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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1895 ***

[HOW REDDY GAINED HIS COMMISSION.](#)
[AT THE SEA-SIDE.](#)
[GREAT MEN'S SONS.](#)
[OAKLEIGH.](#)
[THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF IT.](#)
[MAY BE SO.](#)
[THE PUDDING STICK](#)
[ON BOARD THE ARK.](#)
[INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT](#)
[STAMPS](#)
[BICYCLING](#)
[THE CAMERA CLUB](#)

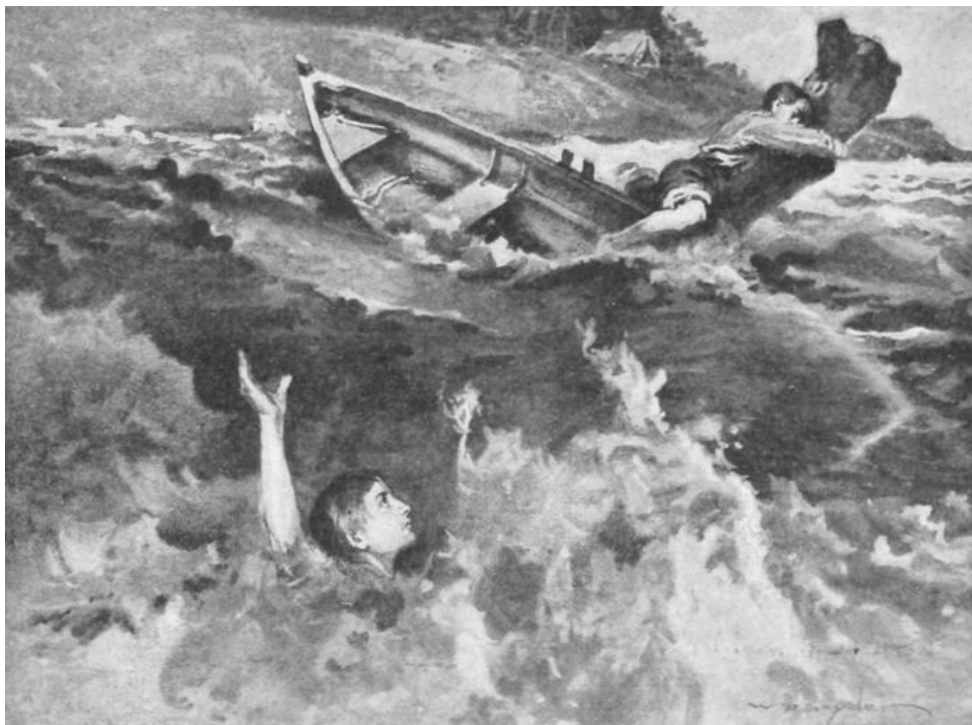


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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HOW REDDY GAINED HIS COMMISSION.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

Part I.

Guard-mounting was over. The commanding officer in the Adjutant's office was occupied with the daily routine business of a frontier post. At tables near him sat the Post-Adjutant, the acting Sergeant-Major, and a soldier clerk, writing and making up the semi-weekly mail for the post-office beyond the neighboring river.

Upon a bench outside the door, serving his tour as office orderly, lounged a boy musician. He leaned listlessly against the wall of the building, apparently oblivious to the grandeur of the views around him. To the south, across an undulating plain, seventy miles away, were the twin Spanish Peaks. To the west, the Cuerno Verde range let itself down to the plain by a succession of lesser elevations, terminating in rounded foot-hills, forty miles distant. Eighty miles to the northwest the forest and granite clad form of Pikes Peak towered in majesty.

The fort was occupied by a troop of cavalry and a company of infantry, the Captain of the infantry being in command. This officer was now attaching his signature to various military documents. When the last paper was signed the young orderly entered, and, standing at "attention" before the Captain, said,

"Sir, my mother would like to speak to the commander."

"Very well, Maloney; take these papers to the quartermaster and the surgeon, and tell your mother to come in."

The orderly departed, and soon after a ruddy-faced and substantial-featured daughter of Erin entered, her sleeves rolled above her elbows, and her vigorous hands showing the soft, moist, and wrinkled appearance that indicates recent and long-continued contact with the contents of the wash-tub. Dropping a courtesy, she said,

"Can the commanding officer spare me a few minutes of his toime?"

"With pleasure. Sergeant Major, place a chair for Mrs. Maloney," said Captain Bartlett.

"Oi want to spake a worrud about me b'y Teddy, sor."

"What is it about your son? Does he need disciplining?"

Seating herself upon the edge of the proffered chair, the Irish woman clasped her moist hands in her hip, and said, "Small doubt but he nades *disciplining*, Captain: but it is of the great danger to his loife in carryin' th' mail oi want t' spake."

"A mother's nervous fear, perhaps. He's an excellent horseman. You are not afraid he will be thrown?"

"Oh, not at ahl, at ahl, sor. He sthicks to the muel loike a bur-r-r. I belave no buckin' baste can throw 'im. It's that roarin' river oi'm afeared of. The min at the hay-camp, whose business it is to row the mail across the strame, let Teddy and Reddy do it, do ye know, sor, and oi fear in the prisint stage of the wather, and the dispisition of the b'ys to be larkin' in the boat, they'll overset it, and be dhrowned."

[Pg 906]

"Are you quite sure the boys use the boat?" asked the Captain.

"Iv'ry mail-day for the last two wakes, sor."

"And you really think them in danger, Mrs. Maloney? I am sure they both swim."

"That's jist it, sor! They're not contint to row quiately over loike min, but they must thry all sorts of antics with th' boat. 'Rowin' aich other round' is one of 'em. Whin oi spake about it they says they can swim. Small

chance even a good swimmer would have in that roarin' river, with its quicksands, its snags, and its bars."

"Well, I will order the hay-camp detail to do the boating hereafter, Mis. Maloney; so you need have no further anxiety."

"Thank you, sor. It's no liss than oi expicted from a koindly and considerate gintleman loike th' Captain. Oi hope you'll overlook a mother's anxiety and worrimint over her only b'y. It's not mesilf would be interfarin' with the commanding officer's duties, but oi knowed that you niver mint for Reddy and Teddy to be rowin' that bit of a skift, whin it belonged to the min at the hay-camp to do the same. Good-day, sor, and many thanks for your kindness, Captain." And with much ceremonious leave-taking the laundress backed out of the office and hurried back to her tubs.

"Mr. Dayton," said the commanding officer, "write Corporal Duffey to hereafter allow no person not a member of his party to row the mail-boat across the river, unless he brings authority from this office."

"Yes, sir."

The letter had been written and sealed when Teddy returned, having changed the full-dress coat and helmet of guard-mounting for a blouse, forage-cap, and leather leggings. Nearly an hour before his drum had rattled an exhilarating accompaniment to the fife, as the guard of twelve privates and three non-commissioned officers marched in review and turned off to the guard-house. Now he stood at the door with spurred heels and gauntleted hands, ready to receive the mail-pouch and ride his little zebra-marked mule to the crossing, two miles from the fort.

The Sergeant-Major handed him the pouch and the letter addressed to the corporal, with this injunction:

"You are to deliver this letter to Corporal Duffey at the hay-camp, and he will give you some instructions which you are to carefully obey."

Slinging the pouch over his shoulder, and tucking the letter under his waist-belt, the boy went to his mule behind the office, mounted, and rode away. Passing the quarter-master's corral, another boy, similarly attired, and mounted on a piebald mustang, dashed out with a whoop, and the two went cantering down the slope to the meadow below.

Arriving side by side at a soapweed which marked the southern limit of the river-bottom, the boys put their beasts to the height of their speed, and rode for a dead cottonwood which raised its bleached and barkless branches beside the road three hundred yards beyond.

This stretch was raced over every mail-day, with varying victory for horse and mule. To-day the mule reached the tree half a length ahead, and Teddy was consequently in high glee.

"Ah, Reddy, my boy!" he shouted. "Eight times to your six! Better swap that pony for a mule, if you want to stand any chance with Puss!"

"Pshaw! You were nearly a length ahead when we reached the soapweed, and I almost made it up. Bronc can beat Puss any time when they start even."

"I should say so!" with great disdain. "How about that day when you got off a length and a half ahead, and I led you half a neck at the Cottonwood?"

"You mean the day Bronc got a stone in his shoe? Of course he couldn't run then."

The two young soldiers rode on at an easy canter, warmly disputing, for the hundredth time, over the merits of their well-matched animals.

Redmond Carter was the fifer, as Edward Maloney was the drummer, of the infantry company. The latter, the son of a laundress, was a graceful and soldierly boy, dark-complexioned, with black eyes and hair, who bestrode his mule with easy confidence, riding like a Cossack. The other boy, a blond-haired, blue-eyed lad of the same age, quite as tall, but more delicately built, showed less reckless activity in the saddle, but he was a fine and graceful equestrian nevertheless. He had enlisted a year before, in Philadelphia, naming that city as his residence; but certain peculiarities of speech led Captain Bartlett to believe him a New-Englander. He used better language than his fellows, and it seemed he had received good school advantages before entering the army.

For instance, one day when it was Carter's turn to be office orderly, while sitting at the door he overheard Captain Bartlett, who was writing a private letter, ask the Adjutant, "How does that Latin quotation run, Dayton—'*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,' or '*Danaos timeo et dona ferentes*'?"

"Blest if I know. We don't waste time on dead languages at the Point, as you college men do. I can give you the equation of a parabola if you want it."

Captain Bartlett did not ask for the equation, or explain his reason for wanting the proper order of the Latin sentence, but, the morning's office work concluded, and the orderly having departed, as he and the Adjutant were passing out of the doorway the latter noticed a leaf of a memorandum-pad lodged against the leg of the bench just vacated. A drawing on its surface attracting his attention, he picked it up. It was a very creditable sketch of a huge wooden horse standing within the wall of an ancient city, and a party of Grecian soldiers in the act of descending by a ladder from an opening in its side. Beneath the drawing was written "*Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.—Æneid, II., 49.*"

"Here, Captain," said Mr. Dayton, handing the paper to the post commander; "here's the answer to your question."

"What—that boy Carter? How does a boy like that come to be a musician in the army?"

"Can't tell. Probably for the same reason that an occasional graduate of a foreign university turns up in the ranks—hard times and want in civil life, and plenty of clothing and food in military life."

"He is indeed a bright boy, and I have noticed a certain refinement of manner and precision of speech not common to men in the ranks. I must inquire about him."

The two "music boys," Teddy and Reddy, were fast friends and constant companions. They made common

cause in all quarrels and disputes, and to ill-treat one was to ill-treat both. Teddy was frequently in trouble, and his friend often pleaded for him at headquarters. Indeed, the Adjutant frequently declared that "but for that rampageous young Celt, Carter would never be in trouble." He was quiet by nature, and punctilious in the observance of the most exacting requirements of discipline; while Teddy, through carelessness, was now and then subjected to punishment. Mrs. Maloney, while bestowing a tender mother's love upon her darling son, entertained a kindly regard mingled with great respect for his friend, and looked after Reddy's clothing and belongings quite as carefully as after Teddy's.

Reddy divided the duty of mail-carrier and office orderly with his fellow-musician, yet it rarely happened that one rode without the other's company. An indulgent corral-master had obtained the consent of the quartermaster to allow two "surplus animals" to be used exclusively by the boys, provided they would take care of them.

On reaching the river the boys drew up before two tents pitched in a small grove of cottonwoods upon the grassy bank, and occupied by a corporal and three privates, whose duty it was to keep the cattle of the neighboring ranchmen from trespassing upon the meadows of the military reservation.

[Pg 907]

The lads dismounted, Teddy going to the corporal's tent to deliver the Adjutant's letter. But the corporal was not in, having gone with two of his men to drive some cattle out of the bottom.

"I will take the letter to Corporal Duffey, Ted," said Redmond, "while you row over with the mail-bag. Row well up stream before you attempt to cross, so as not to get sucked into the rapids."

"All right," replied the orderly; "and when I come back we'll see which can row the other round."

"That's already settled. I rowed you round the last two times," said Reddy.

"Yes; one day when my wrist was lame, and the other when I had cut my thumb."

"Anything ail you to-day?"

"I believe not."

"Then we will try it again; and be sure if I row you round, you are not to lay your defeat to sprains, cuts, or rheumatism."

Redmond remounted his pony and started into the meadow, while Teddy, having picketed his mule, stepped into a neat wherry tied to the bank. He was not unconscious that he was disobeying orders, for his mother had told him the result of her interview with the commanding officer; but the order was not officially published, and he wanted to have one last pull on the river.

It was in July, the season of freshets in streams having their sources in the Rocky Mountains, when the warmer the weather the faster the snows melt and the deeper and more rapid the stream. The silt-laden current swept swiftly down the middle stream, swelling into rolling waves, which caught the soldier boy's oars as the boat rose on their crests and sank in their troughs.

Reaching the other side, he carried the mail-pouch to the overland stage station, and returned to the boat. Repeating the precaution of rowing up stream before venturing to cross, he arrived at the tents just as Reddy returned from an unsuccessful search for the corporal.

The Adjutant's letter was left in the tent, Bronc picketed, and the boys drew lots for the oars. Teddy won the choice, and selected the bow. The contest was to maintain an even-time stroke, and see which could turn the boat toward his opponent—"pull him round," as the phrase is.

Barefooted, barelegged, bareheaded, and coatless, the boys stepped into the boat. Confident in their united strength, they did not row up the eddy, but pulled directly from the shore, beginning the struggle from the start. The wherry leaped ahead, refusing to turn to the right or left. The boys were evidently as well matched as their mounts, Puss and Bronc.

The boat rose and fell in the current waves, and the oars tripped and splashed in the roily crests, until there suddenly came a sharp snap, and Teddy fell backward, holding aloft the bladeless half of an oar. Reddy ceased rowing; the skiff lost headway and floated down the river.

In the confusion of the accident neither boy saw a threatening danger. In the middle of the river was the trunk of a dead cottonwood, standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, its roots firmly anchored to the bottom. The boat floated against the snag, striking amidships. Its starboard side rose, its port side lowered, the water poured over the gunwale, and in an instant Teddy was clinging to the trunk, and Reddy swimming in the boiling current. The boat hung for a moment, as if undecided whether to drop to the right or left of the snag, twisting and struggling in the fierce tide, and at last slid off astern and floated away down-stream.

A foot above the water was a large knot and a swell in the trunk of the tree. Teddy climbed above this, and sat astride of it, clasping the trunk in his arms. He was at first inclined to treat the accident with bravado, and he waved a hand above his head and shouted; but the sight of Reddy floating towards the rapids froze his utterance and paralyzed his arm.

It was plainly impossible for his comrade to swim to the shore—he was too near the dangerous fall—but he hoped he might reach the jam in the middle of its crest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

A Suggestion for a Summer Entertainment.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHARACTERS:

CHARLOTTE HOWARD. GRACE EVERTON.
VICTORIA MASON. HELEN SAYRES.
IDA MOORE. MISS SOMMERFIELD.
OLIVE BRANDON. MISS DAISY JAMES.
MADGE FULLER. CAPTAIN JAKE.

SCENE.—*A summer-house on the beach, in front of the Mattewan Hotel.*

OCCASION.—*A rehearsal for an entertainment to be given in the hotel parlors for the benefit of the Sea-side Home.*

PRESENT.—*Charlotte, Victoria, Ida, Olive, Grace.*

Victoria. What a perfectly glorious afternoon, girls! The sunshine is dazzling. The surf is music itself; the sails out yonder are so white; and the air! I cannot breathe it into my lungs deep enough. There's no place like the sea-side after all.

Charlotte. Mamma is begging papa to take her to the mountains.

Ida. Oh, what a shame! Just as we are getting so well acquainted, and can plan so many nice things to do. It would be wicked for you to leave us.

Victoria. Have you met that new arrival, Miss Daisy James? She's English, you know. She talks about her boxes, not trunks.

Olive. She has luggage, not baggage.

Ida. Yes, I was talking to her. She's funny. She says there isn't any Gulf Stream. Says the Captain of her steamer has sailed for thirty years, and has never seen it. So, if you please, the Gulf Stream "is a myth."

Grace. She's the most disdainful thing, and uses such queer words! She says raw clams are "nasty," and she called bananas "those beans."

Olive. Perhaps she will improve on acquaintance. We mustn't be too hard on her.

Charlotte. Where are all the girls? We ought to begin our rehearsal.

Victoria. There's Madge Fuller now. She has that sweet-looking young lady who played so beautifully with her.

[*Enter Madge Fuller and Miss Sommerfield.*]

Madge. Halloa, girls! Am I late? I was reading, and I almost forgot our rehearsal. But I have brought a new recruit. Miss Sommerfield, girls. Miss Howard, Miss Mason, Miss Moore, Miss Brandon, and Miss Everton.

Grace. Otherwise Charlotte, Victoria or Vic, Ida, Olive, and myself, Grace. No airs, Madge.

Olive. We are so glad you asked Miss Sommerfield to help us, Madge dear.

Miss Sommerfield. I will help, but don't let me intrude. What are your ideas of an entertainment?

Grace. Ideas are just what we are after. The only settled thing is that the tickets are to be fifty cents.

Charlotte. We thought we would each recite or read something. Original preferred. The object is the Sea-side Home.

Miss Sommerfield. It is a lovely object. I went all over the one on Seney Island.

Victoria. Oh, then you can tell us about it.

Miss Sommerfield. They take sick children and babies for two weeks. The house is large and clean, and quite near the water. Verandas go around three sides on every story. All the bedrooms open on to these verandas, and there, in the open air, the babies are wheeled, or rocked, or swung in hammocks. So they breathe that invigorating air day and night. The older children, as soon as they are able, dig in the sand, sheltered by tents. They have plenty of good milk to drink, bread and biscuit, oatmeal and mutton broth. The mothers have, in addition, meat, potatoes, tea, and coffee. The babies pick up surprisingly. They go away rosy and hearty. Many a life is saved.

Olive. What a pity they must go away.

Charlotte. Well, a fortnight is better than nothing. Isn't it the sweetest of charities? I am sure everybody in the hotel will come to our entertainment.

Miss Sommerfield. I heard one of the nurses singing lullaby while rocking some darling twin babies to sleep. I thought it so pretty I have remembered it. Would you like to hear it?

All. Please do. Yes, indeed.

[*Miss Sommerfield repeats lullaby.*]

By-by, babies, hushaby,
Night and sleep are drawing nigh,
Little birdies seek the nest,
Tired lambkins drop to rest,
By-by, babies, hushaby,
Stars are lighting up the sky,
Angels come to watch your beds;
Slumber, little curly-heads.

[*Enter Helen Sayres and Daisy James.*]

Helen. Good-afternoon, girls. I am awfully late, but I met Miss James and got talking to her, and didn't realize how time was passing. Miss James, young ladies.

[*All nod rather stiffly.* Miss Sommerfield extends her hand, and Miss James touches it with the tips of her fingers.]

Miss James. So happy, I am sure. I was quite by meself, do you know, and Miss Sayres kindly spoke to me. Do you not find it rather lonely here?

Olive. Oh, not at all.

Victoria. It's simply perfect. We all know each other, and how could we be lonely?

Miss James. You all know each other? Just fancy! A party of girls travelling together. How very odd!

Olive. No, Miss James, we have made each other's acquaintance since we came here. But American girls get acquainted easily.

Miss James. Only fancy that, now! It is truly a democratic country. In England, you know, at the watering-places, I stay with mamma a whole season, and we never speak to strangers. Mamma is very particular.

Madge. Well, Miss James, to make you feel easier about us, we will give you references.

Miss James. I dare say you are all right. But in England it is so different, so much more established, you know. This is the land of the people.

Grace. Have you been to Chicago?

Miss James. No; but we are going there, of course.

Grace. Chicago is fine, when you get there; but it's dangerous travelling. Great herds of buffalo wander on the plains, and bands of Indians lie in ambush for the trains.

Miss James. Only fancy! How do the trains ever pass?

Grace. It all depends on your engineer. If he understands his business, he shoots at lightning speed through Indians and buffaloes. But you can't feel quite safe till you get there.

Miss James. I must tell mamma of this. I am sure she will not go.

Miss Sommerfield. We should go on with our preparations, girls. Has anybody a suggestion to make?

Helen. I have an idea. We have among the hotel guests a fine pianist. Perhaps he would play for us.

Grace. You mean that gloomy-looking man with such a name?

Olive. With a long mustache, and eyes with white in them?

Helen. Speak of him respectfully. He plays like an angel.

Victoria. What's his name?

Helen. Stradelerewsky.

Charlotte. Oh, horrors! Say it again slowly.

Helen. Strad-e- (*think of the Stradivarius fiddle*) le-rewsky (*think of Paderewsky*). Now, say it altogether.

All. Strad-e-le-rew-sky.

Charlotte. That name alone on the programme would be worth the price of admission.

Victoria. Well, who's going to bell the cat?

Miss James. Beg your pardon? What cat?

Grace. She means who is going to ask that scowling ever-with-a-cigar-in-his-mouth musician to play for us.

Miss James. I prefer not to. I have not been introduced, and mamma—

Grace. Will you, Miss Sommerfield?

Miss Sommerfield. Oh yes, I have been introduced.

Grace. Is he French?

Victoria. No; unmistakably Italian.

Helen. Or Polish, or Russian, or some sort of a Slav.

Miss Sommerfield. Russian, I think. He speaks English and French.

Ida. Did you talk French with him?

Miss Sommerfield. Yes.

Ida. I wish I could speak French. I can't even conjugate avoir.

Miss James. It is easy: *j'ai, tu es, il—*

Ida. Oh, please, Miss Sommerfield, go now, there's a dear, and speak English, so that you can report what he says.

Miss Sommerfield. All right. I go. There's no time like the present. [*Exit.*]

Grace. Madge, she's a darling.

Madge. I knew you would like her.

Charlotte. Girls, let's go on with our rehearsal. Has any one found a poem, or written one, for this occasion?

Olive. I have found a dainty thing on sea-weeds. Will you hear it?

Madge. Please, dear.

Olive (reads):

The violet gems the forest,
The daisy stars the field,
And every wayside bank and brook
Their fragrant treasures yield.
Oh, sweet the air of summer,
With thoughts of God in flowers!
For bloom and beauty hand in hand
Walk down the passing hours.

But naught, dear child, is fairer,
Nor lovelier tinting shows,
Than those fair things which cradled are
Where oft the storm-wind blows.
The sea-weed's hues are rarer
Than painter's art can trace;
And only fairy looms can weave
The sea-weed's floating lace.

Helen. Why, Olive, that's just sweet. Where did you find it?

Olive. In my mother's day-book. Mother writes a poem now and then, and locks it up in her drawer. She says it isn't good enough to publish.

Victoria. It is good enough. The magazines print a lot of things not so good as that.

Olive. Thank you.

Victoria. Girls, do you want anything funny? My brother Charlie dashed off some rollicking lines for me last night.

Charlotte. Oh yes. Let's have something funny.

Victoria. It's arrant nonsense.

Madge:

"A little nonsense now and then,"
Said good old Dr. Lee,
"Is relished by the best of men."
That's just the case with me."

The doctor was jumping a rope when he said that.

Victoria (reads):

ODE TO A CLAM.

Oh! clam at high-water,
Here's somebody's daughter
A sighing and crying your measure to take;
She cares for you only,
Poor bivalve so lonely,
Because you are good in a Yankee clambake.
Perhaps she'll shout louder
To see you in chowder.
Poor clam, for your sake
I've a dreadful heart-ache.

Charlotte. Capital. We wouldn't miss that for anything. Who else is ready?

Ida. I have a little poem about a shell. [*Reads.*]

What is the song you are singing forever,
Sad as the sound of a knell,
Deep as the tone of a bell,
Oh! sorrowful, murmuring shell,
Singing and singing forever?

Grace. Mine is about sweet charity. [*Reads.*]

[Pg 909]

Of all things touched with heavenly clarity,
There's nothing can compare with sweet, sweet charity!

Charlotte. Girls, we ought to have some singing. Do you know that old tune, "Home Again"? Why not sing that? It will please the older ones, and seem a compliment to them. It might do for the last thing on the programme.

Ida. That's beautiful.

Madge. Sing the tune, Charlotte, and let me catch the rhythm.

[*Charlotte and the others sing.*]

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore;
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy
To see my friends once more.

[Enter Miss Sommerfield.]

All. Oh, Miss Sommerfield! Did you see him? Will he? What did he say? Did he hypnotize you?

Miss Sommerfield. One at a time, young ladies. Let me tell my story, please. I found this wonderful man just where I had left him. I said, "Professor." He started, kicked over a chair, threw away his cigarette, stared at me, and said, "Pardon, mees, I was so rude." "Not at all, Professor," I said; "I am sorry to interrupt your reading." "I am most happy to be interrupted by a so charmant a young lady," he said, gallantly.

Grace. That was nice in him.

Miss Sommerfield. So then I told him about you and your request, and implored him to play for you. He listened, stroked his mustache, and toyed with his big diamond ring. "It is for the poor sick little children." "Ah!" he said, "America is von grand country for poor leetle children. They are efer doing something. Very well; why should I not play for these young ladies, and the poor sick little children?" "Then you will?" I said. "With pleasure," he said. "I do not play to eferbody. See? I do not become common. But this is different." "Oh, Professor," I said, "how can I thank you enough? Dare I ask what you will select?" And he said, "A thing from Chopin and one of my own compositions."

Miss Sommerfield. But hear the rest, and see, you naughty girls, what a position you have got me into. He said. "Do you not perform the piano, mademoiselle?" "A little, a very little," I said. "We shall then give a four-hand piece? Yes? Charmant! I have a nice thing, superb. We shall close the parlor doors, and practise together."

Madge (hugging her). The dear. See her blush. It will be simply an elegant affair.

Miss Sommerfield. But I am afraid to play with such a big musician. My heart will be in my mouth.

Charlotte. On no account, my dear. The practice will do you good. And the honor will be overwhelming.

Grace. Indeed, you are a beautiful player, and think how your name coupled with that of Skewsky will look. Everybody will turn green with envy.

Miss Sommerfield. If I don't spoil everything.

Ida. Girls, I see Uncle Jake. He's an old sailor who is hired to keep the grounds in order. He spins the most delicious yarns. I'm going after him, and let's see if we can set him a-going. [Exit.]

Victoria. What fun!

Charlotte. But we ought to let nothing interfere with our rehearsal.

Helen. Oh, bother the rehearsal! I have read these Old Sailor's yarns in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, haven't you? But I never heard a real sailor talk.

Miss James. I would better be going. If there's to be a man in the party, mamma might not like—

Miss Sommerfield. You will not offend your mamma, I am sure. This old sailor is a harmless, good-natured fellow.

Grace. How does Ida come to know Uncle Jake?

Victoria. Her brother follows the sea, and naturally she makes up to sailors.

Olive. Ida is a darling.

[Enter Ida and Uncle Jake.]

Ida. I have fetched him, girls; but he says he's in a hurry, and can only say how-de. (Aside to the girls.) Do get him talking. His stories are genuine sailors' yarns.

Madge. How-de-do, Uncle Jake!

[Pg 910]

Charlotte. We are right glad to see you. Do sit and rest awhile on this bench.

Miss Sommerfield. We hope you are well, Uncle Jake?

Uncle Jake. Tol'able, ma'am, tol'able. My knees are stiff around the j'int's.

Ida. Uncle Jake, we are getting up an entertainment to be given in the hotel for the benefit of the Sea-side Home.

Uncle Jake. Now that's a good thing. Calc'late to fetch up there myself one of these days.

Victoria (laughing). But, Uncle Jake, this is not a home for old sailors. It's for sick and poor babies. You see, they would die in their overcrowded hot tenements; but they come to the home and get well.

Uncle Jake. Oh, land sakes! That must be what the old gentleman referred to. Sick babies. Yes, that's it.

Charlotte. What old gentleman?

Uncle Jake. The one I met in the Saragossa Sea.

Ida. Elegant. Girls, he's going to spin a yarn. Uncle Jake, do please tell us about that. Was it an adventure?

Uncle Jake. Quite so, miss. But I interrupt your proceedings.

Several at Once. Oh, go on. Do. Never mind the proceedings.

Uncle Jake. Well, that there was a tight scrape, and no mistake. I was second mate of the *Blue Turquoise*. It was a first-class voyage till we hove right inter the Saragossa Sea, and there we war becalmed and stuck as

fast as a fly in mucilage. That Saragossa Sea is a curus place. Sea-weeds grow a mile long, with blossoms big as sun-flowers. Monsters swim around, and squat on the branches and squint at the ships a-lyin' becalmed. It made me kinder shiver to see them creturs' hungry looks. They knew a ship would rot to pieces, only give her time. Our Captin' war powerful mad when he see he'd got inter the Saragossa Sea. But gettin' mad arter a thing is done don't do no good. Waal, it war a red and fiery ball of a sun. How I wished I could a set oncet more under a tree. Truly I'd ha' given my bottom dollar to be a settin' under that old oak that we had to hum, an' a breeze a-stirrin' the branches. Somethin' to dry up the perspiration. Willie war cabin-boy, and homesick and down in the mouth, poor youngster. The Captin's face warn't reassuring. He was plumb beat out.

Miss Sommerfield. Girls, do you recall Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"?

Olive. Yes.

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Go on, Uncle Jake.

Uncle Jake. Waal, one night I war on deck alone. Willie he was thar too. The Captin' he come up. "Ain't no change, mate?" says he. "No, sir," says I. "Bad business," says he. "Better soon, I hope," says I. "We're in the oidentical spot we was in two weeks ago," says he. "Mate, the perwisions is givin' out," says he, in a hoarse voice. "I know it, sir," says I. It was the wust feature of the case. Thar war Willie standin' by, mournful-like. I tried to hearten up the Captin' a bit, but 'twarn't no use. "I'd ruther be in a whirlpool," says he, "than here. I'm goin' below. If there's a change call me," says he. So he went below, and pretty soon I heerd him and the rest of the crew snorin'. There warn't a solitary blessed thing for the men to do, and they war all turned in. Willie and me we staid up and watched the heavens of brass. It might ha' been midnight when I sighted a speck a long ways off. There warn't no wind, yet it came on wonderful fast. "D'ye see that, Willie, my boy?" says I.

"It are a curus craft." But Willie warn't asleep. He seen it too. Come near, there war a 'nurmous shell with a fine hearty old gentleman sittin' in it, and by his side the harndsomest young lady (barrin' present company) that I ever seed. She war a beautiful cretur, with black eyes shinin' like stars, and long golden hair, which she war a-combin' out the snarls. The shell was drawn by two white sea-horses. Their backs was like great fishes, and their tails lay on top the water like fishes' tails. Their forrud part war like horses, and their manes was like tossin' waves. Bless my soul, but they made a putty pictur. When they was hove close to us the old gentleman hauled up his horses, and "Helloh!" says he to me. "Helloh!" says I. "What's the name of this ere wessel?" says he. The "*Blue Turquoise*," says I. "Jes so," says he. "Becalmed, ain't ye?" "You're right there, sir," says I. "What may I call you, sir?" says I. "Oh, I'm Father Neptune," says he.



"WAAL, ONE NIGHT I WAR ON DECK ALONE."

Miss James. Oh, now, Uncle Jake. That's impossible.

Ida. Nothing is impossible. Don't interrupt.

Uncle Jake. I'm only tellin' ye what he said. He had a pitchfork in his hand 'stead of a whip.

Miss James. That wasn't a pitchfork. It was a trident, which had three prongs, and was a symbol of Neptune. Mamma—

Victoria. Miss James, you must be a realist. Now, please let the story go on. Pitchfork it is, Uncle Jake.

Uncle Jake. Yes, ma'am, it war. "Well," says I, "that harndsom gal is Miss Neptune, I suppose." With that the young lady laughed fit to kill. "Not by a long shot," says she. "I am Miss Lorelei." Then she giv me one of them piercin' glances of hern, and I shivered. Willie he felt oneasy too. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," says I. "Be you the pusson what sits on a rock and draws sailors to their own destruction?" "The very same," says she, and she kep' on laughin' and laughin'. "If you please, ma'am," says I, "I'd ruther not be drawn. Though 'twould be a change on staying here." "You're safe," says she. "I ain't in the drawin' business now," says she. "Father Neptune and me's takin' a trip round the world." Father Neptune he spoke up, and says he, "Ever been to America? They say it's a fine country. We're goin' there. I want to see their big ships that cross the ocean in five days, seven hours, and fifty-nine minutes. That beats me. And then their life-savin' stations, and light-houses, and sea-side homes for poor sick babies. I want to see them all. Sea-air is good for babies, eh? Good enough for me. I've lived on it several hundred years." "You're lookin' hale and hearty, sir, I'm sure," says I.

"Well, good-by, and good luck to ye," says he, pullin' at the reins.

"Hold on, your Honor," says I, for an idee had taken possession of me. "Can't ye give us a pull out er this?" He talked low with Miss Lorelei, and she didn't seem to object. "All right, throw us your hawser," says he. I was all of atremble, but Willie and me got that there rope loose in a hurry, and threw one end to Father Neptune, and made fast the other. "Ain't you afraid?" says Willie. "No, my boy," says I. "The end justifies the means." Miss Lorelei took hold of the hawser, and Father Neptune give his horses a poke with his pitchfork, and my eyes! the old thing groaned and started. The *Blue Turquoise* was actually under way, and them horses foamin' and prancin' for all they was wurth, 'twarn't long before we was flyin' and churnin' the waves behind. Miss Lorelei looked back with them wicked, beautiful eyes of hern, and tossed her golding hair, and, "You see I am back again in the drawin' business," says she, with a laugh like the rattle of silver.

Up come the Capting. "Got a wind, eh?" says he. "Why, no, not a breath. What in thunder makes her go?" Then he spied the hawser drawn tight over the bow, and he turned pale, his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered. You might have pushed him down with a straw. It war, no mistake, a curus position, and I never blamed the Capting for feelin' queer. "It's all right, sir," says I; "we're bein' tugged."

"Who's a-doin' the tuggin'?" says he. Father Neptune war nothin' more'n a speck on the water by this time, and Capting couldn't make him out. I told the facts to the Capting, and Willie, he j'ined in, and said it war blessed Gospel truth. But the Capting's wind was clean out of his sails. I set him a steamer-chair, and Willie fanned him with a newspaper before he fairly come to. "Lord," says I, "Capting, what's the odds *how* you git out of this, s'long 's you only git out?" which I hold to be a pretty good p'int.

We were pulled clear out of the Saragossa Sea, and the wind sprang up, and we made port in a week arter.

Victoria. Did Father Neptune let go the hawser?

Uncle Jake. No, miss. Ye see, I had forgot to tell him we was bound south, and nachelly he bein' headed for the Sea-side Home, was a-goin' north. We cut the hawser. But I'll never forgit the good turn he did us. [Pg 911]

Ida. My brother's name is Willie. He is a sailor.

Uncle Jake. What's his last name?

Ida. Willie Moore.

Uncle Jake. Bless my soul, if that warn't the identical chap.

Ida. But my brother's first voyage was on the *Porpoise*. She sailed to the West Indies.

Uncle Jake. It war the *Porpoise*. Beats all, how my memory fails. The *Blue Turquoise* war the next ship I sailed in.

Ida. Willie never spoke of that adventure at home, Captain Jake.

Captain Jake. Ask him, ask him. 'Mind him of the Saragossa Sea, and how the *Blue*—I mean the *Porpoise*—war tugged. He'll recollect. Mention Miss Lorelei with her golding hair. But good-day, young ladies. Pleased to meet ye again.

All. Good-day, Captain Jake.

Miss Sommerfield. And many thanks for your pretty tale.

[Exit Captain Jake.]

Miss James. I fear that old man does not always speak the truth. Neptune is a pure myth.

Helen. Like the Gulf Stream.

Miss James. And I seriously doubt, Miss Moore, if that was your brother Willie.

Ida. Don't you worry.

Charlotte. I see Madge has found the old lyric mamma loves. Read it, Madge, two lines at a time, and we will sing it to the tune of "What fairylike music steals over the sea."^[1]

"What fairylike music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody?
'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main,
As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain.
'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main,
As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain."

[Madge reads, and the others sing.]

When we have the entertainment, we'll let this be the last thing on the programme.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

"Nineteen—twenty—twenty-one," the people in the Garden of the Tuileries counted. Then, with open ears, they listened breathlessly. "Twenty-two! Hurrah! hurrah!" they shouted. "A boy; it is a boy!" they cried. "Long live the Emperor! Long live the King of Rome!"

It was the 20th of March, 1811. A baby had been born in the palace of the Tuileries. The booming cannon announced the great event, and the people knew that for a girl twenty-one guns would be fired; for a boy, one hundred. So when the twenty-second gun boomed out there was no need for further counting. All the people knew that an heir to the throne of France had been born, and with loud acclamations they shouted "welcome" and "long life" to the son of Napoleon.

He was a bright, pretty little fellow, and his father loved him from the start. At his very first cry Napoleon caught him up, and hurrying to the great chamber in which the foremost men of the empire were waiting, presented to them "his Majesty the King of Rome!"

It was at the height of Napoleon's power. All Europe lay at his feet. Thrones and principalities were his to give away; but for his son he reserved the title that would revive the greatness and glory of the ancient days and recall the widespread sway of



"HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ROME."

Charlemagne; the little Napoleon was to be King of Rome, and heir to the Empire of France.

But a King must have a royal guard. So one day in September, 1811, a brigade of boys, none of them over twelve years old, marched into the Cour du Carrousel, where the Emperor was reviewing his army, and drew up in line of battle opposite the famous Old Guard of the Emperor. And Napoleon said: "Soldiers of my guard, there are your children. I confide to them the guard of my son, as I have confided myself to you." And to the boys he said: "My children, upon you I impose a difficult duty. But I rely upon you. You are pupils of the guard, and your service is the protection of the King of Rome."

There were days of splendor and ceremonial, of fête and display, in the early life of the little King of Rome. His father was, literally, Kings of Kings; he made and

unmade sovereigns, he carved up nations, and cut out states.

Suddenly came the collapse. All Europe arrayed itself against this crowned adventurer—this man who, through a hundred years, has remained at once the marvel and the puzzle of history. There came days of preparation and leave-taking, of war and battle, of defeat and disgrace. When the days of war and struggle came, the old-time fire and dash and courage of the conqueror seemed to have left him; his hopes were with his boy and that boy's future rather than in the rush and grapple of armies.

So Napoleon's star set fast. With all Europe arrayed against him for his overthrow, the great Corsican suddenly became little, and everything went wrong.

On the 25th of January, 1814, the father saw his son for the last time. Holding by the hand the boy, then nearly three years old, the Emperor presented himself before the eight hundred officers of the National Guard of Paris, assembled in the gorgeous Hall of the Marshals. "Officers of the National Guard," he said, "I go to take my place at the head of the army. To your protection I confide my wife and my son, upon whom rest so many hopes. In your care I leave what is next to France—the dearest thing I have in the world."

But disaster overwhelmed both the Emperor and the nation. The guards were powerless to guard. The armies of Napoleon were defeated; he himself was banished to Elba; and the little Napoleon with his mother escaped to the court of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria.

With a final burst of courage Napoleon escaped from Elba and roused France once again to war. It was in vain. His power and his luck were gone. Waterloo gave him his death-blow, and the lonely island of St. Helena became his prison and his grave.

Four days after Waterloo, on the 22d of June, 1815, Napoleon issued his last proclamation. "I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France," he announced. "My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French.... Let all unite for the public safety, and in order to remain an independent nation. NAPOLEON."

But the nation was paralyzed by disaster. Union was impossible. The boy thus proclaimed Emperor was far from France, held by the enemy. He was never to see his native land again, never to see his father, never to reign Emperor of the French.

For seventeen years the boy lived at the Austrian court, practically a prisoner. His mother cared little for him, and for years did not see him; his name of Napoleon was denied him; his titles of Emperor and King were taken from him, and he was known simply as the Duke of Reichstadt.

His grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, was kind to him, and tried to make an Austrian of him, but he grew from a bright, handsome little fellow into a lonely, low-spirited, and brooding boy, who remembered his former grandeur and the high position to which he had been born, and fretted over the knowledge that he, the son of Napoleon, could inherit no portion of his father's glory, and was denied even the empty honor of his name.

At five he was a beautiful boy, who rebelled when his tutors tried to teach him German, and delighted to play jokes on his royal grandfather; it has even been solemnly asserted that he tied the imperial coat tails to a chair, and filled the imperial boots with gravel. At seven he put on the uniform of a private in the Austrian Royal Guard, and displayed a liking for military life. His gayety began to change to reticence and a love for solitude as he grew old enough to appreciate his position. One of the Austrian Generals was discoursing to the boy one day on the three greatest warriors of the world.

"I know a fourth," said the young Napoleon.

"And who is that?" the commandant asked.

"My father," replied the boy, proudly, and walked away from the lecturer.

He was ten years old when his great father died in his exile at St. Helena (on the 5th of May, 1821). The boy wept bitterly when he was told the news, and shut himself up for several days. He put on mourning, but the Austrians compelled him to put it off, and permitted him to show no grief for his dead father.

After this he grew still more quiet and secretive; he took to his books, became quite a student, and wrote an able treatise upon Cæsar's *Commentaries*. When he was fifteen he was permitted to read books about his father and the history of France, and at sixteen he was instructed in the forms of Austrian government, and the false theory known as "the divine right of Kings."

When he was twenty he "came out" into society, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel of infantry in the Austrian army, but he never "smelled powder" nor saw war. Brooding and solitude weakened his constitution; ill health resulted; his lungs were touched with disease: and on the 22d of July, in the year 1832, having reached the age of twenty-one, the son of Napoleon died in the palace of Schönbrunn, of consumption.

It seems hard, but death was the only solution of what might have been a problem. Without the will, the energy, the genius, or the selfishness of his remarkable father, the son of Napoleon had yet ambition, persistence, and a reverence for his father's memory that amounted almost to a passion. Without any special love for France, he cherished that dream of empire that his father had made come true. Had he lived and joined ability to strength, his name might have raised up armies, and again drenched Europe in blood—the tool of factions or the prey of his own ambitions. He died a lonely invalid, and Europe was spared the horror of a possible "might have been."

On the plain bronze tomb that marks this boy's place of burial in the Carthusian Monastery at Vienna—near to that of another unwise and unfortunate Prince, the Austrian usurper Maximilian of Mexico—the visitor may read this inscription, placed there by the Emperor, his grandfather: To the eternal memory of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811, when in his cradle he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed with every faculty, both of body and mind; his stature was tall; his countenance adorned with the charms of youth, and his conversation full of affability; he displayed an astonishing capacity for study, and the exercise of the military art: attacked by a pulmonary disease, he died at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832.

The epitaph tells but one side of this boy's story; the other side is sad enough. A young life begun in glory went out in gloom; the Prince of the Tuileries became the prisoner of Vienna: the dream of empire was speedily dispelled, and death itself mercifully removed one who might have been a menace and a curse to Europe.

What he might have been had his father remained conqueror and Emperor none may say. But the star of Napoleon, that had blazed like a meteor in Europe's startled sky, flickered, fell, and went out in disgrace. Thenceforward the shadow of the father's downfall clung to the boy, and the son of Napoleon had neither the opportunity, the energy, nor the will to display any trace of that genius for conquest that made the name of Napoleon great in his day, and greater since his downfall and his death.

[Pg 913]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

"Why has he come home?"

This was the question on the lips of each one of the family when they heard of Neal's arrival.

It was soon answered. He had been suspended.

He would give little explanation; he merely asserted that he was innocent of that of which he was accused. Some of the boys, the most unmanageable at St. Asaph's, had plotted to do some mischief. Neal, being more or less intimate with the set, was asked to join in the plot, but refused. He was with the boys, however, up to the moment of their putting it into execution. Afterwards circumstances pointed to his having been concerned in it, and his known intimacy with these very boys condemned him.

There was but one person who could prove absolutely that he had not been with the culprits that night, and that person held his peace.

Of course Cynthia rightly suspected that it was Bronson.

A letter came from the head master of the school, stating the facts as they appeared to him, and announcing with regret that he had been obliged to suspend Neal Gordon for the remainder of the term.

It was an unfortunate affair altogether. Neal was moody and low-spirited, and he was deeply offended that his story was not generally believed, for the household was divided in regard to it.

Jack and Cynthia stoutly maintained his innocence, Mr. Franklin and Edith looked at the worst side of it, while Mrs. Franklin was undecided in her opinion.

She wanted to believe her brother's word, she did believe it, and yet all the proved facts were so hopelessly against him. The other boys that had been suspended were his friends. Neal had been reprovved before for mischief that he had been in with them. It was one of those sad cases when a man's past record counts against him, no matter how innocent he may be of the present offence. But Hester could not believe that her brother would lie to her.

One morning Edith drove her father to the train. Not a vestige of snow was left near the road; only a patch or two on the hills, and even that was rapidly disappearing in the spring sunshine which every day grew warmer.

"Have you heard much about St. Asaph's from any one but Neal?" asked Mr. Franklin, quite abruptly. "Doesn't that cousin of the Morgans go there?"

"Do you mean Tom, papa? Yes, he does, and Tony Bronson, too, who stays at the Morgans' occasionally."

"I think I remember. Did you ever hear either of them speak of Neal, or discuss him in any way?"

Edith hesitated.

"Tom Morgan never did," she said at last.

"And the other fellow?"

"Yes, he said something. Really, papa, I wish you wouldn't ask me."

"What nonsense! Of course it is your duty to tell me, Edith. It is right that I should know how Neal stands with his class. What did the boy say?"

"He spoke as if Neal were in some scrape, and he wished that he could help him out."

"He is a friend of Neal's, then?"

"I don't know. He spoke very nicely of him, and really seemed to want to help him; but Cynthia didn't believe that when I told her. She seemed to think he was an enemy of Neal's. But then Cynthia can't bear him, you know. She took one of her tremendous prejudices against Tony Bronson, the way she often does, and she wouldn't believe that there was a bit of good in him."

"But you liked him?"

"Yes, very much. I think he is conceited, but then so many boys are that. As far as I could see he is a very nice fellow, and the Morgans like him ever so much. The only people that I know of who don't like him are Jack and Cynthia and Neal."

[Pg 914]

"I don't believe there is much doubt that Neal has been very wild all the time he has been at St. Asaph's," observed Mr. Franklin. "This only goes to prove it. Bronson was not in that set, evidently, as he was not one of those who were suspended, and I have no doubt he is a very good sort of fellow. It is a pity Neal doesn't see more of him."

They drew up at the post-office, and Mr. Franklin went in to get the letters. He came out with quite a budget, and stood at the carriage looking hastily over them.

"All of these are to go home," he said, giving a number to Edith. "Here is one for me with the St. Asaph's postmark. I will see what it is."

He tore it open, and glanced at the signature. Then he looked up quickly.

"What was that Bronson fellow's name, Edith?"

"Tony."

"Then this is from him. Odd we should just have been talking about him. Humph!"

Mr. Franklin's face grew grave, then angry, as he read the letter.

"That boy will come to no good end," he muttered. "I don't know what we are going to do with him."

Edith watched him curiously. She wished that her father would give her the letter to read, but he did not. People were hurrying by to the station, which was but a few steps from the post-office.

"You will miss your train, Franklin," said some one, tapping him on the shoulder.

Mr. Franklin glanced at the clock in the station tower, found that he had but half a minute, and with a hasty good-bye to Edith, and strict injunctions not to mention Bronson's letter at home, he ran for his train, thrusting the mysterious note into his pocket as he went.

Edith did the errands and drove home again, after a brief call upon Gertrude Morgan, who was full of curiosity about Neal's return.

"I always knew he was pretty gay," she said. "Of course Tom and Tony Bronson wouldn't say much—boys never do, you know; but I gathered from certain things that Neal was—well, rather sporty, to say the least."

Edith drove homeward rather slowly. She was very sorry about it all: sorry for Neal himself, whom she liked, despite the fact that he was a Gordon; sorry for her step-mother, whom she told herself she disliked; and yet Mrs. Franklin's unvarying kindness and sweet temper had not been without good results. Edith had softened greatly towards her, more than she herself was aware of. She still continued to assure herself that it was an unfortunate day for them when the Gordons came, and she worked herself into a temper when she thought of the added worry it gave her father to have Neal behave as he had done.

"Papa looked so anxious this morning when he read that letter," she said to herself. "It is too bad. I do wonder what was in it, and from Tony Bronson, too! What would Gertrude have said if I had told her?"

In the mean time Mr. Franklin was reading his letter again.

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN [it ran],—It is with great regret that I am obliged to call a little matter to your attention. I had hoped that it would not be necessary. Your brother-in-law, Neal Gordon, owes me a small amount, fifty dollars, in fact, and I am at present really in need of the money. I have waited for it a good while, nearly a year, and there are one or two bills that I am expected to pay out of my allowance, which I am unable to do until Gordon pays me.

"Of course I dislike very much to dun him for it when he is in disgrace, but really I see no other way out of the difficulty than to ask you if you will kindly forward a check to my order.

"Very truly yours,
"ANTHONY BRONSON.
"St. Asaph's, *April 2d.*"

This letter had cost the writer much thought. He had written several copies before he was altogether satisfied, but at last the result pleased him.

"I call it rather neat," he said, as he folded it carefully and addressed the envelope with an extra flourish.

"This will bring the roof down on our fine high-and-mighty Mr. Gordon, if nothing else does. I fancy that brother-in-law of his has a nice little temper of his own, and it will be so pleasant for Gordie to be nagged by a brother-in-law!"

When Edith got back to Oakleigh the morning that Bronson's note was received she found wild excitement raging, which, for a time, made her forget the letter.

Some of the Leghorn pullets, which, unfortunately, could fly high, had escaped from the yard, notwithstanding the wire netting which enclosed them, and had been having a fine time scratching and pecking in entirely new hunting-grounds, when Bob happened along.

Here was his chance. For many months he had been waiting for this very moment. What was the use of being a sporting dog, if he could not now and then indulge his hunting proclivities? His master had gone on the river and left him at home—his master did not treat him well, nowadays. Bob felt neglected. He would have one good time.

He waited his opportunity, and when it came he made the most of it. A fine fat hen, peacefully picking a worm, found the tables suddenly turned. Instead of the worm being in her mouth, she found herself in the mouth of the horrible black object which she had often seen peering greedily at her through the fence. Oh, that she had never flown over that fence! She gave one despairing "cluck" as she was borne madly through the air, and then was silent forever.

Janet and Willy, playing near, heard the noise and followed in pursuit, calling Cynthia as they did so, who, seeing what was the matter, flew from the house, dogwhip in hand. The boys were both on the river.

For a time the chase was hopeless. Bob had not waited all these months for nothing; he had no intention of dropping the prize at the first command. Round and round he tore, leading his pursuers a pretty dance through orchard and field, over the lawn, and through the currant-bushes. Cynthia fell at this particular point, with Janet and Willy on top of her, but they picked themselves up and started again.

At last Mrs. Franklin, coming out, headed Bob off, and Cynthia grasped his collar.

"Bad dog!" she cried. "Neal told me I was to punish you, and I mean to do it."

She cut him with the short whip, but it was of no avail. Bob had dropped the chicken, and, wild with excitement, sprang from her hand. She only succeeded in lashing herself with the whip.

"It's no use," she said at last. "I've got to punish him some other way. The boys won't be home for ever so long, and it won't do to wait."

"I have always heard the only way of curing a dog of killing hens was to tie one around his neck," said Mrs. Franklin, doubtfully. "Perhaps it had better be done. We will call one of the men."

"No, I will do it all," said Cynthia; "it's not a very nice piece of work, but I'll do it."

Cord was brought, and she finally succeeded in attaching the defunct hen to Bob's collar. Poor Bob! His joy had been quickly turned to mourning. And now this stern Cynthia—she who had hitherto been apparently so affably disposed towards him—fastened him to the hitching-post, and came with a horrid horsewhip to chastise him! Bob never forgot that morning. He always thought of Cynthia with more respect after that.

When Neal came home he highly approved of all the proceedings except the horsewhip.

"Couldn't you do it with his own whip?" he asked. "It places a dog at a mean disadvantage to tie him up and then whip him. It is so lowering to his dignity."

"One of us had to be at a disadvantage," said Cynthia, indignantly, "and I should think it was better for Bob to be at it than for me. And as for his dignity, I think it ought to be lowered."

To which wise remark Neal was forced to agree.

Jack was much disgusted at losing one of his best hens. What with the fox last winter, and a neighbor's dog that had killed seven, and a peculiar disease which had taken off fifty, luck seemed to be against the poultry business. But, undiscouraged, Jack had refilled the machine and was awaiting results. Some of last year's hens had begun to lay, and he was sending eggs to the Boston markets. There were actually a few more figures on the page for receipts.

Bob's misdemeanor temporarily diverted the minds of the family from the trouble about Neal, but Mr. Franklin's return that night brought up the subject again to some of them.

He told his wife that he wished to speak with her, and together they went into the library and shut the door. He laid two letters before her on the table—the one he had received that morning from Bronson, and a second one from the same source, which had come by the evening mail. The latter was very brief:

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN,—The very day that I sent my letter to you I received a money-order from Gordon for the amount he owed me.



POOR BOB! HIS JOY HAD BEEN QUICKLY TURNED TO MOURNING.

"Regretting very much that I should have troubled you, I have the honor to be

"Very truly yours,
"ANTHONY BRONSON."

"What does it mean!" asked Mr. Franklin, when his wife had finished reading the letters.

"I cannot imagine," said she, looking up, completely mystified.

"Did you lend him the money?"

"No, certainly not. I should have told you, John, if I had," she added, reproachfully.

"I know," he said, as he walked up and down the room, "but I could not account for it in any other way. It is extraordinary."

"Suppose we send for Neal and ask him about it."

When Neal came he was given the two letters to read. He did so, and laid them down without a word.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked his brother-in-law, impatiently.

"Nothing."

"Neal dear, you must explain," said Hester.

"Why should I explain? I paid the debt. It doesn't make any difference to either of you how I did it."

"It makes a great deal of difference," exclaimed Mr. Franklin, who was rapidly growing angry. "In the first place, how did you come to be owing fifty dollars so soon after the other debt was paid? What did you do with the first fifty your sister gave you in the fall?"

"Spent it."

"Neal!" cried Hester. "Didn't you pay your debts then? Why didn't you?"

He said nothing.

"It is an abominable affair altogether," said Mr. Franklin. "You were in debt, which you had no business to be. You obtained money from Hester to pay the debt, and then, according to your own words, you spent it otherwise. You get into a bad scrape and are suspended. And now you obtain money in some peculiar way, and refuse to explain how."

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Franklin," said Neal, who was in a towering rage by this time. "You go a little too far. I don't consider that it is at all necessary for me to explain to you, but I am willing to do it on Hester's account. I did not say that I spent her money otherwise. I merely said that I spent it, which was perfectly true. I spent it paying half my debt. I owed a hundred dollars at that time, instead of fifty as I told you. I paid half then, and the rest I paid a few days ago, and it doesn't make any difference to you or any one else how I got the money. As for the scrape, I was not in it. You can believe my word or not, as you like. I've said all I am going to say, and if you don't mind I'll leave you. I've had enough of this."

He stalked out of the library, and went up to his own room. No one saw him again that evening.

"You are too hard on him, John," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Hard on him! It would have been better for the boy if some one had begun earlier to be hard on him. It is the most extraordinary thing where he got that money."

Nothing was said to the others about it all. They knew that Neal was in fresh disgrace, but Mr. and Mrs. Franklin withheld the details at present. Neal himself was dumb. Not even to his only confidante, Cynthia, did he unburden himself. He was too angry with her father to trust himself to speak to her on the subject, and his silence made Cynthia miserable.

Neal did not acknowledge for a moment that the stand taken by Mr. Franklin was perfectly justifiable and natural, and he allowed his resentment to burn furiously, making no effort to overcome it.

His mistake from the beginning had been concealment, but this he had yet to realize. He fancied that it would be lowering to his pride to make any explanation whatever.

Let them think what they liked, he did not care, he said to himself again and again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF IT.

There is perhaps a question as to what is the proper position for the best and healthiest bicycle riding. Some good riders sit in one position, have one length of pedal stride, and use one kind of ankle motion, and others—just as good riders—believe in something entirely different, and prove it by riding long distances or at great speed without either injury or discomfort to themselves. The suggestions given below must stand, therefore, only as suggestions, which can only be proved by you yourself to be correct after you have followed them for some time, and found them of benefit to yourself. They are followed by many good road riders and racers, and that is some recommendation, and for the practical pleasure of wheelman they are probably the best that can be had.

In the first place, it is taken for granted that you are riding a bicycle for pleasure, not as a business: that you ride of an afternoon say thirty miles or so, not much more, that occasionally you make a day's trip to some place and do fifty miles, and that perhaps you take a fortnights trip of five or six or seven hundred miles. In other words, the readers of the ROUND TABLE, both boys and girls, are the subject of this article. They do not ride five hundred miles in twenty-four hours on a track on thousand-dollar wagers, and they

refrain from trying to do a mile in a minute and fifty seconds. They do not "train" for their trips, but they treat their wheels as they would cat-boats or horses or tennis, or any other healthy out-door sport.

For such people bicycle riding is not by any means the healthiest exercise that could be found. In the first place, it is an extraordinary stimulus to the heart. If you dismount after working up a bad hill you may very possibly find your pulse at 150—something unusual in almost any running game. Then again, while riding exercises certain muscles of the legs admirably, the shoulders and back muscles are not only not getting much training, but in certain too common positions they are actually being distorted. Still again there is a constant tendency to overdo the thing, to ride too much, and especially in the case of girls to tire yourself out, and bring a strain on the system that may result in something more or less permanent in the shape of injury.

All this is not set down at the beginning to scare any one away from bicycling. Imperfect exercise is better than none, and many people ride a wheel religiously who would not be persuaded to take any other regular exercise. The hours in the open air on a wheel are far better than nothing, therefore, and then, too, a good many other exercises which are far more general, are for one reason or another beyond the reach of some of us. Horseback riding, for example, is a much more general and temperate exercise, but we cannot all support a stable. Walking is no doubt better than bicycling; but few of us will walk regularly day after day ten miles in the proper form and costume, while just now we are all willing to do twice that amount on a wheel and in correct costume. So that bicycling, in spite of its drawbacks, is distinctly to be encouraged. There is, however, a right way and many wrong ones, and though people may disagree on some of the details, they do not fail to agree on general principles.

[Pg 916]



CORRECT ROAD POSITION.

and reading this article by following this simple rule: Sit squarely on the chair. Then fix your mind on an imaginary spot in your chest bone or "sternum," just half-way between your pectorals and on a line with them. Then try to "lift" this point up as high as you can. Your abdomen will naturally be contracted, or will "go in," as you say. The small of your back will curve in, and the back of your neck at the base of the brain will press backwards, while your chin is brought in close to your neck in front, at the same time the shoulders are pressed back. When this position is exaggerated, it looks somewhat pompous and idiotic, but it is the correct position for the trunk of the body, and when it becomes natural it looks natural.

This is the position you should assume when you are in the saddle of a bicycle. Of course no one, man or boy, can keep up in this position all the time, but you should keep as near it as you comfortably can. Comfort is really the basis of all such positions, and while, to a certain extent, comfort is the result of habit, still a more upright position is more natural to one than to another rider.

This upright seat is dependent on itself. That is to say, you should get in the habit of taking it so easily that, supposing you could ride with handles, you would sit thus nevertheless. In other words, you should not depend on your hands and the grip they have on the handles for support at all. The hands and arms are not needed as you sit in a chair, nor as you walk, nor as you ride a horse, except as guides in one case to guide the horse, in the other to keep your balance while walking, and finally on the bicycle to guide the wheel and keep yourself balanced on it. If you will examine the two cuts accompanying this article, entitled, respectively, "correct road position" and "incorrect road position," you will at once see the difference. The incorrect position shows a rider "leaning" on his hands and arms. The seat is a very common one, unfortunately, and if you examine the next twenty riders you meet, especially those who have ridden fifteen or twenty miles, you are likely to find most of them in this condition. The arms are rigid, the body is leaning on them. This thrusts the shoulders back until the shoulder-blades touch each other behind the shoulders. The lungs and neck are pushed

Bicycling for boys is different in most details from bicycling for girls, and we must speak separately of these, as indeed the two should be enjoyed separately generally. A boy always has more endurance, and can tire out a girl in four miles. He should therefore either ride only in company of his own sex, or he should, when riding with a girl, keep to her standard rather than try to bring her up to his. This is hard work for the boy, and needs his constant attention during the ride, so much so, indeed, that he will do better not to ride with girls at all.

To begin with, then, let us take the ordinary upright position, such a position as will correspond to the upright position assumed by any one who is walking, by a good horseman in the saddle, by a cross-country runner in his run. There are rules for all these, and they are relatively the same. You want to give yourself plenty of room to breathe in. The chest ought to be well out, therefore, the shoulders thrown back, and the head up, so that you will not be crowding all the veins that send blood into your head by letting your neck sink into your shoulders. This is the same in horseback riding, running, walking, and rowing. You can assume this position while sitting



INCORRECT ROAD POSITION.

forward, and every single muscle and nerve in the upper part of the trunk and neck is out of place. The result is that neither heart nor lungs get good opportunity for action, and the shape of your upper body is slowly but surely being deformed. In the other position, the correct one, the rider could at any moment take his hands from the handle-bar and not alter his position in any way. The two contrasted speak for themselves.



CORRECT SCORCHING.

body on the pedals, relieves the very uncomfortable weight on the saddle, and helps a rider to balance himself without the use of handle-bars, thus avoiding the "wriggling" of the wheel, which is so tiresome and so deadening to a steady road gait.

The position of a man who is racing is, of course, quite different, and it has a parallel in horse-racing. A jockey when he is riding a racing horse in a big race rises in his stirrups, leans far forward, and crouches on the horse's neck: but because a jockey does this in a race—and advisedly so—is no reason for a gentleman to do the same when he is out for a jaunt on his cob of an afternoon. The two seats are both correct, but each belongs to its sphere. So it is with the bicycle. The racing or "scorching" position is a difficult one to represent in a photographic reproduction, because each man has his own particular ideas, and as most men who race make a study of the subject, the result is that there are many different ideas. The general principle is, however, to get a strong purchase on the handles in order to give yourself greater power in thrusting down on the pedals, and at the same time to curl up the body in order to give as little resistance to the air as possible. Any one who has ridden against the wind will realize what an enormous difference the air makes on his speed, and this is, of course, multiplied when the rider is going at a record-breaking speed.

But there are correct and incorrect racing positions, and the two illustrations on the subject will give you a suggestion of these. A "scorching" position cannot be taken on a bicycle where the saddle and handle-bars have been arranged for the upright road position. This can be easily seen by referring to the illustrations again. In the correct scorching position the handles are very low down, and the seat is raised and tipped forward, so that the rider, while pulling up strongly on the handles, is practically only leaning against the saddle, and putting all his weight on the pedals. The back is curved rather than straight, because a much greater purchase can be obtained in this way; and indeed the curved back makes a much more vigorous and symmetrical attitude.

The important point to remember is, however, that you cannot assume the scorching position and the upright road position on the same bicycle without putting on different handle-bars. Hence, when you see a man trying this portion with high handles you know he is wrong. On the other hand, to start out for a pleasant afternoon run through the country for twenty-five miles in a scorching position is just as absurd as it would be if a man riding a horse in the Park for pleasure should assume the jockey seat. There is neither rhyme nor reason in it. Finally, a half-way position—one between the upright and the scorching positions—is worst of all.



INCORRECT SCORCHING.

Another important point in road-riding is the height of the saddle above the lowest point in the arc described by the pedals. Experience has shown that when the pedal is at its lowest and you are sitting squarely on the saddle, your heel should be on a level with the toe of the boot and your knee a trifle bent. Or, to put it differently, it should be possible for you to place the ball of your foot on the pedal and follow it around in its circle without absolutely straightening your leg to its utmost. Or, still again, as other people describe it, you should be able to put the toe of your shoe *under* the pedal and keep it there all the way round, the leg being straightened at the longest stretch. The illustration representing this shows the correct length of stride, and by referring to another cut you will see what results when the rider has raised his seat so high that he is obliged to let his toes point down with a straight leg in order to follow the pedal around. This illustration, representing too long a stride, shows by the wrinkles in the rider's trousers and shirt that he is compelled to lower not only his hips but his whole side and shoulder, and, of course, the same is repeated alternately on the other side. As these photographs were taken by an instantaneous slide, and the riders were in motion, they are all actual positions during riding, and as such illustrate exactly what happens in each case.

It may, of course, be said that when a rider becomes tired with riding, the incorrect position is a great rest. In the first place, this is not true if he has faithfully learned to ride in the upright seat. Then the other becomes uncomfortable. In the correct position the wheelman has his arms a trifle bent, at the elbow, so that when he goes over any unevenness in the road his arms give, and he avoids the shaking of his whole body by the jounce, to say nothing of the certainty of giving his wheel an unpleasant shaking up.

In the most modern wheels the position of the rider is almost that of a pedestrian—that is, the pedals are almost under the saddle, so that he treads directly up and down. This helps him in keeping his seat without the aid of hands and arms, and it makes all the muscles of the legs and thighs work in their proper places, and the whole action of his body thus becomes natural. All this can be seen in the "correct position," and there can hardly be a question that this is the natural position for a man to take when he mounts his wheel for a run of a few miles. It naturally brings part of the weight of the



CORRECT LENGTH OF REACH.

In this case of too long a stride there is real danger to health in the long-run. The wheelman makes many thousand revolutions in a week, and rides throughout a good part of the year, and any one can see in a moment that this constant working of all the vital parts of the body must be anything but healthy. Furthermore, aside from the question of health altogether, a wheelman becomes quickly tired out with this continual shifting. He may not know what is the cause of his weariness, but it is sure to be partly due to it if he rides in that way. There is no reason why a rider should want to have a long stride. It does not make any greater speed, and it actually detracts from the power of his stroke.



TOO LONG A REACH.

Now a word as to the ankle movement. Of course the force applied through the foot to the pedal at the moment when the latter is one-quarter way round the circle from the top, or, in other words, half-way "down," is the most valuable and powerful. Just as in rowing, the strength put into the oar when it is exactly at right angles with the boat is the most valuable. And, furthermore, the earlier or later the strength is applied to the pedals the less and less powerful it becomes so far as sending the wheel ahead goes. If you press down hard when the pedal is nearly or fully down to its lowest point you are scarcely sending the wheel ahead at all, and all your exertion goes for nothing therefore. Practically speaking, in order to get the best of your strength in at the quarter-circle point you should begin to push, and push vigorously, the moment the pedal has passed by its highest point. The push should be quick and short, and should stop as soon as possible after the quarter-circle point has been passed. There is an instant of rest there, and then the heel should be raised a little and a sharp upward and backward pull made on this same pedal at the same instant that the downward push is being made on the other pedal with the other foot. As a result, the rider is pulling up with one foot while he is pushing down with the other, and there are therefore two distinct motions with each leg during a single revolution of the pedal. Many riders only push downward, and allow the pedals to rise of their own accord, so to speak, but they waste a part of the force of each revolution by this—not a half, but fully one-third of what they might easily put into it.

As a result of this the heel takes a different position relative to the toe at different parts of one revolution. At the top and bottom the two are on the same level, but the heel goes down quicker than the toe and comes up quicker. This is very tiresome for the beginner, and he soon finds the calves of his legs aching sharply, but in time he will become accustomed to it, and the added amount of speed which he gets out of his machine is surprising even to himself.

There is not space enough left to say anything of girls' riding, but some time in the future this should have a short article by itself.

MAY BE SO.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

September butterflies flew thick
O'er flower-bed and clover-rick,
When little Miss Penelope,
Who watched them from grandfather's knee.

Said, "Grandpa, what's a butterfly?"
And, "Where do flowers go when they die?"
For questions hard as hard can be
I recommend Penelope.

But grandpa had a playful way
Of dodging things too hard to say,
By giving fantasies instead
Of serious answers, so he said,

"Whene'er a tired old flower must die,
Its soul mounts in a butterfly;
Just now a dozen snow-wings sped
From out that white petunia bed;

"And if you'll search, you'll find, I'm sure,
A dozen shrivelled cups or more;
Each pansy folds her purple cloth,
And soars aloft in velvet moth.

"So when tired sunflower doffs her cap
Of yellow frills to take a nap,
'Tis but that this surrender brings
Her soul's release on golden wings."

"But *is this so?* It ought to be,"
Said little Miss Penelope,
"Because I'm *sure*, dear grandpa, *you*
Would only tell the thing that's *true*."

"Are all the butterflies that fly
Real angels of the flowers that die?"
Grandfather's eyes looked far away
As if he scarce knew what to say.

"Dear little Blossom," stroking now
The golden hair upon her brow,
"I—can't—exactly—say—I—know—it,
I only heard it from a poet.

"And poets' eyes see wondrous things,
Great mysteries of flowers and wings.
And marvels of the earth and sea
And sky, they tell us constantly.

"But we can never prove them right,
Because we lack their finer sight;
And they, lest we should think them wrong,
Weave their strange stories into song

"So *beautiful*, so *seeming true*,
So confidently stated too,
That we, not knowing yes or no,
Can only *hope they may be so*."

"But, grandpapa, no tale should close
With *if's* or *buts* or *may-be-sos*,
So let us play we're poets, too,
And then we'll *know* that this is true."

NEW THINGS THAT ARE OLD.

In spite of the protests of inventors, and of those who believe they have investigated everything since the deluge, that there is nothing new under the sun, the Psalmist was right when he put that thought into the colloquial language. On the Assyrian slabs, and on more than one old European fresco, is seen the paddle-wheel for boats, although the propeller is not in evidence. The bicycle seems to have been known in China more than two hundred years ago, and the velocipede was seen in Europe even before that. On a pane of the ancient painted glass in the old church at Stoke Pogis, England, may be seen the representation of a young fellow astride of one of these machines. He is working his way along with the air of a rider who has introduced a novelty, and is the object of the unbounded admiration of a multitude of witnesses.

[Pg 919]



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.

Vacation is almost over. Indeed, for some of you school has already begun again, and I like to fancy you as taking up your studies with renewed zest and ardor.

"The rich air is sweet with the breath of September,
The sumach is staining the hedges with red;
Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
The glory of days which so long ago fled,
When, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
Blithe-hearted and free.
The summons to study
We answered with glee.
Listen! oh, listen! once more to the swell
Of the masterful, merry Academy bell."

This stanza describes the feelings of grown people, mothers and aunties, and grandmothers, who used to go to school, and have now arrived at the stage on the road where the mile-stones are inscribed "Remember." You have not yet come in sight of these mile-stones. Yours are still marked with "Hope," "Onward," "Courage," and similar cheery words.

If I were a girl again, and could go to school, I would be careful, at least I think I would be careful, not to lose any time. Yours is foundation-work, and it is very important that this should be, because the habits of care and diligence you are forming in your class-rooms will help you through your whole lives. It is really less what you study than the way you study it which is the main thing to be considered now.

A girl at school cannot, of course, always be provided with every appliance for her work, but, as a rule, she ought to have her own books, her own pads, pencils, ink-eraser, crayons, drawing-paper, penknife, and whatever else she needs in order to do her work, so that she is under no necessity to borrow from her friends. What would you think of a carpenter who came to your house without tools, and had to ask the loan of some? or a doctor who forgot his prescription-book or his medicines, and had to lose time and pains until he could send around to an acquaintance and procure others, while his patient was waiting to be relieved? Have your tools, girls, and keep them in order, and, if you must sometimes lend, exact a speedy return, politely and gently, but firmly, for we must sometimes insist on our rights, and then just as firmly resolve not to borrow unless the circumstances are exceptional. Have your own tools.

School-books should be laid aside as you leave them for other and more advanced books, neither given away nor parted with out of the family, though you may allow a younger sister or brother to use them, if you choose. By-and-by you may be glad to have your school-books to refer to, and you will find that they are as useful as much larger volumes, and easier to keep at hand; they have been prepared by learned and thoughtful experts, and have the advantage of being carefully condensed. After your school-life is over you will very much enjoy the possession of a shelf full of text-books, once your daily companions.

Your teachers will tell you of histories, books of travel, poems, and novels which they would like you to read outside of your regular work. Time spent in this way is very pleasant, so do not shirk your supplementary reading. Do not, in fact, shirk anything. School days are such happy days that they ought to be free from any omissions of which conscience will have a right to complain.

Your dearest friend, and the next and next dearest, are at school with you, and what pleasures you share, what ambitions, what confidences! Do not let any stupid person laugh at you for being enthusiastic about your friend; you have a beautiful time with her, and she has with you and if any one makes fun of it, she shows that she has forgotten how girls feel. Mothers never consider their daughter's friendships as matters of small importance, and usually they love Marcia's and Edith's friends almost as dearly as the girls themselves do. Be sure to have friends whom you are proud to introduce to the dear mother, who is a girl's very truest friend, when all is said.

May I speak to you now about something else? All this summer I have been travelling twice a day on a suburban train. Early in the morning I have hit the beautiful mountains, and, whirling through pleasant villages and thriving towns, finally skirting lovely meadows and broad marsh-lands, I have come to this busy, bustling city of New York. In the afternoon I have gone back over the same way, leaving the city behind me, and returning to the beautiful country in the hills in time to see the lingering sunset. From day to day, through the car windows, I have had glimpses of the most beautiful flowers. This morning the meadows and swamps were gorgeous with the bloom of the marshmallow—a vivid, blushing pink. I have never seen so many wild roses in my life as this summer, nor such acres of daisies in the day of them, and now the whole country is gay and glowing with our beautiful American flower, the golden-rod. My views through the car windows have been charming, but inside the car I have sometimes observed what was very much less pleasant to see. For example, on a warm afternoon a young girl will calmly take a whole seat, when she is entitled only to half of it, piling her bags and bundles on the other half, on the shady-side of the car too; then, becoming absorbed in a book, she will pay no heed to the needs of other people, who have to seat themselves in the sun. The other day a girl persisted in keeping a window open, though this was evidently to the great discomfort of an elderly gentleman, unmistakably an invalid, who was sitting quite near. Do not let us fail in small courtesies on the road of life. We shall be much happier at the end of the day if we have always been polite and kind to every one whom we have met.

Margaret E. Langster.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER VI.

None of the animals paid the slightest attention to Tommy and the ex-Pirate when they came down from their uncomfortable perch on the rafter, and strolled about the big room. The Gopher, probably emboldened by his neighbors' action, descended too, and mingled with the other beasts. But, for some reason, he managed to remain within sight of Tommy and the ex-Pirate, so that if anything bad happened to him he could have run to them for protection or assistance. Occasionally he joined them and conversed for a few moments, and then he would wander off again by himself.

"I guess they take us for a pair of animals," observed Tommy, as he glanced about at the peaceful beasts. "Some new kind," he added.

"That must be it," said the ex-Pirate, absent-mindedly; "but I wish we could find the Sheep."

"In this crowd?" exclaimed the Gopher, who came up at that moment. "Why, that's like looking for a beetle in a smoke-stack."

The three walked along for some time in silence, and they saw all sorts of queer things as they went. In a retired corner the Hippopotamus was shaving himself with a razor-backed Hog, much to the displeasure of the Hog, who kept up a perpetual snorting and grunting. Near by an old mother Pig was putting her little Pigs' tails up in curl-papers for the night. Further along the Armadillo, the Turtles, the Hedgehog, and the Porcupine, squatted on the floor together, were playing dominoes. A Leopardlike creature sat near by watching the game, looking very much disappointed and mournful.

[Pg 920]



"THEY WON'T LET HIM PLAY BECAUSE HE'S A CHEETAH."

"They won't let him play," volunteered the Gopher, "because he's a Cheetah."

All this time there was much bustle and preparation going on in the middle of the hall. The Monkey tribe, of which there must have been a hundred, were bringing up tables and stools and benches from down below somewhere, and were stretching these out the entire length of the big room. They made a banqueting board much longer than Tommy had ever seen before, and then they laid plates and mugs along the edges, enough to accommodate all. The Monkeys made first-rate waiters, and the big Gorillas bossed them around, and kept them working "just like real waiters in a restaurant," thought Tommy.

"There's the Sheep!" shouted the ex-Pirate, suddenly, and he pointed out their old friend sitting on a bench about a third of the way down from the head of the long table. They hastened toward him, followed by the Gopher, who was doubtless afraid of being

crowded out, for the animals were taking seats rapidly.

The Sheep was overjoyed when the ex-Pirate sat down beside him, and he moved up closer to his neighbor on the other side so as to make room for Tommy and the Gopher. The little boy sat on the bench with the ex-Pirate on his left, and the Gopher on a high stool at his right. The Lion and Lioness occupied the head of the table, some distance away, and the Bull sat at the foot.

"I have been looking all over for you," began the Sheep, "but you were so well concealed I could not find you. Where did you pick up that Gopher?"

"Oh, he's all right," answered the ex-Pirate. "He's got his ticket inside."

The Gopher almost fell off his stool. He whispered to Tommy, "Tell him not to talk about my ticket."

But before Tommy could deliver the message, the Monkeys began bringing the soup in on trays, and placed a plate full in front of each one at table. The Gopher seized his plate and lifted it greedily to his face and swallowed all at one gulp. Then he threw the plate under the table, and began snapping his fingers loudly, just as if he had not been served at all.

"You must not do that," remonstrated Tommy.

"Oh yes, I must," said the Gopher. And then he held up both hands and snapped all fingers.

"What dreadful table manners the Gopher has," said the little boy to the ex-Pirate. "Did you see what he did?"

"Yes," answered the latter. "It was very reprehensible. Worse than anything I ever saw. Worse than the Bishop of Shinnikoree."

"The Arch-Bishop," put in the Sheep.

"Arch-Bishop nothing," retorted the ex-Pirate. "He was only a Bishop."

"But he is an Arch-Bishop *now*," persisted the Sheep.

"He's *dead* now," retorted the ex-Pirate.

"Yes; and they carved him in stone, and put him up over the entrance of the Cathedral, and so he is an Arch-Bishop, ain't he?"

"Well, I suppose so. Anyhow, he was mighty queer at table."

"You never told me about the Bishop before," said Tommy.

"I know it," answered the ex-Pirate. "But if I had the third volume of my collected poems here, I could read to you about him. He was dreadful. Worse than the Gopher."

"Can't you remember about him?" pleaded the little boy.

"Part, I guess. Let me see," and the ex-Pirate reflected in silence for a moment. Then he began:

"There once was a Bishop
Who tossed every dish up
The moment he sat down to table;
At juggling with plates
Full of apples and dates
He was really exceedingly able.

"He would stand on his head

When he buttered his bread,
And his neighbors he gayly would banter,
While he gave a wild whoop
At the sight of pea soup
Which was served in a cut-glass decanter.

"With fish-balls and prunes,
And fresh macaroons,
The Bishop was likewise quite clever;
To pile them up high,
And swallow them dry,
Was his constant consistent endeavor.

"He could drink salad oil
By the pint, and not spoil
The perfect success of digestion;
And having well dined,
And copiously wined,
He could turn a handspring without question."

"Goodness," commented Tommy. "Where did you say he bishoped?"

"At Shinnikoree," answered the ex-Pirate.

"I did not hear that last verse," broke in the Gopher, swallowing his sixth plate of soup. "Can't you recite it again?"

"No, I cannot," replied the ex-Pirate, severely. "If you don't look out I'll write a piece about you."

This seemed to frighten the Gopher, for he snapped his fingers again and took another plate of soup.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 921]



Last week this Department discussed the preparatory work and training of football-players; in this issue I want to speak briefly of team-play. The American game has now become such that team-work is its most important feature. Brilliant individual players are valuable, and every captain should be glad to have as many as he can get; but I should much prefer to captain an eleven made up of inferior players who worked well together, than a team of brilliant individuals who played each for himself. Walter Camp says that "team-work is the road to victory," and he ought to know. It is plain that if you have eleven men working as one, and directing all their force against a single point, you have a much more formidable engine than if the individuals making up the team are doing their best according to their own conceptions of the requirements of the situation.

There is a greater opportunity for team-work in defensive than in aggressive play. The former affords an excellent chance for the placing of the men so that they can concentrate their efforts to the best advantage in the resistance of the opponents' play. The captain decides beforehand who shall go through to tackle behind the line, who shall wait to see where the ball is coming through, and then block the runner, who shall wait back of the line as a reserve force, only to act if the ball is carried into his territory. There is also always plenty of opportunity for team-play in the working together of several rush-line men in the defense, as, for instance, when two or three block off the attack's interference while another tackles the man with the ball.

The best team-work in the rush-line, however, is to be obtained by the playing together of the centre and his two guards. It is absolutely necessary that these men should act like a machine, with precision and celerity, for they are the keystone of the whole team. They should not only have a perfect understanding among one another, but with the men behind them. They must watch the opposing backs, and try to let their own rear men through upon them wherever a certain defense for certain plays may seem best. The ends and tackles form another division of the rush-line which acts as a unit. It is the business of these men to stop the runs around the ends, of course, but now that the development of the game has brought in so many rushes through the line, between tackle and end, or tackle and guard, the four end men must play into one another's hands in the tackling of opponents and in the blocking of holes that the men opposite are trying to make.

The men back of the line must also have a perfect understanding among themselves as to what each one will do in certain emergencies. As in chess, they must have one or more "defenses" for known attacks, and they must know which one of these defenses it is best to use under given conditions. The backs supplement the work of the forwards in defensive play against rush-line work, but the conditions are reversed in resisting a kick. Against a kick the backs are the main defense—that is, the team as a whole depends upon one of the four men back of the line to make the next play, and each man of the four must know as soon as the kick is made which one is to get the ball. In the defense against a kick, therefore, the rushers supplement the work of the backs.

When I say that the rush-line supplements the work of the backs, I do not mean that their efforts are to be considered in any way secondary. At the beginning of a kick play it has been their work to hold the opposing line as long as possible in order to keep the attacking forwards off their own men, who are engaged in receiving and handling the kick. Frequently the ends take an important part in the defense

against a kick by coming back with their opponents, bothering them as much as possible, and being always ready to block or interfere for their own back should he see a good opportunity open for a run.

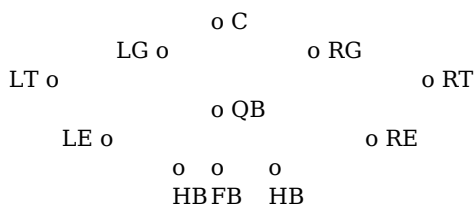
Now that the rules have been amended so as to require actual kicks, it is interesting to note some of the new plays that have been adopted to give the rushers the opportunity to get possession of the ball again as quickly as possible. Last year the big college teams tried all sorts of expedients to achieve this end. One method put to the test was to kick the ball against the opponents with sufficient force to insure its bounding back out of the immediate reach of the man whom it struck. This method, although it sometimes worked, is hardly a satisfactory one, and will probably be used only as an occasional trick in unimportant games this year. Another experiment was a rolling kick between the rushers, but in a diagonal direction so extreme as to give an end or a tackle a chance of securing it.

In the same manner a diagonal kick, short, over the heads of the first men of the opponents, was exploited by some of the adventurous captains. But toward the end of the season the problem narrowed itself down to a question of the relative value of a kick, short enough, and in a sufficiently high slanting direction, to enable the rushers to get fairly well down to its falling-point, and a long kick driving the opponents back, admitting, it is true, of a run in because the rushers cannot reach the dropping-point in time to down the man receiving the ball. Both methods found strong advocates, and were used in about equal proportions.

[Pg 922]

And then as to the returning of the kick. Until the rules were changed "returning a kick" meant catching the punt of an opponent, and, without stopping for a down, punting it back again before the opponents could prevent. Naturally this was, among the big teams, much more talk than practice, for it was a rare exception when such an opportunity offered. With the new kick-off, however, there is certainly an excellent chance for a return kick. A man can make the most of his run in, and just before the opponents meet him he can get in his kick, if that is his play.

Another interesting matter is the distribution of the men on the line-up for the kick-off, and it gives ample room for the ingenuity of coaches and captains. One effective placing of the men is this:



As the ball comes sailing over, the forwards swing into its direction, and become most effective running interference for whichever back catches and runs with the ball. This play, if frequently practised, can be made very effective.

In defensive team-work one of the most important things—next to watching the ball, of course—is for every man to try to discover what play the opposing eleven is going to make next. Having found what it will probably be, their endeavor must be to throw their whole force against it. It is frequently possible to determine not only what the enemy's probable move will be, but exactly what it will be. This can most frequently be done by noting how the half-backs stand, or how the quarter-back is standing or looking. Men will unconsciously glance in the direction they are about to run. If a rusher is to take the ball, it is easier to note that fact than when the leather is going to a half-back, because the rusher is bound to assume a somewhat different position from that he would take if he were only going to block, or make a hole, or break through.

As soon as the captain or any other player discovers, or feels reasonably confident that he has discovered, what the next play of the opposing team is going to be, he should impart the information to the rest of the team. He should try to do this as secretly as possible, however, or else the opponents will have time to change their signal and make an entirely different advance. It is in a case like this that quick work counts, for if you line up and give your signal quickly the opposing players can scarcely have time to notice the many little points that give away the next move, and so it is harder for them to meet it.

Quick play is essential to successful and effective team-work. After a scrimmage and a down, play should begin at once, *i.e.*, just as soon as the centre can secure the ball. Every man in the rush-line and all the backs should be in their positions without the slightest loss of time after they are *sure* the man who was running is down, and all should be alert for the signal for the next play, which is given during the line-up. Nothing should ever be allowed to interfere with this rapid resumption of positions except a serious injury, and then the injured player should call to his captain for time. Any delay, even by one man, might spoil the next play, and thus injure the chances of the whole team.

And now for a few words about aggressive play. In this, team-work is fully as important as in the defense, and in some cases more so. With the majority of football elevens team-work in aggression is much better done and more fully developed than in defensive play, but it is the team that can offer the best organized defense—all other things being equal—that will stand the better chance of success. The chief aggressive move now in use, and the one that has been most widely adopted by football-players in the past five years, is the interference wedge. This play reached such a stage of development in Harvard's flying wedge, three years ago, that it was the main cause for the latest revision of the rules of the game. But the old interference wedge is a perfectly legitimate football formation, and can be made effective without being dangerous.

The formation of the men for this play, as every one knows, is that of a V, with the point directed toward the opposing line. The man who is to run with the ball stands inside the two walls of humanity formed by his mates, and it should be his endeavor to keep on running even after the original wedge formation has been destroyed by the resistance of the opponents. The latter, of course, never know what the runner's intention may be, whether to rush out at the apex, or through one of the sides, or to dodge out backwards and attempt a long run around the end. Consequently they cannot devote their entire force toward one point, and the possibilities of gaining ground are thus increased in the favor of the runner.

It is not well, however, for the runner to use his own discretion as to the manner in which he shall escape from the wedge after it has come against the

opposing line. Team-work is invariably injured and weakened when one player holds discretionary power in a mass play. It is best to decide beforehand where the runner will break through, and have it understood by two of the rushers that they are responsible for a hole. Of course, the runner should not always pass out between the same pair. There should be variations in the play, and the Captain should decide when the line-up is made just which hole to use, judging of this from the appearance of the opposite line-up, and selecting the point of egress where he thinks there will be the weakest resistance. As a rule, it is best to use the wedge only when the opponents are restrained from advancing, as in the kick-off, the kick-out, and after a fair catch, but some of the larger college teams have of late been adopting the trick after ordinary downs. In the Harvard-Yale game of 1891, Yale, with the score 12 to 0 against her, worked a wedge from the middle of the field to the goal-line and scored. Every play was a wedge that pounded the Harvard centre, and won a few feet each time, and at the ten-yard line the quarter-back, instead of pounding, as he had been for twenty minutes, ran back and went around the end for a touch-down. But such continual wedging as that should be adopted only in the most desperate case, and could never be successful except when played by a thoroughly disciplined team in the best of physical condition. Even so, it was a severe strain on the players' staying powers.



THE WEDGE FORMATION.

A well-formed wedge is bound to make some gain for the side using it, but there are many ways of meeting the play. The most simple, and the one which is probably used more than any other, is that of lying down before it. There is nothing very scientific about this kind of defense, but it has the compensating advantage of effectiveness in most cases. It prevents any further advance of the mass, for the men at the peak are forced to fall over their prostrate opponents. The danger of using too many men for this sort of blocking, however, is that should the runner escape through a hole in the side, or at the opening in the rear, there are few players left to tackle him.

There are the backs, of course, upon whom this duty of tackling the runner should devolve, but rapid and judicious interference at the proper moment may overcome their efforts, and give to the enemy a clear field. Perhaps the safest way to meet an on-coming wedge is to try to force the peak—that is, to so concentrate your resistance as to change the course of the aggressors and drive them across the field. They are thus exerting just as much of their strength as if they were advancing, and yet are gaining little or no ground. Some of the other methods I have seen used are breaking into the peak by main strength (and this is the method usually adopted against a weaker team); and sending a man over the heads of the leaders, a kind of play of which Heffelfinger of Yale was the best exponent.

[Pg 923]

The best team-play to defeat the object of a kick is still a matter of dispute. There are so many possibilities in the case and so many different directions for the ball to take that, after all, no method can be determined upon beforehand as the best defense. But every team should be provided with several moves for such occasions, and as usual it devolves upon the captain to decide which play to put in operation.

A very good way is to send one or two extra men up into the forward line (the quarter-back and a half-back, preferably), and then to attack the kicking side at any point along which the ball travels in its course. In other words, put as many men forward as you can with the object of securing the ball as soon after it is put into play as possible—while it is being snapped back to the quarter, while it is on its way to the half, while the half is catching it, while he is preparing to kick, while he is kicking, and just as it leaves his foot.

If the kick is safely made, every endeavor should go toward neutralizing its effect. This can be done by good and rapid team-play only, for, after all, the longest kick is of no great avail to your opponent unless he can keep the ball in the territory he has sent it into. The first thing to do, therefore, to neutralize his attack is to stop the opposing ends who are following the ball, and the next important thing is to give full and perfect protection to your own man, who is receiving the ball. It depends upon the style of the kick, however, as to which of these two moves is of the greatest importance, for if the kick is a high one little can be done against the on-coming ends, and every effort should be made to protect the catcher. On the other hand, if the kick is a long and low one, the catcher will need less protection, and more men can be spared to head off the advance of the opposing rush-line.

The final point of the play is the return of the ball, and on the quickness and coolness of the back depends its success. As a rule it is better for him to run with the ball, for the field is scattered with players, and comparatively clear, and by running the side retains possession of the ball and the chance to make one or more attacking moves that may end in a full recovery of the ground covered by the opponents' kick.

THE GRADUATE.

"You ought to be ashamed to ride that wheel."

"Why? That's what it's made for."

"Can't you see that it's 'tired'?"

STAMPS

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 Numismatist states that only 738 U. S. silver dollars were coined in 1894, and that it bids fair to rival its hundred-year older brother (1794) in rarity and value.

The National Bank-Note Company printed all the U.S. stamps from 1870 to 1872. In 1873 they turned over all the plates to the Continental Bank-Note Company which printed the U.S. stamps until the formation of the American Bank-Note Company in 1879. To distinguish the stamps printed by them, the Continental Company placed secret marks on probably every plate, although there is still some doubt as to the secret marks on the 15c. and 30c. stamps. The distinguishing marks are as follows:



1 CENT.—A minute dash with ends up-turned placed in the pearl at the left of the numeral of value. Proof specimens show a faint trace on the ball to the right of the numeral. The balls in the original are all white.

shading lines of the frame, the "mark" closes up the inner space and leaves it solid, while in the original it is open.

2 CENTS.—The white line which encloses the words "U. S. Postage" turns up in a ball on each side; the ball above the "U" interrupts four



3 CENTS.—The ribbon inscribed with the value has the border where it is turned under at the left side made dark; in the original it has a white edge surrounding it.

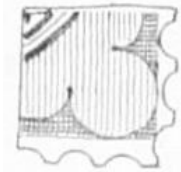


6 CENTS.—The ribbon inscribed with the value has four dark lines of shading where it turns under at the left side; in the original these

lines are much shorter and thinner.



7 CENTS.—The angles of the ball in the right lower corner of frame are capped by a minute semicircle of color: in the original both lower corners are the same.



10 CENTS.—The label containing the inscription "U. S. Postage" is bordered with a white line which turns up in a ball at each end. That at the right encloses a minute semi-circular mark; on the original the ball is white on each side.

up in a ball at each end. That at the right encloses a minute semi-circular mark; on the original the ball is white on each side.

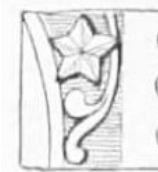


12 CENTS.—The figure 2 at the turn encloses a colored dot above and below; the originals do not show color.



24 CENTS.—The last of the half-circle of thirteen stars has the shading of the four lower points deepened; in the original the shading is equal throughout, and the same as on the other stars.

throughout, and the same as on the other stars.



90 CENTS.—The shading of the four lower points of the right-hand star has been deepened; in the original both stars are shaded the same.



15 CENTS.—The secret mark on this value has not yet been satisfactorily identified. Some think that the mark lies in the outer lines of the triangle at the lower left corner, as some of the Continental printed stamps show a much heavier shading on the enclosing lines than is to be found in the National printed stamps.

30 CENTS.—Also doubtful. Some claim that there is a little dot to the left of the oval frame, but this is probably only a transfer guide.

One dealer in New York supplies four varieties of the 1c., two of the 2c., three of the 3c., three of the 6c., two of the 7c., three of the 10c., and two of the 12c., nineteen varieties in all, including the re-engraved stamps, for \$3.25.

M. C. H.—The best way to detach stamps from envelopes is to wet them thoroughly, when they can readily be taken off.

J. T. DELANO, JUN.—The coins are worth face value only.

PHILATUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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[Pg 924]



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

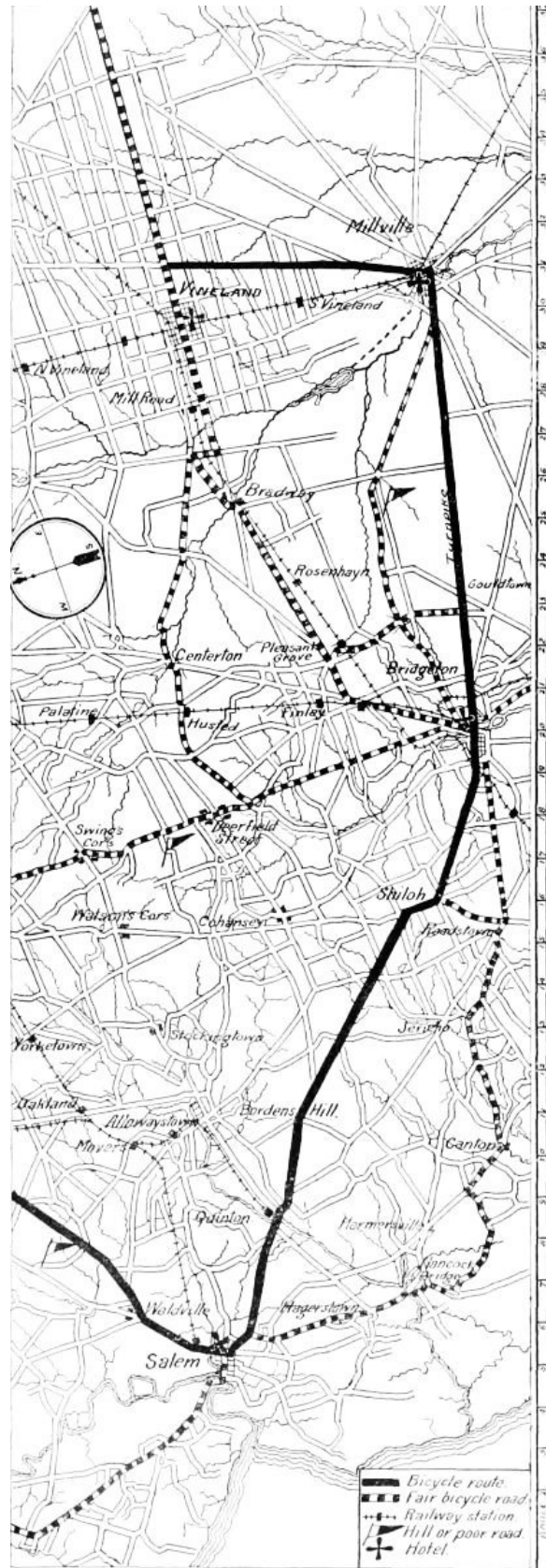
Continuing the two-days trip out of Philadelphia into New Jersey to Vineland, we start from Salem, where we stopped last week, and where the bicyclist stops for the night. From Salem the best route is the shortest. Moving southward out of the village from the Nelson House, you keep generally to the left, and run out over a straight road, over a gravel road in very good condition, to Quinton. Thence crossing the track, keep always on the main road, turning neither to the left nor right, though the direction is generally to the right immediately after crossing the track. From Quinton it is smooth sailing along a straight road past Bordens Hill into Shiloh. As shown on the map, you come into a road running into Shiloh from the north just by the town, and should turn right into this, being careful to keep to the left again at the meeting of several roads in the village. From this point the road is again direct to Bridgeton. The distance from Salem to Bridgeton is seventeen miles, and the road is all the way as good as a gravel road can well be. It is kept in good condition also, and if you do not have a strong wind against you, you are pretty sure to have a capital run.

If desired, a stop can be made at the Cumberland House in Bridgeton for lunch and a short rest, though the whole run to Vineland is not a long one to take at one stretch. On leaving Bridgeton, take the turnpike direct to Millville, a distance of eleven miles. It is a good road-bed, but not a particularly interesting road so far as scenery goes. Still, it is the shortest and best road to Millville, though hardly the shortest way to go to Vineland. The admirable condition of the road is enough to persuade many to go that way. From Millville to Vineland is a distance of six miles, also along a capital road, side paths being, of course, taken where possible.

The shorter route runs out of Bridgeton on the road to Finley, but the rider should turn off to the right shortly after crossing the railway about three miles out from Bridgeton, and keeping on into Pleasant Grove. Thence he continues to Rosenhayn and

Bradway. Keeping to the left of Bradway, the best road-bed is found by keeping on towards the northeast, as shown on the map, until a fork—a meeting of roads—is reached just out of Mill Road. Here a very sharp turn is made to the right, and in less than a mile you come to the main road into Mill Road, whence the direction is straight into Vineland. The Baker House is a good stopping-place at Vineland, and the second night can be comfortably spent there. On the following day a run can be made into Philadelphia direct, or the wheelman can take a train back if he does not want to risk the chance of poorer roads. This whole run, as has been said, can be made in one day, since it is only sixty-two miles by the shortest and sixty-six miles by the Millville routes from Philadelphia. It is a pretty run through picturesque country, and makes one of the best trips out of Philadelphia. There are many other attractive trips out of Philadelphia, but it will be necessary for us now to move on towards Boston, and give some runs in and around that city. We shall begin next week, therefore, by starting from Stamford, Connecticut, and moving on towards Boston in easy stages.

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. 816. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Salem in No. 827.



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

SOME SUMMER USES FOR BLUE PAPER.

Blue paper is so easily made, and the materials are so cheap, that one can use a great deal of it and still not go to much expense.

Nothing is better for a photographic outing than the blue paper. The materials can be carried dry and made up as needed, all that is necessary being to mix them with clear water. Any good unglazed paper can be used for the solution, though, of course, the photographic papers are the best.

Blue prints do not curl or exhibit any of the disagreeable traits of other sensitive papers, and therefore are specially fine to illustrate letters or journals, and being so cheap can be used profusely.

Letter-paper may be sensitized, and a picture printed at the top, making a very attractive and original letter-head. Use unglazed writing-paper, and sensitize a strip at the top a little larger than the picture to be printed on it. As all the sensitizing solution not exposed to the light washes off when placed in water, cover all parts of the paper to which it has been applied while printing. After printing put the whole sheet in the water and wash till clear. After it is washed, blot off the superfluous moisture, and place the prints between clean sheets of white paper, and put them under a press till dry. A letter-press is the best, though it must not be screwed down too tight. Several heavy books, a box half full of stones, or a smooth board with several stones laid on top make good presses.

Impressions of wood treasures may be taken on blue-print paper. The printing-frame must have a clear glass which just fits it. On this clear glass lay whatever flower, leaf, spray of which you desire to make the outline. Put a sheet of blue paper over it, and expose to the sun till the paper is slightly bronzed. Wash in several changes of water and dry.

When dry take a fine brush and a cake of French blue water-color and trace the veins of the leaf or flower in the outline. Moths and butterflies can be photographed in this way. Lace patterns can be printed on blue paper. Designs for fancy or needle work can be made with leaves and flowers on blue paper, and are much prettier than those bought in shops, besides being true to Nature. If one has not the gift or accomplishment of drawing, this is an excellent way to make patterns, and they are sure to be correct.

Two formulas have been given in these columns for blue prints. We add one more:

No. 1.

Citrate of iron and ammonia 1-7/8 oz.
Water 8 "

No. 2.

Red prussiate of potash 1-7/8 oz.
Water 8 "

The iron mixture may be made up, and will keep for a long time. The potash mixture will not keep over five or six days. Place the paper on a flat board and dampen it with a sponge. Turn equal parts of each mixture into a saucer, mix thoroughly, and apply to the paper with a flat brush. A letter-copying brush is the best kind of brush, as it is broad and soft. Put on just enough to cover the paper evenly without streaking it. As soon as the solution has set, hang the paper up to dry. It should dry quickly, for if it is a long time in drying it will be streaked.

SIR KNIGHT MACM. TOWNER writes that a short time ago he made some blue-print paper from directions given in the Camera Club, and when finished the paper was yellow, with blue spots in it, and asks what is the reason. The trouble is in preparing the solution. Mix the two solutions thoroughly before using, and apply lightly and evenly. Sir Kenneth says he prepared the paper by lamp-light, though the directions did not tell whether to do so or not. Referring to the copy—No. 797—which contains the directions for blue prints, we find it reads, "The paper must be sensitized by gas or lamp light, and dried in a dark room." "To sensitize," means to apply the solution to the paper. If Sir Kenneth has any more trouble in preparing his paper, he is requested to send a sample to the Camera Club. The plain salted paper which Sir Kenneth asks where to buy can be obtained of any dealer in photographic goods, or if he does not have it in stock, he will order it. It should be freshly salted.

Natural History Morsel.

Have you ever noticed the caterpillar as it spins its tiny web from the branches of trees, descending as the web is completed to the ground and returning by its newly made ladder? If you have never noticed it, you would be well paid to watch caterpillars in their work. I have spent a great deal of time watching them, and find them an interesting study. I would like to have a few foreign correspondents, and have stamps to trade.

CHARLES E. ABBEY, R.T.K.
CHESTER, N. J.

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

Caring for Some of Our Pets.

That question "Do rabbits drink water?" has brought out much interesting discussion. It seems that the idea they never drink is one of those erroneous notions that get into the popular mind and never get out. We have to thank Agnes Palin for her letter on the subject, and a San Francisco member writes:

"Having been informed that rabbits required no water, I failed to supply it to some pets that were presented by a friend. They lived, but did not thrive, and when the young ones came the mother rabbit became frantic, and killed two of the baby rabbits, and acted like something insane with distress and longing. I recalled seeing the men run in great haste to give meat and drink to the mother of little pigs, saying she had gone insane, and was going to eat the little ones. Instead of beating her, they fed and comforted her until she became quiet and contented.

"I shall never forget with what great relief the rabbits drank the water and milk that I gave them. Thereafter I always kept them supplied with water, and the rabbits never again killed the baby rabbits. All animals require food, drink, and shelter, and almost every pet will appreciate a comfortable bed, and are not so different from ourselves in needs as we sometimes think. Even the wildest or most stupid can appreciate love. Would you have your pets happy and contented? Love them, and you will put a humanizing element into your care that will react upon yourself.

"NELLIE ELLIS."

A Brand-new Game.

Here are the directions for playing *balle-et-poteau*, a modification of croquet:

Drive a croquet stake into the ground in some level spot, and draw a circle around it having a radius of two mallet lengths. Arrange six balls around the stake, placing the remaining two, called "marteaux," five mallet lengths from the ring. Let the player who has first "heurt" drive his ball toward those in the ring and endeavor to displace them. If he touches one or more of the balls he is entitled to another turn, and now tries to drive one of the balls outside the ring, naming his choice by color. If he succeeds in knocking out a ball, he again tries, continuing to play until he fails to touch a ball. The second player then drives his ball toward the ring, having the further advantage of hitting his opponent's marteau. Doing this, he may, (1) if the other's marteau is *within* the circle, knock the same outside, thereby gaining *all* his opponent's balls; (this play is called a "gagnant"), or (2) he may make the usual croquet shots with the ball.

The game is played until all the balls have been knocked out, the player winning the game who has the greatest number of balls in his possession. The chief feature of the game is the gagnant play. To avoid being played upon in this manner, it is a wise plan to place the stake between the two marteaux.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

A Visit to Baden-Baden.

The most beautiful summer resort I have seen while travelling in Europe is Baden-Baden, situated in the Black Forest. Many people go there, one-fourth of whom are Americans. The air of the pine forest is very healthy. It is said that the climate in winter is very cold, so there are not many foreigners; but in the summer it is lovely. When you go walking in the woods you do not notice you are climbing, as the roads are so well kept.

Most of the hotels are situated on the large "Lichtenthaler Allee," which goes from the railway station along the little river Oos to a village called Lichtenthal. Every hotel has a small garden in front, which is connected with the allee by a small bridge crossing the river, so that the whole place looks like one large garden. There are quite a good many pretty villas on the hills and in the town.

The forest deserves its name Black Forest, because the pine-trees stand so close together that from a distance it looks as black as coal. The prettiest walk near Baden is near a lake in the woods. On the way there one passes the Russian church with its gilded domes. It is so pretty to see the gold against the dark forest. You can see the church from nearly all the surroundings of Baden, and it often serves as a guide.

About twenty minutes' walk from the church is the lake in the woods. When you reach it and are tired of walking, there are plenty of benches to sit down on and feed the swans. To go home you have your choice between half a dozen roads, no one prettier than the other. I found some little American friends in Baden to play with, but no members of the Round Table. I hope that some members will go there and enjoy themselves as much as I did.

MAX LILIENTHAL, R.T.K.
WILDUNGEN.

Prizes for Pen-drawings.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE wishes to have illustrated one of the stories to which it awards a prize in its Story Contest ending January 1, 1896. Do you want to try your hand? \$10 is offered for the best illustration, and we will print it with the story as soon as it can be suitably reproduced. What is wanted is a pen-drawing that will be, when printed, about 3½ by 5 inches in size. It should be drawn, therefore, 5 by 10 inches. Use Bristol-board and India-ink. If you wish to submit a drawing, send to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York, previous to January 1, 1896, a written request for the story in proof. When you receive the proof you select your own subject, make the drawing in your own way, and return it with the proof. If after you receive the proof you do not wish to submit a drawing in the competition, you simply tear up the proof. Competition is open to those only who have not passed their eighteenth birthday.

A Very Kind Offer.

Mr. Kirk Munroe, whose visit to Good Will Farm has much aroused his interest in the Round Table School there, offers to give a reading from his own works in New York city toward the end of November, the exact date to be fixed later, the proceeds to go toward the Fund.

Why can't we make this a memorable occasion? Let us hear from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, and all other near-by members. Where shall we have this reception and reading? Will *you* help to make it a success? We want the assistance of all who live near enough to attend. Tell us if you will help.

New Idea in Puzzles.

Are you familiar with the puzzles that have been published in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE? They have been exceptionally good, and of many styles. A new style of puzzle is wanted. That is, an idea in puzzles that has not hitherto been used. We do not mean new material in an old form, but a new catch or form. If you cannot make the entire puzzle, write out the suggestion. \$5 is offered for the idea—the best one we receive, provided that it is new. Competition open to anybody, any age. Send suggestions, either by description or in a puzzle, not later than December 1, 1895.

Special to all Readers.

It is desired to correct the records of the Order, especially the addresses. We ask, therefore,

1. That Founders will send us their names and addresses on a postal card, spelling out a first name, printing all in English capitals, and adding the word "Founder." Use simply the sign "A."
2. That all members will do the same, except that they will not use the word Founder. Remember that you remain a Knight or Lady of the Order even if, since becoming such, you have passed your eighteenth birthday.
3. That persons over eighteen, not now members, who wish our Order well, will send us names and addresses, and receive a Patron Patent. Use simply the letter "D."
4. That members send us names and addresses of friends whom they wish Patents for; say whether such friends are over or under eighteen.

If you wish to distribute Round Table Prospectuses, make the request on a separate postal card from the one on which you ask for a new Patent. Only one person may accept this offer in one town or neighborhood. In applying say how many Prospectuses you can place, whom you intend to give them to, what are your facilities for giving them out, and what prize you seek. The prizes are: Bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1893 or 1894; gold badges of the Order; packet of fifty visiting-cards bearing your name, with the plate for future use; rubber stamps bearing your name and address; pencils resembling a common nail; and silver badges of the Order.

These Prospectuses must not be thrown into front yards, nor given out three or four to a family. They must be given each to a different family, and those families known by you to be such as are likely to be interested in them. There may be delay at times. If you do not receive a prompt response to your request, do *not* write a second time. A response will reach you as soon as possible.

All About Naval Apprentices.

Please tell me all about naval apprentices and how to become one.

GEORGE SYKES.
PLUM VALLEY, NEB.

Boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years may enlist to serve in the navy until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years. The consent of parents or guardians, however, must first be obtained. These boys, after being sworn in, are sent on board of naval vessels and are carefully trained for the service of the navy. Before a boy is accepted he is obliged to pass the examining board of officers, satisfying them that he is of robust frame, intelligent, of good moral character—for the navy is in no sense a reformatory—that he

has a perfectly sound and healthy constitution, and that he is able to read and write. The elements of an ordinary English education are given the apprentices, and their professional studies embrace the knotting, splicing, hitching, and bending of rope; fancy marlinespike seamanship; sewing canvas; bending, reefing, and furling sail; the names and use of the various gear in the way of standing and running rigging; and the manner in which it should be set up and rove; terms for the different parts of the ship; military tactics; broadside exercise; rifle drill; the loading and firing of the great guns, as well as the handling of smaller pieces of ordnance, such as Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, etc. Auxiliary to these studies the boys are taught rowing and swimming.

Apprentices are enlisted as "third-class boys," and receive \$9.50 per month. Their food is also given to them; but their outfits of clothes, furnished to them by the paymaster of the vessel when they join, are charged against their accounts, and they receive no money until the indebtedness has been wiped out. While serving on board of naval training vessels, apprentices may be promoted to "second-class boys," and have their pay increased to \$11.50 per month, and when doing duty on cruisers of the navy they are eligible to higher ratings and pay as a reward of proficiency and good conduct.

The highest rank that an apprentice may hope to gain is that of warrant-officer, so that he cannot look forward to a grade beyond that of gunner or boatswain—the pay of which, however, reaches \$1800 a year after a certain period of service. Warrant-officers are, like all other officers of the navy, retired after reaching the age of sixty-two years, and a generous percentage of their active-service salary is paid to them as long as they live.

Recruiting stations for apprentices are to be found in New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, where boys may apply at any time. Address "Recruiting Station for Naval Apprentices, Navy-Yard." The naval school, known as the Naval Academy, is situated at Annapolis, Md., and is entirely distinct from the apprentice branch of the service. At the latter institution young men are prepared to become officers in the line and in the engineer corps of the navy. During the war of the rebellion the Naval Academy was temporarily transferred to Newport in Rhode Island.

Kinks.

No. 102.—RIGHT TRIANGLE.

All words begin and end with same letter.

- 1.*—A letter.
- 2.**—A preposition.
- 3.***—To possess.
- 4.****—A sign.
- 5.*****—A vegetable.
- 6.*****—To continue in use.
- 7.*****—Notion.
- 8.*****—Act of blunting.
- 9.*****—Adverse reason.
- 10.*****—Business.
- 11.*****—Display.
- 12.*****—Extinction.

ALBERT.

No. 103—ZIGZAG.

If the cross-words—of equal length—are correctly guessed, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of the eldest daughter of the Emperor Arcadius (born A.D. 399).

CROSS-WORDS.—1. A fruit. 2. To chew. 3. Burning. 4. To instruct. 5. A covered entrance. 6. Slumber. 7. To compel. 8. An episcopal crown. 9. Starwort.

No. 104.—HOUR-GLASS.

1. To equalize. 2. Shy. 3. Fixed. 4. A letter. 5. A metal. 6. A horse. 7. Brought into life.

The centrals give the name of a continent.

SIMON T. STERN.

No. 105.—THE SUPPER TABLE.

1. A convulsion of the lungs, and a reward.
2. A kind of deer, and a grain, served in a flat form.
3. A kind of cutting and girls.
4. Natural jewel-boxes.

5. An unruly member.
6. A portion and a height.
7. Fireworks.
8. A billy-goat.
9. Earth and a useful toilet article.
10. Two-thirds of a small destructive animal, and part of the table service.
11. A sailor's desire.
12. Counterfeit agony.
13. An island in the Atlantic.
14. Ghosts.
15. A vessel, an article, and part of the foot.
16. A country in Europe.
17. One of Noah's sons.
18. A crowd.
19. Health-drinking.
20. Something occurring in baseball.
21. What every one walks on.
22. A pronoun and an ornament.
23. Something to which many martyrs were fastened.
24. A flirt and the eighteenth letter.
25. The bird which is afraid.
26. Fruit of a tree useful to our remote ancestors.

I. M. C.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 98.—FIRST CHRONICLES, xxxvi., 18.

At Parbar westward, four at the causeway, and two at Parbar.

Warrant, stray, award, purchase, abaca, doubt, father, wanted, pathway.

No. 99.—A kiss. **No. 100.**—A broom. **No. 101.**—A key.

Questions and Answers.

Joseph H. Durant: The new badges will be ready about the middle of September, and an article about the rearing, care, and training of pigeons will soon be printed in the ROUND TABLE. It will be by Mr. Chase. Helen Hunt: Prizes for next year will include amateur photography, pen-drawing, story-writing, music-settings, nonsense verses, poems, and puzzles. Announcement of conditions will be made as soon as possible.

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(Signed) FRANZ VOGT, *Individual Judge.*

Approved: { H. I. KIMBALL, *Pres't Departmental Committee.*

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THE YOUNG NIMRODS IN NORTH AMERICA.
THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD.

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

[Pg 928]

In these days of bicycle mania all sorts of bicycle stories are told, but this anecdote is said to be a true one. A Chicago lawyer named Harris had a case in a police court situated in one of the outlying districts of the city. He rode to the court and left his wheel at the door, with a tag attached to the handle bar, on which he wrote: "This bicycle is the property of a legal gentleman who will be back in twenty minutes." After losing his case before the judge, Mr. Harris came out to find that his bicycle was missing. The tag hung from a nail on the wall near by, and beneath the lawyer's inscription was another: "To the legal gentleman: Your wheel was taken by another gentleman who's a 'scorcher.' He won't be back at all."

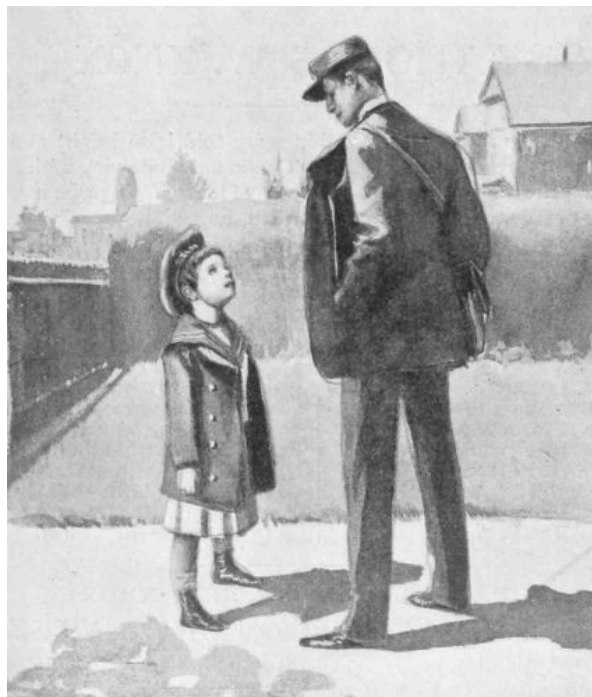
"My tooth aches awful," said Willie. "Don't you think I'd better not go to school to-day?"

"No, you needn't go to school. I'll take you to the dentist instead," said his mother.

"I think—I guess I—I'd better go to school after all," rejoined Willie. "The tooth aches, but—it don't hurt any."

DON'T!

"I'm tired of 'don'ts'," said Margaret B,
"Just as tired of don'ts' as I can be,
For it's 'don't' do this, and 'don't' do that,
'Don't' worry the dog, 'don't' scare the cat,
'Don't' be untidy, and 'don't' be vain,
'Don't' interrupt, 'don't' do it again,
'Don't' bite your nails, 'don't' gobble your food,
'Don't' speak so loud, it's dreadfully rude,
'Don't' mumble your words, 'don't' say 'I won't,'
Oh! all day long it's nothing but 'don't'!
Some time or other I hope—'don't' you?—
Some one or other will say, 'Please DO!'"



A NATURAL INQUIRY.

BOBBIE. "WHAT DOES IT COST TO MAKE A LETTER GO?"

POSTMAN. "TWO CENTS."

BOBBIE. "DON'T YOU TAKE 'EM FOR CHILDREN AT HALF PRICE?"



HIS FIRST VIEW OF AN ELEPHANT.

ELDER BROTHER. "LOOK AT HIS TAIL, JIMMY, LOOK AT HIS TAIL!"

JIMMY. "WHICH ONE, BOB; DE ONE BEFORE OR DE ONE BEHIND?"

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

"Frances," said a mamma, severely, to her seven-year-old daughter.

"Yes'm."

"Who made all these colored crayon marks on the parlor wall paper?"

"Mamma," replied Frances, "did you know that Mrs. Dicer called to see you while you were out?"

"Frances, I want to know who put all those marks on the parlor wall."

"Mamma, I think some of the little girls on this street are very bad. Lucy Bunting ran off with my doll."

"Frances, I don't want to discuss Lucy Bunting. I want to know who made all those dreadful marks, and spoiled the wall paper."

"Mamma, you ought to have seen my little kitty run up the tree just before you came home. She went almost to the top."

"I don't care anything about the kitty, Frances. What I want to know is about this paper in the parlor, which is covered with red and yellow marks."

"Mamma, what do you think would be a nice birthday present for papa?"

"Now, Frances, listen to me! Who made those marks on the parlor wall?"

"Oh, mamma," sobbed Frances, "why do you keep talking about the parlor wall paper when you see me trying so hard to change the subject?"

PAPA. "Who has put all these ink spots on my desk?"

BOBBY. "Why, papa, those are not ink spots; it's a letter which I wrote to you."

PAPA. "Jack, how did you get that lump on your forehead?"

BOBBY. "Jack hit me with a stick."

PAPA. "Did you strike him back?"

BOBBY. "No."

PAPA. "That was quite right."

BOBBY. "Because I hit him first."

"What makes the baby cry so?" asked Willie.

"He's cutting his teeth," said the nurse.

"Why do you let him do it?" asked Willie. "You won't even let me cut my own nails."

WILLIE (*who was travelling alone for the first time, to conductor*). "What is the meaning of 'W' and 'R' on the sign-posts along the road?"

CONDUCTOR. "Ring and whistle."

WILLIE (*after a pause*). "I can see how 'W' stands for wring, but I'm blessed if I can see how 'R' can stand for whistle."

FOOTNOTES:

^[1] Page 112, Vol. I., Franklin Square Library.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1895 ***

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