

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Round Table, September 3, 1895, by
Various**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Round Table, September 3, 1895

Author: Various

Release Date: July 9, 2010 [EBook #33126]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1895 ***

[A FIGHT IN THE FOG.](#)
[THE SAD STORY OF THE MOUSE.](#)
[SHOOTING THE CHUTE.](#)
[OAKLEIGH.](#)
[CORPORAL FRED.](#)
[HINTS OF A RACING CAT-BOAT AND ITS CARE.](#)
[THE PUDDING STICK](#)
[ON BOARD THE ARK.](#)
[INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT](#)
[STAMPS](#)
[BICYCLING](#)
[THE CAMERA CLUB](#)

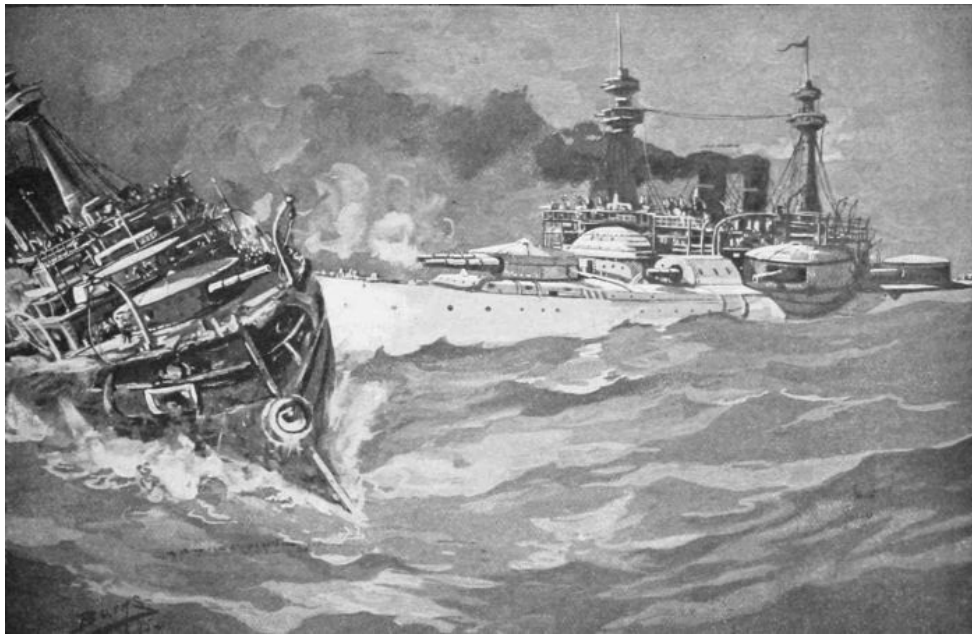


Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
VOL. XVI.—NO. 827.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A FIGHT IN THE FOG.

BY YATES STIRLING, JUN., ENSIGN U.S.N.

"All hands to muster!" rang out from the harsh throats of the boatswain's mates of the U.S.S. *Kearsarge*, and the crew came tumbling aft to the quarter-deck. They were as fine-looking a set of bluejackets as one would care to see, the cream of the navy and the naval reserve.

The new *Kearsarge* was cruising off the coast of Great Britain for the purpose of intercepting one of the enemy's finest cruisers, which was known to have recently left England, and was on the way to join her sister ships in her own country.

Every one aboard the American ship was wild to meet the enemy, and the *Kearsarge's* crew had not a fear that the fight would result differently from the one fought by her namesake forty-five years before.

The lookout had just reported smoke to the eastward, from which direction the enemy was expected. When all hands were "up and aft," the Captain addressed his men upon the impending conflict.

"Men," he said, "we are here to fight the most formidable of our enemy's cruisers. She is equal in every respect to the mighty ship upon which we stand. There are no chances in our favor. The battle will depend upon your coolness and courage.

"Men of the main battery, upon you depends the result of the action. Your target is the armored sides and turrets.

"Men of the secondary battery, your nerve and endurance are to be put to the crucial test. Your guns must be directed at the unarmored gun parts and torpedo tubes.

"Remember, all of you, a lucky shot may turn the tide of battle.

"Officers and men, upon you depends whether the new *Kearsarge* shall win a name as lasting and illustrious as did the noble ship from which that name was inherited.

"The eyes of the world are upon you."

A few minutes later the Captain and the executive officers are upon the forward bridge, discussing the minor details of the plan of action, and casting apprehensive glances at the low line of black smoke on the eastern horizon.

The former is a fine-looking young officer, who has been rapidly advanced to commanding rank through his zeal and untiring labors to perfect the navy of his country. [Pg 882]

Many an article from his pen on how a ship should be fought has been published in the scientific papers of America; but now he must put his theories to the test—to learn by experience, bitter or sweet, whether he merited the commendation which his numerous articles on naval science have won for him.

The *Kearsarge*, which was launched in 1900, is an armored cruiser of 9000 tons displacement, 420 feet in length, and 64 feet in breadth. The main battery consists of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, firing projectiles weighing 500 pounds; two mounted in a 10-inch armored turret forward on midship line, and two in a similarly placed turret aft, and four 8-inch breech-loading rifles, firing projectiles weighing 250 pounds, mounted two each in a 6-inch armored turret on either beam.

The secondary battery consists of twelve 5-inch rapid-fire guns and eight 6-pounders mounted in armored sponsons on a covered gun-deck. On her superstructure rail, about 15 feet above the spar-deck, she carries twelve 37-millimeter revolver cannon and four long 1-pounders. With this tremendous battery she can hurl two tons of steel from one broadside of her main battery every minute, and 362 pounds of steel from her secondary broadside every five seconds. The velocity of this metal on striking within battle-range would be about twenty-five miles a minute. The heavy shells, if striking within the biting angle, can penetrate the armor of any war-vessel afloat.

On her berth-deck she carries five torpedo-tubes with two automobile Whitehead torpedoes for each tube. The charge used is sufficient to sink any cruiser afloat if exploded within ten yards of her bottom plating.

The armor on her sides is 5 inches of steel, and her protective-deck is 3 inches in thickness.

Among the inventions which her Captain has given to his navy is a sound-detector, by means of which a sound can be magnified to a very great degree, and its direction accurately ascertained.

The *Kearsarge* had been fitted with one of these detectors before leaving the United States, for the Captain knew that many dense fogs would be met with off the English coast.

She has been cruising about in wait for her prey for over a week. The crew have been given incessant drill and sub-calibre target practice. The plan of attack has been discussed so often that it is known by all the officers.

The ship is "cleared for action." Every stanchion and boat-davit has been lashed to the deck. Every movable object on the deck below has been sent to the protective-deck to avoid, as far as possible, the danger from flying splinters.

The smoke on the horizon has approached, until now it is seen from the top to come from two smoke-pipes framed by something that looks suspiciously like two military fighting-masts.

The crew are gathered on the fore-castle. The enemy is now in sight, and the Captain's glass is upon her. A careful scrutiny shows her to be a war-vessel similar in appearance to his own. At a sign from him the drummer beats to "quarters." This sound calls every man to some station. The Captain goes to the conning-tower, a small heavily armored turret beneath the bridge. An aid enters with him to steer the ship by his direction from the wheel within. A small opening near the top gives the occupants a view around the horizon, and numerous speaking-tubes and telephones put them in communication with all the vital parts of the ship. Crews of twelve men each enter the turrets in charge of an officer. Steam is turned on the turret-engines. The guns on the deck below are divided between two divisions of men, each division in charge of a lieutenant, who has an ensign and midshipman as assistants.

The men are stripped to the waist, and their guns are ready for battle; division tubs are filled with water, and the decks are covered with sand. On the berth-deck hatches and scuttles are opened, tackles are hooked, and the cooks are hoisting powder and shell for the battery.

The torpedo clews are charging their deadly weapons with compressed air. Below the protective-deck are half-naked men in the magazines and shell rooms, handling the missiles that are soon to speed towards the approaching enemy.

Down in the depths of the steel hull the firemen feed the mighty furnaces to a white heat. It is all the same to them now as when the monsters are engaged in a death-struggle. The sounds of the discharges, of the explosion of shells, and the cries of the wounded will be too distant and muffled to give them an idea of what is going on in the world above them. The first news will come when the terrible torpedo explodes against their ship's side, dooming them to a watery grave, or the merciless ram sinks into its very bowels, or when a heavy shell penetrates one of the huge boilers, dooming all hands in the terrific explosion that will follow.

The stranger has altered her course and is steaming in the direction of the *Kearsarge*. There are her two military masts, but no flag as yet to show her nationality. Suddenly something flutters from her mast-head. It is the flag of England! There is no time now to consider what must be done. The ships are but five miles apart, steaming for each other at twenty-knots speed. One minute more and the cruisers will be within battle-range.

The Captain is a man of quick judgment, and his mind is made up in an instant.

From his point of vantage on the bridge he takes a careful look at the stranger and then at the drawing he has of her, furnished by the Navy Department. It is the same vessel; yet why would she be cleared for action if a British cruiser?

Starboard!

The mighty ship swings around in answer to her helm, and is heading perpendicularly to the course of the stranger.

Two midshipmen stationed at the range-finders in the tops are pointing the delicate instruments towards the approaching ship. Dials at each gun automatically show that the distance is rapidly diminishing. The marines have taken their rifles to the superstructure-deck, and are crouching behind a breastwork constructed of closely lashed hammocks. The doctors have removed their medicines and instruments to the ward-room, and the long mess-tables are in readiness to receive the dead and wounded. The chief quartermaster stands ready aft with a spare ensign to hoist over the ship should his country's flag be shot away.

When the range-finder registers three and a half miles the Captain orders the forward turret to fire at the stranger. The air is rent immediately by the blast of the discharge.

The crew wait breathlessly while the shells reach the height of their trajectories. One strikes the sea short, while the other strikes the stranger and explodes.

The irrevocable step is taken. England's flag has been fired upon.

All hands wait to see what the stranger will do. Three miles told the range-finder.

A brown mist shoots from the stranger's forward turret; at the same time the British flag is hauled down, and the flag of the enemy floats defiance in its stead. Two 10-inch shells fall but a few yards short of the *Kearsarge*, and a moment later the sound of the discharge reaches the ears of her crew.

Two miles and a half registers the range-finder, and all the officers are directed to open fire. Shot after shot belches forth from the *Kearsarge's* broadside and speeds towards the enemy, exploding against her armor and topsides.

As yet the *Kearsarge* has not been hit, but now the vapor from the enemy's smokeless powder shoots from the muzzles of a score of guns not two thousand yards away, and two tons of steel are launched on their

deadly flight.

The havoc aboard the *Kearsarge* will never be forgotten. The armor is pierced, the topsides are riddled. The carnage among the unprotected men on the gun-deck and superstructure is awful. But worst of all, many men not wounded by shot and shell are laid insensible by some unseen power.

Skulonite is the word that passes from lip to lip. The poisonous gas is the aftermath of the explosion of shells loaded with this deadly compound. [Pg 883]

The men are carried from the compartments filled with the vapor, and the air-tight doors are closed to prevent the spreading of the noxious fumes to the magazines and engine-rooms.

The cruisers are now but fifteen hundred yards apart, steaming in opposite directions. As they circle about one another like mighty birds of prey they are fast approaching within range at which a new weapon will be launched against the other's steel hull, the silent but relentless torpedo. Then the ram will soon crash through one of the cruisers. Which will it be?

The *Kearsarge's* fire is becoming more desultory as the crew of one gun after another succumbs to the terrible influence of the skulonite.

Suddenly a steel fishlike weapon is seen shooting from the enemy's side. The Captain of the *Kearsarge* watches with breathless anxiety the line of bubbles on the water's surface, as the torpedo approaches his ship at a terrific speed. It suddenly swerves, and goes but a few yards clear of her stern.

The *Kearsarge's* breast torpedo is launched at the enemy. With a splash it leaps from her side and speeds on its errand of destruction. The bubbles in its wake show the aim is good. It must strike. But no, it has gone under the enemy's ram.

What is that hazy line to windward, but half a mile distant? It is a most welcome sight to the brave man in the conning-tower, and he heads his crippled ship for the oncoming mist. Soon she is swallowed up in the dense fog-bank, and shut out from her enemy's view.

The enemy gives chase, as the American commander had expected. He turns the trumpet of his sound-detector in the direction of the pursuing vessel, and from its dial ascertains her course.

The enemy is still firing, but the guns of the *Kearsarge* have ceased to roar, and "silence fore and aft" is commanded of the crew. The fleeing ship goes on until her Captain is sure that his foe has entered the fog, then the helm is put hard over, and the ship swings around until the instrument indicates that the other is dead ahead.

Again the Captain is hopeful of success, as he realizes that the enshrouding mist and the instrument before him place the advantage in his favor. His eye is fixed on the pointer of the dial, ever responsive to the electric current set up by the sound waves beating upon the sensitive diaphragm in the trumpet. The ship leaps forward until he hears through the ear-piece the throb of the enemy's engines. His heart beats fast, but he knows that he must be self-controlled.

The ships are coming together bows on. The American commander causes his ship to swing to starboard a little so as to point her bow away from the approaching enemy.

The instant for action has come. He starboards his helm in order to lay his ship across the course of the enemy. "Prepare to ram" is telephoned by the aid at his side. The ship swings around. The pointer swerves from the direction of her starboard bow to dead ahead. Has he been too late? Will he pass across her wake, or will he cross her path in time to receive her ram prow in his own broadside? The needle points ahead when the huge side of the enemy looms up through the fog.

In a moment, with a terrific shock, the ram bow of the victorious *Kearsarge* enters the side of the enemy, cleaving armor and deck-plating as though it were wood.

Slowly the victor backs off from her sinking enemy.

The rammed ship commences to deliver death-dealing shots; but she is fast sinking.

She can no longer elevate her guns enough to strike the *Kearsarge*. She has heeled too far. The firing eases.

All the *Kearsarge's* boats that are not disabled are manned and ready to render assistance to the vanquished.

Not a moment too soon. The ill-fated ship heels to starboard, her stern rising high in the air, her screws thrashing the fog in their upward flight, the flag under which her brave defenders had so well fought still waving at her trucks, and slowly sinks beneath the waves, sending up columns of water from her hatchways, and engulfing her crew in the mighty suction.

But few survivors were saved of the few hundred that had had victory so nearly in their grasp.

THE SAD STORY OF THE MOUSE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

One winter, when mamma was ill,
And scarce could move at all,
There used to come a little mouse
From out the bedroom wall.

Mamma would scatter crumbs for it;
'Twas company, she said;

She liked to see it run about
While she was there in bed.

And when mamma was well again,
The mouse would still come out,
And nose around in search of food,
And scamper all about.

At last one day—oh dear! oh dear!—
A naughty boy was I;
I set a trap to catch that mouse;
I'm sure I don't know why.

I'd hardly closed the cupboard door
Before the thing went, Snap!
I was afraid to go and look
At what was in the trap.

At last I looked; the mouse was there!
I carried it away;
I never told a soul of it;
I could not play all day.

And after that mamma would say,
"Why, where's our little mouse?
It must have found some other place
I think, about the house."

But, oh, I'd give my bat and ball,
My kite and jackknife too,
To see that mouse run round again
The way it used to do.

SHOOTING THE CHUTE.

BY WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.

More swiftly than the lightest-feathered swallow wings her flight southward in the fall, more rapidly than any railroad train in the world sweeps along its iron road, you speed down a long slide at an angle of about thirty-seven degrees. Your heart leaps into your throat as the boat you are in strikes the water and skims unevenly over the surface of a small pond, and then your heart comes back to its right place as you find you are unhurt. Then you give a gasp of pleasure, and are ready to try it all over again. For you have "shot the chute."



YOU SEE THE BOAT LEAP FORTY FEET AT A JUMP.

"Shooting the chute" is the invention of that intrepid swimmer and bold paddler Captain Paul Boyton. Captain Boyton, who is as brave as he is modest, is the man who has paddled over twenty five thousand miles on the principal rivers of the world in a peculiarly constructed rubber suit, over great falls, and through dark cañons, in Europe, Africa, and America; who has fought sharks and seals, and has had all sorts of strange adventures. The idea of the "chute" first came to him, he says, while shooting down the raging Tagus in Spain. In his book he says:

"The thought struck me as I was going into some subterranean passage, the perpendicular walls seeming to close in and swallow up the entire river. I was swept down by the mighty current, and was beginning to feel sure that I was being carried into some underground rapids, when I was suddenly dumped into a deep pool, where the course of the river was running smooth and placidly along."

The first chute in America was built in Chicago, and opened for business on July 4, 1894. It is nothing more nor less than an inclined roadway of wood or iron, starting at a height of from 60 to 75 feet, which, with a

run of about 250 feet, descends to the surface of the water. On this roadway there are tracks upon which boats, each holding eight passengers, glide rapidly down. When the boat strikes the water, the impetus acquired in the descent causes it to "skim" over the water in a series of bounces, like a stone thrown by a boy in "ducks and drakes," some 300 feet to a landing-stage, where the passengers are disembarked.

But such a brief description doesn't even suggest the fun and the excitement of "shooting the chute." It is a sport where old and young can meet on common ground. In fact one poet has recently told how

"Little Jimmy was a scholar,
And his aptitude was such
That his parents and his teacher
Were afraid he'd know too much.
So his grandmamma said, 'Bless him,
I will take him into town,
And we'll go to Captain Boyton's,
Where they'll water-shoot us down.'"

Suppose you were to go down to the chute—for there are four chutes in different parts of the country now, in Chicago, Atlanta, Baltimore, and at Coney Island—you would see something like this: There is a big enclosure, with a high board fence around it, from which a huge incline stretches up. It looks like a toboggan slide, only far bigger than most. The man at the stile-gate says, "Tickets, please." So you pay twenty cents for each ticket, admitting you to the grounds and one ride each on the chute. Just as you go in you hear a roaring, rattling sound, and a boat comes rushing down the slide into the lake in front of you. You see the boat leap forty feet at a jump over the surface of the water, like some ocean demon, until it finally quiets down and allows itself to be paddled easily up to the bank. As the people in the boat are helped out by several of the fifty attendants dressed in sailor suits, you expect them to cry out some expression of disapproval, for you certainly heard them shouting out in a frightened manner as they rode down the chute. But no.



THE "CHUTE."

"Wasn't it perfectly splendid?" says one woman.

"It beats tobogganing!" exclaims another.

"Let's do it again!" says a small boy.

A little reassured, you move around with the crowd towards the entrance to the slide, and, after giving your tickets to the gateman, you all get into little cars—similar to those in use at Niagara Falls running down to the whirlpool rapids—attached to endless chains, which drag you up to the top of the chute as slowly as the boats in the other part go rapidly. As you get a little more than half-way up, a boatload of people rattles by within ten feet of you, and you wonder again whether you will have the courage to make the first trial.

Once up, you follow the others around to the other side of the chute, where boats are sent down every fifteen seconds. You glance down the slide. It looks very long, and the water, which the steersman says is only three feet deep, seems very far away and very deep. At last, with a sudden gulp of courage, you jump in, holding tight to the railings as the guard bids you. You see little streams of water bubbling up and trickling down every few inches or so along the slide, and 'way below the big pool of water looks yawningly upward. The boat-despatcher has his hand on the lever which holds the boat back. And now that is turned.

[Pg 885]

"Hold fast, ladies and gentlemen. Hats under the seat! Now, then, you're off!"

Quickly the boat rattles into the incline. A fraction of a second, and you are rushing along so fast that you almost scream. A second or two more, and you are going at the rate of seventy-four miles an hour. You have lost your breath, but the fresh air that rushes into your lungs gives you a delicious sensation. You feel as if you were flying through the air.

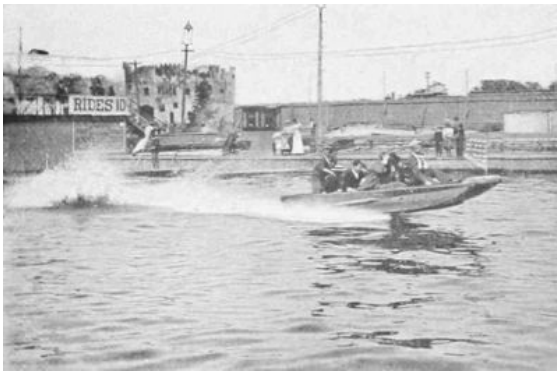
Boom! Splash! The boat strikes the water, almost jolting you off your seat, and whirling the spray high into the air. The people on the banks of the little pond whiz by, for the speed is still terrific, and the boat jumps forward in crazy leaps. After two or three of these spasmodic efforts the boat glides to the landing, thanks to the assistance of the man in the stern. Your breath comes back. You find you weren't hurt a bit, or even wet. You feel as if you jumped from the top of the barn into the lowest but softest hay-mow. You give an ecstatic gasp, this time of extreme delight, and plead with papa or Uncle Tom to "try it again."



THE FIRST JUMP.

You "try it again," and this time you are not scared a bit, just simply delighted. As you are being paddled over to the shore after the last violent plunge of the ride, you take a look at the boat, and notice that it is very strongly built—of hickory and oak, the boatman says, and costing over a hundred dollars. It has a long slope upward in the prow, less sharp than a yacht's bow, and thus the danger of getting wet is almost entirely done away with. Each boat has four seats, seating eight people altogether, besides the man who steers.

Perhaps you go down the chute a few times more. If you do, you will have acquired the "chute craze," and then it is only a question of how much money you can have spent for you. Abroad, several of the royal families acquired the "chute craze," and some of them have had amusing times on it. When the present Emperor of Russia, then the Czarovitch, was visiting



THE SECOND JUMP.

climbed to the top of the high incline, and the Czarovitch, with a twinkle in his eye, invited the King of Denmark to take the front seat in the boat in which they were to make the swift descent. His Majesty took the place, and his nephew quietly stepped in behind and put his silk hat under the seat. The Indian guide pushed off, and in a moment the boat was flying like mad down the steep incline. The King, who thought the boat would certainly plunge under the waters of the lake when it struck, crouched down and held on like grim death. The Czarovitch stood up and yelled with excited glee. The flat-bottomed boat dashed into the water with a tremendous splash, leaped four or five feet into the air, and a drenching shower of spray covered his Majesty on the front seat. As the boat approached the opposite shore the Czarovitch turned to the Indian who was steering, grinned, and put out his hand; the Indian grinned wickedly, and something slipped into his fingers. There had been a similar bit of pantomime before the boat started, and as skilful guides can take their boats through the exciting trips without wetting their passengers, it is supposed that the young Czarovitch played a little joke on his royal uncle. The Prince of Wales came down in another boat, and they all liked it so much that they all went back and tried it again."

So popular has the pastime been at the chute near New York that over 30,000 persons have frequently "shot the chute" in a day.

England in July, 1893, he, the Prince of Wales, and the King of Denmark, went to Captain Boyton's water-show to "shoot the chute." An eye-witness, who wrote about it to a Chicago paper, said:

"They



"TRYING IT AGAIN."

[Pg 886]

OAKLEIGH. ^[1]

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Christmas morning dawned cloudy and very cold, but it had stopped snowing, and after a while the sun came out and turned the country into a radiant, dazzling spectacle.

The Franklins were to have a party during the holidays, and it had been planned for the following Tuesday—New-Year's eve.

"If we had only arranged to have it earlier we might have escaped that horrid Branson," said Cynthia, regretfully, the day after Christmas. "Now, of course, he will come with the Morgans, and, worse still, we shall have to be polite to him in our own house."

"I should hope so," said Edith. "You were rude enough to him at the picnic, and I do think good manners are so attractive. I am going to cultivate them as much as possible. No one will ever like you unless you are polite, Cynthia."

"I seem to have plenty of friends," returned her sister, composedly, "and I don't really care to have Bronson like me. In fact, I would rather prefer that he shouldn't. I wouldn't consider it much of a compliment to be liked by a—a—*creature* like that!"

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the contempt in Cynthia's voice as she said this.

"And if you are going to have such lovely manners, I should think it would be just as well to begin at home," she added.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't suppose you will like it, but really, Edith, sometimes it does seem as if you just tried to hurt mamma's feelings. I know I ought not to say this, perhaps, for you think I am only a younger sister, I suppose, and haven't any right to lecture you; but when I remember how nice you really are, I can't bear to have you act so. If you only would try to like her, instead of trying not to like her! There, don't cry, dear; I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

And Cynthia threw her arms around her sister and kissed her.

"You have hurt them," said Edith, with a sob, "but I deserve it. I don't know what has gotten into me since the Gordons came. I *can't* like her being here. Oh, Cynthia, you don't know how I feel sometimes! I wish I didn't have such bad, wicked thoughts."

"Do you really try to get over it, Edith?"

"No-o, not very hard," she faltered. "I can't forgive her for coming and taking my place, and—and—I don't want to forgive her. There, I know you will think I am bad and horrible and everything else, but I can't help

it."

And, rising abruptly, she left the room.

"Poor old Edith!" sighed Cynthia, compassionately. "She will come round some time; she can't help it."

On New-Year's eve was to be the Franklins' party.

"Edith, we must have it very original and unique, something quite different from anything we have ever had in our lives," said Cynthia, a few days before.

"How can we? There's nothing new."

"Yes, there is, right in my head. I have an idea."

"What in the world is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," and she proceeded to unfold it.

It proved to be a good one, and with Mrs. Franklin's help it was carried into effect. The suggestion was to have a "character" party, but to enact the parts without dressing especially for them. A list was made of persons well known in history or fiction, and from this list Mrs. Franklin chose those she considered the best, and wrote against each name that of some girl or boy in Brenton. This she did without telling her daughters how she had apportioned the parts, that they might be as ignorant as their guests about one another's characters.

"It is a truly Bostonese party," said Mrs. Franklin, laughing, when they talked it over. "There is an intellectual flavor to it that you wouldn't find far away from 'the Hub,' but it is a capital idea, nevertheless, Cynthia."

When the list was duly made Mrs. Franklin drove about Brenton to the various girls and boys who were expected, and invited them for Tuesday evening, explaining to them at the same time what they were to do.

It was an old-fashioned tea-party, and the guests began to arrive at six o'clock. There were twenty in all, and they came hurrying in out of the cold, and up-stairs to remove their heavy wraps, the girls tripping down again in their dainty evening dresses, while the boys stood about the doorways in rather an aimless fashion, wondering what they were expected to do at such a very peculiar tea-party as this seemed to be.

It added to the mystery that each was given a card with his or her name prettily printed upon it, and a little pencil attached.

"I never heard of anything like it, don't you know," drawled Bronson. "I'll be hanged if I know what to talk about."

After supper, which was very jolly and effectually broke the ice, Mr. Franklin made a little speech.

"You are all supposed to be somebody, and no one but my wife knows which is which," he said. "The object is for each one to guess as many characters as possible from their conversation, and when you have made up your mind who some one is, you will write the name on your card, with the name of the person you are guessing about. When your card is filled with twenty-four names, which means that you have given a guess about every one here, you will hand it in. Then the prizes will be bestowed."

"Prizes!" was murmured by the girls; "how lovely!" while the boys looked relieved as the matter became clearer.

Cynthia turned to her neighbor and began to talk.

"Good-evening!" she said; "did you see anything of my broom? I forgot to bring it along. Dear me, there's a lot to be done up there," gazing towards the ceiling; "why didn't I bring it along?"

The neighbor chanced to be Dennis Morgan.

"I haven't seen your broom," he replied, "but I'm going to find out why you want it. The trouble is, I've come too soon, I think, and I can't find my way; but I can't tell you where I want to go, or you would guess me on the spot."

"Ho!" laughed Cynthia; "I know where you want to go. I think you would like a glass of water, wouldn't you? For I am sure you have burned your mouth," she added.

Then she wrote on her card: "Dennis Morgan—Man in the Moon."

"Pshaw! How did you guess me so soon? And I haven't the ghost of an idea who you are. Let me see, you want your broom. I can't imagine why you need a broom."

"Cobwebs, cobwebs everywhere," murmured Cynthia, as she turned away and listened to the conversation that was being carried on between Neal and Gertrude Morgan.

"I'm a wonderful man," said Neal. "In fact I don't know but what I'm about as great a person as you ever heard of. You can't mention my name without alluding to it."



**THE GIRLS CAME TRIPPING DOWN
IN THEIR DAINY EVENING
DRESSES.**

"I don't believe you are half as great as I am," retorted Gertrude, "only I don't talk as much about it. Why, I am a queen."

"And I am a king. What kind of a queen are you?"

"I rule over a very important kingdom, and not only do I reign but I can cook, too. I am one of those very convenient people to have about that can turn their hand to almost anything, but I am chiefly celebrated for my cookery. I made something nice one hot summer day—"

"Take care, Gertrude!" cried Cynthia; "I know you." And she wrote on her card: "Gertrude Morgan—Queen of Hearts."

"Oh, come, Cynth, that's too bad!" exclaimed Neal. "I can't guess her at all, but it's because I am so taken up reading a wonderful book when I am very young, and making colored candles, and all that sort of thing."

[Pg 887]

"I thought you said you were a king!" said Gertrude.

"So I am; a terribly good sort, too."

At last Gertrude guessed him, and wrote "Alfred the Great" with his name on her card.

Neal, however, could not discover who she was, not being as well posted in "Mother Goose" as was Cynthia.

The one who was most mysterious was Edith. For a long time no one could imagine who she was.

"I have had a great many adventures," she said, as they gathered about her. "I have travelled to places that the rest of you have never been to. I have played games with a duchess, and I have taken care of a duchess's baby. A great many of my friends talk poetry. I have long light hair, and sometimes I'm tall and sometimes I'm short."

"Never short, Edith, I'm sure," said Neal. Everyone laughed, for they teased Edith about her stately height.

"I know you! I know you!" cried Cynthia, dancing with glee. "You told too much that time," and she hastily scribbled "Alice in Wonderland" on her card.

She herself, as the "Old woman who swept the cobwebs from the sky," was easily guessed, much to her own chagrin.

At last each one had written twenty-four names on his or her card, and they were given to Mrs. Franklin for inspection. Some funny mistakes were made, and as they were read out they created much merriment.

Somebody thought Yankee Doodle must be Paul Revere, because he had been spoken of as a rider; Julius Cæsar and Columbus were hopelessly mixed, both having mentioned themselves as crossing the water, and it being impossible, from the description given, to distinguish between the Rubicon and the Atlantic Ocean; the Lady of the Lake and Pocahontas were confused, as they each saved a life; and every one mistook the Old Woman that lived in a Shoe for Puss in Boots, because of her persistent talk about foot-wear.

Cynthia had made a greater number of correct guesses than any one, but as she was one of the hostesses she could not, of course, claim a prize, so it fell to Tony Bronson, who was next on the list. Cynthia turned away to hide the grimace which she could not repress when the dear little clock in a red-leather case was given to him as first prize.

Kitty Morgan, Gertrude's cousin, was awarded the "booby" prize, for having made the poorest guesses—a dainty little pin, which, she said, quite repaid her for her stupidity; while one of the Brenton girls, whose list was next best to Bronson's, received a pretty silver-framed calendar as "Consolation."

It made a merry evening, and after the game was over they danced and played other games until it was time to go home. It was eleven o'clock when the last sleigh drove away.

"Only an hour to midnight," said Cynthia; "can't we sit up and see the old year out? Do, papa, let us! We never have, and it must be such fun. We couldn't go to sleep, anyhow, after such an exciting evening."

Mr. Franklin consented, and they sat about the fire discussing the success of the game and the girls and boys who had been there, one or two of whom remained for the night at Oakleigh.

Neal and Cynthia were alone for a few moments. They had gone out into the hall to see the hour by the tall clock, and they found the hands pointing to ten minutes of twelve.

"Let us wait here for it to strike," said Cynthia, going to the window.

The lamp had gone out in the hall, and it was but dimly lighted from the room where the family were sitting. Outside, the moon was shining on the white fields and frozen river. The old year was dying in a flood of glory.

"I always feel so full of good resolutions on New-Year's Eve," said Cynthia, in a low voice; "I wish I could keep them all."

"So do I," returned Neal. "I am always turning over a new leaf. I must have turned over three volumes of new leaves by this time. But they don't amount to much."

"It is discouraging, isn't it? I have never said anything about it to any one before. It seems to me I am always breaking my good resolutions."

"I don't see how. First of all, it doesn't seem as if you did anything that is wrong—a girl doesn't have much chance to."

"Oh yes, she does. You don't know. And I have so many faults. There are my bureau drawers—I can't keep them neat, and my clothes would be all in tatters if it were not for Edith and mamma. And, worst of all, there is my tongue."

"Your tongue?"

"Yes. It is such fun to make fun of people and say sharp things when I don't like them—the kind of thing I

am always saying to that Bronson."

Neal laughed, and then he sighed.

"You are putting me into a bad corner. If you think your faults are so tremendous, what must you think of mine? I'm a thief and a coward."

"Neal!"

"Yes, I am. I am a thief because I don't pay that money. I had no business to borrow it in the first place, and I could save it out of my allowance if I would take the trouble, but I am too lazy: and I am such a coward I won't ask Hessie for it, because I am ashamed to have your father know it. It's all a nasty business, anyway."

He looked moodily out on the snow, drumming his fingers on the window-pane.

"Neal," said Cynthia, softly touching his arm with her hand as she spoke, "let's turn over one more new leaf. I will look out for my tongue and my bureau drawers, and you will tell mamma everything and start fresh. Will you, Neal? Promise!"

Before he answered the clock began to strike.

"Happy New-Year! Happy New-Year!" was heard from the parlor. "Neal and Cynthia, where are you? Come in here, that we may all be together when the clock stops striking."

So the old year died, and Neal had not given the required promise.

One day, shortly before he returned to St. Asaph's, he said to his sister,

"Hessie, if I had been of age I think I would have tried to break the will of grandmother's."

"Oh, Neal dear, don't say that! What do you mean?"

"Well, it isn't that I mind your having the money; you have always been a brick about keeping me supplied; but the trouble is, I need more than you give me."

"Neal, I am afraid you are spending too much," said Mrs. Franklin, looking at him anxiously. "Are you in debt again? You know I would love to give you all I have, but your guardians and the trustees of the estate and John all think that you have a very large allowance for a school-boy, and it would not be a good plan to let you have any more."

"Bother them all!" exclaimed Neal, seizing the poker and giving the fire an angry thrust. A shower of sparks flew out, but he let one burn a hole in the rug without noticing. "I'm tired of being tied to your apron-string. I've a good mind to cut loose altogether."

"Don't say that!" cried Mrs. Franklin, in distress, going to him and putting her arm through his. He was taller than she, and she had to look up at him.

"If it were only you, it would be different," continued her brother; "but you see you're married now, and everything is changed."

"But John is fond of you, Neal; I know he is. But he knows all about boys, and his advice is good. Would—would five dollars help you?"

"You're a good little soul, Hessie," said Neal, looking down at her affectionately, his momentary ill-humor passing, "and I suppose it is not your fault if you can't give me any more. No, thank you; I won't take the fiver. Don't worry about me. Here comes Jack in the cutter; we're going to the village." And in a moment he was off.

The next day he went back to St. Asaph's.

The winter passed quickly after Christmas had come and gone, and all had settled down again to the regular routine of work. Mrs. Franklin could not help feeling anxious about Neal. She confided her fears to her husband, but he made light of them.

"The boy only wanted more spending-money, Hester. He is very extravagant, and you will be doing very wrongly if you supply him with more money. His allowance is too large, at any rate, for a boy of his age. Jack gets along perfectly well with just one-fifth the amount."

"But Jack is different."

"Very different, and Neal ought to be different, too. You paid his debts in the fall, which were enormous for a school-boy, and then he was free to start afresh. You will never cure him of extravagance if you keep him supplied with all the money he wants."

Mrs. Franklin was forced to acknowledge the truth of her husband's remarks. She said no more, though she was none the less worried.

Cynthia noticed that her step-mother was not as light-hearted as formerly. They were going in to Boston one Saturday morning to do some shopping together. Cynthia had decided to buy a watch with Aunt Betsey's money, and she had brought the gold pieces with her.

"I am so afraid of losing them I don't know what to do," she said. "Fifty dollars is so enormous, isn't it? Please take it in your bag, mamma; I know I shall lose it."

Mrs. Franklin smiled absently, and when she had put away the money she looked out of the window again.

"Mamma," said Cynthia, leaning towards her, "you are worried about something, aren't you? Tell me, is it Neal?"

Mrs. Franklin looked startled.

"I did not know I had such a tell-tale face," she said. "Yes, you have guessed it, Cynthia. I cannot help feeling worried about him. I have not heard from him for some time, and that makes me uneasy. But it is

just fancy, and will pass off. Probably there will be a letter from him to-night."

Cynthia also had remarked on Neal's silence, and this confirmed her fears. She did not say anything more to Mrs. Franklin, however, for Neal had again made her promise to repeat nothing he had told her.

"I'll never confide in you again if you tell," he had said; so, of course, Cynthia had promised.

Her mind was busy during the remainder of the trip to Boston, and when the train glided into the station she had determined to put her thoughts into action.

"We will go to Shreve's and then to Bigelow's to look at watches," said Mrs. Franklin, as they walked across the Common. "We had better look at both places before you decide."

"I have changed my mind, mamma. I don't think I will buy a watch."

"Why, Cynthia!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin, almost stopping short in her surprise; "you want one so much!"

"No, I don't think I do—at least not just now. Let us just go buy the clothes, and I'll keep Aunt Betsey's money a little longer."

She would give no further explanation, and her mother could not induce her even to glance at the watches in Shreve's window. No; she had decided that she did not need one.

When they reached home she took the money and went to her own room. She was standing by the window, carefully packing the coins in a little box with cotton, and about to do it up for the mail—for she knew no better way of sending the money—when she heard the sound of wheels on the drive.

Looking out, she saw one of the depot carriages approaching, and in the vehicle was Neal himself.

Full of apprehension, dreading she knew not what, Cynthia dropped the box of money and flew down stairs.

It was not vacation, it was the middle of the school-term.

Why had Neal come home?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 889]

CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER VII.

Even that drive of a dozen blocks was full of excitement. As the buggy whirled away from the post of the outermost sentry, after a brief impatient interview, the sergeant of the guard sang out to the only occupant whom he knew or in whom he felt personal interest, "Look out for 'toughs' down the street, Fred. A gang of 'em's just been scattered over at the Amity Works."

"That's where we're bound," was the answer shouted back over the lowered buggy top, and then our corporal turned to his whilom "boss," but now silent and embarrassed convoy. "Now, Mr. Manners, whether they recognize you or not they'll see my uniform, and while they're meek enough in front of a company, they're bold as a lion against a single militiaman. Hoist the buggy top. That'll fend off rocks from the back and sides, anyhow, and if anybody tries to stop us before we get to the works, whip up and drive for all you're worth."

It was good counsel. Turning out of the avenue with its electric lamps, the buggy was spinning through a dimly lighted, unpaved cross street. Knots of people were still hovering about the corners—even women and children. Loud, harsh voices were wrangling in a saloon, but for three or four blocks northward the buggy whirled unmolested, then ahead could be seen groups of uncouth-looking men arguing under the lamp-posts or skulking about the street corners, and presently, as Manners's swift roadster came springing up the street, the gas-light fell one instant on the buttons and white chevrons of the corporal's blouse. A burst of yells and taunts was the result as they drove by the first group. This drew the attention of the others, and redoubled yells and a crash of stones followed from the next, and presently the street ahead was alive with stragglers running out to head off this lone vehicle, freighted with they knew not what, but quickly divined to be of the hated "capitalistic class." Manners reached for his whip and lashed his spirited mare over the haunches. She seemed to leap into air, amazed and indignant, and two rough fellows who sprang at her head were banged aside as easily as an ironclad would burst through a shad net. But up the street the crowd was thicker. Only five blocks away now, around the second turn to the right, were the Amity Works and Fred's comrades of Company L, but between them lurked some hundreds of the foiled and furious mob, balked in their scheme of wrecking and burning the laden cars and the magnificently inflammable plant of the wealthy corporation, and eager to revenge themselves either on the owners or on those who had become its guardians and protectors. Some one recognized the buggy and Manners as they flashed by a lamp-post, and shouted his name. "Head 'em off!" "Stop 'em!" "Shoot 'em!" "Kill the bloody hounds!" were the only intelligible yells, and the gangs of "toughs" and tramps along the street and among the lumber piles yelled mad echo to the cry. Stones and other missiles came whirling through the night, some striking the mare and redoubling her wild speed, some clattering upon the buggy top, some few, better aimed, and from the front, whizzing into the buggy itself. One of these stung Manners on the cheek, just as Fred, bending low to dodge another, shouted to his companion, "Turn her to the right—next street—it's our only chance."

[Pg 890]

Not a second too soon. Galloping now, the game little mare was hard to guide, but Manners stood up and fairly dragged her around the corner, the dust whirling in clouds from the flashing wheels, the buggy

nearly capsizing by the sudden turn. Here they came face to face and easily burst through a little knot of rioters running to join the crowd on the street they had just left, a yell of battled rage following them as they went dashing away up the dim, dusty lane. "Courage! Only three blocks more and we're safe," said Fred, as the manager, his grim mouth set, gripped hard at the reins and strove to regain control. But the mare was mad with fear and excitement now, and at the very next cross street swerved to the left, the shortest line to her stable. The buggy careened, whirled against the wooden curb, and in another instant, shooting its occupants across the sidewalk, went bounding and dashing up the street, shedding spokes, tires, cushions, and springs with every jump, and landing, a moment later, only a dangling wreck at the heels of the reeking mare in the hands of Company L, still ranked in front of the shops.

"It's Manners's buggy," cried Sercombe, "and he's spilled out somewhere up the street. The mob have got him. Save him if it's a possible thing."

So, too, said the Captain, and forty men of the "Backwoods Boys," as L was facetiously termed by the city companies, went doubling down the dusty street, peering eagerly ahead through the darkness.



"STAND BACK!" HE SHOUTED, "OR I'LL FIRE!"

Then again, encouraged by the yells of those behind, on they came, but slower, skulking close to the fence, bending low, clucking and dancing to disconcert his aim. And then the words of his Colonel at the armory came ringing in his ears. "Not a shot, men—not a finger on the trigger except at the order fire!"—and there was none to order here. Yet dauntless and determined there he stood, and that one gallant Yankee boy, in whose veins the fighting blood of the Highland clans was boiling, in the simple service dress of the National Guard, was just enough to hold ten city "toughs" at bay one vital and all-important moment, for when, re-enforced by the coming of their fellows from the rear, they finally rushed on to work their cowardly hate on the one prostrate man with his sole defender, they were met face to face by the charge of Company L, and got the hammering they so richly deserved.

And so morning dawned at last on smoking yards, on half-burned shops, on slowly but surely moving mail and passenger trains, on the glistening walls and windows of the unharmed Amity Works, all stoutly guarded by businesslike detachments of the city's crack regiment, and the great mobs of the previous day and night were scattered far and wide. All night police and patrol wagons had been busily at work, and drunken or still riotous characters were being gathered in and trundled to the station-houses, or pitched neck and crop into some freight-car temporarily turned guard-house. The Steinmans, Frenzels, and other instigators had disappeared. Just as they had kept well behind the fighting line when the struggle was hottest, so now were they nowhere to be found when by their deluded followers as well as by the police they most were wanted. Stoltz, too, had been spirited away, and was in hiding somewhere among the outlying wards, but with a crack in his skull, said the doctor who gave first aid to the wounded, that would neutralize "the wheels in his head" for months to come. This at least was comfort to many, and the Wallaces were in sore need of comfort, for up to eight o'clock on this second morning of the strike not one word had been heard of the loved husband and father. At six the Colonel himself had ridden over to the Amity Works with a little escort, finding the neighborhood deserted, and only a few scowling, skulking rioters left. Taking Fred with him, he had patrolled the streets, and then given his anxious guide a chance to visit his home. "Stay as long as necessary, corporal; but— I've heard about last night, and shall want you later to-day after you've found your father."

But when and how were they to find father was the question. Jim, under the influence of opiates, still slept heavily. The policemen told off to search came back crestfallen to say they could hear nothing of the old man. No one had seen him since he left the shops the previous day. Anxiety deepened with every minute, and at nine o'clock poor Mrs. Wallace had practically abandoned hope. "They've murdered him," she sobbed; "I know they have. They hated him for standing by his duty."

And even as she spoke there was a stir and excitement on the street without. "Police patrol coming!" said some one, and come it did at rapid trot, but without clang of bell or warning cry. It reined up abruptly in front of the little cottage, and then there went up a shout of delight, and Mrs. Wallace, rushing from the house, sobbing anew in relief from dread and sorrow, seized and clasped her husband in her arms as with calm dignity he stepped from the wagon. The police seemed desirous of creating a pleasant impression. They were assiduous in their care of Mr. Wallace. They begged Mrs. Wallace to understand that he had had the best breakfast money could buy. There was evident cause of embarrassment and something to be explained and extenuated, yet everybody crowded around Wallace, and nobody seemed to care to listen to them. They hung about as though they wanted to shake hands with him, but the old foreman only very

Not a moment too soon, either. Stunned, bruised, and blinded, Mr. Manners lay like a log upon the wooden walk; but Fred, light and athletic, had bounded to his feet, despite the shock, and in an instant had picked up his rifle and run to the succour of his companion. With a yell of triumph the nearest rioters came rushing down upon them around the corner. Two blocks further away the gas-light showed other parties of excited, wolflike men hastening in pursuit. The nearest were some sixty yards away, but at least a dozen of them, with exultant howls and renewed cries of "Kill 'em!" "Slash 'em!" "Lynch 'em!" bore down on the luckless manager and his sole defender. Instantly Fred slipped one of the long copper cartridges in the breech and slammed the block. "Stand back!" he shouted, "or I'll fire!" Then as they still rushed on he quickly raised the long brown Springfield to his shoulder and sighted square at the foremost man. "Halt, or I'll drop you in your tracks!" and the coward knew he meant it, and crouched and dodged, waiting for others to reach him.

formally touched his hat as he said good-by.

"Where have I been? How did I escape?" he finally said in answer to appeals of friends and neighbors. "I've been spending the night in jail—with other desperate characters. I escaped by being arrested—in Jim's coat—as a leader of the riot. Where's Jim?"

This was actually the case. Too few in number to effect anything in face of such a mob, some police officers, scouting about their heels, had caught sudden sight of old Wallace issuing with defiant air from the side door of the threatened shops. These officers were new to that section and had never seen him before, but his demeanor, his dress, his badge all stamped him as a man prominent in the outbreak, and despite his protestations they bundled him with a load of other prisoners into a patrol wagon, and sent him to the main station two miles away. Not until this morning could he secure recognition and a hearing. The old man was exceeding wroth, but his wife was thankful. "He'd have been killed," said she, "if he hadn't been jailed."

But despite his indignation, old Wallace was on hand a few hours later when a pleasing little ceremony was enacted at the Amity Works. There the "backwoods boys" were drawn up in line to listen to some remarks of their Colonel. A man of few words was that veteran when on duty, but everybody seemed to know what was coming as he halted in front of them, and Corporal Fred brought his rifle to the carry, stepped a few paces forward, and stood there a little white, a little tremulous with emotion.

[Pg 891]

"Men of Company L," the Colonel said, "you've done soldierly service—valuable service, one and all, and some day I hope you'll get the recognition you deserve; but there's one of your number who even more than the rest deserves a word. Within twelve hours of the call for duty Corporal Fred Wallace has had the conspicuous honors of being discharged from his clerkship for obeying the summons, being knocked senseless while doing it, being the guide of his regiment into the thick of the riot, and finally of saving the life, at the risk of his own, of the very man who discharged him.

"It has been your province during the night to convert some few rioters, but it has been his to convert what is termed 'a soulless corporation,' and I know you'll all be glad to hear him promoted sergeant on the spot. So much for our side. Now we'll hear Mr. Manager Manners."

And amidst shouts of laughter and applause Mr. Manners limped forward from a group of stockholders, while the Colonel heartily shook his young guide by the hand. And behind Manners there loomed up in the doorway of the shops a goodly stack of luscious fruit and boxes of cigars, and it was evident the company meant to royally entertain its defenders.

And Mr. Manners was understood to express himself substantially as follows:

"Gentleman of Company L. If these works had been destroyed last night half a million dollars would have gone up in smoke. We couldn't get insurance for more than quarter of its value. You saved it. Never until last night did I know, or my associates, these gentlemen, what it meant to have a National Guard. We thought it was the same thing as the militia we used to join and have fun with forty years ago when we were young, and so had determined to have no more of it in our business. We've learned we didn't know the first thing about it. We're clean converted. We find that young men nowadays are doing better by themselves, their State, and their country than we did. Now I've got a boy at home—a good boy, if I do say it—who wanted to join you three months ago, and I wouldn't let him, and I'm going home this day to beg his pardon, as I beg yours, and tell him I'll be a proud father if he can wear the uniform in the same company with you and Wallace and Sercombe. You've made Wallace a sergeant. Well, the Amity Works will stand by what they've done, too. They discharged Mr. Wallace from what we'll call a second-class clerkship yesterday afternoon, and they now fill the vacancy by the promotion thereto of his friend Sercombe from the shops. They have established another first-class clerkship, and to fill that original vacancy they name Sergeant Fred Wallace, of Company L, and we'll drink his health in the best and coolest lemonade to be had in the whole State."

"Well," said old Wallace, as he sat later in the day with the mother's hand in his, "I didn't take much stock in that soldier business either. But where would we all have been this day but for Fred—Fred and his regiment?"

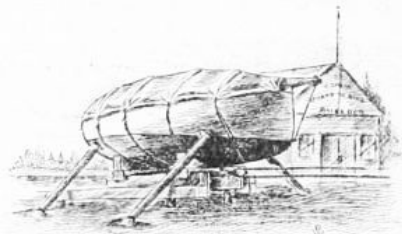
THE END.

HINTS OF A RACING CAT-BOAT AND ITS CARE.

The popular idea that a racing cat-boat is an expensive luxury has doubtless arisen from the cost entailed upon those who keep a racing boat, and either cannot or will not themselves attend to the labor connected with keeping such a craft in the best of condition. Many boat-owners after entering for a race put their boats in the hands of boat-builders to be gotten into condition so abundant around rivers and bays where boat-racing is popular. To these men are usually intrusted, besides getting the boat into condition, the procuring and training of the crew, and if the race is important, the command of that too. Most likely the crew will be composed of rivermen, amply compensated for their services, and an amateur or two, one of which perhaps is the owner. Of course all this costs, the builder having to be paid for his labor of getting the boat ready and if he wins the race he naturally expects something extra.

There are some owners, however, who attend to all these matters personally, and their expenses are reduced to a very low figure.

If a boy has become the happy possessor of a boat, and is desirous of becoming a good sailor, there is no reason why he shouldn't have the pleasure of racing his boat, even if his supply of pocket money is limited, provided he personally attends to all the work connected with his boat. Besides saving much expense, it will serve to thoroughly acquaint him with every part of his craft, a perfect idea of her construction and rigging. If he makes a point of rigging her in the spring and dismantling her in the fall, he will know what to do if some part of his rigging gives way when he is sailing: and not be obliged to do as the owner of a line boat on the Shrewsbury River did last year when the lashings of a throat-halyard block gave way, lower sail and wait for a friend to tow him in.

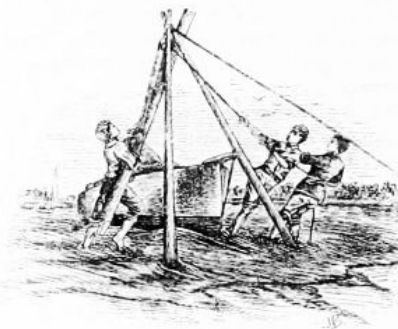


IN WINTER QUARTERS.

We will suppose it to be spring and the boat to be in winter quarters on shore. Naturally it is to be supposed that after being out of water for some months her seams will have opened considerably. Do not attempt to calk her in this condition, for if you should, you would run a good risk upon the boards swelling of badly warping the planking. First of all, put the boat in the water and allow her to fill, letting her remain in this condition until the planking has swollen to the utmost: then pull the boat up on land and let her dry for a day or so, so that the paint will take. If the bottom is dirty, take a scrubbing-brush and water and thoroughly clean it. After the boat is dry, examine all the seams carefully, and where the openings appear too large to be stopped with paint fill them with calking cotton soaked in white lead.

Go over all the other seams with white lead, and allow the whole to dry. Give the bottom a good coat of either copper or arsenic paint, and paint the above water body. After these coats have dried, go over the hull carefully with sandpaper, and remove all inequalities. Give the bottom and upper body another coat, laying it smoothly so as to give that fine gloss so pleasing to the eye and so essential to the racing boat. Take up the flooring and give the inside of your boat a couple of good coats of paint, devoting particular attention to the centreboard trunk where it joins the keelson. Examine the deck, particularly the joint with the coaming. Where there are any knee openings, if the deck is painted, calk them with cotton, if varnished, fill them with putty.

If the deck is a varnished one, remove all the remains of last year's varnish with sandpaper, and give the deck several coats of marine varnish. The deck should be varnished at least once a month during the season to keep it in good condition. At this time it would be well to bring your sail out and lay it on the ground in the sun so as to allow it to bleach, and give the centreboard a good scraping and varnishing or painting, as the case may be. The boat is now ready to be put in the water. Bring out the mast and spars, scrape with glass and sandpaper, and varnish them. Now step the mast. If the boat is a small one it may be lifted in by hand, but if it is a large one a pair of shears must be rigged. (See sketch.) The shears consist of two poles, about half the length of the mast (better if longer), two extremities of which are lashed together, and the others planted firmly in the ground, the whole being supported at an angle of about 45° by a guy-rope. At the junction of the two poles lash one of the blocks of the throat-halyards, allowing the other to swing free. Attaching the mast or any other very heavy weight to this block it may be lifted in with ease. Put the gaff and boom in place, and lace the sail on. It will be quite a time before the sail will stretch to its fullest extent, and it will be necessary to stretch it along the gaff and boom after every outing for some time to come or it will not set properly.



STEPPING MAST WITH SHEARS.

[Pg 892]

A few words here about the care of the sail may not be out of place. Never roll a sail up when wet. Nothing will rot and mildew it more quickly. If you are compelled to put the boat up for the night when the sail is damp, tie a few stops around it at intervals, and allow it to hang loosely between them, just using a sufficient number to prevent the sail from thrashing about in case of a strong wind during the night. As soon as possible after a rain hoist the sail and let it dry. The quickest way to dry a sail is to hoist it to the full extent along the mast and drop the peak, and raise the boom quite high with the toppen lift. This will cause the sail to bag greatly, and the wind shaking it will soon dry the moisture out.



METHOD OF SCRAPING BOTTOM.

Your boat has been in the water for some time, and you have entered it for a race. The first thing to do in this case is to examine its bottom. This may be effected by selecting a shelving beach, and running your boat as far up as possible at high water, having previously removed all extra weights. Secure two guy-ropes to the mast-head, and drive stakes on each side of the boat about twenty feet off. Fasten the ropes to these stakes, so when the tide goes out they will hold the boat on an even keel, and on the receding of the tide it will be an easy matter to examine the under body of the boat.

If the bottom is so foul as to require repainting, construct ways and haul out, scraping and painting as in the beginning of the season. If the bottom should need only a slight cleaning and polishing slacken one of the guy-ropes so that the boat will rest on its side, and scrub clean with water and a stiff brush, polishing with cloths. After this side is finished pull the boat up to an even keel and slack away the other rope so it will rest on the other side, thus permitting you to get at the rest of the under-water body. If you are so fortunate as to possess a racing-sail and spars, unship the old ones and ship the racing-spars and sail. If you have not, your boat is about ready. Remove all extra weights (excepting ballast), and if movable ballast is permitted take it aboard. Examine all your rigging carefully, and do not omit to go over it again just before starting in the race. All this should be finished the day before the race.

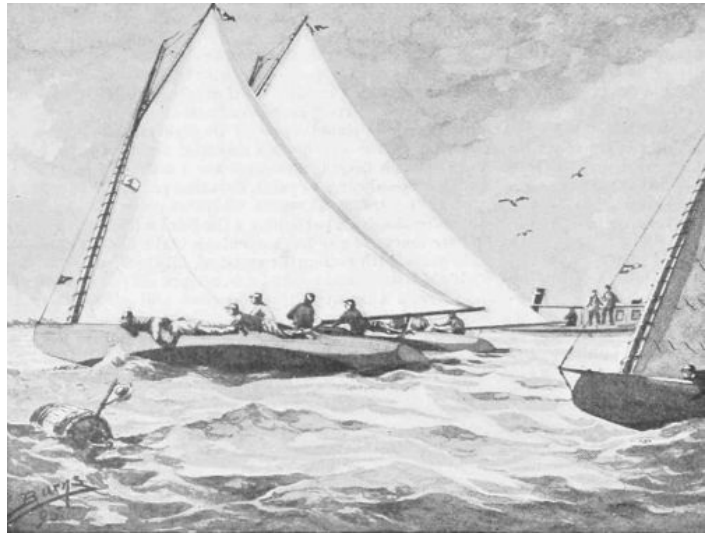
Ranking almost equal in importance to the condition of the boat is the training of the crew. The length of time required before the race to get the crew in condition will, of course, depend upon the knowledge of the individuals. If the members have a fair idea of their business a few hours before the race will be sufficient, but if they do not, the sooner the training commences the better. For a racing crew to be handy, every man in it must know his especial part in all the manœuvres, and when a manœuvre is ordered must do it quickly and with the least confusion possible, and not try in an excess of zeal to attempt to do more than his part, unless so ordered. Above all, every man must obey implicitly and without question any order of the Captain, for no boat can be handled properly by its crew when anybody but the Captain is permitted to give orders. As to the number of the crew, the average cat-boat of, let us say, eighteen or twenty feet will require a helmsman, usually Captain, sheet-tender, centreboard-tender, and a man to look after the halyards. If your boat is so small as not to have so many men allotted to it, the centreboard and halyards may be tended by one man. If, on the contrary, more men than the requisite number are allowed, take the

extra men, if the day is windy, as ballast only, or if movable ballast is permitted, as shifters.

Do not divide the work up into small parcels and give each one a little to do, it creates too much moving about when under way, a thing not in the least desirable. You might, however, have an understanding with them as to what they are to do in an emergency, such as taking in or shaking out a reef. Here a slight digression on taking in a reef when under way may be pardoned. When under way drop the sail so that the desired reef-points are about in a line with the boom, and when they are in the right position let the boat come up into the wind so that the boom will be inboard. Then order the crew to spread along the boom, and when the bow-man has fastened the desired cringle at the jaws of the boom, have them catch hold of the sail, stretch it along the boom, the sheet-tender making fast the cringle on the leach (outer edge) to the boom. As soon as this is accomplished tie the reef in. When all the reef-points are tied, let the boat's head fall off and continue on course, as the peak and throat may be properly hoisted, especially when you are strongly manned, nearly as well under way as when in the wind. This operation, so long on paper, may, with a well-trained crew, be accomplished almost in the time it takes to read this. Shaking out a reef is a very easy matter, and will need no mention. The whole aim in the training of a racing crew may be summed up as follows: Every man to know his part and do it when required. The first thing after explaining clearly to each man his particular station is to get the crew accustomed to the boat. A good way to do this is to take a spin at every opportunity with them over the course, making a careful note yourself of the bearings of the different marks by objects on shore, so that you will not lose valuable time in the race in finding them. Do not allow any lagging in these spins, for it is liable to lead to a blunder in the race, but maintain the same discipline as you would at that time.

[Pg 893]

The hour of the race is at hand. Your crew is aboard, and after a careful examination of the running rigging, blocks, mast-hoops, sail and its lacings, you set out for the starting-point. Arriving there, procure your racing number, and after fastening it upon the sail, take your boat out and cruise around in the vicinity of the starting-line, using this opportunity to practise your crew in tacking, gybing, and other evolutions likely to be encountered during a race. Upon hearing the preparatory gun, it is best to get near the line. If you feel confident that you have your boat well in hand, you might manœuvre for a flying start, but if you are a little uncertain, it is best to secure a good position, and let your sail flap in the wind close as the boat lies stationary close to the line.



A FLYING START.

If the first leg is close hauled or a thrash to windward, it is advantageous to get away as near the front as possible, as the boats slower in starting usually get off in a bunch and cut up each other's wind. If the start is off the wind this is not so important. A flying start is very desirable, but it requires careful calculation and handling to bring your boat to the line at the right moment; and if by some mistake you should cross a few seconds before the gun, you would lose lots of valuable time in recrossing again. In a one-gun start the importance of getting off quickly is greater than in a two-gun. Bang! goes the starting gun. You are over the line, close-hauled most likely, on the starboard tack (on account of having right of way). Do not make the common mistake of hauling your boom in nearly amidships and jamming your boat up into the wind; it will not pay. It increases the drift, and your boat will not "foot" it as fast as one that is allowed a little more leeway. Again, do not let your boat sag off too far or a heavy gust may cause a "knockdown," with the consequent loss of much ground. Always be ready to luff and take advantage of any little gust of wind, and it is astonishing the amount of windward gain a clever sailor makes in this way. This does not mean to luff so much at every putt as to dump the wind out of your sail, or attempt to sail so close to the wind as not to get its full power.

The amount of sail carried should be proportionate to the wind; it is a great mistake to oversail a boat so that it wallows through the seas, necessitating luffing or dumping out the wind in the squalls and lowering of the peak when running before the wind. The angle of keel at which your boat sails best can only be determined by experiment, and it is a great blunder to carry sail so as to heel her to a greater one. When sailing close hauled or to windward, all obstructions that may catch the wind should be placed below deck if possible, or if it should be necessary to have the crew up to windward, let them lay close to the deck. (See sketch of start.)

As to the distribution of weight, aim to have your boat sail on the proper water-line at all times: do not allow your crew, when beating to windward, to pile aft, so as to escape spray, and so lift the bow out, at the same time do not get your bow too deeply in. When ready to go about (go on another tack), give the order "hard a lee," and let go the tiller, the unbalanced action of the wind on the sail will bring the boat up into the wind with a sweeping curve, and then use the rudder to put her on the other tack.

In this way you will go about easily, and will not lose headway, as is the case when the tiller is jammed over at the beginning. Immediately on hearing the order "hard a lee," the crew should stand ready to shift the ballast, and as the boat rounds up should change it rapidly, so as to have it to windward when the sail fills on the other tack. A manœuvre of the same character should be executed when luffing around a mark.

[Pg 894]

Always be sure before going about that you have plenty of board down. We will suppose that you have luffed around the first mark, and the next leg is a run with the wind aft of abeam. This will not be particularly exacting, the only points to keep in mind being to have your water-line on proper trim, a full sail, and a straight course.

The second mark will have to be gybed around. This is a manœuvre your crew cannot be too well drilled in. Give yourself plenty of room, and do not



FINISHING BEFORE THE WIND.



**PEAK LOWERED TO AVOID
"GOOSE-WING"**

place here. If you should happen to be near some boat that has capsized you will, doubtless, feel it your duty to assist the unfortunate. It is not a difficult matter to right a boat when you go about it in the proper way. Run your boat alongside of the capsized one's mast and strip its sail off, unfastening the throat and peak blocks, unreeving the sheet-ropes, and cutting the lashings of the sail to the mast-hoops. (Be careful that the sail does not sink.) Put your boat in a position alongside the bottom of the upturned boat, and unfasten your throat-halyard block from the gaff, fasten this to the mast of the capsized boat, as shown in sketch. It will then be an easy matter to pull the boat up to an even keel, when she may be pumped out.

We will suppose the autumn to have arrived, and you are ready to put your boat in winter quarters. After removing ballast, mast, sail, spars, etc., construct ways as shown in the sketch of winter quarters. They consist principally of two skids, on which the boat is run and hauled out, but if you care for the condition of the boat's bottom, a cradle had better be made following the idea shown in sketch. Pull the boat out to the end of the skids, and if it is desirable to get it farther away from the water, lay beams in front of the skids and pull the boat on them. When free of the skids take them up and lay them in front of the beams, repeating this operation until the boat is at the distance desired. After removing everything, cover the deck and cockpit with canvas. The sail should be sprinkled with salt and a little lime, not too much or it will cause rotting, the lime being used to bleach the sail only. This should be rolled up and packed away in a dry place, and the mast and spars should also be under shelter, but not where there is too great heat.

We have followed the fortunes of our boat from the beginning of the season until the end. Unfortunately the limited space of this article compels the mere mention of some points on which whole volumes could be written. It is only the purpose of this paper to treat this subject in the broadest fashion, and to give only general hints for the use of the beginner in one of the most manly of sports.

attempt to shave too closely. I witnessed last summer the capsizing of a boat resulting from this desire.

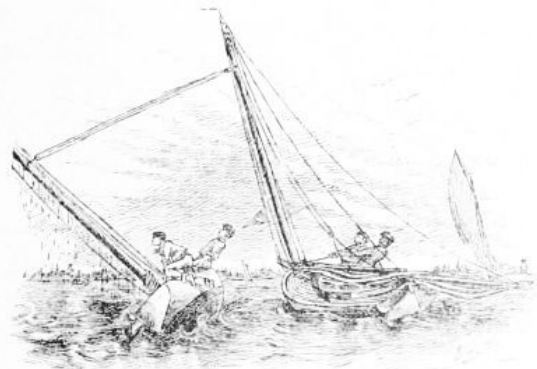
The mark was a buoy placed near a heavy stake, and the helmsman of the boat wishing to make a close shave steered too near it, and in passing fouled his sheet-ropes on the stake before gybing; the result was the boat became unmanageable, and its momentum carrying it around gybed the sail over, causing an upset. As you near the mark have the man forward stand by the peak-halyard, ready to let go if anything happens wrong. As you are about to turn, have the board raised and come around with an easy sweep; but not so rapidly that the sheet-tender cannot haul all the sheet-rope in. The sheet should be brought in with a steady pull, and allowed to run out evenly. If any amount of slack is given as the sail goes over, the wind on catching on the other side, if it does not capsize the boat or carry away something, will bring her head up into the wind with such force that it will be some seconds before you can overcome it with the rudder.

The remaining leg of our course we will suppose to be nearly free. When running this way the board should be kept up, and all the

weight in the boat aft, as a boat under the great pressure exerted by the wind when running this way has a tendency to dig its nose under. It is not necessary for your crew to lay down now, and you may allow them to stand and stretch themselves, as whatever wind they will catch will help the boat instead of retarding, as in the other cases. (See sketch of finish.) The only thing to be looked out for when running free, or nearly so, is a "goose-wing." This happens when the wind is so strong as to cause the boom to jump up parallel to the mast, and the sail wrap around it. If when running before the wind you find your boom is jumping too much, lowering the peak a little will lessen the pressure on the sail, and stop it.

It is impossible to prophesy the result of the race, but I can say that it depends equally on your boat and your management, with the training of the crew a close second.

A few hints on how to right a capsized boat may not be out of



RIGHTING A CAPSIZED BOAT.



THE PUDDING STICK

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.

I heard a girl spoken of the other day by one of her friends as a perfect candy fiend. It made me laugh, because I knew the girl in question, and I had never observed anything fiendish or malevolent about her. However, it is so much the fashion for girls to use sweeping expressions, that I am never a bit surprised when I hear "awful," "dreadful," "horrible," "terrible," and other strong words of that kind used without much reference to their exact meaning. I suppose the young girl described so alarmingly is very fond of candy, for which nobody can blame her; not I, certainly, especially if it be home-made. But I will imagine that each of my girls has an allowance, so much given her a week to spend as she pleases. What proportion of this should she devote merely to gratifying her taste for sweet things? Do you not think it rather foolish to spend so much on bonbons, caramels, and creams, that a girl has nothing left when she wishes to help clothe a poor family whose house has been burned over their heads, to buy a pretty framed photograph for her room, or to make a Christmas present for her mother or dear friend?

It is quite time, by-the-way, for us to begin the consideration of our Christmas presents in these bright days of late summer. By giving a little thought and time to the matter, paying attention to small wishes and wants which are spoken of in the family, we can often give our friends and ourselves much more pleasure than can be done when everything is left to the hurry of the last few weeks of the year. I heard a lady say the other evening, "I have at least six girl friends who knit beautifully, and I do wish one of them would make me a fascinator." "And pray what may a fascinator be?" said I. And I learned that it was simply a beautiful fleecy thing to wear upon the head in the evening. It used to be called a "cloud" when I was a girl; and in my girlish days I always kept one on hand to use up odd moments. It is pretty, dainty work. Bedroom slippers, crocheted and made up over lamb's-wool soles, are welcome gifts to receive, and not hard to make. May I add that a present is much more likely to give satisfaction to the recipient if it is beautifully wrapped up in tissue-paper and tied with dainty ribbon? I never derived more pleasure in my life than from a book which came to me one white cold Christmas eve. The book was daintily wrapped in white tissue-paper and tied with a white ribbon, which fastened on the cover of it one dewy, long-stemmed rose. A candle and candle-stick is a graceful and useful present. You know that one should always have a bedroom candle at night. It is a comfort to have it standing on a little table near the bed with a supply of matches. One never need then be in the dark a moment if a light happen to be necessary. I saw a very quaint and charming candle-stick the other day. It was in the shape of a monk with a cowl and robe, and he was patiently holding up a long crimson candle. Candles may be had in many colors, some of them very ornamental, and candle-sticks come in china, silver, and bronze, and sometimes very pretty ones in tin, though I do not recommend you to give a tin candle-stick as a present if you can afford one in another material.

[Pg 895]

Presents of one's own work are always very much appreciated, and there are many beautiful things in linen, such as doilies, centre-pieces, and the like, which are welcome additions to your mother's table, so that you cannot go wrong in choosing something in linen to embroider for her. A set of towels with a monogram in the corner makes a very tasteful gift, and I can imagine nothing lovelier than for a family of girls, or a class, to embroider a bed-spread for a mother or teacher. This, of course, would be a large undertaking, and should be begun many months before the time it is wanted, and you would have great fun in keeping the affair a secret. I saw a very beautiful bed-spread some weeks ago at a house where I was a guest. The lady who is making it has been engaged on it for years, and it is very elaborate—cream-colored linen of the finest texture, covered all over with beautiful vines and flowers. She has worked always from the flowers themselves, copying them faithfully in shape and tint.

When you are writing to me it would be very pleasant to have you tell me of beautiful Christmas gifts you intend to make. A girl in Maine might have a suggestion which would be acted upon by a girl in Nebraska. I will be extremely pleased to be the medium through which girls both North and South may give each other happy thoughts and charming suggestions about presents which are to be made for the next Christmas holidays. May I quote a bit from your letter, dear Tillie T.? It may give some of the girls an idea on which they may like to act. Tillie says: "With the help of two of my friends I am making a hospital box. Can you tell me some children's hospital to send it to? And is it a very childish thing to do? For we really enjoy making the things, as well as thinking of the pleasure they will give the children later. We have made cambric scrap-leaves, paper dolls with dresses of tissue-paper, a menagerie and circus of paper animals, and over sixty colored paper dolls—the sort which have dresses to come off."

Perhaps somebody can suggest an addition to Tillie's already generous list. St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city, will be very glad to receive any gifts which our readers would like to send to it.

Margaret E. Langster.

The poor patient mules that drag the train-cars far down in the mines rarely enjoy the light of day. Sometimes intervals of years pass before they are brought to the surface, and far below in the dense darkness of the mines they toil from month to month, seeing no light other than that of the miners' flickering lamps.

Recently some mules that had for a number of years hauled the trains in the lower tunnel of a coal-mine were brought to the surface. The strong light of the sun dazzled them, and every one kept his eyes closed tightly, and when they were released in a pasture a little distance away they halted trembling and astonished, even fearing some harm. For a long time they remained so, occasionally opening their eyes half-way, and finally, towards sundown, they broke into joyous brays. Afterward they ran around, jumped, kicked, and rolled on the grass as if mad. The delight of freedom, the sun, and the pure air were more to them than the food they refused to eat when it was put before them.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER V.

Tommy and the ex-Pirate and the Gopher remained quietly perched on the rafter for some minutes after the big Ark had begun to move; but when they found that none of the animals noticed them, since all seemed so busy attending to their own affairs, they slid along the beam until they could look out into the main room and see what was going on. That is, Tommy and the ex-Pirate slid along, but the Gopher remained where he was, apparently sound asleep.

"What do you suppose they will do next?" asked the little boy.

"Fight or eat, I guess," answered the ex-Pirate. "All animals fight or eat."

"I don't think I should like to see them fight," continued Tommy. And then he added. "Don't you think it is getting dark in here?"

"Very much so," said the ex-Pirate, looking about. "I suppose they will light up pretty soon. It's always dark on a rainy day, you know."

"What kind of lights do you suppose they will have?"

"Ark-lights, of course," said the ex-Pirate. "What other kind would you expect on a boat of this kind? Did you suppose the two Tapirs would be bright enough? If you had ever had any dealings with a Tapir you would know what a stupid beast he is. Don't you remember my classic about him:

"Said the Monkey to the Tapir,
One Sunday afternoon,
'Won't you let me have some paper, etc., etc, ..."

"The Tapir sold writing-paper, you see. But he was too stupid to get along in the business. That's why it is called a stationary business."

Tommy was about to answer—he hardly knew what—when a bump and a squeal interrupted the conversation. The sleeping Gopher had fallen off the rafter. This accident might have caused a good deal of trouble if a great hubbub had not started at the other end of the room at the same moment. There were squeals and howls and yelps, as if one was being killed. In the rush and confusion the Gopher mixed with the crowd, and Tommy could only occasionally catch a glimpse of his pink sun-bonnet bobbing up now and then in the swarm that was struggling in the distance.

"I wonder what has happened?" said the little boy, leaning as far forward as he dared.

"First fight, I guess," muttered the ex-Pirate, "But I think we had better stay up here and wait till it's all over."

"I guess we had," assented Tommy. But they did not have to wait very long, for the Gopher soon came scurrying back and climbed quickly up beside them.

"Goodness! Goodness me!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" asked the ex-Pirate, eagerly.

"The Dachshund was playing tag with a Chinese Pug, and he fell through the trap-door."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Tommy.

"You ought to see him," pursued the Gopher. "He fell all the way down to the hold, and his legs are jammed away up into his body and twisted all out of shape. They're only about three inches long now, and even the Elephant could not pull them out straight. He is disfigured for all time."

"Can't any one help him?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"He won't let any one. The Duck, who was educated in divers practices, offered his services as doctor, but the Dachshund would not have him. Said he was a quack." There was a brief silence; then the Gopher added: "They are trying to find out who opened the trap-door, and so I ran away. I came in that way; but I'm sure I shut the trap after me."

"We came in that way too," said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes, and I came up first," put in Tommy. "You were last up. Did you shut the door?"

"I guess I did not," admitted the ex-Pirate. "But it was the Sheep's fault; he put it out of my mind."

By this time the excitement had abated, and the animals were scattered in groups again. The Dachshund went waddling about the floor on his short crooked legs, to the great amusement of the Storks and Cranes, who still had long straight legs, and Tommy said,

"Well, I never knew before how it happened that those dogs had such funny legs." But the Gopher said

nothing, and still trembled for fear some one would find out he had come in through the trap.

The wind was blowing fiercely outside, and as it howled around the corners and under the eaves of the Ark it sounded notes like those of an Æolian harp.

"Music, isn't it?" remarked Tommy. "It sounds like a fiddle."

The ex-Pirate almost jumped off the rafter.

"Fiddle!" he exclaimed. "Who said fiddle? Is there a fiddle on board? If there is, I'm going to jump!"

"I did not say there was a fiddle on board," remonstrated Tommy. "I said it *sounded* like a fiddle."

"Oh!"

"What are you so afraid of a fiddler for?"

"If I tell you you will easily understand," answered the ex-Pirate, with a deep sigh.

"Well, tell us. Is it interesting?"

"Yes, and I can give it to you in rhyme. Will you have it in four verses or in six?"

"I guess four will do," answered the little boy, and he leaned over and pulled the Gopher up closer. "Come and hear the poetry," he said.

The ex-Pirate turned toward his audience on the rafter, and recited:

"There once was a fiddler whose name was McPhee,
And he fiddled, he fiddled, did he.
He fiddled so loud and he fiddled so long
That the neighbors all thought there must be something wrong
With this fearful old fellow, this fiddler McPhee,
For he fiddled, he fiddled, did he.

"So one day the neighbors all went up to see
What the cause of this unceasing fiddling could be.
They appointed committees to go in and speak
In behalf of them all to this fiddling freak,
Who had fiddled all day and all night for a week;
But their efforts all failed with this frightful McPhee,
Who fiddled for fun, he fiddled, did he.

"The first man to face the fiddler McPhee
Was a fat little fellow, who said, 'Sir,' said he,
'You fiddle all night and you fiddle all day,
You fiddle and fiddle your whole time away;
Won't you tell us the reason why all this should be?'
But the fiddler still fiddled, he fiddled, did he.

"But finally, while fiddling, he said, 'Sir,' said he,
'You will greatly oblige me by letting me be;
All your fussing and fretting and fuming,' said he,
'Is nothing at all—it's fiddledidee!'
So he kept on a fiddling, this fellow McPhee,
And he fiddled, and fiddled, and fiddled, did he.

"And I was one of the neighbors," added the ex-Pirate.

"And did not Mr. McPhee stop?" asked Tommy.

"No. We all had to move. He had a ninety-nine years' lease."

"I don't blame you," said the Gopher.

The ex-Pirate was about to propose reciting four more verses when there occurred another commotion, and the Hippopotamus stood up on his awkward hind legs and shouted:

"Let's organize! We ought to organize! What is life without organization? I move we elect a president—"

But before he could express his views any further the Lion walked up to him and buffeted him with his paw, and growled:

"Sit down! If there is any organizing to be done, I will do it. I want you to understand that I am the King of Beasts, and we won't have any presidents this trip."

Whereupon the poor old Hippopotamus rubbed his sore jowls, and waddled slowly off to another part of the room. Then the Lion got up on a big chair, with the Lioness at his side, and made a speech. Tommy and the ex-Pirate could not hear what he said,



"LET'S ORGANIZE!... WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT ORGANIZATION?"

because they were so far away; but the animals all seemed very attentive and much pleased, for they continually nodded their heads, and at the close of the oration the Gopher, who in some manner had managed to catch every word, waved his sun-bonnet in the air and cried:

"Hooray! We're going to eat!"

"I told you so," whispered the ex-Pirate; and then he suggested to Tommy that they go down to the floor and mingle with the animals, and try to find the Sheep, so as to have a chance at the meal, if that were possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

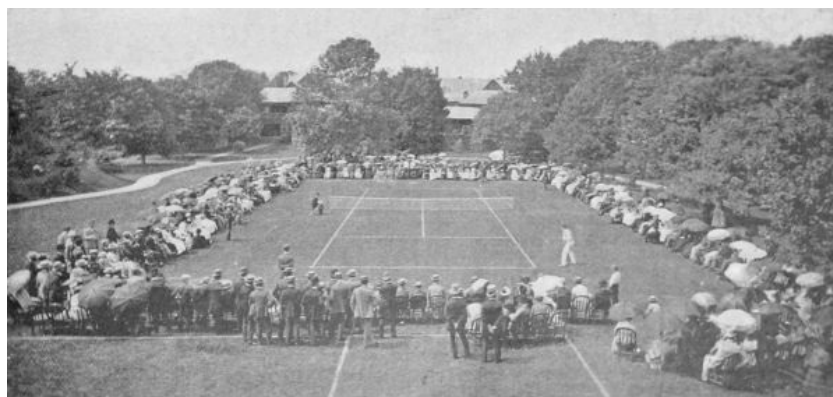
[Pg 897]



The lawn-tennis tournament for the Interscholastic championship of the United States was finished at Newport last week, first honors being carried off by Leonard E. Ware, of the Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass. Ware is, beyond doubt, the best man of the four players who came to represent the schools, and he proved, both by his play in the two interscholastic matches and by the work he has done on various courts this summer, that he has unquestionably the strongest claim to the title of interscholastic champion. He defeated both Beaman and Sheldon without any trouble, the latter being the stronger rival, and standing for the full five sets. In the first match Beaman took the first set from Ware, but after that the latter warmed up and had everything his own way. Sheldon's contest with Waltz was a walk-over for the Hotchkiss School player, as the score will show. The summaries follow:

L. E. Ware	}	
M. G. Beaman	}	Ware, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3.
		} Ware, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5,
J. P. Sheldon, Jun.	}	Sheldon, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.
C. F. Waltz	}	6-8, 6-1.

The best playing Ware did during the entire period of the tournament at Newport was in his match with Foote of Yale, whom he met in the third round. Foote won—4-6, 6-4, 6-0, 8-10, 8-6—but it was a hard-earned victory, and gave the spectators some of the best tennis to watch that the tournament afforded. Ware will undoubtedly rank as one of the leading players of the country next year, and I count on him to hold the national championship before he gets out of college. His strongest quality seems to be steadiness, and in addition to this he possesses determination and sand.



THE NEWPORT TENNIS COURTS.

Ware won his first set against Foote by good lobbing and clever side-line strokes. His back-hand strokes along the side-lines were especially fine. In the first game of the second set deuce was called three times before Foote got the score, and several times afterwards there were equally exciting moments. The third set was a love one for the Yale man. He defeated Ware by playing a lobbing game whenever he could. The latter was especially weak in placing his smashes, most of them being returned within Foote's easy reach. This is, no doubt, Ware's weak point, for it was mainly by this that he lost the set.

The fourth set was the most sensational of the five, and it was here that the scholastic player showed the pluck that was in him. In the first game he placed prettily, winning at fifteen, and he scored again in the second by the same tactics, and in the third by wonderful side-line work. Exciting rallies were the features of the next two games, in the latter Ware bringing the score from love forty up to deuce; but after deuce was called four times Foote scored, mainly through his persistent lobbing. Perhaps the best tennis of all was shown in the tenth game, when applause by the spectators was almost continuous. Ware won it, although Foote had him 40-15, and was within one point of the match. Losing that point gave him another set to play. Eighteen games were required to decide this set, which was the longest and, beyond a doubt, one of the most exciting of the tournament.

The fifth set consumed one solid hour of play, and went to Foote—8-6. As in the former sets, Ware gave a great exhibition of pluck, and with the score 2-4 against him, tied the figures. It was then nip and tuck until each man had secured five games. At a critical point, however, and one which probably would have altered the result considerably, Ware was unfortunate in getting an obviously poor decision from one of the linesmen. The whole set was largely a question of endurance rather than of proficiency, and in this the

older and stronger player naturally excelled.

This Department has been questioned a number of times as to how the racing length of a yacht is determined. As the International Cup races are interesting every sportsman just now, and as the ROUND TABLE this week gives on another page an article descriptive of cat-boat-racing, this seems a particularly apt time to devote a few paragraphs to this very complicated feature of yachting. We all know, of course, that upon the difference between the racing lengths of two yachts depends the time allowance which one boat must allow the other in a contest of speed. This length is obtained by adding the square root of the sail area to the length of the load water-line, and dividing the result by two. The quotient is the racing length.

[Pg 898]

The load water-line, which is the distance between the points of the bow and stern, exclusive of the rudder-post, is ascertained as follows: Strip the yacht of everything except what she will carry in the race, and assemble amidships the crew which is to man her. Then drop a plumb-line from her bow to the water, and measure accurately the distance between the point where the line strikes the water and the intersection of the forefoot with the water. Repeat the same operation at the stern. Then mark off these distances on the deck, the first being measured back from the bow, and the second forward from the stern. The distance between these two points is the length of the load water-line of the yacht. It is measured on the deck, because the rounding of the hull, of course, makes it impossible to get a straight line from bow to stern on the water.

To get the correct sail area requires more labor. It is determined by the dimensions of the spars and those of the jib-topsail stay. If it were not for the length of the gaff a triangle would be formed by the base-line, the stay and the leach of the topsail and mainsail. Then the area could be easily calculated. But the projection of the gaff spoils the triangle, and so the first thing to do is to measure the distance from the end of the boom to the forward side of the mast. From that point measure to a point on the bowsprit half-way between the jib-stay and the jib-topsail stay. These, added together, give the actual base-line. Then take the height of the mast and the height of the topmast. The length of the gaff is next ascertained, and from this is subtracted eight-tenths of the height of the topmast. The difference between these is added to the actual base-line, the result giving the corrected base-line.

Experience shows that this addition offsets very accurately the number of square feet of sail lying between a straight line drawn from the end of the boom to the sheave of the topsail halyards, and—considering that line as a base—the two legs of the triangle extending from the end of the boom to the peak of the gaff, and from the peak of the gaff to the topmast. Then the length of the corrected base-line is multiplied by the height of the mast, taken from the deck to the sheave on the topmast, and the result is divided by two. After obtaining these measurements, proceed as stated above—that is, add the square root of the sail area to the length of the load water-line, and divide by two. Then you have the yacht's racing length. There is no doubt that it is a complicated problem.

But this method is for sloop measurement. To get the area of a cat-boat sail there is a simpler way, although it is not so absolutely exact. Draw a line from the throat to the leach parallel to the foot of the sail, and let fall from the point of intersection of this line with the leach another line parallel to the luff. The sail is then divided into a rectangle formed by these two lines, the luff, and part of the foot, and two triangles, one of which is bounded by the head of the sail, a part of the leach, and your first line; the second, by a part of the leach, a part of the foot, and your second line. To compute the areas of these two triangles and the rectangle, and to add them, is a matter of simple mathematics. And then you have the area of your sail.

Between now and the time of the opening of the football season I want to say something each week about the game, more especially about the early training for it, and the elementary principles of play which so many enthusiasts overlook at first, and consequently go in and fail. Nobody was ever born a football player. To become proficient in the game you must devote many months to practice, and several years to actual study of the game. Football is a science, just as chess is a science—and there are very few great chess-players. There are very few great football players. My advice to the young man who wants to excel on the gridiron is first to find out, if he can, what position he is best suited for (not what position he likes best), and then to study and play that position steadily and for all he is worth. Go to as many big games as possible, and watch the men who play your chosen position. See wherein they excel, and note your own short-comings. In addition, read everything you can get hold of about the science and strategy of the game. There are a number of books on the subject. And after you have read pretty thoroughly, think. No man can be a good football player unless he can think out football problems for himself.

But more of that later. The important question now is that of preliminary training, and by far the most important thing about preliminary training is to do not too much at first. It is not only unwise to work hard at first, but it is dangerous. Most of the men have been away on long vacations, and very few, if any, of them have been taking any regular or systematic exercise. Consequently their muscles are not prepared to endure the sudden strains and wrenches to which they are being subjected. It is a matter of record that more sprains and bruises occur during the first few weeks of practice than at any other time of the season.

For the first week or so the careful Captain will see that his men perform only very light work. He will put them through easy exercises, he will have them pass and kick the ball and practise falling on it. Then he will have his men take short runs across country, and do such general light work for wind and muscle as will enable them to take up hard practice without danger. Every man should have a heavy sweater or an overcoat at hand to put on as soon as play is stopped, for every precaution should be taken to avoid catching cold. Every football team should, if possible, have hot and cold water shower-baths convenient to their dressing-rooms—for cleanliness is as important a matter to the welfare of the players as fresh air. Long hot baths are weakening and should be avoided, except when a cold has settled in the muscles, and then hot water is of value.

Football players should be regular in their daily habits. They should rise, take their meals, and retire to bed at the same hours every day; and it is likewise a good thing to have the practice at the same hour each afternoon, and, if possible, at that hour of the day when matches will most probably be played later in the season. The men should have plenty of sleep, say from ten at night until seven in the morning, and on rising they should, if possible, take a short walk before breakfast. And now that the word breakfast has fallen into the discussion let us look at the commissariat side of the football question.

There was a time when a football player was supposed to make a martyr of himself, as far as the good things of the kitchen were concerned. His bill of fare was made up chiefly of raw beef, and he was

permitted to drink only so many glasses of water a day. This barbarous custom, however, has now been done away with, and from personal experience I can vouch for the delicious fare of the training-table of the present day. A football player's diet must be restricted, of course, but there is an ample list left that he may choose from. Roast beef, beefsteak, lamb chops, roast lamb, broiled chicken, oatmeal, rice, mush, and all kinds of cereal food, potatoes cooked in any style except fried, vegetables, eggs, apple sauce, baked apples (never any raw apples), prunes, oranges, grapes, figs, dates, and all fruit in season; rice and bread pudding, stale bread, and dry toast—all these can go on the bill of fare. The forbidden dishes are pie, cake, salad, pork, veal, rich dressings, anything fried, ice-cream, candy, soda-water, and any kinds of drinks, alcoholic, malt, or soft. No tea, no coffee, no chocolate, and—but this should go without saying—no tobacco.

Another important thing for the Captain of a football team to give his closest attention to is the condition of his men. He should watch them continually, and note the slightest tendency toward overtraining, for overtraining is much easier to prevent than to remedy. As soon as a player gets into this condition he should take absolute rest for several days, and thereafter he should only play for a short time each day. A change of diet is a good thing, too. Remove all restrictions from the diet of the overtrained man, and let him eat what he chooses for a few days. Overtraining shows itself in various ways, but the most common is for a player to feel worn and tired and disinclined to work hard on the field. This is simply an evidence that his muscles have been worked too hard, and have become so fatigued that they cannot recuperate their full vitality between one day's practice and the next.

[Pg 899]

While speaking of diet I omitted saying that ice-water should be shunned almost as if it were an alcoholic beverage. Never have ice water on the training-table. Drink cold water, but do not have it iced. It is a bad thing, too, to allow players to drink anything during practice or until an hour after practice has been stopped. This will prove a hardship at first, as the mouth gets dry and parched. Have a pail of water near the field and a tin cup, and let the men rinse their mouths, but do not permit them to drink. After a week or so they will become accustomed to the abstinence, and their saliva glands will act more freely. Gum-chewing is a bad practice, too. Constant mastication stimulates the glands; but it is injurious in the end, just as all artificial methods are in whatever sphere they may be practised.

The football team should work on the field every day, rain or shine. Practice on a wet and muddy ground is necessary, because it frequently happens that the most important game of the year (usually played at the end of the season) has to be contested on a rainy day. Thus practising in the rain will accustom the players to running and dodging in the mud, and to holding a wet and slippery ball. If the storm is such, however, that work in the open air is out of the question, the team should practise in-doors. Rehearsing signals is good occupation for such occasions, and practice in passing the ball and in tackling can also be had. But unless in-door work is unavoidable it should never be indulged in during the active season. The work on the field demands all the energy of the players.

THE GRADUATE.



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

The American Philatelic Association has just been holding its annual convention at Clayton, New York. Two sessions were held each day August 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th. This should be a very powerful society, but is not on account of poor management. For 1895-96 the following officers were elected: J. K. Tiffany, president; Alvah Davison, vice-president; N. W. Chandler, treasurer; C. W. Kissinger, secretary. The next annual meeting will probably be held in Wisconsin or Minnesota.

The year 1888 the Belgium government withdrew the 5-franc stamp from use. During its life about 45,000 were used, most of which were probably saved by collectors. A short time ago 2400 of these stamps, unused, were found in the Brussels post-office, and these have just been sold by auction to one man, who paid 36,000 francs for the lot, more than three times their face value.

The making of new issues of postage-stamps primarily to sell to collectors has not been stopped. Peru intends to issue one commemorative stamp on September 10, 1895. Uruguay will issue three stamps in commemoration of Joaquin Suarez on October 8, 1895. The pious Belgium postmaster proposes to make two series of local stamps for use in Liege and Brussels in commemoration of St. Lambert, the first bishop of Belgium. France has surcharged her own 15, 25, 30, 50 centimes, and 1 franc stamps D. S. for use in the colony of Diego Suarez. I advise collectors to leave all the above out of their collections. Any money spent for them is simply thrown away.

The new 3, 5, 30, and 50 cent postage-due stamps have been reported as issued; but no copies have yet reached the New York post-office.

It is rumored in stamp circles that the U. S. government is going to use paper water-marked with an eagle for use in printing stamps. I hope the postal authorities will see that the water-mark will be made sufficiently clear to be seen distinctly on every stamp. The present system is simply laughable. In 99 instances out of every 100 the present water-mark can be seen only on the margins of the sheets, and one stamp may contain the water-mark of a portion of one letter only, while others have parts of two letters. Other governments seem to have no difficulty in making clear and artistic designs for use as water-marks.

See, for instance, the numerous Great Britain water-marks illustrated in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 821.

Still there's more to follow. Another batch of the St. Louis stamps has turned up, and philatelists are wondering how many there were in that Louisville find (not Kansas City as stated in last week's issue). Perhaps some one has the plate. About a year ago a New York dealer was approached by a man who claimed to have the plate in his possession and offered to print a lot, but the dealer was shy, and declined to make any bargain until after a sample sheet had been shown to him for examination. As this was not done, negotiations ceased.

R. T. K.—The token inscribed on the reverse, "Not one cent for tribute, millions for defence," issued 1841, is very interesting. It is one of the "hard-money tokens" issued between 1837 and 1842, and are very common. They have no money value. The 1871 U. S. dollar is worth face only.

E. PATTISON.—The coins mentioned are quite common, and are worth face only.

W. GOFF.—There is no way of cleaning cancelled postage-stamps, hence the high value of most unused compared with used specimens. For instance, the U. S. 3c. 1857, with outer line, used sells for 25c., but unused commands \$15.

K. F. KURTZ.—The K die U. S. envelope 1853 issue on buff can be bought for \$3 and less, whether the stamp shows cancellation mark or not. If the entire envelope is unused and clean it is worth \$10 and upward. On white paper the prices are much higher.

C. C. B.—The dealers pay \$1.15 each for the U. S. gold dollars dated 1850 to 1855, and sell them for about \$1.50. These are the common dates. The valuable gold dollars are those of which a few copies only were coined within the past twenty years.

B. MAGELSEN.—There are not two varieties of any Columbian stamp, but almost every denomination can be found in two or more distinct shades. Purple is a very difficult ink to compound, so are certain reds. For instance, there are over 100 different shades of the current 2c.-stamp, all printed within the past year, and all nominally the same color.

J. SMYTHE.—There are not many collectors of U. S. envelopes bearing express names, such as Wells, Fargo, & Co., etc. Hence the envelopes are rarely worth more than the regular issues.

SAN ANTONIO.—The San Antonio of Padua jubilee issue now current in Portugal and the Azores, although good for postage in those countries, is frowned upon by collectors, as their postal use is a mere side issue, the chief reason why they were made being for sale to collectors. There are fifteen varieties, viz., 2½, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 50, 75, 80, 100, 150, 200, 300, 500, and 1000 reis, also one 10-reis postal-card. The same stamps are surcharged Acores for use in that colony.

A. LEWKAWSKY.—There are no reprints of U. S. stamps issued after 1870. If you can buy the \$1 and \$2 Columbian issue do so by all means. They are going up in value rapidly. The present \$1 stamp it is said will be printed in some other color. If so, the chances are that the black ones will advance in price materially.

PHILATUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

If afflicted with SORE EYES USE Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

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

[Pg 900]

BICYCLING

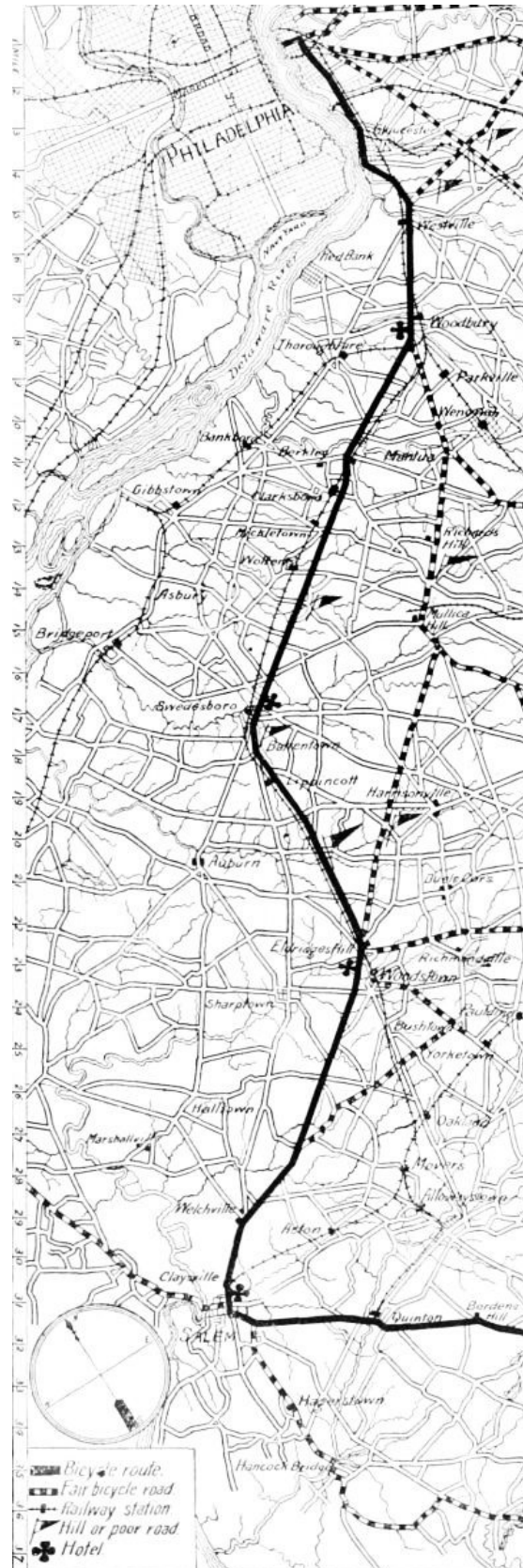
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being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

Another pleasant ride out of Philadelphia into New Jersey is to the town of Vineland by way of Salem. The entire distance is sixty-two miles, and the run can, of course, be made in one day, with a stop at Salem for dinner. It is pleasanter, however, to make a two-days trip out of it. If the weather is good and you still want to ride, a run can be made from Vineland to Philadelphia direct on the third day, though the roads are not in either good condition or well made originally over the direct route. The first stage will carry us to Salem, thirty-two miles from Philadelphia. Leaving the city at Market Street, cross to Camden and run down to Gloucester, or cross at the South Street Ferry, if you choose, direct to Gloucester. Thence turning to the right at the end of the Ferry Street, follow a direct road to Westville, which you enter just after crossing the track. The road is macadamized, is very level, and in pretty fair condition. From this point to Woodbury is direct by the same macadamized road, the track being again crossed a little over half-way to the latter place. The distance from Gloucester to Woodbury is about four miles.

On leaving Woodbury, take the right fork at the break in the roads just outside of the village and run direct to Berkley, which is to the westward of you, passing through Clarksboro, where the end of the macadam is readied and a gravel road begins. The road is not uncertain anywhere along the route, but from Clarksboro to Swedesboro it is as nearly straight as a road could well be. The railroad runs along on the western side half a mile or more away, passing through Mickletown and Wolferts. Just after crossing the road which runs into Wolferts station you will come to a hill which is somewhat difficult, owing partly to the condition of the roadbed and partly to the steepness of the hill itself. It is best to keep on the main road, even if you dismount and walk over the hill itself.

At Swedesboro a stop can be made for dinner or lunch at Ford's Hotel. You have now ridden fifteen miles and covered about half the distance. Leaving Ford's after a rest, keep to the left instead of crossing the track, and run along close by the rails seven miles to Woodstown. A number of roads come together as you enter, and to reach the centre of the village itself you should keep to the left fork and run along into the central square. If you do not mean to stop, keep to the right fork after crossing the railroad, and run direct to Salem, ten miles away. A rider can keep always to the left forks if he chooses on leaving Woodstown until he has gone about two miles out, when he should turn to the right at a fork and meet the main bicycle road five or six miles from Woodstown. On the whole, it is better to keep to the straight turnpike. The whole route to Salem is remarkably level as country roads go, and while the bed is gravel beyond Clarksboro, it is nevertheless in reasonably good condition all the way. At Salem the Nelson House is a good place to stop for the night.

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 No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West



Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.



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.

WATERSCAPES.

The amateur who lives inland, and has made a success of landscapes, is usually quite disappointed with his pictures of waterscapes when he takes his summer outing at the sea or lake shore. The photographs are for the most part thin and flat, and, while detail is not lacking, there is no contrast between light and shadow.

The reason is that one is not prepared for the intense light with which the whole scene is flooded, and consequently the plate is exposed too long. The reflection from the water almost doubles the intensity of the light. This may be noticed when focussing the image. Every part of the scene reflected on the ground-glass is so well illuminated that there are none of those dark masses of shadows which appear on inland pictures. This the amateur at first thinks is an advantage. In one respect it is, for it enables one to get a sharp focus much more easily. This seeming advantage is really a great disadvantage. The strong light on every object renders the developed negative flat and without contrast.

One way to bring out the contrast is to use a small diaphragm. Focus with a larger diaphragm and then put in a small one. The change in the image on the ground-glass will be at once noticed. Instead of being evenly lighted, the shadows are softened, and if a quick exposure is made, and the negative carefully developed, a picture will be obtained with as artistic gradations between the lights and shadows as in those of a landscape.

In developing instantaneous pictures taken at the sea-shore a great deal of judgment must be exercised. In the first place, as the light to which the plate has been exposed is very strong, the picture must be put in the developer in a very dim light, not allowing any of the direct rays from the red light to strike the plate. As soon as the plate is covered with the developer put a cover over the tray, and do not expose to the light till time for the picture to begin to appear. If it comes up too quickly, take it at once from the tray and put it in a dish of clear water. Mix a fresh weak developer, or dilute the same developer and add a few drops of bromide of potassium.

A weak solution of developer should be used to start the development. Let the picture come up rather slowly, and after detail is well out take the plate from the developer, rinse in clear water, and put it in a stronger solution of developer till it has attained the right density. Examine by holding to the light, and do not depend on the image on the back of the plate as a guide to density. If the picture lacks in detail, add a few drops of bicarbonate of soda to the developer; if lacking in density, a few drops of solution of bromide of potassium should be used.

Fog, which one would naturally suppose would obscure or deaden the light, has instead great illuminating power. Instantaneous pictures taken on a foggy day are often the most beautiful of waterscapes.

A good rule when taking pictures at the sea-shore is to use a small stop, and the quickest exposure of the shutter provided with the hand camera.

Remember that the light is more than double the strength on the sea than on the land, and that the water reflects the light instead of absorbing it.

SIR KNIGHT RAYMOND J. SPOONER would like to know how to mount prints on paper so that they will lie smooth. He intends to use drawing-paper 8 x 10 for 4 x 5 prints and then have them bound. Make a rather thin paste of laundry starch. Soak the prints in water for a few minutes, and then lay them one by one face down on some hard smooth surface, like a pane of glass or the bottom of a porcelain toning-tray. Blot each one as it is taken out of the water, removing all the superfluous moisture. Have the sheet of drawing-paper ready, and moisten the place where the print is to be placed very slightly with a damp sponge. Paste the back of the print, using only enough paste to cover it, lift the corner with the point of a knife, and lay it pasted side down on the mount. Lay a piece of tissue-paper over the face of the mount and roll the print smooth with a squeegee. A smooth glass bottle can be used if one has no squeegee, or a new wooden rolling-pin answers every purpose. Lay the print when mounted between two pieces of clean blotting-paper and put a weight on it; as the prints are mounted they can be laid one on top of the other with blotting-paper between. Be very careful that no paste is on the face of the print. The object in moistening the mount is that the print may not make it shrink; drawing-paper, being lighter weight than a card-mount, is apt to do this unless it is first moistened as directed.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.—SIR KNIGHT A. SMITH wishes to know what will keep films from curling when in the developer. The films should be soaked in water till they become limp before they are placed in the developer. To keep them from curling after development they should be placed before drying in a solution of glycerine and water, composed of glycerine $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.,

FALSE ECONOMY

is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., New York.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Arnold
Constable & Co.**

"Autumn Styles"

Ladies' Golf Capes

In Great Variety.

Foreign and Domestic Makes.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.



**You See Them Everywhere
Satisfaction and Speed in
Columbia Bicycles**

The famous Hartford Single-Tube Tires with which Columbia Bicycles are equipped add much to the pleasure Columbia riders have in bicycling. Even the dreaded puncture loses its terrors with Hartford Single-Tubes. Repaired in a minute. Anyone can do it. Dunlop tires, best of double tubes, if you prefer.

POPE MFG. Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Postage Stamps, &c.

1000 Mixed Foreign Postage Stamps, including Fiji Islands, Samoa, Hawaii, Hong Kong, for 34c. in stamps; 10 varieties U. S. Columbian stamps, 25c.; entire unused 5c. and 10c. Columbian Envelopes, 25c. the pair. Only a limited number were issued by U. S. Government. E. F. GAMBS, Box 2631, San Francisco, Cal. Established, 1872.



100 all dif. Venezuela, Costa Rica, etc., only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Ag'ts wanted at 50 per ct. com. List FREE!

C. A. Stegmann, 2722 Eads Av., St. Louis, Mo.

100 all different, China, etc., 10c.; 5 Saxony, 10c.; 40 Spain, 40c.; 6 Tunis, 14c.; 10 U. S. Revenues, 10c. Agts. wtd., 50% com.; '95 list free.

CRITTENDEN & BORGMAN CO., Detroit, Mich.



Good Music

Franklin Square Song Collection.

GOOD MUSIC arouses a spirit of good-will, creates a harmonious atmosphere, and where harmony and good-will prevail, the disobedient, turbulent, unruly spirit finds no resting-place. Herbert Spencer puts his final test of any plan of culture in the form of a question. "Does it create a pleasurable excitement in the pupils?" Judged by this criterion, Music deserves the first rank, for no work done in the school room is so surely creative of pleasure as singing. Do we not all agree, then, that Vocal Music has power to benefit every side of the child nature? And in these days, when we seek to make our schools the arenas where children may grow into symmetrical, substantial, noble characters, can we afford to neglect so powerful an aid as Music? Let us as rather encourage it in every way possible.

Nowhere can you find for Home or School a better Selection of Songs and Hymns than in the Franklin Square Song Collection.

Sold Everywhere. Price, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00. Full contents of the Several Numbers, with Specimen Pages of favorite Songs and Hymns, sent by Harper & Brothers, New York, to any address.

[Pg 902]

Mangoes and Bilberries in Jamaica.

All the mangoes are ripe now, and we get plenty of them. There are about six kinds: the Number Eleven, the Black, the Yam, the Kidney, and the East Indian. I like the Black best, though the Number Eleven is considered the choicest. The Black mangoes are gray with black spots on them; the Number Eleven are a bright orange color; and the Yam mangoes are yellow and red, and might be taken by strangers for huge peaches as they lie on the ground. The East Indian variety is big and green, with black spots.

We also have bilberries. They are about the color, shape, and size of our huckleberries, and they taste about the same. We have them in the morning for breakfast. We also have cocoanuts on our place. When they are young the milk is good to drink, and is very refreshing. Our cook often makes soup of them, which is very rich in flavor. At one time I saw our cook with her dinner on her head. It consisted of baked plantain and yam, and was smoking hot. She was walking around the yard, taking off a bit of her dinner now and then to eat it.

Coffee does not seem to grow well in this place, judging from that which is here. It grows better in higher regions. There is to be a "Sky Meeting" at Up-Park-Camp on the 20th of July, given by the English officers. It includes horse-racing, etc. This place in which we are now living is called "Garden House." The first mangoes in the island were planted here, and all the others came from them. There are sixteen acres of coffee. The people prune their coffee after it has begun bearing. I would like a few correspondents.

FRED HAWTHORNE.
GARDEN HOUSE, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Gold and Silver from Ores.

I visited a huge smeltery not long ago, and saw how gold and silver were separated from their ores. The lead ore, or galena, which contains also gold, silver, and copper, is brought from Utah. The average yield of silver of the ore used here is about one hundred ounces to the ton. The amount of gold and silver in the ore is determined in the assaying room in this manner:

A piece of the silver-bearing lead is carefully weighed in a very delicate balance, and is then placed in a little cup of bone ash, called a cupel. Then the cupel is put into a very hot furnace so arranged that a current of air passes over it. The air oxidizes the melted base metals, but the gold and silver are not affected. The cupel has the remarkable power of absorbing the oxides of metal, and so in an hour or so there is nothing left in it save a little bead of silver and gold. This bead is then weighed, and in this way it is known what proportion of gold and silver there is in the ore.

To extract the metals, the ore is mixed with limestone and coal, and is thrown into a blast-furnace, which resembles an inverted cone. A fire is started in the bottom and a blast of air is forced through the pipes into the furnace. When the metal has been melted from the ore the furnace is tapped at the bottom, and the metal, consisting of gold, silver, copper, and lead, runs out into large pots. It is then run into moulds. This metal is called "bullion."

The next process is to separate the lead from the other metals. The bullion is melted in a large deep basin and molten zinc is added. The zinc forms an alloy with the gold, silver, and copper, which is lighter than the lead, and therefore floats on the surface. Then this alloy is skimmed off and taken to another part of the works, where it is placed in furnaces and the zinc burned out. After all the zinc has been gotten rid of the metal is taken to a large room which contains a row of small furnaces. Inside of these furnaces are shallow cupels over which a current of air passes. After the metal has been melted in these cupels it is run out into moulds, which shape the metal into plates about twenty inches long and ten in width.

The metal of these plates consists of gold and silver, which still have to be separated. The plates are hung in gauze bags and put in strong nitric acid. This acid dissolves the silver, but does not affect the gold, which drops down into the bags and is caught there. About three inches distant from the sack containing the gold and silver plate is a very thin plate of silver. This plate and the one in the sack are connected to a dynamo. The current of electricity causes the dissolved silver to deposit itself on the plate. After all the silver has been collected it is cast into blocks weighing one thousand ounces each. The gold is likewise cast into blocks.

I saw about \$100,000 worth of silver in the vaults and in the works. There are other methods of separating these metals, but I think this is the most common way. Some ores are more easily worked than others.

HOMER L. STEWART, R.T.F.
PITTSBURG, PA.

The Lyre-Bird.

The lyre-bird is a very beautiful bird, and is to be found in the eastern part of Australia. The form and structure of the tail resemble an ancient Grecian lyre, hence its name. The size of this bird is about that of the common hen, the eyes are dark hazel, large, mild in expression, and very beautiful. The wings are short and hollow, rendering great assistance when running, but of little use in flying.

The bird's running powers are extraordinary, and it is not easily overtaken. The legs are rather long, the color of the body is reddish-brown, and its general appearance is very graceful. It is of a gentle disposition and altogether harmless. The lyre-bird will soon be lost to us forever. The tail feathers were formerly sold in Sydney at a low price, but now that the beautiful creatures are nearly exterminated the price has risen exceedingly.

CARRIE WELLENBROCK, R.T.L.

Prizes for Poems.

Three prizes of \$5, \$4, \$3 each are offered by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for the best short poems. Any subject allowed. Limited to five stanzas; the best to be printed in the ROUND TABLE. Competition open to all members of the Order. Forward not later than December 1, 1895.

A Special Offer.

Teachers, students, superintendents of Sunday-schools, ladies, members of the Round Table, and others willing to distribute ten to seventy-five Prospectuses and personally commend HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, will receive, according to number of Prospectuses distributed, bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1893,

gold badges of the Round Table Order, packet of fifty engraved visiting-cards, bearing their name, with copper plate for future use, rubber stamp bearing their name and address, nickel pencil resembling a common nail, or silver badge of the Round Table Order. This offer is restricted to one person in a town or neighborhood. In applying, state how many circulars you can place in the hands of those sure to be interested in them, what are your facilities for distributing them, and what prize you seek.

In Aid of the Fund.

At "Pine Top," on the afternoon and evening of September 21st, there is to be a lawn festival and sale in aid of the Good Will School Fund. Pine Top is at 162d Street and Edgecombe Road, in the upper part of New York city, and the festival is under the auspices of the Misses Schrenkeisen, Dey, and Hubert. The admission is ten and five cents, and all are invited.

Saving on Age.

Thrift is an admirable trait. The way to acquire it is to cultivate it. The way to cultivate it is to deny yourself, and faithfully lay by the money you were tempted to spend. Of course you do not lay the money by for the sake of having it to spend later on. People save money for the money, it is true. This is right because it is provident. One might fall ill, and if he had no money saved up he might become a burden upon those illy able to support him.

But the best thing about the habit of saving is the habit itself. Having the habit well fixed in one's character renders one self-controllable—in other words, thrifty. Thrift applies to more things than money-saving, for the man who saves money begins to save other things. Waste is wrong—a sin.

Did you ever know one to save on his age—that is, to lay by as many dimes or dollars each year as he is years old? Suppose you are fourteen. During that year you save \$14, and with it buy a certificate of deposit, a share of stock, or something that is complete in itself—a bond that represents your age that year. Next year you are fifteen, and you buy a \$15 bond. Or, if you cannot save as many dollars as you are years old, try saving as many half-dollars or dimes. Keep your money in your own name, not in the name of somebody else who happens to have a bank-book when you do not, and draw it out only when you are very sure you need it. Get your age bond first, and your luxury afterward.

If you begin at fourteen, a dollar for each year, you will have at twenty-one seven bonds, representing \$119. You will also have some interest money. But you will have much more, namely, the *habit* of saving—systematic economy, which is an education of itself, and one which, if necessary to gain, you could well afford to throw away the \$119 that you saved.

The Helping Hand.

Some kind friends in St Louis put a lemonade stand on Delaware Boulevard the other day, and as a result sent \$1.50 to us for the School Fund. Two readers living in West Groton, Mass., took up a ten-cent collection among their acquaintances, and remitted \$1. The William D. Moffat Chapter, of Oakland, Md., exhibited some rare manuscripts which a friend loaned them, and sent us \$10.

The letter of Mr. Munroe was cordially received by the Order, and everybody praised the idea that *each member* be represented, so that the building would stand as a monument to the chivalry of the *whole Order*. Since the last report the following sums have reached us: Roderick and William J. Beebe, \$2. William D. Moffat Chapter, Oakland, Md., \$10. Lucy L. Verrill, \$1. H. E. Banning, 40 cents. Rosaline and Edith Cline, 20 cents. E. J. and F. G., 20 cents. Carrie Wellenbrock, \$1. Otto Prussack, 5 cents. Dorothy and Pineo, 5 cents. M. C. Haldeman, 25 cents. Myra F. Chapin, 10 cents. Carroll D. Murphy, 10 cents. Harold W. Bynner, 10 cents. Gerard Stafford King, 10 cents. Two devoted readers, \$1. Anna E. Sibley, 26 cents. Carolyn G. Thorne, 50 cents. Ernestine Pattison, \$2.50. Amy, D. A., and W. H. Bowman, Maud Ringen, Marie and Morris Sadler, Jun., \$1.50. Katherine A. Waller, 25 cents.

These sums come from every part of the country, showing a wide interest. The Little Women Chapter, of Upper Nyack, N. Y., Sophie Moeller, president, is to hold a fair, and wants contributions; the members of the Order residing in Washington, D. C., and in Cincinnati, O., respectively are to have entertainments; and Mr. Kirk Munroe is to give in New York city, in November, a reading from his own books. Washington members may send word to Elizabeth W. Hyde, 1418 Euclid Place, N. W., and Cincinnati members to the Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter, J. H. Bates, Jun., 502 East Third Street.

GOOD WILL MITE

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND

Amount, \$.....

Contributor.

This money is contributed, not because it is asked for, but because I want to give it.

If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be detached for filing. If the amount is given by more than one contributor, add blanks for their names, but attach the added sheet firmly to the Mite, that it may not become detached and lost. Include a given name in each case, and write plainly, to avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

[Pg 903]

Kinks.

No. 98.—ENIGMA.

38, 21, 44, 20, 7, 35, 12.—To justify.
29, 41, 5, 14, 33.—To err.
27, 31, 43, 15, 36.—A judgment.
42, 19, 47, 26, 24, 40, 11, 30.—A mechanical hold.
32, 6, 46, 26, 34.—A kind of flax.
36, 18, 28, 45, 23.—Suspense.
17, 1, 22, 24, 10, 8.—A near relative.
9, 39, 35, 2, 25, 36.—Accustomed.
3, 46, 37, 24, 13, 4, 33.—Course of life.
The whole a verse of Scripture in the Old Testament.

ALBERT.

No. 99.—RIDDLES.

Animal, nor vegetable,
Nor mineral am I;
A natural product, I exist
From two to six feet high.
I am not she, I am not he,
But just between the two;
You'll often see me take my place,
And sometimes hear me too.
I have no breadth, I have no length,
I'm neither thin nor thick,
I'm used to show a faithful love,
And mark a traitor's trick.
I'm mentioned oft in Holy Writ,
Both in the Old and New,
And strongly recommended there
By holy men and true.

No. 100

Born in the fields as free as air,
Then early torn from home,
And in the mansions of the great,
A slave I'm forced to roam.
From room to room I wander there,
But never go alone,
I'm always taken by the hand,
Until my task is done.
Although the badge of royal race,
I'm found with mean and poor.
And oft, with them, I hide my face
Behind the kitchen door.

No. 101.

I'm insignificant and small,
But still my power is great;
Before a barrier stout and strong

Both force and strength may tarry long,
Until I come at call.
When with a gentle touch I do
What all their might could not get through.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 95.

1. Mourning-bride. 2. Weeds. 3. Bleeding-heart. 4. Sweet-William. 5. Rose. 6. Four-o'clock. 7. Phlox. 8. Stock. 9. Corn. 10. Box. 11. Lady's-slippers. 12. Hop. 13. Fox-gloves. 14. Monks-hoods. 15. Balm. 16. Hearts-ease. 17. Thyme. 18. Old-man. 19 Sage. 20. Sweet-pease. 21 Eye-bright. 22 Pink. 23 Tulips. 24. None-so-pretty. 25. Matrimony.

No. 96.

1.—1. L. 2. Dab. 3. Dared. 4. Lannier. 5. Being. 6. Deg. 7. R.
2.—1. T. 2. Tub. 3. Tames. 4. Rumbles. 5. Below. 6. Sew. 7. S.
3.—1. R. 2. Tab. 3. Toned. 4. Ranters. 5. Beery. 6. Dry. 7. S.
4.—1. S. 2. Raw. 3. Roted. 4. Satanic. 5. Wends. 6. Dis. 7. C.

No. 97.

Longfellow—1. Melba. 2. Hanover. 3. Trenton. 4. Niagara. 5. Buffalo. 6. Cleveland. 7. Holland. 8. Willard. 9. Scott. 10. Lewis.



One can be genteel and neat, and still indulge a love of out-door sports.

A fall with nothing worse than mud stains is not serious; Ivory Soap will remove troublesome spots and restore the original freshness to a good piece of cloth.

Copyright 1895, The Procter & Gamble Co.



EARN A TRICYCLE!

We wish to introduce our Teas, Spices, and Baking Powder. Sell 30 lbs. and we will give you a Fairy Tricycle; sell 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch and Chain; 75 lbs. for a Bicycle; 10 lbs. for a Beautiful Gold Ring. Express prepaid if cash is sent for goods. Write for catalog and order sheet.

W. G. BAKER,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



THE

BALTIMOREAN PRINTING-PRESS

has earned more money for boys than all other presses in the market. Boys, don't idle away your time when you can buy a self-inking printing-press, type, and complete outfit for \$5.00. Write for particulars, there is money in it for you.

THE J. F. W. DORMAN CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

\$100 PRIZE

For best 500-Word Essay. Open to girls under 17. Second prize, \$25. Subject "Silk," but essays must contain some reference to Cutter's Little Spool Sewing Silk, and statement of points of superiority. Circular of full particulars upon application to **JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.**, makers of Cutter's "Little Spool" Sewing Silk, Union Square, New York City.



WONDER CABINET FREE. Missing Link Puzzle, Devil's Bottle, Pocket Camera, Latest Wire Puzzle, Spook Photos, Book of Sleight of Hand, Total Value 60c. Sent free with immense catalogue of 1000 Bargains for 10c. for postage.

INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my **INVISIBLE** Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good **HEAR**ing than all other devices combined. Whispers **HEAR**d. Help ears as glasses do eyes. **F. Hiscox**, 853 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs **FREE**

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE,

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

Harper's Young People Series

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25 each:

- The Mystery of Abel Forefinger.** By WILLIAM DRYSDALE.
Raftmates.—Canoemates.—Campmates. By KIRK MUNROE.
Young Lucretia, and Other Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS.
A Boy's Town. By W. D. HOWELLS.
Diego Pinzon. By J. R. CORYELL.
The Moon Prince, and Other Nabobs. By R. K. MUNKITTRICK.
The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories. By E. H. HOUSE.
Phil and the Baby, and False Witness. By LUCY C. LILLIE.
Flying Hill Farm.—The Mate of the "Mary Anne." By SOPHIE SWETT.

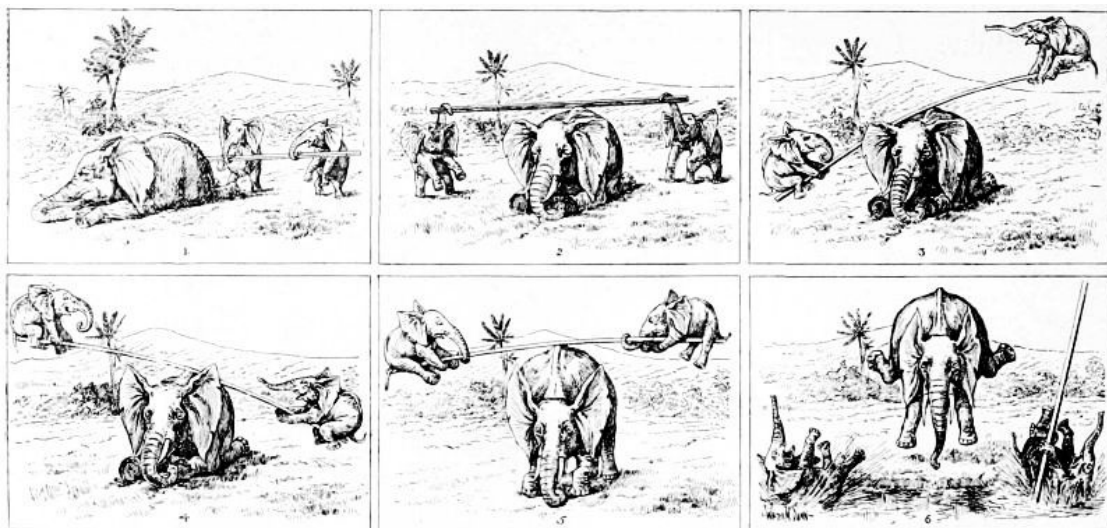
Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.00 each:

- Wakulla.—The Flamingo Feather.—Derrick Sterling.—Chrystal, Jack & Co., and Delta Bixby.—Dorymates.** By KIRK MUNROE.
The Talking Leaves.—Two Arrows—The Red Mustang. By W. O. STODDARD.
Prince Lazybones, and Other Stories. By MRS. W. J. HAYS.
The Ice Queen. By ERNEST INGERSOLL.
Uncle Peter's Trust. By GEORGE B. PERRY.
The Adventures of Jimmy Brown.—The Cruise of the Canoe Club.—The Cruise of the "Ghost."—The Moral Pirates.—The New Robinson Crusoe. By W. L. ALDEN.
Toby Tyler.—Mr. Stubbs's Brother.—Tim and Tip.—Left Behind.—Raising the "Pearl."—Silent Pete. By JAMES OTIS.
The Four Macnicols. By WILLIAM BLACK.
The Lost City.—Into Unknown Seas. By DAVID KER.
The Story of Music and Musicians.—Jo's Opportunity.—Rolf House.—Mildred's Bargain, and Other Stories.—Nan.—The Colonel's Money.—The Household of Glen Holly. By LUCY C. LILLIE.
Who Was Paul Grayson? By JOHN HABBERTON.
Captain Polly. By SOPHIE SWETT.
Strange Stories from History. By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York**

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be mailed by the publishers, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price.*

[Pg 904]



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SCHEME, BUT THE OLD LADY WAS ONTO THEIR GAME.

Poor Jimmie lisped, and his teacher entirely misunderstood his meaning when he said, in answer to her command to conjugate the verb sink, "think, thank, thinking, thunk."

BOBBY. "I don't like a bicycle built for two."

JACK. "You don't! why?"

BOBBY. "Because it encourages back talk."



THE OBLIGING BEAR.

A Honey-loving grizzly-bear,
In a great bee-tree made his lair;
"There is a law," he told the bees,
"That honey sha'n't be kept in trees.

"I'll take it out for you," said he.
"Nay, nay, sir," cries the old queen bee,
"Take yourself off!" and then and there
The stinging bees fell on the bear.

HE WANTS TO KNOW.

TOMMY TRADDLES. "Papa, you call that little bit of a tiny wee engine a donkey-engine, don't you?"

MR. TRADDLES. "Yes, my boy."

TOMMY. "Well, papa, won't that donkey-engine have to grow a great deal bigger before it can have any horse-power?"

"Papa, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken."

"Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anything now."

"Why! you said this morning that it was never too late to mend."

BECKY WOOD.

Barefoot, pit-a-pat, pious, poor, and good,
Walking to the Meeting-House was little Becky Wood.
Up rode great William Penn—"Little girl," quoth he,
"Jump upon my palfrey here and ride along with me."
Trot, trot, canter, canter, all along the street,
William Penn took Becky Wood with her bare brown feet,
Trot, trot, canter, canter, to the very door.
Never was a barefoot girl quite so proud before.

A BLUNDER AND NO MISTAKE.

JABEZ (*slapping Ichabod on the back*). "Hello Tony!"

ICHABOD (*wincing*). "But I'm not Tony."

JABEZ (*discovering his error*). "Oh, I beg pardon. I thought you were another fellow."

ICHABOD. "And so I am."

IT SEEMS SO.

"Papa," said Harry, "when a boy keeps on doing something wrong of his own accord he's wilful, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rigid.

"Then if he doesn't do nothing of nobody else's accord, he's wontful, isn't he?"

The following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at a public school in Connecticut:

1. From what animals do we get milk? From the camel and the milkman.
2. The hen is covered with feathers. With what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas.
3. Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail. A mosquito.
4. Name two kinds of nuts. Peanuts and for-get-me-nuts.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 817.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1895 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation

copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the

Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state’s laws.

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation’s website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.