as the "dear Johnny" and "son John" of his great father's letters, and of the happy home circle in the cloister-house at Wittenberg. He left neither name nor deed to make his memory a word in the mouths of men; yet we cannot but feel that, as the son of Luther, he must have been proud of the great father whom

he remembered only with love and reverence, and, let us hope, rejoiced to see the regard the world paid to the masterful ways of the great Reformer and leader, whose gifts the son did not inherit, and whose name he but feebly upheld.

JOHN WAS THE COMPANION OF HIS FATHER IN MANY EXPEDITIONS.

> 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.

The last Pudding Stick was especially designed for young people who wish to write for the papers. This one is also to be about writing, but in rather a different line. I hope none of you will be offended if I urge upon you the importance of learning to spell. It always gives me a little quiver of pain—something like the sudden start of a nerve in a tooth which is sensitive—when I read a letter from one of my girls, and find that she uses two "l's" where she should use one, or one "t" where two are required. I think it is easier for some than for others to spell correctly. Spelling is largely a matter dependent on attention. You may not know it, but your eyes are always teaching you how to spell, and, unconsciously, as you read interesting books or the daily paper, you see how words are spelled, and learn to spell correctly yourself. There is no excuse for any girl who has both sight and hearing to blunder in her spelling, when Helen Keller, who can neither see nor hear, spells without ever making a mistake. Helen writes a beautiful legible hand, and uses a type-writer to perfection, and yet she has never had the advantages which most of us possess, having been blind and deaf ever since her babyhood. The thing is to pay close attention if you desire to be a good speller.

Very much more than we fancy we are dependent for our style of speech in writing and conversation on the authors we read. Here, too, we need to be attentive. No bright American girl can afford not to read a few pages of some good author every day of her life. Mere story-books are not sufficient. Keep on hand a book which is a serious undertaking, and plod straight through it. I have made this a rule all my life, and I advise you to do the same.

Those who have had the good fortune to be early taught another language besides your own, and who understand French or German, should keep on hand a book in one of those languages, and read a chapter or two every day. If I could I would like to persuade you of the importance of doing something along the line of a study or an accomplishment every single day. Even a few minutes regularly devoted will tell in time to advantage. The president of one of our great New England colleges used to say to the students, "Nothing can stand before the day's works." People who set apart a little while every morning or every afternoon for a definite purpose, and then never allow themselves to lose that time, making it up if they are interrupted by extra effort on the next day, soon surpass the brilliant people who are capable of great exertions now and then, but never do anything patiently day by day. I wish, too, that I could say to you as strongly as I feel, "love your work." "The labor we delight in physics pain." It seems to me a dreadful thing to go to one's work with the spirit of a slave. We should always put into our work our best thoughts, our best hope, and the motive of true love. No matter what the work, the way we go about it gives it worth and dignity, or makes it petty and mean.

Another caution is, do not talk very much about what you are doing. Nothing is so weak as vanity. Somewhere in the world there is always somebody doing such work as ours quite as well as we can do it, and we have no right to inflict upon our friends the story of our personal endeavors or failures. It is well to omit from our daily conversation as much as possible references to ourselves and to what we are engaged upon. I want my girls to become interesting women, and the woman who is really interesting thinks and talks of others more than of herself.

It is a good plan, in order to fix on your mind what you read and wish to remember, to keep a commonplace book. Here you may copy poems which please you, dates of striking events, bits of description, and entertaining anecdotes. One girl friend of mine succeeded thus in making a very beautiful compilation, which was afterwards published, and which gave great pleasure to her friends.

Margaret E. Sangster.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER IV.

The animals poured into the Ark like the tide through a sluice. They pushed and shoved and crowded, and many tried to get to the Purser's window ahead of their turns. The big ones brushed the little ones aside with a total disregard of gentleness or consideration. But the Bull soon put a stop to this sort of thing. He stuck his head out of the window and said all sorts of horrible things, and vowed he would have the doors closed if the beasts did not preserve better order. Things went along better after that.

The larger animals came in first: Lions, Tigers, Elephants, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, Camels, Giraffes, Dromedaries, Buffaloes, Polar Bears, Grizzly Bears, and every other kind of Bear. Tommy thought he had never seen so many different animals in all his life. It beat a circus all hollow, and it reminded him of the college song his Uncle Dick used to sing about:

"The animals came in two by two,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals came in two by two.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals came in two by two,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo,
And they all got into the Ark before it began to rain!"

After the large animals followed a long procession of deer—Elk, Antelopes, Gazelles, Chamois, Moose, and Caribou. Behind these came dogs of every kind—big dogs, little dogs, thin dogs, fat dogs, gay dogs, sad dogs, shaggy dogs, sleek dogs, and all colored dogs; Greyhounds, Mastiffs, Pugs, St. Bernards, Fox Terriers, Setters, Pointers, Poodles, Great Danes, Skyes, Black-and-Tans, and Collies. Toward the end of the procession came a long-bodied brown dog with big ears and long straight legs. Tommy had never seen that kind before.

"What is he?" he said, pointing downward.

The ex-Pirate shook his head, but the Gopher answered, "That's a Dachshund."

"A Dachshund?" repeated Tommy: "I guess not. Dachshunds are not built like that. Look at his long legs."

"Well, that *is* a Dachshund," insisted the Gopher; and then he pulled his sunbonnet over his head and closed his eyes for a nap.

The French Poodle was the only one that had any trouble with the Bull, because the Bull could not speak French, and refused to understand what the Poodle said. Tommy plainly heard the dog muttering to himself as he left the window:

"Espèce de John Bull! Il est toujours comme ça!"

But the little boy could not understand what the Poodle meant anymore than the Bull could, because he had not gotten along any further in his French exercise-book than "Have you seen the good General's red slippers under the green table of the wine-merchant's beautiful mother-in-law?" And he did not recognize any of the words in the Poodle's plaint. [Pg 872]

The Bull had been losing his temper pretty rapidly ever since the doors opened, and he seemed to be waiting for a chance to do or say something ugly. Pretty soon a couple of harmless and sleepy-looking Oxen came plodding up the gang-plank and strolled through the doorway.

"Look here!" the Bull shouted at them, "you've got to leave your chewing-gum outside! No gum-chewing allowed on the Ark!"

One of the Oxen protested, but the Bull asserted that if the Ox made any trouble he would come outside and settle the matter himself; and so both Oxen regretfully stuck their chewing-gum under the gang-plank and passed in. A little while later a Lizard came along and handed in his ticket through the small window near the floor. The Bull looked at it and frowned, and then stuck his head out over the counter and glared at the little Lizard, who positively turned green with fright.

"What do you mean by presenting this ticket?" asked the Bull, savagely.

"Please, sir, I want to come into the Ark," replied the Lizard, meekly.

"Well, you can't get in on this ticket—see?"

"Please, sir, it's the only one I have," continued the Lizard, trembling.

"Well, look here, young fellow," snorted the Bull, getting angrier as he spoke; "this ticket is your shape, but it is not your size. You bought it from a speculator outside!"

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed the Lizard.

"I don't care what you say. This is the Crocodile's ticket, and it ain't your size, and you can't get in on it!"

"Please, sir. I did not know," mildly protested the Lizard. "I can't read, sir."

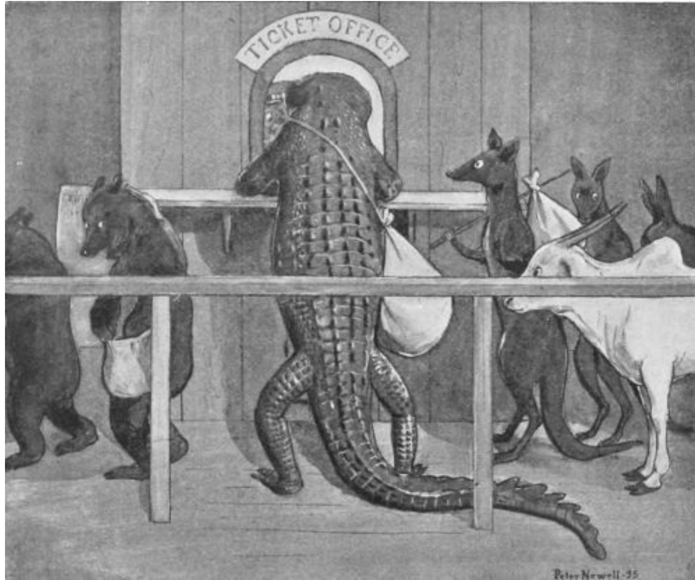
"Well, don't you know that the pauper, the insane, and the illiterate are not allowed on this Ark?" roared

the Bull, apparently deriving much pleasure out of the fact that he was scaring the Lizard half to death. The little fellow did not in the least understand the meaning of these big words, but he was so frightened by the Bull's ferocious manner that he turned away and scurried frantically down the gang-plank, and hid under a big stone in the sand.

"How awfully mean for the Bull to talk like that to such a little animal!" whispered Tommy to the ex-Pirate.

"That's what he always does. Never takes a fellow his size," answered the ex-Pirate. "He bullies the little ones: that's why he's called a Bull."

Presently a Crocodile came stamping up the gang-plank. He had a business-like expression in his eye, and a cold sarcastic smile displayed his glistening rows of sharp teeth. He stepped right up to the ticket-window, and thrust his long snout in so suddenly that he almost knocked the Bull off his stool.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SENDING ME A MINIATURE TICKET LIKE THIS?"

"What do you mean by sending me a miniature ticket like this?" he shouted, fiercely.

The Bull stuttered, "I beg your pardon, sir; but won't you allow me to look at the ticket?"

The Crocodile passed the paper in.

"Oh, it's all a mistake," began the Bull, apologetically. "I assure you it is all a mistake—"

"I should say it was," interrupted the Crocodile, who appeared to be in an exceedingly unpleasant frame of mind. "Do you think for a moment that I am going to take any such accommodations as that? Do you think I can sleep in any berth that was built for a Lizard?"

"It's a mistake," repeated the Bull, affably. "Your quarters are on the main-deck, starboard side, No. 417," and he passed out the ticket he had taken away from the Lizard.

The Crocodile did not appear satisfied. He stuck his nose through the window again and shouted:

"Well, I want satisfaction! I want satisfaction, and I'm going to have it—"

But the crowd of animals in line behind the Crocodile, tired of waiting, gave a push that sent the latter past the window and out into the main hall, still mumbling something about "satisfaction." The Bull looked out of his office, much relieved, and shouted down the line,

"Somebody tell that Lizard he can come in."

It did not take so long as Tommy thought it would for all the animals to get on board. When the last one had passed in, preparations were made to haul up the gang-plank, for the wind had freshened, the skies had darkened, and the general appearance of the heavens betokened the approaching storm. Just as the big plank was about to be taken aboard, faint voices were heard from the ground outside:

"Wait a moment! wait a moment!" they cried. "Wait for us; we're almost there!"

It was the Turtles. By so close a margin did they get into the Ark. The Bull scolded them as they passed, and then slammed down the window, and the Gopher, on the rafter next to Tommy, heaved a sigh of relief.

Soon afterwards it began to rain. The big drops fell noisily upon the shingled roof of the Ark, and pattered on the window-panes.

"What is that noise?" asked a little Armadillo.

"That's the rain, dear," replied its parent.

"Oh no," said the little one; "the reindeer are sleeping down-stairs."

And then there was a great jolt, and the Ark floated off on the flood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The interscholastic matches at Newport promise to be more interesting this year than ever before. The game put up by the various players who are to represent the schools in the national tournament has been of so much higher an order than that of any previous season, that it has attracted more than the usual amount of attention from sportsmen not directly interested in the schools. There is better material blossoming this

August than has come forward for many years, and most of it is coming out of the schools. The new players who are making themselves prominent are all young men—not men who have been playing many years and have finally developed skill. Thus it is very evident that the formation of the Interscholastic Tennis Association has been a good thing, and if properly supported—as I have no doubt it will be—it is bound to aid materially the progress and refinement of the game. It means the early development of good players and a higher standard in inter-collegiate tennis. Already interscholastic tennis, in its first champion, has given us a national representative who last year saved our trophy from foreign hands.

The history or the movement may be summed up in few words. It was initiated by the Harvard University Lawn-Tennis Club at the suggestion of its secretary, William D. Orcutt, in 1891, when the first tournament was held upon the college grounds, Saturday, May 2d, ten schools having replied to the circulars and letters by sending representatives—twenty-five in all. The tournament, played off in two days without a default, was won by R. D. Wrenn, of the Cambridge Latin School, and created no small amount of interest both in college and schools as the large audience at the courts testified. From this beginning grew the idea of an Interscholastic Association, with an annual tournament as a national fixture. In 1892, therefore, Harvard sent out further circulars inviting preparatory schools to send representatives to a second tournament, to be held under the auspices of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association, by the Harvard Club, with the intention of forming a permanent association of the schools at a meeting to be called on the day of the tournament. In response sixty-six entries were received, representing at least twenty-four schools. The tournament, held May 7th, was won by M. G. Chace, another who has since distinguished himself among our ranked players, and afterwards, as had been proposed, the association was formed.

The formation of the Harvard Interscholastic Association was an incentive to other colleges to attempt similar organizations, and in 1893, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia started such associations, and held tournaments. The four winners of these events met that year in Newport, at the time of the national tournament, to determine the Interscholastic champion, and again in 1894, after similar preparatory tournaments.

The following table shows the Interscholastic champions up to date:

Year.	Played at.	Singles.	School.
1891	Cambridge	R. D. Wrenn	Cambridge Latin.
1892	Cambridge	M. G. Chace	Univ. Grammar, Prov.
1893	Newport	C. R. Budlong	High, Providence.
1894	Newport	W. G. Parker	Tutor, New York.

These Interscholastic lists have already introduced several fine tennis players. R. D. Wrenn is the present national champion. M. G. Chace ranked fourth in the ten of 1893, and by the new method is in '94 ranked in Class 2. C. R. Budlong entered the first ten the year of his interscholastic championship, and now, with W. G. Parker, is placed in Class 4, (1/2 15). It is natural that the older players should watch the ranks of the interscholastics with some interest, for it is here that the coming players are most apt to show themselves first.

This year the contestants at Newport will be L. E. Ware, Roxbury Latin School, of the Harvard I.S.L.-T.A.; M. W. Beaman, Lawrenceville, of the Princeton I.S.L.-T.A.; and Waltz, Leal's School of the Columbia I.S.L.-T.A. J. P. Sheldon, Jun., of Hotchkiss Academy, Lakeville, won the Yale Interscholastic tournament, but may not be able to be present at Newport this week. Of these four players the chances seem in favor of Ware, who has already some practical tournament experience to back his good play. Last year he won the Harvard Interscholastic, but was defeated at Newport by W. G. Parker, winner of the championship. At Longwood, last year, he showed excellent form in his match against Larned, from whom he won the first two sets, and at Saratoga he was "runner-up" in the tournament for the New York State Championship. This season he has also appeared in several tournaments. At Longwood, having reached the semi-final round, he lost to M. D. Whitman, whom he had before defeated in the Harvard Interscholastic. In the double contests at Elmira, Ware and W. M. Scudder played a close match in the finals against Fisher and Paret. In his game, Ware's strong ground stroke, quick judgment, and self-possession give good promise of a future player.

The names of the other three contestants do not figure so conspicuously in large tournaments. Sheldon has played in Western State championships, winning in Ohio, but he has not had the experience of Ware against our best Eastern players. He easily won the Yale Interscholastic, not losing a set even to the winner of that event last year. He is good both back and at the net, placing with some accuracy, and certainly in these preliminary contests he showed a very good understanding of the game. If he keeps his steadiness and coolness under the excitement of closely contested matches he should prove a formidable adversary for Ware. Concerning Beaman and Waltz it is more difficult to pass judgment, these, as yet, having given little public exhibition of their games. Waltz ranks as a third-rate local player, having been easily beaten in local matches by the Miles and by Holcombe Ward at Orange.

It is to be regretted that Whitman is ineligible for the Newport event, for he is a strong man, and has shown wonderful improvement since Ware defeated him on Holmes Field in May. He is sure to become a prominent player in the early future. Some of the other good men that the schools have produced, and who will doubtless be at Newport, are Beals, Wright, Henderson, and Moeran of Southampton, and Palmer of Hobokus.

It cannot be debated that larger co-operation by the different colleges in this field of interscholastic tennis would be of the greatest benefit to the game in this country. It would offer early incentive to young players throughout the land, and carry a step further the general system of sectional tournaments already instituted by the central association to spur our players to greater and more scientific effort. The contests last year at Newport, and again this spring at the Neighborhood Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, where our men came in contact with foreigners, brought out both our weakness and our strength; it showed clearly that our worst fault is the unsteadiness of American players. That this early tournament playing, accustoming young men to watch their strokes and play carefully, must aid in remedying this evil among the rising players hardly needs to be pointed out, while the new opportunity of meeting equal or better players must also promote skill and brilliancy in play. Add to this the closer contact of school and college, and there seems strong argument for the more vigorous support of such a cause.

In less than a month football will be taking up most of the time and attention that school athletes can devote to sport. The coming season should be a notable one in the history of the game too, for it will show whether or not the schools are going to allow themselves to be influenced by the better or the worse element that is identified with the game. The better element is the one which has been trying for years to arrange a code of rules that would purge the sport as much as possible of opportunities for the practice of rough and unsportsmanlike methods. The other element is the one which has been trying for just as many years to evade the rules laid down. If the school players will frown upon all unfair methods, and refuse to countenance sharp practice in the game, if they will insist upon adhering to the spirit as well as to the letter of the law, they will soon swell the ranks of the better element of football men to such proportions that the other class will find itself entirely overruled.

It is unfortunate that we should be forced to admit that sharp practice occurs in football to a greater extent, probably, than in any other sport. But, nevertheless, I think this is true. More acts of meanness are performed in the course of one football game almost than in a whole season of baseball or tennis or track athletics. Men will punch and kick one another when the referee is not looking, and they will resort to all sorts of small tricks that they would blush to acknowledge afterwards. But, remember, this is not the fault of the game, it is the fault of the man. And the endeavor of every true sportsman should be to get this sort of man out of the way. We don't want him. He does more harm than good, even if he is the best player on the eleven.

It is considered clever by many to do as many small and mean acts as possible in a match game of football. To resort to petty practices is looked upon by them as good playing. But there is no good playing, except fair and honest playing. These same men who will kick their opponents in the shins when the umpire is not looking are those who encourage players to attend school during the football season, not caring whether they remain afterwards or not. It is surprising how much of this is done, and I have actually heard men say (instead of refusing to play with a team composed of such men) that they, too, have hired or obtained players to meet their rivals' crooked tactics. What an argument! Where would the ethics of sport end up if such logic were to be accepted? Why cannot we all become thoroughly imbued with the idea of sport for sport's sake only? We do not play to *win*. We play for the sake of playing—for the sake of the sport, the exercise, the fellowship, and good blood that is to result.

Last year and the year before there was more than one school in the Connecticut High-School League that resorted to practices not entirely consistent with true sportsmanship. I speak of these now because my attention has been directly called to them, and because I believe from personal investigation that they were guilty certainly of a portion of the misdeeds that rumor credited them with. In the other scholastic football associations I have known of irregularities, but of none quite so flagrant as those of Connecticut. There several football players have suddenly been seized with a desire to attend school just as the season opened, and have lost all inclination to study immediately after Thanksgiving.

It is, of course, impossible to say outright that these men are improperly induced to enter school, for such a thing is very hard to prove. But it is perfectly just to say that no Captain of an amateur eleven or of a school eleven should allow any man to play on his team whom he does not believe to be a *bona fide* scholar who means to remain in school until the end of the year—a scholar who has come to learn what is taught in the class-room, not what is practised on the football field.

It is ridiculous for any Captain to assert that he does not know what the men on his team intend doing a month hence. It is his business as Captain to know this. He should know where his players come from, how long they are to be in school, and all about their football experience. If he does not know all this he is a mighty poor Captain, and ought to be replaced. And the Captain who allows a man to play on his eleven whom he suspects of having intentions of leaving school before the year closes is not a fit leader for an honest school's football team, and should likewise be replaced. The best Captain in the end is the most honest Captain, and the most honest Captain is the best sportsman.

While speaking of sportsmen and sportsmanship I should like to call the attention of all the readers of this Department to a definition of "sportsman," published in the "Amateur Sport" columns of *Harper's Weekly* of August 17th: "A sportsman engages in sport for sport's sake only, and does by others as he would be done by. A 'sporting man' or 'sport' enters sport for mercenary motives, and prefers to 'do' others." This is only one sentence from a very good sermon. I recommend the entire article to every one interested in the welfare of sport.

The Academic Athletic League of California has track-athletic sports as well as football in the autumn term. Their next semi-annual field-day is to be held September 28th, and from present reports the new material in the schools is going to make a showing. As the meet is to be held on the University of California track, which has the fastest 100-yard course on the Coast, the A.A.L. sprinting records, which are at present 10-4/5 and 25-1/5 secs., ought to be reduced. Parker, Hamlin, and Chick are the most promising men to do the work, Chick being a new man and a brother of the University of California sprinter. Lynch of the B.H.-S. has gone to Oakland to live, and will wear the O.H.-S. colors at the next field-day. He has improved greatly in his hammer throwing. The O.H.-S. team, by-the-way, stands a good chance of retaining the interscholastic championship of the Coast, and if the teams are increased from seven to ten men, as is now proposed, the other schools will have to work hard to defeat them.

The California school athletes certainly go ahead of their Eastern brethren in enthusiasm and true love of sport. This Department has for some time been urging the formation of a general Interscholastic Association; but as yet nothing has been done toward any such organization, although I understand that active steps in this direction are to be taken here as soon as the schools open next month. It may be due to the long summer vacation that nothing has been done yet. But in California interest in sport seems to be so lively that there is no vacation interference. In a recent letter from Oakland, one of the prominent men of the A.A.L. says: "In regard to your proposition for a general American Interscholastic League, I can say that it meets with the approval of the boys here, and we would be glad to join it if it is formed. The only difficulty to our participating in such a field-day would be the expense for travelling to and fro. If we joined such a league we would try to raise the necessary sixteen hundred dollars. For it would take that much, at least, which is quite a good deal for High-School boys to raise. Will you kindly let me know of any advances in this direction, and also give me an outline of what is intended?"

With such a spirit as is displayed in this letter the sportsmanship of the Pacific coast is bound to thrive. These lads are not only willing to join the Interscholastic Association at once, but they believe they can

collect enough money to pay expenses to come East and be present at the first meet. I hope they will have the chance, and from the letters I have received from sportsmen along the Atlantic seaboard, I believe that in a very few months the much-needed association of the schools of the country will be in running order. Perhaps one reason why the Californians are so anxious to come here and try their skill is that they believe they can win. Their records are not up to those of the Eastern leagues, but another writer from the A.A.L. says: "One of the University of California team told me the Eastern schoolboys are clever, but that an Oakland High-School team could pull a field-day away from the best school of 'em. That makes me wish we had a 220 straight-away here to see how Dawson and Woolsey would appear alongside of Syme." Dawson holds the local high-hurdles record at 19-1/4 sec., and Woolsey holds the low-hurdles record at 31 sec. The sticks are 3 ft. 6 in. and 2 ft. 6 in. high, respectively.

In other matters of sport the Californians are just as progressive as they are in their desire to come East. They have recognized the justness of the Round Table's advocacy of uniformity in field and track programmes, and are trying to adjust the A.A.L. list to the university schedule. They have already adopted a 440-yard run, which they did not have before, and at an early meeting of the executive committee on athletics a motion will be made to use a 16-lb. hammer instead of a 12-lb. weight at the coming games. The shot is already a sixteen-pounder.

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 as far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

One of the greatest "finds" in the history of stamp collecting has just been made in Kansas City. The letters of an old firm were about to be destroyed when the attention of a stamp-collector was called to them. He immediately bought the entire lot of letters for a small sum. Among the lot were about one hundred letters each bearing one or more of the rare St. Louis stamps issued in 1843, and remaining in use until 1847. The 5c. stamp has hitherto brought from $150 to $200 at auction; the 10c. about $75, and the only copy of the 20c. in the market was sold in 1894 by the veteran dealer J. W. Scott, usually called "the father of philately," to a collector in Bangor, Maine, for $1500. This gentleman, it is said, refused an offer of $2500 for the stamp.

In this new lot are a number of pairs of all three varieties and several strips of three. The immediate result will probably be lower prices on all three St. Louis stamps, but the demand will probably fully equal the supply.

FRED.—No premium on the English shilling, 1817.

J. HALL.—Very few gold dollars were ever coined, and many have found their way to the melting-pot, or have been practically destroyed by conversion into bangles. Hence the dealers ask from $1.50 upward for all U.S. dollars in gold.

H. STEVENS.—It is impossible to give anything more than a rough estimate as to the number of stamp-collectors and dealers, or the value of the stamps now in existence in albums, or the amount of annual business done in stamps. I hope to give some statistics on all these points in a future issue.

M. C. W.—It would be very difficult to explain the differences in the Brazils and Guatemalas without illustrations, or within the narrow limits of this column. I congratulate you on your "find" of Wurtembergs.

R. B. HADDOCK.—The 1864 and 1866 2c. coppers are quoted by dealers at 10c. each for "good," and 50c. each for "fine."

PHILATUS.

AN ASTUTE SEA-LION.

It has always been a question in the minds of naturalists whether or not animals have any means of conversing or of communicating to one another more than the most elementary ideas of danger, hunger, and affection. It would seem from what lately happened at Lake Merced that seals, at least, must certainly have the powers of description and persuasion well developed. Lake Merced was at one time a favorite resort of fishermen from San Francisco. The trout that were pulled out of its quiet waters were said to be the best, but so much angling was done that the trout finally disappeared, and only carp were to be caught. Then the fish commissioners decided to stock the lake with muskallonge, in the hope that the latter would destroy the voracious carp, and eventually afford good catches themselves.

Lake Merced is not very far inland from Seal Rock, and in some manner an old sea-lion found his way from the ocean to the quieter waters beyond. He tasted of the carp and enjoyed his meal, and being a genial sort of a sea-lion, he returned to the rock, where he must have told his friends of his adventure. He must have told them, and he must have organized a picnic party, because the next night a number of seals flopped their way into Merced. Everything was just as the old lion had represented, and the band decided to remain.

Soon afterwards some employés of the commissioners drew a net across the lake to see how the muskallonge were getting on. The seals, now permanent residents of the lake, laughed loudly, after the fashion of their race, and waved their flappers at the net-men as if to encourage them to keep on and find out how many muskallonge were left. For the muskallonge had got to the last dozen or so of carp, and the sea-lions had gobbled the muskallonge, and only a few cat-fish were found in the lake.

The seals are still in Merced, but there is a firm conviction in the minds of those who live near by that unless the lake is stocked again the greedy fellows will return to the rock in the sea.

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HARPER A BROTHERS, New York, N.Y.

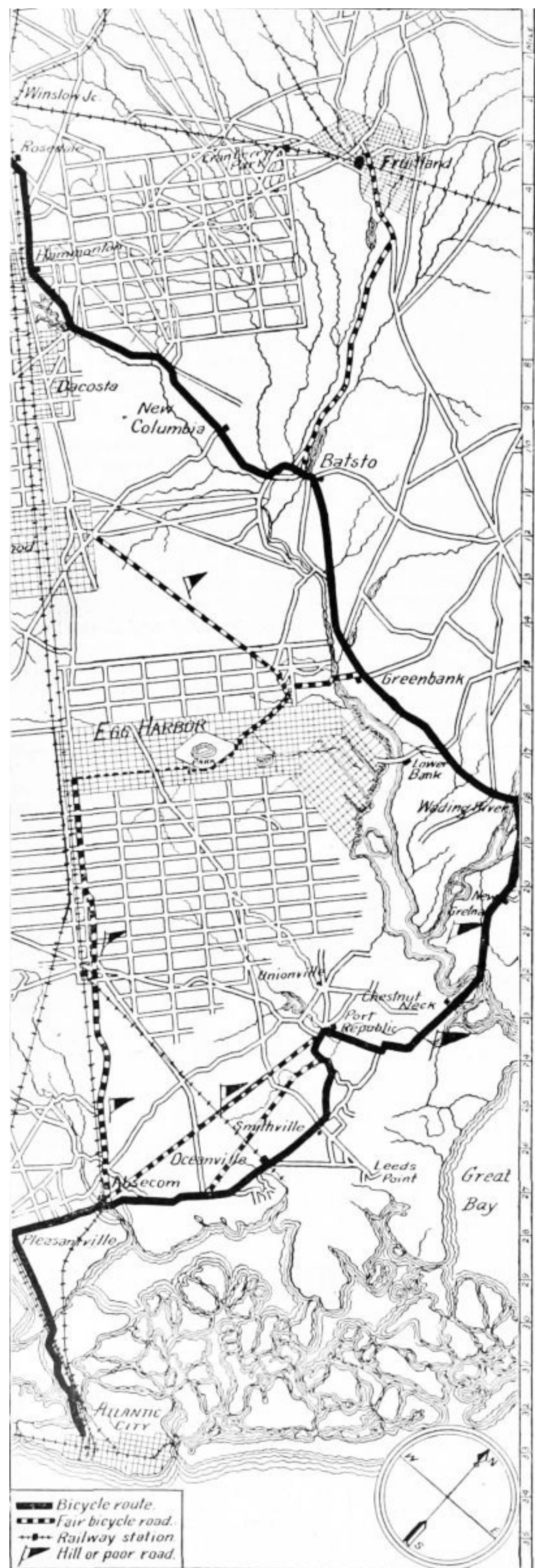
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being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

Continuing the trip from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, the first stage of which was given in the Round Table for last week, we start from Hammonton. The run from here to Atlantic City is somewhat roundabout, owing to the nature of the country through which you must pass, and the run is about forty miles in all. Leaving Hammonton proceed through New Columbia, five miles away, to Batsto. The condition of the road is not of the best; but there are almost no hills, and the side path will, in many places, save you a good deal of hard riding. There is no difficulty in finding the road, except about three miles and a half out of New Columbia you should keep to the left at a fork in the roads. From Batsto to Greenbank is five miles over a gravel road in capital condition, and from this point on to Wading River and New Gretna there will be little or no difficulty in finding the way. The road becomes poorer as you approach Wading River, and the side paths should be resorted to wherever possible.

There are several bridges to be crossed during this part of the ride, from Greenbank to Chestnut Neck, and indeed there are a number of bridges over the entire route. It may not be out of place to say a word, therefore, about bicycle-riding over bridges. Most bridges in the country are composed of horizontal supports, running lengthwise with the bridge, along the tops of wooden posts. Across these at right angles to the direction of the bridge are laid logs, sometimes nailed down to the supports underneath, sometimes not fastened at all. If they are nailed the wood wears away quickly, and the heads of the nails stick up perhaps half an inch, and offer one of the most admirable opportunities for puncture that could be found. Never ride over a bridge of this sort at speed, therefore, and always keep a line between the rows of nails, so that you may not run the chance of thrusting one of the nail-heads through your pneumatic tube. If you are riding at night, and want to be on the safe side, it is wise to dismount, and either carry or push the bicycle across the bridge.

From Greenbank to Chestnut Neck, through New Gretna, is twelve miles. From Chestnut Neck you should then proceed, following the main road, to Port Republic, Smithville, Oceanville, Absecom, a distance altogether of ten miles. Shortly after passing out of Chestnut Neck the rider must keep to the right at the fork, and run into Port Republic. On running out of Port Republic he should bear always to the left, going down through Smithville as described. There is a road direct to Absecom, as the map will show, but it is by no means as good a road, and passes over several hills, that can be avoided by following the main road, which runs along the valley. From Absecom to Pleasantville, a distance of three miles, the road is clear enough. At Pleasantville a sharp turn to the left should be made, and the road thence to Atlantic City is very easily followed. It follows the track until after crossing the bridge, then crosses the track and follows it to Atlantic City on the other side. This part of the road is in moderately good condition, considering that it is so near the water, and that the sand and gravel do not readily admit of good hard road bed.

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. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825.



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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.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 13.

DARK-ROOM HINTS.

In guides to photography, directions are always given for varnishing the negative, but with ordinary care a negative need not be varnished except for the purpose of retouching. Retouching means covering the spots in the film with some non-actinic substance. Small spots are covered by touching them lightly with a rather soft lead-pencil. Sometimes water-color is used applied with a delicate brush, and sometimes crayons are used.

It is not necessary to varnish a negative in order to retouch it; for a fluid can be bought for this purpose, called "retouching fluid," which is applied locally with a piece of surgeon's cotton. To "apply locally" means to put the fluid on the part of the plate which needs retouching, instead of covering the whole plate. A bottle of retouching fluid costs twenty-five cents, and will last a long time. Full directions for use come with each bottle.

Fine retouching is an art, but the amateur can easily learn to cover the spots in his negative which would disfigure or spoil his prints.

The small clear spots on negatives are usually caused by dust on the plate. They make what are called pin-holes, and wherever these occur in the negative a black spot will show on the print. Amateurs are often advised to dust their plates with a brush before placing them in the holders. It requires a very soft brush and a careful hand to dust a sensitive plate without scratching the film, and if the plate-holders and camera-bellows are wiped frequently with a damp cloth there will be little danger of pin-holes from dust spots in the sensitive plate.

Transparent spots in the negative are caused by air-bubbles forming on the plate when the developer is turned over it, and the bubbles not being broken, the developer does not have a chance to act on the film.

Larger spots on the plate or near the edge, which seem less intense than the rest of the negative, are caused by the plate not being covered all at once with the developer. The undeveloped plate should be placed in the tray and the developing solution turned over it quickly with a sort of sweeping motion, and the tray rocked in all directions till the plate is completely covered.

Never place a negative in sunshine or near a stove to dry. The heat causes the gelatine to melt and run off the plate. If for any reason one wishes to dry a negative quickly, wash it, after removing it from the hypo, for about half an hour, wipe off the water with a piece of damp surgeon's cotton, lay the negative in the tray, and cover it with alcohol. Let it remain in the alcohol for a minute or two, then take it out and set it up to dry. It will dry in from five to ten minutes, ready for printing.

Sometimes in warm weather the edges of the sensitive plate will come loose from the glass. This is called "frilling," and occurs when the developer is too warm. If the plate begins to frill, remove it to a dish of cold water, and lower the temperature of the developer by setting it for a few minutes in a dish of ice-water. The temperature of solutions should not rise above 85°, or sink below 65° if good results are desired.

In a later paper full directions will be given for retouching negatives, improving the high-lights, blocking out backgrounds, etc. But these belong to the finer part of the mechanical work of photography.

> SIR KNIGHT GLOVER BEARDSLEY, Auburn, New York, asks: 1, if one can use a ruby light safely when putting a plate in the holder; 2, if a plate should be left in the water after being taken from the hypo, or if it can be washed off and put to dry at once; 3, in the formula for making blue prints, where it says add one and one-half ounce of citrate of iron and ammonium, if it means three-quarters ounce each, and does it mean the ammonium in a liquid or solid form. 1. One may use a ruby light with safety in filling plate-holders. It is wise not to hold the plate too near the light. 2. Negatives should be washed at least half an hour in running water, and one hour if one has not running water, changing the water four or five times. 3. "Citrate of iron and ammonium" is a double salt formed of ferric citrate and citrate of ammonium, and comes in brown shining leaflets. Ask for "citrate of iron and ammonium" when buying the ingredients for the formula.

> SIR KNIGHT A. SMITH, Trenton, New Jersey, asks for a good developing solution, how to polish ferrotype plates, and how to keep films from curling when drying. Makers of dry plates always put in each box of dry plates formulas for developing, with full directions for preparation and use. These will always be found reliable. In No. 786 will be found a simple developer for instantaneous pictures, and we shall shortly publish a set of formulas with full directions for use. In Nos. 797 and 805 will be found directions for preparing a ferrotype plate so that prints will not stick. If the prints are trimmed before toning, they can be pasted before removing from the ferrotype, and thus most of the gloss made by the plate will be retained. Films may be kept from curling by soaking the film, after fixing and washing, in a solution of one-quarter ounce of glycerine and 16 ounces of water. Pin them at the corners to a flat board, removing all drops of water with a soft cloth. Set the board in an upright position till the films are dry. Do not use any more glycerine than the proportions given, as it will make the negatives sticky.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—[*Adv.*]

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Notice to all members.

It is desired to correct the Order's records, especially all changes in addresses. The new Patent is now ready, and all will want it. It is far handsomer than the old certificate. We make a special request, therefore, to all Founders and members to send us at once their names and permanent addresses. Use

English capital letters, which you can easily make with your pen, and spell out in full at least one Christian or given name.

A "given" name is the name given you by your parents, as distinguished from your last name, which you have from your father. Use a postal card, not a letter, and put no other matter upon it. Address the card Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York, and put in the lower left-hand corner the words "Round Table." On the back of the card write the letter "A," and follow it with name, as directed, and address in full—street and number if any, town or city, and State. If you are a Founder, write that word in full anywhere on the card. Your new Patent will then bear that word. If you were not a Founder, do not use the word.

Remember that if a certificate was ever issued to you, you are still a member, no matter if you have now passed your eighteenth birthday. Chapter officers are asked to send, on postal cards, names and addresses of their Chapter members. They are also asked to send names of any grown-up friends of the Chapter whom they may wish to honor by making them Patrons of the Round Table Order.

All who have not passed their eighteenth birthday, even if not formerly members, are urged to send postal cards as directed. So, too, are grown folks interested in the Order. If you have passed your eighteenth birthday, and have not previously held a certificate of membership, send your name and address and use the letter "D." Members are urged to send names and addresses of their friends, that we may give Patents to them. Your teacher may be made a Patron.

To all who comply with these suggestions we will send Patents in the Order, bearing their names, creating them Founders, Knights, Ladies, or Patrons. The advantages of belonging to the Order will be attached—and there are many. We will also send our prize offers for 1895-6, in which money incentives are to be offered for pen-drawing, story-writing, poems, nonsense verses, entertainment programmes, photography, and music settings, and for distributing some advertising matter about Harper's Round Table.

This matter consists of announcements and a Handy Book. The latter is a neat memorandum-book, which, besides blank pages, contains lists of words often misspelled, interscholastic sport records, a calendar, list of books to read, hints about amateur newspapers, how to get into West Point, values of rare stamps and coins, and a great number of other useful facts.

Of course no member or Patron is required or even asked to undertake this work any more than they are asked to compete for prizes. Many members wish to earn the rewards offered by the Table, and to all such we desire to offer the first chance. These rewards consist of Order badges in silver and gold, rubber stamps bearing your name and address, fifty visiting cards with the copper plate, and a very limited number, because we have only a few copies, of bound volumes of Harper's Young People for 1893 or 1894. These rewards are offered, not for subscriptions, but for giving printed matter to your friends. The offer is limited, since we can allow only one member or Patron to accept it in each town or neighborhood.

We repeat that the Order has no "have to's." But it has many literary and prize advantages. We want the names and permanent addresses again in order to correct our records. To all who send us such we forward the Order's new Patent and our prize offers. Use a postal card—and write as soon as convenient.

Who can give Us a Morsel on This?

> An experience I once had with a garter-snake leads me to believe that the family to which it belongs consists of more than one variety. One warm day in May, while scouring the woods in search of something of interest, I came upon a small pool at the edge of the woods, seemingly a drinking-place for cattle. Yet the water was black with a myriad of tadpoles, presided over by a monster frog—the largest I have ever seen. I was interested in the queer little wigglers, and did not notice the approach of a large snake, making its way to the pool, till it had taken its fill of water, as I then supposed. I quickly picked up a stone and killed the snake, at first thinking it to be a water-adder. A second glance showed it to be an unusually large garter-snake, less brilliantly striped than any I had before seen.
>
> I was about to leave the pool when I saw that the reptile's paunch was considerably swollen, and that in it some live creature was imprisoned. This aroused my curiosity, and in another moment I had opened the paunch. To my astonishment seven squirming tadpoles wriggled out upon the ground. I placed them in the pool, and all swam off as briskly as before they had, Jonah-like, been swallowed by a hungry monster.
>
> Since this experience I have questioned in vain whether or not there is a separate variety of the garter-snake which lives in or near the water; or whether the snake was of the common variety, and simply forced by hunger to make a meal of tadpoles. Can some one enlighten me?
>
> Vincent V. M. Beede, R.T.F.
> East Orange, N. J.

One Way to Learn.

One of the best ways to broaden one's mental horizon, to make one think of more than the familiar things about him, is to enter into correspondence with persons who live in distant States and countries. You can find such correspondents in a variety of ways. Look in your geography and see the name of a town in a far distant part of the country. Perhaps it is a small village. It has a principal of a public school. Write him a letter, briefly stating your purpose, and ask him for the name of a pupil who wishes to correspond with you.

Are you interested in stamps, bugs, butterflies, minerals, rocks, plants, autographs, cameras, amateur papers—anything? Enclose in your letter a good specimen. It will interest somebody and hardly fail to bring

you a response. You can also find addresses through Sunday-school teachers, Round Table Chapters, etc. Or you can, upon meeting a friend, ask him or her for names of relatives who might like to correspond, trade specimens, etc.

Use your ingenuity to find persons with the same hobby as your own. When you find them, write them a really good letter; that is, treat them well, not ill. Do not ask any one to excuse blots in letters. Busy business men even do not do that. They write the letter over again, and their time is more valuable than yours. Never say, "That isn't the best I could do, but it is good enough." Only the best is good enough. Treat your correspondents well, and you will derive much of both knowledge and pleasure from them.

A Fire by the Esquimaux Method.

I read about the Esquimaux method of lighting fires in *Snow-shoes and Sledges*. I had read about the method before, but had always been somewhat sceptical on the subject. But as the directions were plainer than any I had previously seen, I thought I would try it myself. I procured a piece of soft pine and worked a hole in it with my knife. The pencil I made of oak, and the piece that went on top of the pencil I made of whitewood.

I then took an old bow, and taking the string off, put on a larger one about an eighth of an inch in diameter. I took a turn of this around the oak pencil, and drew the bow back and forth. At first I could perceive no fire, but before long, to my surprise, the wood began to smoke, and when I took the pencil out I found it was somewhat charred. I have tried it several times since with more or less success. I would like to know whether any one else has tried this experiment, and how they have succeeded.

I would like some correspondents.

Cassius Morford.
Banfield, Mich.

Questions and Answers.

Avis K. Smith, Box 84, San Luis Obispo, Cal., wants to hear from a Chapter that admits corresponding members. Gérasime Dubois, 21 Chaussie du Vouldy, Troyes, Champagne, France, is a French Knight of the Order, and wants to correspond in French, German, or English, to improve his own and his correspondents' language construction. He will write in any or all of the languages. O. Prussack, R. T. K., 84 Norfolk Street, New York, wants to join a literary Chapter.

Elizabeth A. Hyde, 1458 Euclid Place, N. W., Washington, D. C., wants to hear from other Washington members willing to help her get up an entertainment in that city in aid of the School Fund. S. L. Barksdale, a Mississippi Knight, says he has a good many correspondents. It is their custom, besides describing places each may have visited, to propound questions. They differ about answers sometimes, and so they send us five questions, agreeing to abide by our decisions. What is the Flower City and what the Flour City? Springfield, Ill. and Rochester. N. Y. respectively. How does a spider get his web from one tree to another? How does he spin a round web? How does he keep lines the same distance apart? And what keeps him from falling?

The spider possesses no special ability to get from one tree to another. He depends upon the wind generally. He spins a single thread long enough to reach across and then trusts to the wind. If the end attaches itself at what he deems the wrong place, he goes over it where it is, or around by way of the ground and adjusts it. He makes the web regular, both in size and distances apart, because he possesses mathematical and mechanical instinct, just as does the bee, only in less degree. He keeps from falling by clinging to his web. He possesses no peculiar power in this respect over other insects. We cannot express an opinion whether a certain firm is reliable or not. The price of Abbott's *Life of Napoleon* is $5 in cloth.

The rules of knucks up, with marbles, vary greatly. Here is one way to play it: Dig three holes in the ground three inches in diameter and four feet or more apart. The first player starting at the first hole tries to get his marble into the second hole. If he succeeds he takes a span with his hand and proceeds to the third; if he fails, the next player follows. Should he manage to get into the hole, he plays again, and can either try for the third hole or try to knock his opponent further away from the hole. He also has the privilege of a span. If he should hit his opponent's marble, the hit counts another hole for him, but he must put his marble into the hole he was playing for before he can shoot at his opponent's marble. There is a point to be gained in carrying your opponent's marble from hole to hole. You can finish the game in this way.

The players continue in this way until one or the other has gone up and down three times. The player who has lost the game places his clinched fist on one side of any of the holes, with his marble in front of his fist. The winner gets on the opposite side. He then takes aim, closes his eyes, and shoots. He does this three times, his eyes closed, and every time he misses, or hits his opponent's marble, he has to put his knuckles up on his side of the hole while the loser shoots at them. These are called the "blind" shots. Then he shoots three times at the loser's knuckles with his eyes open. These shots he very seldom misses. It is best not to have too many players, because there is likely to be confusion in the marbles and the holes. You can also play partners in the same way.

The largest city in the United States is New York, and its population, recently enumerated, is only a little below 2,000,000. The following States fought for the Southern cause of 1861, passing secession ordinances on dates in the order named: South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee. The States of Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware refused to secede, but passed ordinances declaring themselves to be neutral.

A VILLAGE OF CHESS-PLAYERS.

We learn from a foreign journal that the village of Stroebeck is known throughout the whole of Germany as the "chess-playing village." For centuries every native of that village, from the prosperous freeholder down to the poor shepherd, has been an enthusiastic and a more or less efficient chess-player.

From time immemorial the knowledge and love of the game have been handed down from one generation to another, and parents are still in the habit of teaching it to their children as soon almost as they are able to walk. It is one of the regular subjects taught at the village school.

Once a year, at Easter, the children's knowledge of the game is tested by a kind of examination conducted by an examining committee of peasants, of which the clergyman is the president and the school-master the vice-president. Forty-eight of the scholars are selected by lot, and matched against each other by a similar method. The twenty-four winners in the series of single combats then enter upon a second struggle among themselves, and the remaining twelve on the third. The six winners in the threefold contest are declared the champion players of the school. They each receive a prize, consisting of a chess-board and chessmen, and are escorted home by their parents and friends after the manner of the Olympian victors among the ancient Greeks. Afterwards a feast is given in their honor to which all the friends and relations are invited.

MARSHMALLOW PASTE AND CANDIES.

Dissolve five ounces of best white gum-arabic in twenty table-spoonfuls of water, and strain it. Put it with a pound of powdered sugar into a basin, and place this basin in another containing water. A farina or double boiler is especially good to use for this cooking. Stir constantly till the mass is very stiff and very white. Divide the paste while still hot into parts, flavoring one with vanilla, another with rose and a few drops of pink coloring matter, and another with orange-flower water, if strong and fresh. Then pour the paste into tin dishes dusted with corn-starch. When cool divide into squares with a sharp knife, using it with a quick stroke. A variety of candy can be made with this paste by dipping the squares when perfectly cold in fondant. The fondant should be melted in small quantities, and each portion differently colored and flavored. From marshmallow paste is made another attractive candy, called Neapolitan nougat. Make the marshmallow paste as before, but when thick and white add the well-beaten white of an egg. When well blended remove the mass from the fire, flavor with vanilla, and add a pound of blanched, chopped almonds, and an ounce of pistache nuts, also blanched and chopped. When well mixed press into a box, and when cold cut into bars and wrap each bar in double waxed paper. As this candy will not keep long put it into an airtight box.

Elisabeth R. Scovil in her book, "The Care of Children," recommends the use of Ivory Soap for bathing infants, and says: "There is no particular virtue in Castile Soap, which has long been consecrated to this purpose."

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STORIES BY GRANDMA.

REMARKABLE HARVEST OF WILD ANIMALS.

"Grandma," said Ralph, "what did Uncle James go to Borneo for?"

"Well, I declare," answered Grandma; "who ever said that anybody ever went anywhere?"

"You did, Grandma, you know you did; you're trying now to get out of telling me a story."

"But telling you what he went to Borneo for isn't a story."

"No; but it's a good start for one," insisted Ralph.

"Well, then, he went there for his health, I believe," answered Grandma.

"What was the trouble with his health?"

"The doctor said he had indigestion."

"So he went to Borneo, did he?"

"Yes."

"But you are *so* tantalizing, Grandma. Why is Borneo good for indigestion?"

"Well, the doctor advised him to exercise by riding horseback. He told your uncle that the shaking up which it would give him would be good for him. But he didn't like to ride, so he went to Borneo instead."

"Well, I don't understand it at all," and Ralph drew a long breath and looked deeply perplexed.

"Why, you see the earthquakes there come so often that they keep a person bouncing up and down just as if he were riding horseback all the time—so your uncle said. He would often tell, too, of what a good place it was to sleep, because there are three or four earthquakes every night which toss you up and turn you over and save you the trouble."

"I don't hardly *think* I'd like it," said Ralph.

"Perhaps not," returned Grandma. "It makes some people nervous. He said himself that it was the most fidgety and excitable island that he was ever on. It would be a good place to play jackstones—don't you think so?—the earthquake would toss 'em for you, and all you'd have to do would be to hold out your hand and look on."

Ralph smiled a little, then he said, "*Now* tell me the story about Uncle James and Borneo."

"Oh, dear; I thought perhaps you'd forgotten that. Well, you know Borneo is full of wild animals—lions and tigers and leopards and hyenas and jackals and ant-eaters and chimpanzees and—"

"What are jimpansies?" asked Ralph.

"Chimpanzees are a big kind of monkey—you've seen pictures of them. Your uncle James noticed that during every earthquake the animals were shaken all over the country. They would go rattling and rolling around on the ground everywhere, like pop-corn in a popper. He looked at the wild-animal-market reports in the newspapers and saw that they brought good prices to sell to circuses and park museums, so he made up his mind to catch a few ship-loads and send them back to this country.

"The first thing he did was to hire a hundred Chinamen. He set them at work digging a big hole in the ground. He made it two hundred feet long, a hundred feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep; and when it was

all done he went home to his bamboo house and waited for a big earthquake. In a day or two one came. It shook the animals out of the woods till the ground was all covered with them, rolling about everywhere. There was every kind of animal, from wild dogs and porcupines to elephants and hippopotami. They soon began to roll into the hole, and as the earthquake kept on it gradually filled up. Pretty soon it was full, and ferocious and bloodthirsty beasts were boiling up out of it just like foam out of a glass of soda-water—so I remember your uncle said. Then just as the earthquake stopped he went out with the Chinamen and put a big net over the hole, and staked it down all around; and there he had a hundred thousand bushels of fresh wild animals.

"As soon as he could, your uncle began to take out the animals and load them into freight cars to ship to the coast. He didn't get them out any too soon, either, because the earthquake had rattled all of the little ones to the bottom and the big ones to the top, and the little fellows were pretty nearly smothered. One chimpanzee was so cross over being squeezed that he hit an orang-outang on the nose, and if the men hadn't separated them there would have been a serious fight. There were a few natives mixed with the animals, so your uncle said; but he sorted them out very carefully, because he didn't want the folks he sold them to to say that he was trying to adulterate his animals with natives."

"That's a very *interesting* story," said Ralph, "but it seems to me that it is a pretty hard story to believe."

"It seems that way to me, too," replied Grandma. "But I suppose that is because we never travelled in distant lands. Perhaps when you grow up you can go to Borneo and see if you can find the hole in which your uncle caught the animals."

H. C.

At a recent School Board examination in India, where the task was an essay to be written on boys, the following was handed in by a girl of twelve years:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs; but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke too, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep; but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in Harper's Round Table No. 821.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, AUGUST 27, 1895 ***

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