

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Round Table, September 17, 1895, by
Various**

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

Title: Harper's Round Table, September 17, 1895

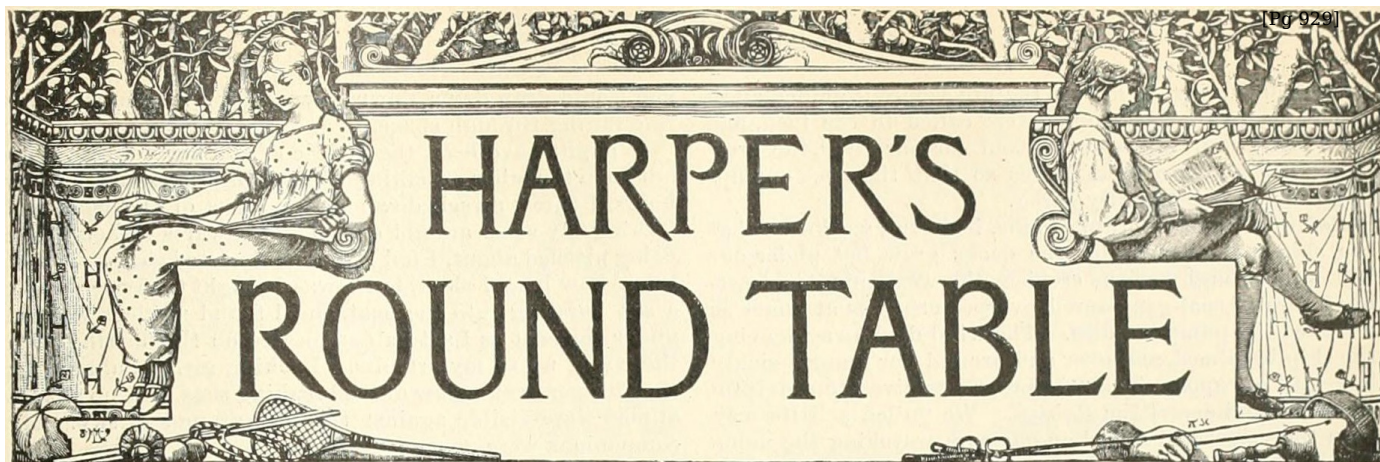
Author: Various

Release Date: July 11, 2010 [EBook #33136]

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1895 ***

[A CARGO OF BURNING COAL.](#)
[CARRIER-PIGEONS.](#)
[ON BOARD THE ARK.](#)
[A STORY OF CORN-BREAD AND CROWS.](#)
[HOW REDDY GAINED HIS COMMISSION.](#)
[OAKLEIGH](#)
[STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.](#)
[JOHN CABOT.](#)
[THE RACING YACHT OF TO-DAY.](#)
[INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT](#)
[BICYCLING](#)
[THE PUDDING STICK](#)
[STAMPS](#)

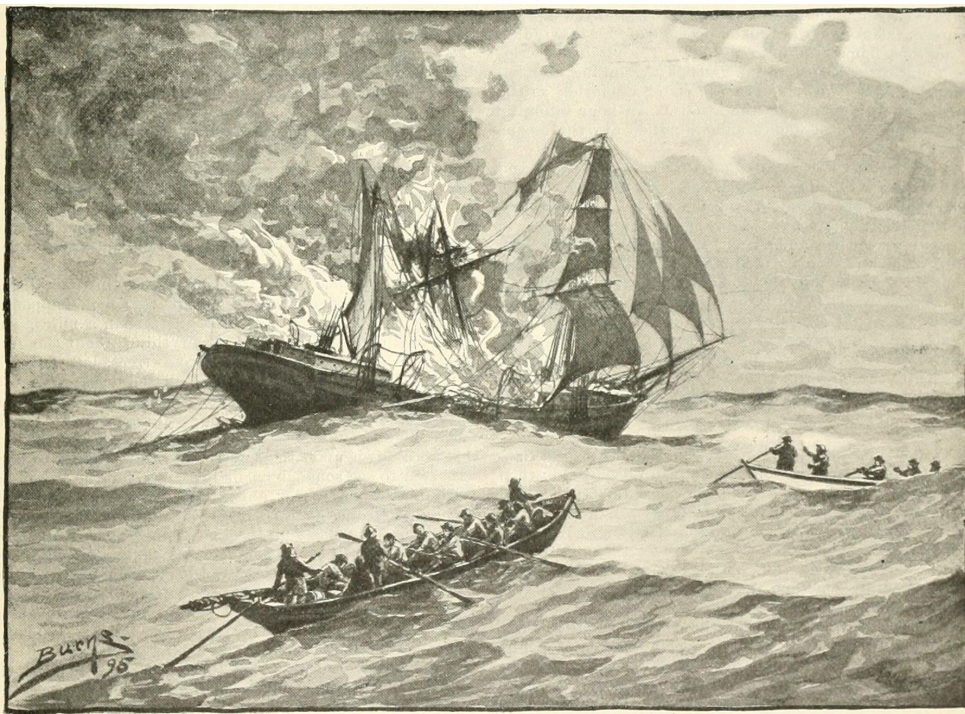


Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
VOL. XVI.—NO. 829.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A CARGO OF BURNING COAL.

BY AN OLD SHIPMASTER.

The reader may think that while coal must be a dirty cargo it is in other respects an innocent one; but there is no shipmaster who does not dread a long voyage with this kind of freight, for many a fine vessel has been lost owing to the coal taking fire through spontaneous combustion; therefore the greatest care is exercised in carrying it, and whenever the weather will permit, the hatches are opened in order to give the gases in the hold an opportunity to escape. The regular coal-carriers are fitted with ventilators set in different parts of the deck, and the holds of the vessels are kept pure and wholesome by turning the gaping mouths of a number of the huge funnels so that the wind will pour into and down them to the interior of the ship, and keep up a circulation by escaping through other ventilators that are turned in a contrary direction.

A good many years back, when I was an able young sea-man on board the bark *Raleigh*, I had an experience that was both exciting and strange. Our vessel was loaded with coal, and bound from Philadelphia to Australia. The run down to the equator had been a slow but pleasant one, owing not only to the mild, beautiful weather that we had held right along since sailing, but because the *Raleigh* had what was something of a novelty in those days, in the way of an excellent and kindly set of officers. We were what is called a "happy ship."

After reaching about the parallel of twenty degrees south we got a stress of weather for over a week, in which several of our sails were blown away and a number of our light spars were wrecked. All our live-stock of pigs and chickens were drowned, owing to the flooding of our decks, for we sat very low in the water.

On the day that we ran into pleasant weather again we started to take off the hatches, when a gassy, choking smell poured out of the opening. The cargo was on fire. There was only one thing to do—to replace the hatches, bore holes through them, and pump streams of water into the hold, endeavoring to drown the fire before it gained additional headway. All hands were called to the task, and for twenty-four hours we worked for our lives, the crew being divided into relief gangs so that the deck-pumps might be kept constantly going.

[Pg 930]

Before another morning came, however, we knew that the ship was doomed, for the decks grew hot under our feet, and through various crevices the weakening, nauseating fumes of coal-gas poured, overpowering us at times as we plied the pump-handles. The wind died away, leaving the ship becalmed, and over and around her hung a sickly blue pall of vapor. Then the order was given to provision the boats and desert the *Raleigh*. We pulled a little way from the vessel and rested on our oars, watching the noble ship. As long as she floated there we seemed to have something to cling to on the wide desolate reach of waters.

Shortly afterward the mainmast swayed like a drunken man, then with an awful crash it pitched over the side, dragging with it the foretop-gallant mast and the mizzen-topmast. Through the broken deck a column of winding sulphurous flame shot into the air. The pitch ran wriggling out of the seams of the *Raleigh's* planking, and fell hissing in little showers into the water alongside as the vessel rolled sluggishly on the swells. An hour later the bark was a mass of flames, and we pulled away to escape from the heat.

There were two boats, the Captain commanding one and the chief mate the other. Each had been provided with a chart and compass, and, in addition to these instruments, the two officers had carried away their sextants in order to navigate by the sun and stars. Into each boat had been stowed food and water, which it was calculated would last about ten days by putting all hands on short allowance; but it was hoped that before the provisions were consumed we would either be picked up by a passing vessel or successful in sailing to Rio Janeiro, distant from us something less than six hundred miles. The Captain's boat being the larger of the two carried the second mate, steward, cook, and eight seamen, while the mate's boat held the carpenter and four seamen—myself included among the latter.

The boats laid alongside of one another while the Captain and mate decided upon the course to be steered; then we separated, made sail to the southeast breeze that had set in, and stretched away into the

northwest, the Captain's boat in the lead. The wind gathered strength from the southeast, giving us a following breeze for the port toward which we were steering, and both boats made good weather of the moderate sea then running, sweeping along at the rate of five knots to the hour.

All that afternoon the boats kept within sight of one another, and when night fell not over a quarter of a mile divided us. With the first flush of dawn we swept the expanse of waters, but nothing was to be seen. We were alone. Every little while during the day that followed we would scan the horizon, hoping to lift the long-boat's sail into view; but in vain. We never saw her again, or heard tidings of the twelve brave souls from whom we had parted only a few hours before. That she never reached port is certain; but what her ultimate fate proved, no one knows.

It blew up a gale of wind that afternoon, and I heard the mate say that the storm experienced during the week that was past had recurved, and that we would get it worse than ever on its back track. To prevent the boat from foundering, we unstepped the mast, made a span to it by securing a length of rope to each end, and to the middle of this bridle we bent the boat's painter. Then we dropped this sea-anchor over the bows, and rode to it, the strain upon the painter keeping the head of the boat to the seas that rolled down on us.

When night settled upon the deep it shut out one of the wildest sights of ocean-lashed waters that I had ever seen; but the darkness only intensified the terror, for in the blackness we would feel the frail boat swung with dizzy velocity up and up and up on some mountainous sea, as though she was never going to stop; then, while the great seething crest was roaring in a thousand diabolical voices about us, she would drop down, down, down with a motion that was like falling through space.

It might have been the middle of the night when, worn out from the labor of bailing without intermission for many hours, I threw myself down in the bows of the boat, and locking my arms around one of the thwarts to keep from being pitched about, I fell into an exhausted sleep. I don't know how long I slept, but I was brought to my senses by a sea bursting into the boat, and I found my legs wedged under the seat as I sat half suffocated on the flooring with the water up to my armpits. Looking aft, I could see by the phosphorescent glow of the breaking seas that no shapes of men were visible against the background of sky. My companions were gone.

The gunwale of the boat was within a few inches of the water, and it needed only the spume of another wave falling in the boat to sink her. There was no time for indulging in grief over the loss of my shipmates—there was time only for work, and very little for that, if I was to save my life. Tearing off my cap, I used it as a bailer and worked desperately.

At last another morning came, and with it the gale broke; but I allowed the boat to remain hove to during that day and following night, so as to give the seas a chance to go down.

The second morning dawned clear and beautiful, with the ocean subsided into long even swells, and the wind settled down again to the regular trades. Most of the provisions had been ruined by the sea that had filled the boat, but I found two water-tight tins filled with pilot-bread that promised to supply my needs for some time to come. The fresh water in the boat-breakers had kept sweet owing to the bungs being in place.

I had opened one of the tins, and was sitting on a thwart making a breakfast from its contents, when, happening to look astern, I made out, not more than a mile away, the wreck of a small vessel. Everything about the foremast was standing below the cross-trees, but only the splintered stumps of her main and mizzen masts were to be seen above the deck, while the spars themselves, together with their gear, were hanging in a wild confusion over the side. I got in my drag, resteped the mast, set the sail, and bore down upon the wreck. As I drew close to her I expected to see some signs of her crew, for the vessel sat fairly high in the water, and looked seaworthy enough to be navigated into port by making sail upon the fore, and rigging up jury-masts on the two stumps abaft—plenty of material for such to be found in the raffle alongside. No evidence, however, of life showed itself when I rounded under the stern, reading the name *Mercedes* in large white letters. Letting fly my sheet, I caught the leeward chain-plates, and jumping on board with the painter, I secured the same to a belaying-pin, and looked about me.

I was at once sensible that there was some water in the hold by the peculiar motion of the vessel as she rose and fell to the seas that underran her; but at the same time it was apparent that there could not be anything like a dangerous quantity, otherwise the plane of the deck would have floated much closer to the surface of the sea. Without regarding the nationality of the name, it was clear to me that the vessel was either a Portuguese or Italian trader by the rainbow character of her paint-work, the slovenliness of the rigging, that was yet almost intact upon the fore, and, in spite of the drenching that she had received, the unmistakable evidences of dirt everywhere. There were no boats left, but whether they had been crushed in the wreck of the masts or had received the crew of the barkentine—for such I saw had been her rig—I could not tell.

Entering the cabin, I overhauled the four state-rooms it contained, finding in three of them nothing but such odds and ends as are peculiar to sailors' chests, and in the fourth room, which had been used as a pantry, quite an assortment of boxes and barrels of provisions, although there was proof that some of them had been broken into and rummaged quite recently.

Then I went on deck again and lifted off one of the main hatch covers. No cargo of any nature was to be seen, nothing but a mass of black oily water washing from side to side. It was plain that the vessel was in ballast, that she had sprung a leak in the last gale of wind, that her crew had become frightened, had given her up for lost, and taken to the boats. It was also clear that the leak had stopped itself in some manner—possibly when the old tub had ceased straining after the sea went down—and that if I could pump out the hull I might be able to put her before the wind by making sail on the fore, and so, with the favoring trade winds, let the *Mercedes* drift along to the port dead away to leeward.

A sailor is never idle long after laying out his work. First I emptied my boat of its water-breakers and provisions, then let it tow astern. Next I got an axe out of the boatswain's locker and chopped away the rigging that held the broken spars to the bark, then when the vessel was clear I squared the topsail-yard by the braces, ran aloft, cast off the gaskets that held the sail, descended to the deck, where I sheeted home the topsail as well as possible, and carried the halyards through a leading block to the capstan, on which I hove away until I had lifted the yard as high as my strength allowed. Next I ran up the jib, sheeted it down, and raced aft to the wheel. I put the tiller up, and the old bucket at once answered her helm. When I got

her fairly before the wind I lashed the wheel, and seeing that she would steer herself, with only a little watching, I got to work at the pumps.

By the time night arrived I had sunk the water in the hold to half its original depth. Then I settled away the topsail and let it hang. The jib I left standing, knowing that it would help to keep the vessel out of the trough, even if it did little or no good in the way of forcing the bark ahead. The weather promised to continue clear and moderate, so I built a fire in the galley range, brought a quantity of stores from the pantry, and made a hearty meal. I "turned in all standing," as seamen say when they go to bed without undressing, and slept long and heavily.

The next morning I again set my topsail, and scudded away to leeward while I finished clearing the bark of water.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had gone up on the little top-gallant-forecastle to have a look at the *Mercedes* ground-tackle, when I made out, about two points on the bow, and less than a mile away, a ship's boat filled with men. They had discovered the bark, for they were pulling to get in her path. As soon as I appeared to them there was a waving of hats and a confusion of cheers and calls. By the time that I had settled away the topsail-halyards and pulled the jib down the boat was alongside, and her late occupants were tumbling over the rail. The first one to touch the deck was a fat little man, almost as swarthy as a Malay, and twice as dirty, who wore enormous gold hoops in his ears, and a dilapidated red fez upon a mop of greasy black hair. He rushed up to me so wild with excitement that he kept hopping up and down like a jumping-jack, while he smote his breast and screamed something in Portuguese.

I shook my head and said, thumping my own breast, "No speakee Portuguese; me American!"

At this he yelled, accompanying his words with such a tremendous smiting of his poor ribs that I thought he would beat them in.

"Me speakee Americano! Me Capitano! Me Capitano this sheep! How you come? me say!"

I saw how it was. I had picked up the crew of the *Mercedes* three days after they had abandoned the vessel to which they had just returned.

I held up my hand as a sign to the frantic, jabbering monkeys to keep silence, then I explained partly by broken English and the rest by signs how I had found the bark deserted, had pumped her out, and was trying to reach the coast of South America in her. I ended by telling the Captain that I was glad to see him, and to give him back his vessel.

He was so overpowered with gratitude and joy at such an unexpected and happy ending to his troubles that he flung his dirty arms around my neck and kissed my cheeks effusively in the fulness of his heart. I was an honored guest on board the Captain's "sheep" from that time forth, and several days later when, crippled and torn, the poor old *Mercedes* staggered into the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro, and I took leave of the uncouth but kindly and grateful sailor, he repeated his kissing act, and forced into my hand a small bag of gold pieces, representing probably all his savings, while he said,

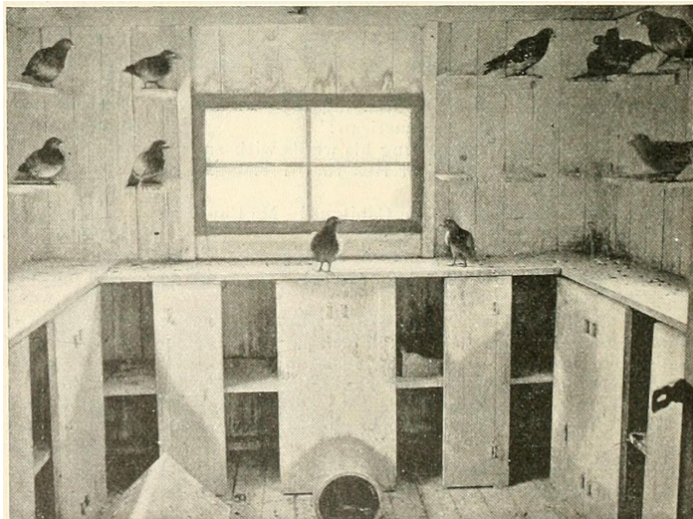
"You take dees. Me love brave Americano sailor who save me sheep."

CARRIER-PIGEONS.

BY ANNE HELME.

In the middle of the square around which the *Herald* building is built in New York city is a carrier-pigeon house on a level with the roof. It is a square house, large enough for a good-sized play-house, and has a piazza, a porch fenced in with wire, where the birds can exercise until they have learned enough to be allowed to fly around the city, for pigeons require a great deal of exercise not only in flying, but in walking. Just notice the next time you see a flock of pigeons when they light on the ground, or on the roofs of buildings, how they walk up and down for a long time.

Great care is taken with the pigeons. Their pedigree is kept and they are all named. Then, too, a mark is stamped on their under wings, so there shall be no mistake, and by this means they have often been recovered and sent home when they have lost their bearings or have been stolen. The man whose duty it is to attend to them takes a personal interest in each and every bird.



At night, when they come home, he looks to see that all are there, and to prevent any strangers from mixing with his own particular flock. Pigeons are very homelike in their tastes, and rarely does a day pass that several strange birds do not join them. They are fed chiefly on cracked corn, but they require more water than food—and water is absolutely necessary to their health and happiness. The amount they consume is almost incredible—more than double that of other birds.

Their home instinct, which is, of course, their distinguishing characteristic, is very marvellous. So strongly developed is it that it is impossible to keep the older birds away, and the gift of a pair of old birds is a very thankless one, as they will inevitably fly home the moment they are liberated, although they may be carried miles and

yachts or steamers are sent down the Bay for several days, so that they may prove how swiftly they can fly back, and each day are liberated, and a record kept of the time they make in getting back to the office.

When a newspaper tug starts down the bay for the yacht-races which are taking place just now, one of the principal articles taken aboard is the big basket filled with carrier-pigeons, and each bird has a brass band on its foot. At different times during the race messages are written on the thinnest of paper and made into small parcels. These are attached to the band, and the birds thrown up into the air. A pair are usually sent off together, as they fly better, it is thought, in that way.

For a moment they wheel about apparently dazed, poise themselves for perhaps a second, and then fly straight for home.

On one of these races from half an hour to thirty-five minutes was the longest time taken from the moment they were thrown into the air until they arrived at their destination, and the messages were taken from their feet. It was a beautiful sight, and a wondrous one, to see these birds arrive. Curiously enough, in some instances they brought back with them strange pigeons who had joined them on the trip, evidently much interested to know the outcome of the yacht-race. The strange birds did not stay at the cote after nightfall, and apparently felt themselves quite out of place with pigeons of such intelligence.

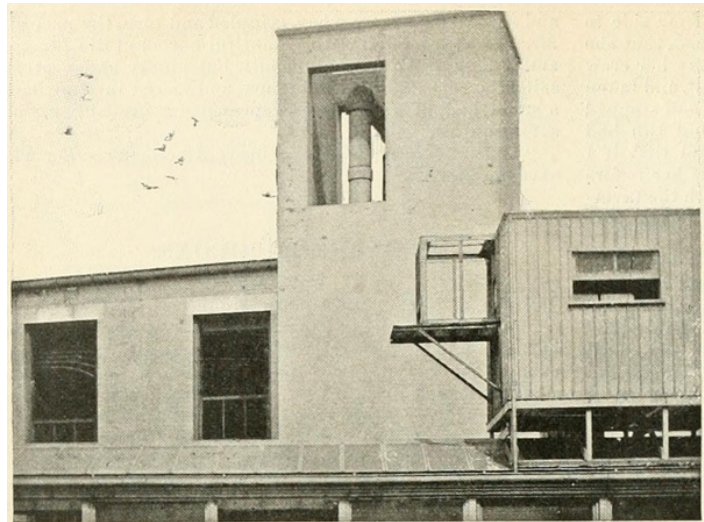
It is now well proved that carrier-pigeons can be used to good purpose, for the news of the yachts was by their aid conveyed much sooner to headquarters than otherwise would have been possible, and the question is now being discussed as to whether it will not be advisable for all ocean steamships to carry them, so that if any vessel were disabled at sea, and, as has often happened, met with no other steamer, by their means word might be sent back to shore. An interesting article on this very subject was published recently in one of the daily papers, giving an account of an experiment that was tried and with great success. Five thousand pigeons were put on board the *Manoubia*, sailing from Saint Nazaire, and at distances varying from one hundred to five hundred miles were liberated.

[Pg 932]

The results were beyond the most sanguine hopes, for within a shorter time than had been deemed possible they had all, almost without exception, returned to their pigeon-houses.

It would not mean a great addition, either in money or care, to have these birds on every ship that left the port, and certainly great good might be done and endless anxiety saved in many instances, if intelligence as to a disabled ship's whereabouts could reach her owners.

In order to make carrier-pigeons at home in any place they must be taken there very young. Even birds six weeks old will make their way back to the nest, the instant they are liberated, as distance is as nothing to them. One pair sent out to Wilmington, Delaware, were kept shut up for six weeks, fed and watered with the utmost care and regularity. The seventh week they were set free, and at once disappeared. Their owner telegraphed to their old home, and received an answer that the birds had arrived there before his telegram was received.

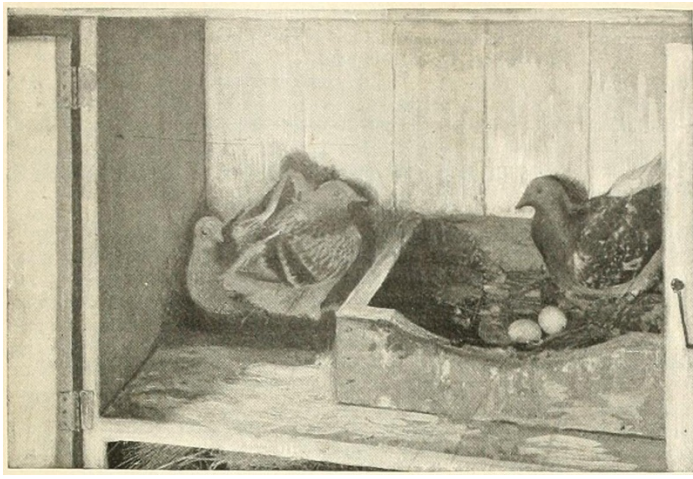
**CARRIER-PIGEONS COMING TO THEIR COTE.**

One pair of the pigeons, which were named Annie Rooney and McGinty, were given to a boy of eleven who lives in New York city. They were very young when they were given to him, and he determined to train them so that they would always make their home at his house. For six weeks he kept them in his room in a mocking-bird cage, and was very careful about the food and water. In the day-time he put the cage outside the window, and when it rained covered it with a cloth, for pigeons, while they use a great deal of water both to bathe in and to drink, do not like to be out in the rain.

When six weeks were passed he opened the cage door and fastened it so that the birds could go out. At first they were contented to poke their heads out of the open door, but finally, after a great deal of conversation (pigeons are great conversationalists), out they flew. They seemed hardly to know the use of their wings at first, and circled around in a dazed way, alighting on the top of a neighboring roof, where they apparently had again a great deal to say to each other. For twenty minutes they talked, then seemed to have made up their minds to try a long flight, for with one graceful swoop into the air, off they flew. Hours went by, and they did not return, and when it was nearly dark all hope was abandoned; but suddenly there was a whirl of wings, and Annie Rooney came home. McGinty still was absent. Annie Rooney perched herself on her roost, every feather ruffled up most disconsolately, while the boy who owned them went to bed very low in his mind. At daylight next morning he was awakened by such a cooing as he had never heard before. Rushing to the window, there he saw McGinty, in the wildest excitement, and with his head almost buried in the little dish which held the drinking water.

From that day the cage was left outside, and the door taken off, so that the birds might come and go as they chose.

Then, alas! began their troubles. So pleased were they with their little journey into the world that they at once set out to explore the houses near by, and every day a note was sent in from some neighbor to the effect: "Extremely sorry, but your pigeons fly into my bedroom and knock down all the ornaments." "Your birds insist upon walking up and down under my bed, making most unearthly sounds; I am afraid of birds and cannot stand having them in my house." "Again your birds have flown into my windows, and are in the children's doll-house. They refuse to come out, and make such a hideous noise as to alarm the children."



McGINTY, ANNIE ROONEY, AND A GUEST.

These three notes were only samples of others, and after a family conclave it was decided the pigeons must be sent away. Summer was coming on, and it was finally concluded the country was the best place for them.

Their owner took them in a covered basket to a farm on Long Island, where they were put into a pigeon-house, and provided with water and food. The next day they were apparently happy, so with many regrets they were told good-by, and the boy returned to town.

[Pg 933]

It was a long journey—some hours—and it was rather a sad-faced youth who mounted the steps and told his mother he had left his birds in the country. It was then six o'clock in the evening. At ten minutes past six there was a great fluttering of wings, and lo and behold, Annie Rooney and McGinty had returned, and prouder and happier pigeons never were seen.

behold, Annie Rooney and McGinty had returned, and prouder

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER VII.

It seemed to Tommy as if the Gopher would never get enough. The little boy had never before witnessed such voracity. By actual count he had seen seventeen plates of soup vanish into his neighbor's system, and yet there was no apparent ill effect. The Gopher threw each empty dish under the table, so that the pile of crockery was now so high in front of his chair that he could rest his feet on it.

"Really," said Tommy at last, "I never saw such a greedy thing as you in all my life."

"I can't help it," answered the Gopher, complacently; "the eating question is a most important one, and I'm afraid they'll all get up and say dinner is over before I've had half enough."

"It seems to me that you have had more than enough. And, besides, I have an aunt who says one should always arise from the table hungry."

"Never you mind that Ant," said the Gopher. "Ants don't count. They are so little they can't hold anything, anyhow. As for getting up from the table hungry, that is something I cannot understand. I always sit down hungry: and it would never do to be hungry at both ends of the meal, now would it?"

On reflection Tommy did not think it would, and as he had been more than half inclined at the outset toward the Gopher's view of the case, they soon agreed on this point. Then the little animal said,

"Thtsnawflyfnnyunsnt?"

"I can't understand you when you talk with your mouth full," replied Tommy.

The Gopher made a great effort, and swallowed so hard that his eyes fairly bulged. Then he said,

"That's an awfully funny one, isn't it?"

"What one?"

"The one next to you."

"Him?" said Tommy, pointing at the ex-Pirate.

"Um," continued the Gopher, nodding his head, for his mouth was full again. "Ain't he?"

"He is a very nice gentleman," remarked Tommy, for lack of anything more definite to say.

"What kind is he?" asked the Gopher.

"He's an ex-Pirate."

"A Pie Rat? Goodness, how he has changed!"

"Oh yes, he has changed," continued Tommy. "He is very good now. He has entirely reformed."

"I should say he had. His form is entirely different. I knew a Pie Rat once, but he was not at all like this one. *He* does not look like a Pie Rat at all."

"Oh yes he does!" exclaimed Tommy, eagerly, although he realized as soon as he had spoken that he had never seen any real active pirate. But he added, "He is all fixed up just like a real pirate."

"Well, he isn't," said the Gopher, dictatorially. "The Pie Rat I knew looked like any other rat, but he only ate pie. Does this one eat pie?"

"Did you say rat?" asked Tommy.

"I said Pie Rat," answered the Gopher.

[Pg 934]

"Well, you don't want to let him hear you say rat. You must say ex-Pirate; that means that he is not a pirate any more."

"That's just what I said," persisted the Gopher. "I said he did not look like a Pie Rat, and so he is not a Pie Rat, and that's all there is to it." Then he threw up his hands and shouted, "Oh my! look at that!"

Tommy glanced up toward the head of the table, and saw that the Lion was helping himself to fully half of what had been placed before him.

"What a lot he takes!" remarked the little boy, in surprise.

"Always," said the Gopher. "But it's the Lion's share, and I suppose he is entitled to it. I wish I was a Lion."

"I don't," said Tommy, hastily, for he felt that he much preferred a small animal like the Gopher for a neighbor to a possible Lion.

"Well, I don't really believe I would like to be a Lion, after all," the Gopher went on to say. "If I could make myself all over again, I should be part Elephant, part Camel, and part Giraffe."

"What a funny-looking creature you would be!"

"Oh, I would not mind that. I don't care much about appearances. Eating is what interests me."

"I should think so," commented Tommy.

"And then think of the advantages of such a combination," pursued the Gopher. "If I were part Elephant I should be as big as any animal; and if I were part Camel I should have four stomachs; and then I should want a Giraffe's neck. Just think of how long things taste good in a Giraffe's throat. Why, it's two yards long! And mine is only about half an inch. How many times better does a piece of pie taste to a Giraffe than it does to me?"

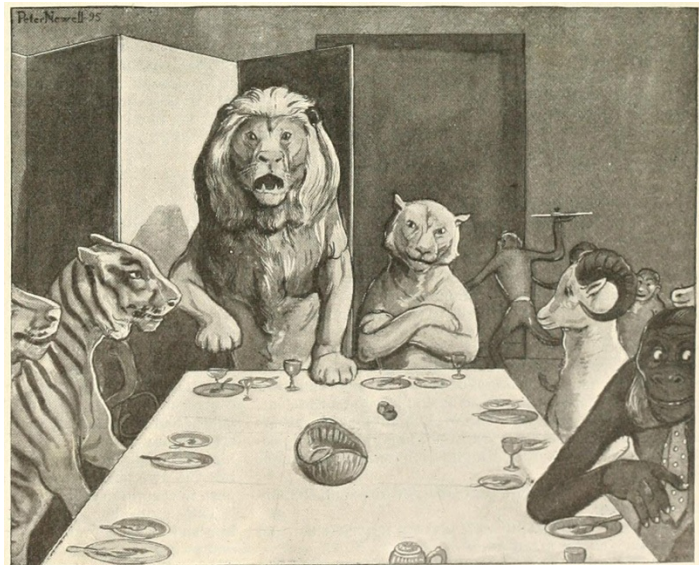
"I don't know," answered Tommy Toddles, very promptly.

"Well, I've figured it all out many a time," added the Gopher, "and I can tell you. A throat two yards long is twice thirty-six inches long, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"That's seventy-two inches. And if my throat is only half an inch long, the Giraffe's throat is one hundred and forty-four times as long as mine, and so the pie tastes one hundred and forty-four times as good."

Tommy marvelled at the Gopher's proficiency in arithmetic, but his mind soon reverted to the question at hand, and he began to wonder how much better pie would taste if his own neck was one hundred and forty-four inches long. He was going to ask his neighbor for further information on the subject, but when he turned around toward the Gopher he saw that the little animal had in some way gotten possession of the soup-tureen, and had thrust his head into it, and was almost drowning because he could not get it out. And then, just as the ex-Pirate and Tommy had rescued the Gopher from a soupy grave, the Lion arose at the head of the table, and pounded loudly on the board and called the assembled multitude to order.



THE LION CALLED THE ASSEMBLED MULTITUDE TO ORDER.

When silence had spread over the room, the King of Beasts announced that the Goat had eaten the passenger list and other important notices off the bulletin board, and that it was thus impossible for him as toast-master to know who was present and who was not, and so he could not call on any one by name to make a speech. He added, however, that any one who desired to make a speech might do so, or, instead of a speech, any animal could sing a song or tell a story. Having made this announcement, the Lion sat down again; and all the animals glared frowningly upon the Goat, who stroked his whiskers nervously and looked embarrassed, either because of these rebuking glances or possibly because of the antediluvian ink on the passenger list.

"I feel awfully sorry for that Goat," whispered the Gopher to Tommy.

"Why don't you get up and make a speech then, and distract the general attention?"

"I don't know any speech," answered the Gopher; "but I know a joke."

"Tell the joke," urged Tommy; and so the Gopher stood up in his chair, and took off his pink sun-bonnet, and said he wanted to tell his joke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STORY OF CORN-BREAD AND CROWS.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Two sportsmen one morning, right dashing to view
In velvet and buckskin from helmet to shoe.
Were passing the field where the river runs by,
When they chanced in the distance a figure to spy—
Such a figure as farmers, from time out of ken,
Convinced that in clothes is the measure of men,
Have fashioned in spring-time of brushwood and hay
For the cheating of Solons more crafty than they.

"Sir Scarecrow; behold him!" the first hunter cries—
"What a marvel of rags which a Jew would despise!
Here's a fig for the bird that so witless appears
When he's lived among Yankees a good fifty years—
If the fowl really flies that his corn-bread would miss
For a wooden-legged, broken-backed puppet like this!
Come, choose a few nubbins to roast on the spot,
While I pepper his crown with a capful of shot."

Now the farmer that morning was tilling his soil,
Flushed, ragged, and sunbrowned, and grimy with toil,
When pausing a moment, as all farmers will,
He spied our two friends coming over the hill.
"Good land!" quoth the rustic, "a nice thing it is
Fer two city fellers to ketch me like this!"
Then, dropping his hoe, he exclaims with a grin,
"Young chaps, I'll be blessed ef I don't take you in!"

So, urging his slow wits to cope with the case,
He jerks his old hat down to cover his face,
Stretches limb like a windmill that spreads to the breeze,
Draws his fists up like turtles and stiffens his knees;
Yet a tremor of fun through the homespun appears
As the sound of that parley floats back to his ears,
And the honest ears burn as it calls up the words
Which declare that in plumes is the making of birds!

One moment the huntsman his target surveys,
While his laughing companion is gleaning the maize,
When that fetich of bumpkins, that burlesque in bran,
Starts, twitches, grows limber, shouts, moves—is a man;
"Git enough fer a roast, while ye're gittin'," drawls he.
"Ef I ain't quite the blockhead you tuk me to be.
W'y, it's nater sence Adam to run arter clo'es,
But *I'd go sort o' slow as to corn-bread an' crows!*"

HOW REDDY GAINED HIS COMMISSION.

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

Part II.

When Reddy found himself in the water, he realized the impossibility of swimming to the shore, and began to struggle in an effort to reach the jam. This jam had its origin in a group of sandstone bowlders in the centre of the river, on the edge of the rapids. The river débris had collected and compacted about them into several square yards of solid surface. To the corporal and his fellow soldiers, now gathered on the shore and watching the swimmer, it seemed that the boy must be carried past to certain death.

They were about giving him up for lost when they saw him snatch at a branch attached to the edge of the jam and swing himself about, then reach a protruding log and climb out. Instantly he ran to the outer end of the log and reached his floating oar. With the oar he caught the prow of the boat, and swinging it within reach of his hands, drew it out of the water.

The soldiers gazed at the stranded boys in perplexity. There seemed no chance of rescuing them. They knew of no other boat nearer than the next government post, nor would a raft be of use at the head of the roaring fall. The stream was too deep for wading and too near the plunge for swimming. The corporal quickly mounted the mule and rode to the fort to report the lads' plight to the commanding officer.

As soon as possible an ambulance containing the officers and Mrs. Maloney started for the river. They brought some tools, a spare oar, and several coils of rope. A few moments later nearly all the men of the garrison not on duty lined the southern shore. Mrs. Maloney's worst fears seemed to be realized when she saw her son clinging helplessly to the snag in mid-stream. Her anguish was heart-rending.

"Ah, Teddy b'y!" she screamed, oblivious to the fact that he could not hear her voice above the roar of the water, "don't ye let go the tray, darlint! Howld on till hilp gets t' yez!"

But how to get to them, or to get anything to them, was a serious question. The soldiers were brave and willing men, but they did not possess the skill of river-drivers nor the appliances and tools of the craft. If the boys were only a mile farther up stream, clear of the rapids, a score of swimmers could take lines out to them; or, for that matter, the boys could swim ashore without assistance. The close vicinity of the snag to

the plunging and tumultuous descent in the river made all the difference.

Experiment after experiment was tried. Several brave fellows in turn tied the end of the rope to their waists and swam out; but the current pulling at the slack between them and the shore drew them back. Another went far up stream and swam out, while the shore end of the rope was carried down by comrades at the same rate as the flow of the current. He succeeded in grasping the snag; but the instant he paused the titanic force of the water tore him away, burying him beneath the surface. He was drawn ashore nearly drowned.

The commanding officer was about to send to the fort for material for a raft and an anchor, when his attention was called to the boy on the jam. After the failure of the last attempt to rescue his friend, Reddy was seen to approach the boat and launch it. He then drew it to the end of the log previously mentioned, held it by the stern, with the prow pointed downward, and appeared to be looking for a passage through the submerged boulders. Presently he turned towards his friends on shore, swung the oar over his head, stepped on board, and was quickly out of sight.

A cry of alarm went up from the soldiers when Reddy disappeared, and they with one accord started on a run down the shore. At the foot of the steep descent they found the brave boy paddling his skiff into a quiet eddy.

He was greeted with vociferous enthusiasm, and a dozen men shouldered him and the boat, and carried them back to the landing. There a line was attached to the stern of the skiff, and a strong man rowed out toward the snag, but the current dragged it back precisely as it had the swimmers. Captain Bartlett next ordered the boat to be towed a quarter of a mile up stream, and as it floated down and was rowed outward he directed the shore end of the line to be carried along with it.

It became quickly evident to the spectators that the skiff would reach the snag, and an involuntary cheer went up, Mrs. Maloney waving her apron and screaming with tearful joy. But through some blunder, or lack of skill, the original accident was repeated. The wherry dropped sideways against the tree and was swamped. This time, however, a line being attached, the skiff was drawn free, and swung back to the shore by the pull of the current. The man clung to the boat and was landed at the crest of the rapid.

The anguish of the poor mother at the failure of what had promised to be a certain rescue of her son was pitiful. She fell upon her knees, wrung her hands, and sobbed in abject despair. Reddy approached, stooped beside her, and placing an arm about her neck, said:

"Do not cry, Mrs. Maloney; I'm going to ask the Captain to let me go to Teddy, and I'll have him here with you in no time."

"No, no, child. Don't ye be dhrowneded, too. Nothing can save me b'y now ahl the min have failed."

"But I mean to try it, Mrs. Maloney. Dry your tears and watch me do it."

Teddy Maloney on the snag in mid-stream was now suffering intensely. Seated upon a tree trunk barely ten inches in diameter, and kept from flipping down its slope by a rugged knot, his position was almost unendurable. For five hours he had clung there hatless and coatless, with his back to a broiling sun. Dazed by suffering and dizzied by the leaping, gliding, and wrinkling water that gurgled and pulled at his half-submerged legs, he was still conscious of the efforts being made for his rescue. He saw Reddy shoot the rapids, and with a growing conviction that he could not hold on much longer, he wondered why his boy friend did not come to his aid. "He is the only one in the whole crowd that knows anything about a boat. Why don't they let him do something?" thought poor Teddy.

As if in answer to this silent appeal, Redmond Carter at the same moment approached Captain Bartlett and begged permission to go for his comrade.

"But, Carter, how can you expect to accomplish what these older and stronger men have failed to do?" asked the Captain.

"They do not know what to do, sir. I was born on the Kennebec, sir. I have run barefooted on booms, rafts, and jams, and have boated in birch canoes, dugouts, punts, and yawls, and I can run a rapid, as you have just seen."

"A Kennebec boy, Reddy!" said the officer, for the first time using the boy's pet name. "I know what Kennebec boys could do when I was one of them. Yon may try it; but be careful."

Reddy sprang into the boat and began rowing up stream in the shore eddy. Reaching the desired distance he turned into the middle of the river, and changing his seat to the stern and using an oar for a paddle, he dropped down the current toward the snag. As he neared it, he saw Teddy's hands relax and his body sway slightly to the right.

"Hold on, Teddy!" he shouted. "Keep your grip! I'm right here!"

Gliding along the right side of the trunk he stayed the motion of the skiff by grasping it with his left hand.

"Tumble in, Teddy—quick!" he said.

Teddy obeyed, literally falling into the bottom of the boat, limp and sprawling between the thwarts.

Reddy let go the trunk, went towards the rapids, raking the crest at the same place he had taken it before. Down, down the boiling, foaming, roaring descent he sped, plying his oar with all his might, lest in turning a frothing Scylla he might be hurled upon a threatening Charybdis. His former success attended him.

Again the soldiers ran to meet him at the foot of the watery slope, filling the air with shouts as they ran. But the sight of Teddy lying senseless in the bottom of the boat, checked further joyous demonstration. He was tenderly lifted in stalwart arms and borne to a grassy knoll near by, where he was received by his anxious mother and the surgeon. Restorative treatment brought him back to consciousness, and he was taken at once to the fort. The wherry was again carried to the landing before the hay-camp, and the crowd of soldiers dispersed through the ravines and groves in the direction of their barracks.

Captain Bartlett accompanied Redmond Carter to the place where the mule and pony were picketed, and,

saying that he would ride Puss to the post, ordered one of the men to saddle her, and entered into conversation with the boy.

"I think you are out of place in the army, Carter," said he.

"What, sir! Have I not always done my duty well?" asked Reddy, in dismay.

"Much better than the average soldier. But that is not what I mean. You seem qualified for something better than the position you occupy. You are not of the material from which the army is usually recruited. This slip of paper, found beside the orderly bench at the office," observed the officer, handing the boy his sketch of the Trojan horse with the accompanying Latin sentence, "shows that you have been a student. I do not know what accident brought you here, but I think school is the proper place for you."

"Nothing would please me better, sir, than to be able to return to school; but it is not possible at present."

"Are you willing to tell me how you come to be in the service?"

"Yes, sir; it is not a long story," replied the young soldier. "My father and mother died when I was too young to remember them, and I was left to the care of a guardian, who sent me to school, and afterwards to an academy, where I prepared for college. I passed my entrance examination to the Freshman class in June, and expected to go on in September; but the failure of companies in which my property had been invested left me destitute, and I gave it up."

"But you have relatives?"

"Lots of them; but they showed little inclination to help me. There had been some family differences that I never understood, and I was too proud to go begging for assistance. I shipped on a granite-schooner for Philadelphia. I was miserably seasick the whole trip, and was discharged by the master of the vessel without pay. Having no money I could not find food while looking for work. I obtained an odd job now and then, but soon wore my clothes to rags, so that no respectable establishment would think of hiring me. I slept on the streets, and frequently passed a day without proper food. One day I passed a recruiting-office, and it suggested a means of escape from destitution. I enlisted as a fifer, and was assigned to your company."

"And you have been with me ten months," said the Captain. "I suppose your relatives cannot trace you?"

"They might trace me to Philadelphia," replied Reddy; "but the trail becomes dark there. Even if they suspected I had enlisted—which is not likely—they could not find me, for the recruiting sergeant blundered in registering my name. He put me down as Redmond A. Carter, when he should have written it Raymond J. Corser."

"Not a rare mistake of the recruiting officer. So you are of the General Corser family?"

"He was my grandfather."

"Then you have only to communicate with your relatives in order to get out of the army. Yours is an influential family."

"I shall serve out my enlistment, sir. The army has served me a good turn, and when I am discharged I shall be in better condition to find employment than in Philadelphia."

"But what has become of your college aspirations?"

"It will still be possible to accomplish that. Sergeant Von Wald and I are studying together, and I think I shall be able to enter Sophomore. Poor boys have worked their way before."

"I have noticed Von Wald. Is he a scholar?"

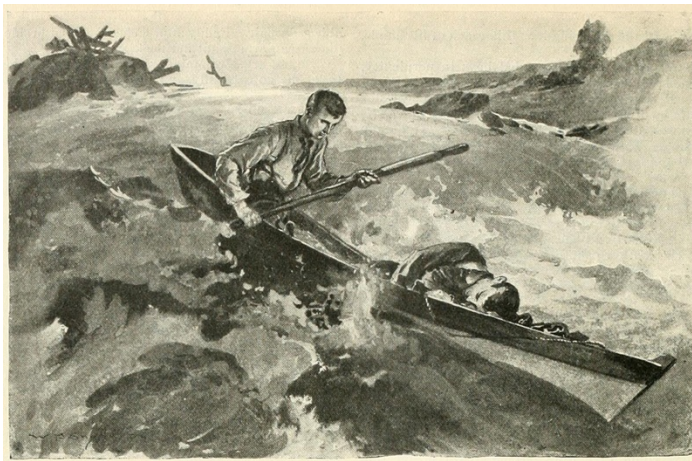
"Please not to mention it, sir; he is a German university man. When I am discharged I shall have most of my five years' pay, and considerable savings on clothing not drawn. I expect it will amount to nearly eight hundred dollars."

For a few moments the officer said nothing, but gazed reflectively across the rushing and roaring river. At last he turned again toward the boy and asked, "How would you like to be an officer in the army, Carter?"

"I should like it above all things, sir; but it is not possible. While I might make a struggle single-handed through college, I could scarcely hope to secure an appointment to West Point."

"Still there is a way. The late Congress passed a law allowing men who have served two years in the army, and been favorably recommended by their officers, to be examined for appointment to the grade of second lieutenant. You have a little more than four years to serve. In that time you will have reached the required age, and Lieutenant Dayton and I can give you the necessary instruction. What do you say?"

"I'll make a hard struggle for it, sir, if you will afford me the chance."



DOWN, DOWN THE BOILING, FOAMING, ROARING DESCENT HE SPED.

OAKLEIGH

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

During these early months of the year a change had come over Miss Betsey Trinkett's life. Silas Green had died.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin went to Wayborough for the funeral, and found Miss Betsey quite broken.

"To think that the day was fixed at last," she said, "and he died only the week before. Well, well, it does seem passing queer, after all these years. It doesn't do to put a thing off too long. And yet, perhaps, it's all for the best, for if I'd given up and gone down there to live, I should have had nothing now to look at but the Soldiers' Monument, and I'd have felt real lonesome without the Merrimac."

And with this consolation the old lady took up her life again, and found it very much the same thing it had been before, with the exception of Sunday night. On that evening she would not have the lamps lighted, but would sit in her favorite window and look out across the valley at her beloved view, her eyes turned in that direction long after it became too dark to see.

Sometimes then she regretted that she had not yielded to Silas's arguments, and gone to live in the house in the village. It would have pleased him. And it seemed very lonely Sunday night without Silas.

After a while—it was a day or two after the communications came from Bronson—Mr. Franklin received a letter from his aunt. She was pretty well, but felt as if she had not heard from them for a long time. She would send Willy's present soon. Had Janet's been placed in the savings-bank? She had not heard from Janet since she sent it. Why did not the child write?

As nothing had come to Janet from Miss Trinkett, this caused some surprise.

"I am afraid Aunt Betsey has trusted to government once too often," said Mr. Franklin, "for evidently the package has gone astray. I wonder what was there besides the gold dollars?"

"Something to make it an odd-looking package, you may be sure, papa," said Cynthia.

Mr. Franklin inquired of the postmaster. That personage was a nervous little man, much harassed with the responsibilities and duties of his position.

"Something lost, Mr. Franklin? Now that's very strange. I can't think it's lost. Yes, I remember a number of odd-looking packages that have come for your family from Wayborough. There may have been one lately, though I can't say for sure. Let me see. I remember young Gordon coming for the mail one day, and getting—no, he didn't get one, he sent it—a money-order. Happen to remember it because he paid for it in gold. That's all I can safely say about anything, Mr. Franklin. There may have been a package. What did you say, miss? Stamps and postal-cards? Yes, yes." And the busy little man turned to the next comer.

Mr. Franklin left the office with a thoughtful face. He was a very impulsive man, too apt to say the first thing that occurred to him, without regard to consequences. Therefore when he got into the carriage and, taking the reins from Edith, drove hurriedly out High Street towards Oakleigh, he exclaimed:

"I am almost inclined to believe that Neal knows more about Aunt Betsey's present to Janet than any of us."

Janet, who was perched on the back seat, heard her own name mentioned, and proceeded to listen attentively. Both her father and sister forgot that she was there, and she took especial pains not to remind them of her presence.

"How do you mean, papa?" asked Edith.

"I think it is a remarkable coincidence, if nothing more. I had a letter the other day from young Bronson, stating that Neal owed him fifty dollars. The same night I had another letter from him, saying that he had received a money-order from Neal for the amount. We questioned Neal, and he would give no satisfactory answer as to where he got the money. The postmaster tells me that Neal paid for his money-order in gold. Aunt Betsey's present to Janet is missing; we all know that Aunt Betsey always sends gold. The postmaster seems to think that a package may have come through the office to us, though he is not absolutely certain of it. What more natural than to suppose that the gold Neal had was meant for Janet? He may have called for the mail that day, recognized the package from Aunt Betsey, and the temptation was too much for him."

[Pg 938]

"Oh, papa!" cried Edith, much shocked. "I can't believe that Neal would do a thing like that."

"I can't either," said her father, cutting the air with his whip in his impatience, and making his horse prance madly—"I can't either, and I am sure I don't want to! Let us forget that I said it, Edith. Don't think of it again, and on no account repeat what I said. The idea came into my head, and I spoke without thinking. I wouldn't have Hester know it for the world. But it is strange, isn't it, that Neal paid gold for his money-order. Where did he get it?"

"It is strange, papa, but indeed I think Neal is honest. I am sure—oh, I am very sure—that it couldn't have been Janet's."

"Then where did he get it?" repeated Mr. Franklin, with another cut of his whip.

"Perhaps Mrs. Franklin gave it to him."

"Of course she didn't," exclaimed her father, with irritation, "and I wish you would oblige me, Edith, by not calling my wife 'Mrs. Franklin.' If you do not choose to speak of her as the rest of my children do, you can

at least call her 'Hester.' You annoy me beyond measure."

Edith turned very white as she said: "I am sorry, papa. Then I will call her nothing. I can't possibly say 'mamma' to her, and I don't feel like speaking to her by her first name."

"What nonsense is all this!" said Mr. Franklin. "I am thoroughly disappointed in you, Edith."

"I don't know why you should be, papa. I have nothing to do with it. If the Gordons had not come here this would never have happened. The money would not be missing, you wouldn't have had the letters from Tony Bronson, and I—oh, I would have been so much happier!"

"If you are not happy, it is entirely your own fault," said her father, sternly. "Now let me hear no more of these absurd notions of yours. I have too much to think of that is of more importance."

Edith wanted to cry, but she controlled herself. She was to drive with her father over to Upper Falls, where he had to attend to some business, and now she had made him seriously angry, she knew. She swallowed the lumps that rose in her throat, and presently she managed to speak on some indifferent subject; but her father made no reply, and they soon turned in at Oakleigh gates. Janet, the small, quiet person on the back seat, could scarcely wait to get home. She must find Neal at once.

But Neal was not easily to be found. She trotted up to his room, but he was not there. She went to the cellar stairs and called, but Neal had neglected his duties of late as partner in the poultry business; in fact, he had retired altogether, and the eggs reposed there alone. Janet was not allowed to descend the stairs because of her misdemeanors last year.

She went to the workshop, but all was quiet. Looking out from the upper window, however, she spied Bob in the pasture; perhaps Neal was with him. She went down and unfastened the big gate that opened into the barn-yard.

Country child though she was, Janet was sorely afraid of venturing through the barn-yard alone. Were there any pigs there? Yes, there were a great many. Janet detested pigs, ugly-looking creatures! And there were some cows also, and she had on her red jacket. She promptly laid it aside and made a bold rush through the yard.

On the whole, she rather enjoyed the excitement. She was alone, for Willy had gone to Boston with her mother, and Cynthia and Jack were at school. Janet felt herself enjoying an unlooked-for holiday owing to the illness of her teacher, and she was about to fulfil the proverb which tells of the occupation that is found for idle hands to do, though in this case it was an idle tongue.

The dangers of the barn-yard overcome, Janet pursued her way along the cart-road that led to the far meadow, and there, sitting on a rock near the river, she found the object of her search. He was whittling a boat while he pondered moodily about his affairs.

"Neal, Neal!" she called, breathless from excitement and haste, "I want to speak to you. What have you done with my present?"

"Where did you come from, you small imp?" said Neal, with lazy good-nature. Preoccupied though he was, he was fond of children, and particularly of mischief-loving Janet, and he was not sorry to have his solitude relieved by her coming.

"Where's my present?" repeated Janet; "I want it dreadful bad."

"Your present! What do you mean, young one? You don't suppose for an instant that I'm making this boat for you, do you?"

"Boat!" cried Janet, disdainfully; "I don't want any old boat; I want Aunt Betsey's present."

"I suppose you do. I would myself if I were so lucky as to own an Aunt Betsey. But I'm afraid I can't help you in that line, my child."

"Yes, you can," said Janet, tugging at his elbow; "you can too. You've got it. Papa said so."

"Got what?"

"Aunt Betsey's present. He and the postmaster man said you took it."

"Said I took it?"

"Yes. Come, Neal, give it to me. I don't want the gold dollars—you can have those—but I'd like the funny thing she sent with them. Aunt Betsey allus sends funny things. Come along, Neal. Give it to me."

"Did your father say I took that money?"

"Yes, he did. Didn't I say so lots of times? Edith said you didn't, and papa said you did. What's the matter with your face? It looks awful funny."

"Never mind what it looks like. Tell me what your father said."

"Oh, I don't know what he said, and I've told you ten hundred times. Don't hold my arm so tight; it hurts. Let me go, Neal."

"I won't, till you tell me what he said."

"I'll never tell unless you let go. I'll scream, and people'll know you're killing me dead, and then you'll get punished."

She opened wide her mouth and gave a long, piercing shriek.

"Oh, hush up!" exclaimed Neal, roughly; "if I let go will you tell me?"

"Yes, if you'll give me that boat. I think I'd like it, after all."

Neal released her and thrust the boat into her hand.



"OH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE SAID, AND I'VE TOLD YOU TEN HUNDRED TIMES."

"Now what?" he said.

"Oh, nothing much, except papa came out of the post-office and told Edith the postmaster man said maybe you'd taken Aunt Betsey's package, 'cause you gave him some gold dollars. And papa said it must have been my present, 'cause you couldn't get gold dollars any other way, no-how, and papa was mad, I guess, 'cause his face looked the way it does when some of us chillens is naughty, with his mouth all shut up tight. There, that's all. Now, Neal, give me the thing Aunt Betsey sent."

"I haven't got it and I never had it. And now good-by to you, every one of you, forever! Do you hear? Forever! I'm not going to stay another minute in a place where I'm insulted."

He strode away, and Janet, frightened at she knew not what, sat down on a rock and began to cry. How very queer Neal was, and how queer his face looked! She wondered what he was going to do. Perhaps he was going down to the cellar to smash all the eggs. He looked that way.

She sat there awhile, but it was cool without the red jacket, left on the other side of the barn-yard—for although it was spring according to the almanac, there was still a sharpness in the air—and very soon she too went towards home. She had not found Aunt Betsey's present, after all, and she had nothing to repay her for her search but a half-made wooden boat and an aching arm.

[Pg 939]

And there were those pigs, still at large. She got through safely, but left the gate open, thereby allowing the animals to escape, and incurring the wrath of the farmer.

When she reached the house Neal was not to be found. There was no one at home, for Edith and her father had driven over to Upper Falls on business, after leaving Janet at the door. There was nothing to do but to go out and tease the good-natured kitchen-maid into giving her a huge slice of bread and butter and sugar. Mary Ann and Martha, the old servants, would never do it, but the youthful Amanda was more lenient.

"Where's Neal, 'Manda?" asked Janet, as she munched the delicious portion which was placed before her. They were in the pantry, beyond the sight of the other maids.

"I don't know. He came a-stalkin' past the kitching windies a little while ago, an' I heard him run up stairs an' down like a house a-fire, an' out the front door with a bang."

"Guess he's excited," murmured Janet, with her mouth full; "guess that must be it. He's gone off mad. We had a fight out in the pasture."

"La, child! What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm not going to say any more, 'cept me and Neal, we fit a fight in the pasture. I made him awful mad, with another huge bite."

"La, child, you do beat everything! But there's Mary Ann calling me. Don't you take a bit more sugar. Now mind!"

But Janet, left to herself in the pantry, made a fine repast.

The family came home to dinner, with the exception of Mr. Franklin and Edith, and although Neal's absence was commented upon, no one thought anything of it. He frequently went off for a long day alone on the river.

When the meal was nearly over and dessert had been placed upon the table, Janet thought that she would announce what had taken place. She felt quite important at being the cause of Neal's disappearance.

"Guess Neal's awful mad with me," she said, suddenly. No one paid much attention. She would try again. "Guess Neal's awful mad with me 'bout what I said 'bout Aunt Betsey's present."

"What did you say about it?" asked Jack, who sat next to her. There was a lull in the conversation, and every one heard her reply.

"Oh, I told him to give it to me. I said papa said he took it, and he could have the gold dollars, but I wanted the funny thing. Why, maybe it was a doll or a purse or some other nice thing. Course I wanted it. My, though, Neal was mad!"

"What did you tell him, Janet?" asked Mrs. Franklin, in much astonishment; "that your father said Neal had taken your present? When did he say so, and what do you mean?"

"Goody, mamma, you're asking 'most as many questions as Neal did. Guess you're excited, like he was. I told him papa said he'd taken my present from Aunt Betsey. The postmaster man said so this morning. And Neal looked awful queer when I told him, and he hurted my arm awful bad. And then he went off and left me."

Mrs. Franklin became very white. "I think you will have to excuse me, children. I—I do not feel very well. I will go lie down. Jack, your arm, please."

Jack sprang to help her, and led her from the room. Cynthia only wailed to scold Janet for her idle chatter, and then followed.

"But it's true, Cynthia," her small sister called after her. "It's true, and you're real mean to say it isn't. You

just ask Edith."

When Mr. Franklin returned and learned that his hastily uttered words of the morning had been repeated to his wife and to Neal, he was distressed beyond measure. "My dear, I never meant it," he said. "Hester, you must know that I could not really believe that Neal would do such a thing. It was impossible to help remarking upon the singular coincidence. I never thought the child would hear me. What shall I do with her? She ought not to have repeated what I said."

"Do nothing, John. Janet is not to blame; naturally, a child of her age would get it wrong. But oh, I am relieved to find you did not really think it! It gave me such a shock to hear that you thought him capable of such an action."

"Where is the boy? I want to tell him myself."

But Neal could not be found. Cynthia and Jack hunted over the place, looking for him in all his haunts. He was not on the river, for his canoe was in its place. He had not gone to the village, for no horse was out, and whether he had walked or driven, his sister would have met him when she returned from Boston. He could not have gone for a walk, for Bob had been left at home, and Neal never walked without Bob.

A horrible foreboding seized Cynthia. What if Neal had run away? But no; surely he would never do such a thing. The idea of her even thinking of it, when such a course would only make people believe that he had really taken the money. Cynthia scolded herself severely for having allowed the supposition to come into her mind. But where was he? As a last resource she called Janet to her and again questioned the child closely. They were standing on the drive in front of the house.

"What did Neal say to you, Janet, when he went off?"

"Oh, he was awful mad, I told you, Cynthia. He was just mad."

"But did he say anything?"

"Oh yes, lots. But I forget what."

"Can't you remember anything, Janet? Not one word? Did he say where he was going?"

"No-o," drawled Janet, "he just said— My, Cynthia, look at that bluebird! It's a real bluebird, sure's you're alive. Wish I could catch him."

"But, Janet, never mind the bird. What did Neal say?"

"Oh, he said good-by and he was going. Cynthia, I b'lieve if I had some salt to put on that bird's tail I could catch him. Mayn't I, Cynthia? Mayn't I get some salt and put it on his tail?"

"No, you can't!" cried Cynthia, stamping her foot. "I do wish you would tell me all Neal said."

"There, now, you're in an angry passion," observed her small sister, gazing at her calmly; "you've let your angry passions rise. You frightened that bird away, a-stampin' of your foot that way. Aren't you 'shamed!"

"Oh, Janet, never mind. Please tell me. Did he really say good-by?"

"Will you give me your coral necklace if I tell you all he said?" said Janet, who was ever prompt to seize an opportunity.

"Yes, yes! Anything!"

"Well, he said— Are you sure you mean it, Cynthia? I want the coral necklace with the nice little gold clasp and—"

"Yes, I know," groaned Cynthia. "I've only got one coral necklace, you dreadful child! Go on, *do* go on!"

"My, Cynthia! You're terrible impatient, and I guess your angry passions have riz again. Well, he said, 'Good-by forever; I'm going away;' and off he went."

"Was that all? Truthfully, Janet?"

"Yes, truthfully all. He said he wouldn't stay any longer 'cause he was salted, or something."

"Salted!"

"Yes, or 'sulted, or some word like that."

"*Insulted*, do you mean?"

"Yes, I guess so. And now where's the necklace?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 940]

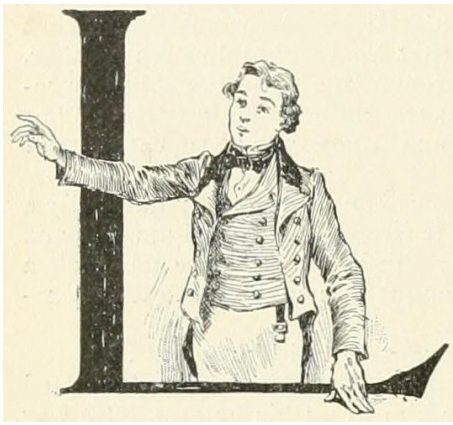
STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ate on almost any summer day early in this century a blue-eyed, brown-haired lad might have been seen lying under a great apple-tree in the garden of an old house in Portland, forgetful of everything else in the world save the book he was reading.

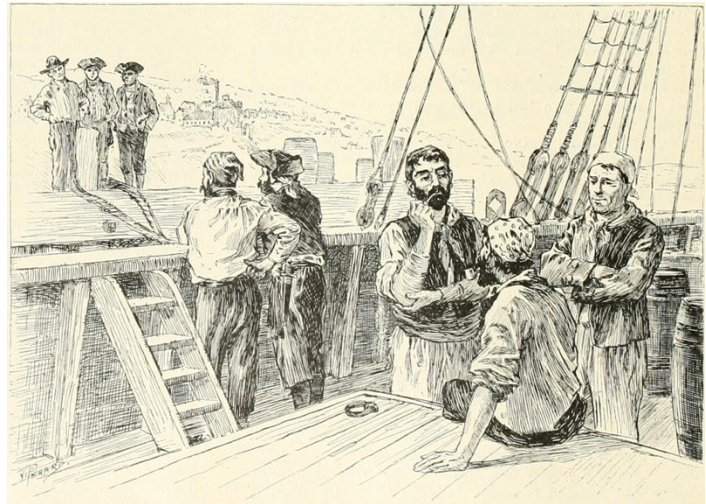
The boy was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the book might have been *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, all of which were favorites; or possibly it was



Irving's *Sketch Book*, of which he was so fond that even the covers delighted him, and whose charm remained unbroken throughout life. Years afterward, when, as a famous man of letters, he was called upon to pay his tribute to the memory of Irving, he could think of no more tender praise than to speak with grateful affection of the book which had so fascinated him as a boy, and whose pages still led him back into the "haunted chamber of youth."

It was during Longfellow's childhood that the British ship *Boxer* was captured by the *Enterprise* in the famous sea-fight of the war of 1812; the two captains who had fallen in the battle were buried side by side in the cemetery at Portland, and the whole town came together to do honor to the dead commanders. Long years afterward Longfellow speaks of this incident in his poem entitled "My Lost Youth," and recalls the sounds of the cannon booming over the waters, and the solemn stillness that followed the news of the victory.

It is in this same poem that we have a picture of the Portland of his early life, and are given glimpses of the black wet wharves where were the ships moored, and the Spanish sailors, "with bearded lips," who seemed as much a mystery to the boy as the ships themselves. These came and went across the sea, always watched and waited for with greatest interest by the children who loved the excitement of the unloading and loading, the shouts of the surveyors who were measuring the contents of cask and hogshead, the songs of the negroes working the pulleys, the jolly good nature of the seamen strolling through the streets, and, above all, the sight of the strange treasures that came from time to time into one home or another—bits of coral, beautiful sea-shells, birds of resplendent plumage, foreign coins, which looked odd even in Portland, where all the money nearly was Spanish, and the hundred and one things dear to the hearts of sailors and children. It was during his school-boy days that Longfellow published his first bit of verse. It was inspired by hearing the story of a famous fight which took place on the shores of a small lake called Lovell's Pond, between the two Lovells and the Indians. Longfellow was deeply impressed by this story, and threw his feeling of admiration into four stanzas, which he carried with a beating heart down to the letter-box of the *Portland Gazette*, taking an opportunity to slip the manuscript in when no one was looking.



THE SPANISH SAILORS WITH BEARDED LIPS.



HIS FIRST POEM.

The next morning Longfellow watched his father unfold the paper, read it, slowly before the fire, and finally leave the room, when the sheet was grasped by the boy and his sister, who shared his confidence, and hastily scanned. The poem was there in the "poets' corner" of the *Gazette*, and Longfellow was so filled with exultant joy that he spent the greater part of the remainder of the day in reading and rereading the verses, becoming convinced toward evening that they promised remarkable merit. His happiness was dimmed, however, a few hours later, when the father of a boy friend, with whom he was passing the evening, pronounced the verses stiff and entirely lacking in originality. Longfellow slipped away as soon as possible to nurse his wounded feelings in his own room, and instead of letting the incident discourage him, began with renewed vigor to write verses, epigrams, essays, and tragedies, which he produced in a literary partnership with one of his boy friends. None of these effusions had any literary value, being no better than any boy of thirteen or fourteen would produce if he turned his attention to literature instead of to bat and ball.

Longfellow remained in Portland until his sixteenth year, when he went to Bowdoin College, entering the Sophomore Class. Here he remained for three years, gradually coining a name for scholarship and character that was second to none. However much he enjoyed college sports and fun, he never distinguished himself in any act that called for even the mildest censure from the college authorities. The love of order, the instinct of obedience to proper authority, and his naturally quiet tastes kept him from any transgression of the rules that seemed irksome to those of more excitable natures and less

carefully trained. Through his entire college career Longfellow kept the respect and affection of many of the students whose natural tendencies led them often into mischief, but who none the less highly esteemed the graver qualities of their friend.

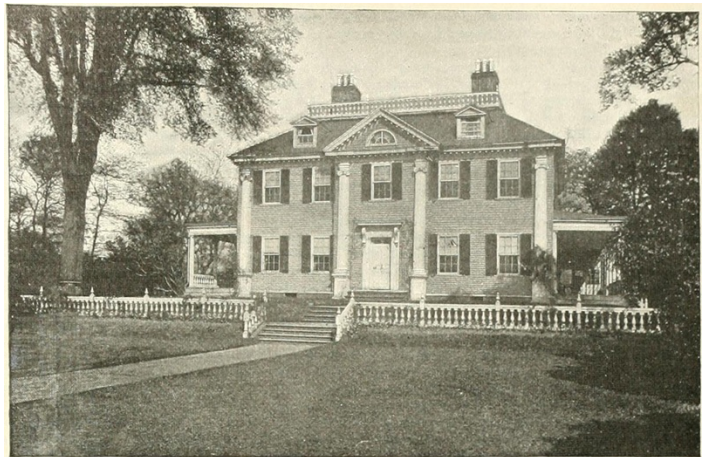
Immediately after his graduation he was offered the chair of modern languages in Bowdoin, with permission from the college authorities to visit Europe for the purpose of fitting himself for his new duties. Accordingly at the age of nineteen Longfellow sailed for France, visiting also Spain, Italy, and Germany, meeting with adventure everywhere, and storing up memory after memory that came back in after-years to serve some purpose of his art. We have thus preserved in his works the impressions that Europe then made upon a young American who had come there to supplement his education by studying at the universities, and whose mind was alive to all the culture denied it in his own land. The grandeur of the world of antique

art preserved in the museums, the works of living artists whose names were famous, the magnificence of the cathedrals and palaces, the thousand memories clustered around the old historic towns and cities, the picturesque details of peasant life, the gay student life which was so unlike that of the American youth that it seemed a different world, all struck Longfellow with a new and pleasant feeling of richness, as if the world had suddenly become wider, and full of stores of unsuspected wealth. One of Longfellow's great pleasures while on this trip was the meeting with Irving in Spain, where the latter was busy with his *Life of Columbus*.

The vividness of his impressions of European life was seen upon all his work, and was perhaps the first reflection of the old poetic European influence that began to be felt in much American poetry, where the charm of old peasant love songs and roundelays, heard for centuries among the lower classes of Spain, France, and Italy, was wrought into translation and transcription so perfect and spirited that they may almost rank with original work.

Longfellow returned to America after three years' absence, and at once began his duties at Bowdoin College, remaining three years, when he left to take a Professorship at Harvard, which he had accepted with the understanding that he was to spend a year and a half abroad before commencing his work. Two years after his return he published his first volume of poems, and his romance *Hyperion*. In *Hyperion*, Longfellow relates some of the experiences of his own travels under the guise of the hero, who wanders through Europe, and the book is full of the same biographical charm that belongs to *Outre Mer*. Here the student life of the German youths, the songs they sang, the books they read, and even their favorite foods are noted, while the many translations of German poetry opened a new field of delight to American readers. It was well received by the public, who appreciated its fine poetic fancy and its wealth of serious thought. But it was not by his prose that Longfellow touched the deepest sympathies of his readers, and the publication of his first volume of poetry a few months later showed his real position in the world of American letters. This little book, which was issued under the title *Voices of the Night*, consisted of the poems that had so far appeared in the various magazines and papers, a few poems written in his college days, and some translations from the French, German, and Spanish poets. In this volume occurs some of Longfellow's choicest work, the gem of the book being the celebrated "Psalm of Life."

It is from this point that Longfellow goes onward, always as the favorite poet of the American people. The "Psalm of Life" had been published previously in a magazine without the author's name, and it had no sooner been read than it seemed to find its way into every heart. Ministers read it to their congregations all over the country, and it was sung as a hymn in many churches. It was copied in almost every newspaper in the United States, it was recited by every school-child, and years afterwards one of America's greatest men said that in one of the darkest hours of his life he had been cheered and uplifted by its noble spirit. To young and old alike it brought its message, and its voice was recognized as that of a true leader. The author of *Outre Mer* and *Hyperion* had well touched hands with millions of his brothers and sisters, and the clasp was never unloosed while he lived.



LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the same collection occurs "The Footsteps of Angels," another well-beloved poem, and one in which the spirit of home life is made the inspiration.

Longfellow's poems now followed one another in rapid succession, appearing generally at first in some magazine, and afterward in book form in various collections under different titles.

His greatest contributions to American literature are his "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and a score of shorter poems, which in themselves would give the author a high place in any literature.

[Pg 942]

In "Evangeline" Longfellow took for his theme the story of the destruction of the Acadian villages in Nova Scotia by the English during the French and Indian war. Longfellow has made of this sad story a wondrously beautiful tale that reads like an old legend of Grecian Arcadia.

The description of the great primeval forests stretching down to the sea; of the villages and farms scattered over the land as unprotected as the nests of the meadow-lark; of the sowing and harvesting of the peasant folks, with their fêtes and church-going, their weddings and festivals; and the pathetic search of Evangeline for her lost lover Gabriel among the plains of Louisiana—all show Longfellow in his finest mood as a poet whom the sorrows of mankind touched always with reverent pity, as well as a writer of noble verse.

Everywhere that the English language is read, "Evangeline" has passed as the most beautiful folk-story that America has produced: and the French Canadians, the far-away brothers of the Acadians, have included Longfellow among their national poets. Among them "Evangeline" is known by heart, and the cases are not rare where the people have learned English expressly for the purpose of reading Longfellow's poem in the original, a wonderful tribute to the poet who could thus touch to music one of the saddest memories of their race.

In "Hiawatha" Longfellow gave to the Indian the place in poetry that had been given him by Cooper in prose.

"Hiawatha" is a poem of the forests and of the dark-skinned race who dwelt therein, who were learned only in forest-lore, and lived as near to nature's heart as the fauns and satyrs of old. Into this legend Longfellow has put all the poetry of the Indians' nature, and has made his hero, Hiawatha, a noble creation, that compares favorably with the King Arthur of the old British romances. From first to last Hiawatha moves

among the people a real leader, showing them how to clear their forests, to plant grain, to make for themselves clothing of embroidered and painted skins, to improve their fishing-grounds, and to live at peace with their neighbors. From the time when he was a little child, and his grandmother told him all the fairy-tales of nature, up to the day when, like Arthur, he passed mysteriously through the gates of the sunset, all his hope and joy and work were for his people. He is a creature that could only have been born from a mind as pure and poetic as that of Longfellow. All the scenes and images of the poem are so true to nature that they seem like very breaths from the forests. We move with Hiawatha through the dewy birchen aisles, learn with him the language of the nimble squirrel and of the wise beaver and mighty bear, watch him build his famous canoe, and spend hours with him fishing in the waters of the great inland sea, bordered by the great pictured rocks painted by nature itself. Longfellow's first idea of the poem was suggested, it is said, by his hearing a Harvard student recite some Indian tales. Searching among the various books that treated of the American Indians, he found many legends and incidents that preserved fairly well the traditional history of the Indian race, and grouping these around one central figure, and filling in the gaps with poetic descriptions of the forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, and plains which made up the abode of these picturesque people, he thus built up the entire poem. The metre used is that in which the "Kalevala Thean," the national epic of the Finn, is written, and the Finnish hero Wainamoinen, in his gift of song and his brave adventures, is not unlike the great Hiawatha.

Among Longfellow's other long poems are "The Spanish Student," a dramatic poem founded upon a Spanish romance; "The Divine Tragedy" and "The Golden Legend," founded upon the life of Christ; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a tale of Puritan love-making in the time of the early settlers; and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which are a series of poems of adventure supposed to be related by the guests at an inn.

But it is with such poems as "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and the shorter famous poems like the "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," "The Building of the Ship," "The Footsteps of Angels," that his claim as the favorite poet of America has its foundation. "The Building of the Ship" was never read during the struggle of the civil war without raising the audience to a passion of enthusiasm; and so in each of these shorter poems Longfellow touched with wondrous sympathy the hearts of his readers. Throughout the land he was received as the poet of the home and heart: the sweet singer to whom the fireside and family gave ever sacred and beautiful meanings.

Some poems on slavery, a prose tale called "Kavanajh," and a translation of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, must also be included among Longfellow's work; but these have never reached the success attained by his more popular poems, which are known by heart by millions.

Longfellow died in Cambridge in 1882, in the same month in which was written his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," which concludes with these words,

"It is daybreak everywhere."

JOHN CABOT.

Hickety, pickety, John Cabot
Longed to discover a brand-new spot.
He found Cape Breton, and, well content.
As fast as the billows would take him, he went
Back to his home with a very high head,
And unto King Henry the Seventh he said,
"I have found China, that empire old.
Give me a garment all trimmed with gold."
Hickety, pickety, John Cabot,
Garments and titles and honors he got.
And he said to his barber one summer day,
"I have an island to give away,
An island in China, a very nice spot,
I hope you will like it," quoth John Cabot.
Hickety, pickety, bless my heart,
To own an island is very smart.
"To own an island is great indeed,"
The barber he said, "and a title I'll need.
And I'll wear a mantle all trimmed with lace,
And never again will I shave a face."
But alas for the barber, and poor John too,
Their titles and honors and airs fell through.
It was only a corner of Canada, not
The Chinese Empire which John Cabot
Had found in 1497
And unto his barber so freely had given.
So then this poor barber of John Cabot
Back to his shaving went trit-ty-te-trot.
Both of his island and title bereft,
Lucky indeed that his razor was left.
But hickety, pickety, John Cabot
Really discovered a brand-new spot.

THE RACING YACHT OF TO-DAY.

BY L. A. TEREBEL.

When the *America's Cup* was first contested for, a good many years ago, the boats that competed for it were out-and-out yachts—pleasure craft that could be of service to their owners for other purposes besides cup-hunting and cup-defending. But the craft that we see taking part in the international races nowadays are nothing more nor less than racing-machines. These are built solely to take part in the struggle with the Britisher, just as the Britisher is built solely to sail against the fastest Yankee: and after the cup contests are over these \$250,000 beauties are of no further use, except, of course, to win other races. When I say that they are of no further use, I do not mean this statement to be taken as literally true, because the boats can be reconstructed and remodelled for cruising purposes, and sometimes are, but they cannot be used for anything but racing when in the condition they appear in at the starting-line. Many people not particularly interested in yachting cannot see why rich men should put a quarter of a million of dollars into a boat which, after it has sailed against an English yacht, will only bring about \$10,000 in open market. They argue that the end of sport would be just as well served by the racing of smaller boats, and Lord Dunraven himself has been reported as saying he thought it would be advisable to restrict the length of the racers to seventy-five feet. A few years ago there were no such restrictions, but when *Puritan* was built to meet *Genesta* it was mutually decided by the Englishmen and the Americans that the sloops should not exceed ninety feet on the water-line.

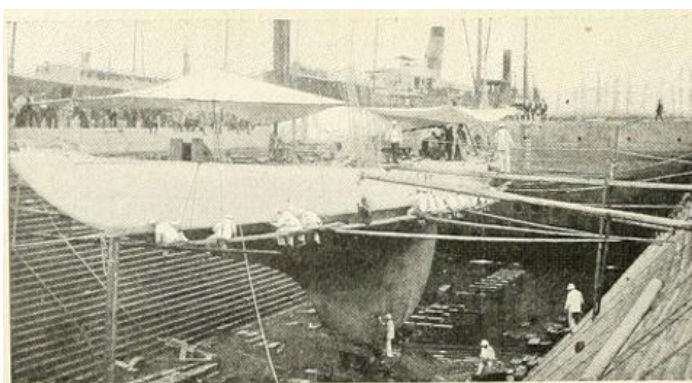
But the builders have to a certain extent neutralized this rule by giving their yachts such an overhang fore and aft that they can stand much more sail than other sloops of larger dimensions. We have probably reached the limit in expense of yacht-building this year, however, and I doubt if any cup defender will ever be built to cost more than the present one. A new class, called half-raters (restricted to 15 feet racing length), is coming into popularity, and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club is to hold international races of boats of that kind next month. This new class in international matches will doubtless claim some of the interest that has been given to the giant single-stickers, and in years to come the expense involved in the defense of the *America's Cup* ought not to be so excessive.

But to return to the yachts themselves, and to what I said about their uselessness as cruisers. The *Valkyrie* that sailed against *Defender* on September 7th was not the *Valkyrie* that crossed the ocean in August. The racer is an empty shell, with a towering mast and thousands of square feet of sail, whereas the travelling *Valkyrie* was the home of the forty or forty-five men who constituted her crew, and she was a two-masted craft—with stubby masts at that. As the one aim of both *Valkyrie* and *Defender* is to attain the highest possible speed, everything is done that experience and money can do to make the boats as light and as swift-sailing as possible. The one thought of the builders from the moment they got the orders to design the yachts was to make the shape of each boat the best to cut through the water, and the sails the most efficient to catch every breath of air stirring overhead.

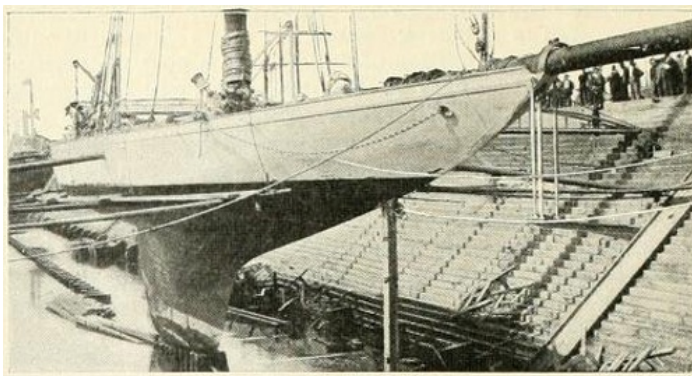
In order that his rival might not know what kind of a boat was going to be turned out, both the English and the American architects worked with the greatest secrecy, and even after the boats had been launched and seen by the public their true measurements were withheld. But enough is known about the construction of racing sloops in general, and sufficient has leaked out about the building of *Defender* in particular, for us to have a pretty good knowledge of the boat that was depended upon to keep the *America's Cup* on this side of the water.

About three months were required for the construction of *Defender*. She was built at Bristol, Rhode Island. The plans were first fully discussed by the owners and the architect and his assistants, and were then laid out on paper to a scale, probably one inch to the foot—although this would make a pretty large working plan. But still, the larger a plan is the better, and in an important matter of this kind no pains are spared to reach perfection. A model of a yacht under construction is unnecessary, and is seldom made, except for the pleasure or curiosity of the owner.

It was decided to give up the centreboard this year—much to the disappointment of a great many patriotic yachtsmen, for the centreboard is a purely American institution—and the plans were consequently designed for a keel boat. *Defender's* keel is of lead, and weighs 80 tons. It is 5 feet 6 inches high, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 35 feet long on top, and was cast in the shop where the yacht was built, for such a weight as that could not very well be moved from one end of a ship-yard to the other. A cross section of this lead keel would look very much like the cross section of a pear cut lengthwise, with the bulge at the bottom. Fore and aft it is shaped somewhat like a whale or a cat-fish—that is, it is largest forward and tapers toward the stern. This doubtless seems strange to a great many unobservant landsmen, who know that ships are usually made as pointed and sharp as possible at the bow. This is all very well for a body that is intended to cut through the water, but for anything meant to travel under the surface the fish shape is the proper thing. All fish are larger at the head than at the tail, and yet they seem to find no difficulty in getting through the water very rapidly. Following this natural phenomenon, the keel of *Defender* is bulging at the bow and tapering at the stern.

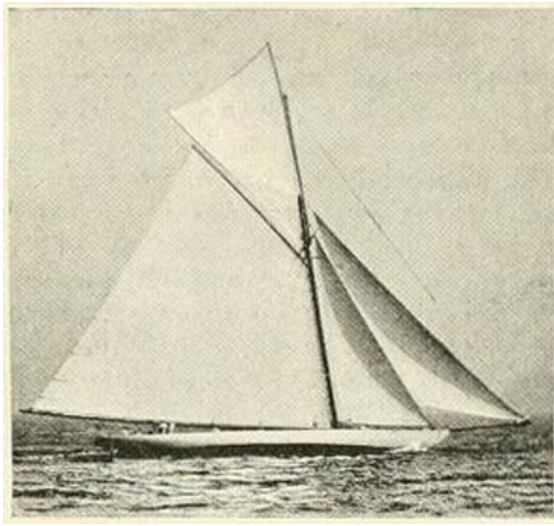


"DEFENDER."



"VALKYRIE."

**THE CHALLENGER AND DEFENDER OF THE
"AMERICA'S" CUP IN DRY DOCK.**



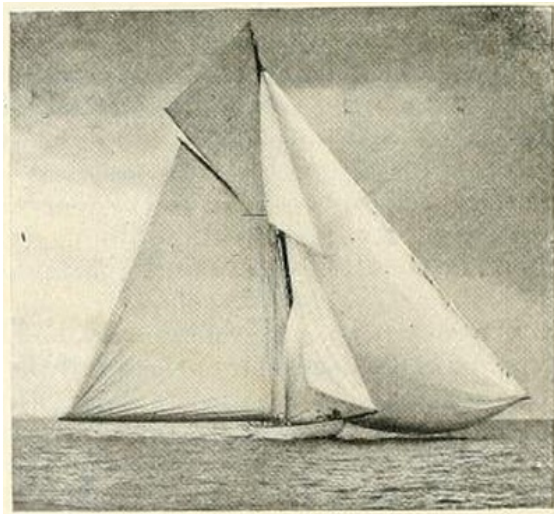
"DEFENDER"

Just, as the size and position of every stone in a large building are figured out before the work is begun, so was every part of *Defender* designed and laid out in the mould loft at Bristol long before the actual work of construction could commence. The mould loft is a very large room, with a spacious floor and plenty of light. On the floor every part of *Defender* was sketched out in chalk to the actual size required. Every beam and section was accurately laid down, and the workmen made wooden moulds or patterns from these sketches. To these wooden moulds the metal ribs and frames were afterwards bent. This work was done on the "bending table" by methods fully described in an article on ship-building published in No. 784 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. When the steel ribs were satisfactorily completed, and had been found to be exactly as designed in the mould loft, they were taken into the shed where the yacht was being constructed. This shed, by-the-way, was a harder place to get into than the palace of the Czar. The doors were kept locked all the time, and watchmen were on duty day and night to drive away intruders. Only the owners, the architects, and the workmen were

permitted to enter.

The keel, which is made of cast brass in three sections, was bolted to the lead with great screws from six to eight inches long, and the ribs were riveted to the keel and steadied across the top with wooden cross spalls until the deck beams were ready to be put on. The latter are of aluminium bronze. Everything in the make up of the yacht so far has been metal, and everything will be metal to the end. Even the stern and stem are brass castings, and there is no wood in the body of *Defender*, except the deck, which is of 24-inch light pine. The two or three partitions inside of her are made of canvas stretched on light pine frames, and the only other wood on board is in the mast. Even the boom is metal—that is, since *Valkyrie* came over with a steel boom.

To the ribs were riveted the plates, which are of manganese bronze, which is a kind of refined brass, only three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and the upper two streaks are of aluminium. This aluminium is said to be almost pure, and is the lightest metal known.



"VALKYRIE."

Valkyrie is not such a metallic boat as *Defender*. She is of the composite type. Her stem and stern are of wood, and she is planked on the outside with American elm below water and spruce on top. This elm is an excellent wood for yacht construction. It will not decay if kept under water, but spoils if allowed to be wet and dry by turns. It is used a great deal in England, and yet, strange as this may seem, it cannot be bought in the New York lumber market. It is scarcely known here. It comes from Canada, in the neighborhood of Quebec, and the whole supply is shipped to England. In Canada the elms are grown in plantations, and cultivated so that they are straighter and taller than those we have in the United States. Here elm is seldom used in the construction of ships except for knees. It is also a favorite wood for the hubs of wheels. But this elm is the common elm, not the American elm of the English market, which, as I have said, is hardly ever seen on this coast.

But although *Valkyrie's* hull and stern are of wood, her frames are of nickel steel strapped together with steel ribbons running at an angle. Thus, before her planking

was put on, she must have looked like a huge steel basket.

The masts of both yachts are of Oregon pine. And with regard to this Oregon pine another peculiar feature of the Atlantic coast lumber market becomes apparent. Ten years ago Oregon pine was not known here. Ship-builders did not use it. But the Britishers did, and all the Oregon pine that could be purchased used to be shipped to England in sailing-vessels that went around Cape Horn from Puget Sound. When our ship-builders finally discovered that this pine was about the best that could be had for masts and spars, they tried to buy some, but they found they had to go to English markets to get it. Within the past few years, however, more and more Oregon pine has been offered for sale on this coast, and it is probable that *Defender's* mast was not imported from England. The first boom of *Defender* was also of Oregon pine. This boom cost nearly \$2000, and was built like a barrel, or rather like two barrels—one on the outside of the other. This was to give additional strength. The inner boom was hooped together with steel bands, and then the outer layer of pine staves was fitted on and hooped with brass rings. But when *Valkyrie* appeared in dry dock here and began to put on her racing togs, the *Defender* syndicate saw the Britisher's steel boom, and forthwith set about to build one like it. *Valkyrie's* boom is the first of the kind ever seen in this country, and probably the first of the kind ever made. Some of the big sailing ships of commerce have had steel yards, and racing-boats abroad have sometimes been fitted with spars of drawn steel; but nothing like this boom of *Valkyrie* had ever before been attempted. It is hollow, of course, and although of steel, is about one ton lighter than the pine boom that *Defender* first carried. The American yacht's steel boom is now a counterpart of her rival's. It is made in sections that are riveted together through flanges that project on the outer side. It is built on the plan of an elevated railroad pillar, and looks very much like one, being of about the same thickness, only round instead of square, and about twice as long as the average elevated-road pillar is high.

The sails of the racers are probably the most wonderful part of their whole make up. *Defender*, when she

has her mainsail, her jib, her jib topsail, her staysail, and her working topsail up, carries 12,000 square feet of canvas. And when she substitutes for these working-sails her balloon jib, her club topsail, and puts out her spinnaker she almost doubles that area. These sails cost thousands of dollars, because there must be several of each in case of accident to one or another, and for use in the different kinds of wind that may prevail in a race. There is a heavy mainsail for strong winds, of sea-island cotton or Egyptian cotton or ramie cloth, while the jibs are made of lighter grades of the same material, until they come down to the constituency of a coarse pocket-handkerchief. One of *Defender's* spinnakers is of Scotch linen. In 1893 it was reported that one of *Valkyrie II's* big spinnakers was of silk, but it was not; it was of exceedingly fine Irish linen.

Taking all these matters into account, and considering that each boat must have from forty to fifty sailors to man her, it becomes evident that the building and maintaining of such a yacht is a matter of no small expense. Mr. George Gould spent no less than \$40,000 to put *Vigilant* in condition to race with *Defender* in the preliminary trials this year. The crew has to be engaged and trained for weeks before the racer is put into commission, and kept at work for a couple of months before the great contests for the Cup are held. These sailors, of course, cannot live on the yacht, since there is no room for bunks or lockers or a galley on the modern racing-machine. Therefore both *Defender* and *Valkyrie* have steam-tenders.

There is really something humorous about a crew of sailors leaving their hollow unbunked boat every evening to go to bed in a tender near by. At meal-time, too, the gallant tars have to seek their floating hotel. When *Defender* was with the New York Yacht Squadron on this summer's cruise she reached port one evening ahead of most of the fleet, and of her slow consort. She was too deep of draught to get far into the harbor, and being a "racer" she had nothing aboard but men and sails, a small anchor, and a small dinghy. Consequently the crew sat on the deck for several hours, with their legs hanging over the sides, waiting for the *Hattie Palmer* to come along and give them their supper.

A great number of Americans—and I am one of them—would have preferred to see *Defender* built on the American centreboard plan, all of American material, and without borrowing British ideas, especially as to the boom. They were sorry to hear that Mr. Gould last year wanted Mr. Ratsey, *Valkyrie's* sail-maker, to make *Vigilant's* sails, and they were very glad when the loyal and patriotic Ratsey (credit be to him for it!) refused to take the order. But, after all, this great number of Americans has nothing to say in the matter, and all they—and I—want is to see *Defender* win by fair means the matches she was built to race in, and the Cup she was built to defend.

[Pg 945]



The only school in this country that I know of where rowing takes the leading position in sports is St. Paul's of Concord. There is rowing done at other schools, of course, as at Cascadilla, near Ithaca, and at St. John's, Delafield, Wisconsin, but at none of these institutions has the art reached the stage of perfection which characterizes the work of the St. Paul's oarsmen. It is doubtless because rowing has been indulged in there for almost twenty-five years, whereas at the other schools I have mentioned boating is a comparative novelty. It is growing in popularity as a scholastic sport, however, and in a few years I have no doubt that every school situated close enough to a lake or a river will have a crew, just as almost every school nowadays has an eleven and a nine.

It was in 1871 that the two rowing clubs were formed at St. Paul's, and the scholars divided about evenly in the membership of each. Since then the interest and enthusiasm in the sport have grown so steadily, that the annual race in June between the Halcyon and Shattuck crews is looked upon as the principal athletic event of the school year. Each club puts three crews on the water—a first crew of eight men and a cockswain, using a regular racing-shell; a second crew of six men and a cockswain, using a gig; and a third crew of four men and a cockswain, also using a gig. Captains are elected for every crew, and the captains of the first crews are the captains of their clubs. The rowing is done on Lake Penacook, which affords a very good mile-and-a-half course, and is within easy distance of the school buildings.

The first race between the rival clubs was held in 1871, the year of their organization. The crews rowed in four-oared barges over a two-mile course. The best time made was 8 minutes and 53 seconds. In 1874 the course was changed to 1-3/4 miles, and each club organized a second crew, owing to the increasing number of candidates for a seat in the boat. These crews also rowed in four-oared barges, as did the thirds, which were organized a few years later. In 1883 the first crews rowed in six-oared barges for the first time. The course was made two miles. This gave a new interest to the sport, and many fine oarsmen began to develop. The best time for the two miles was made in 12 minutes 32 seconds, which is a very good showing for a crew made up of novices. In 1891 the first crews of both clubs began to row in eights, and the course was made a mile and one-half without a turn. The fastest eight rowed over the course in 8 minutes 25 seconds, and although the crew of '94 claim 8 minutes and 8 seconds, the former figure stands as the record at the present time.

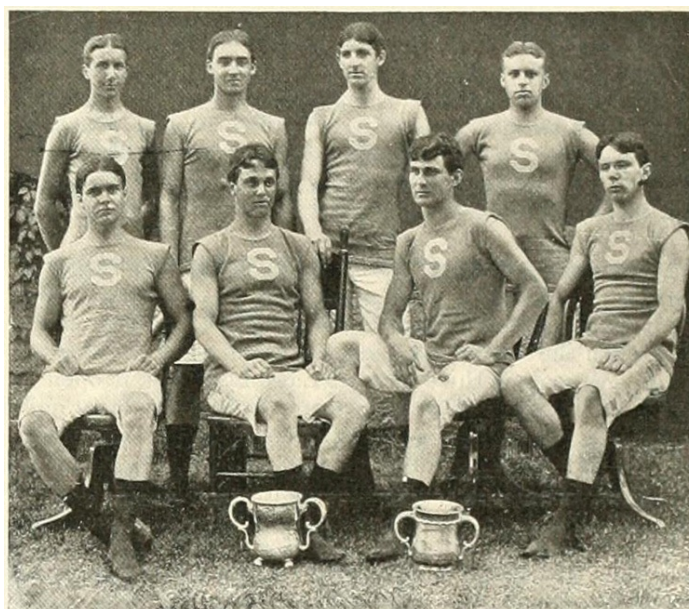
[Pg 946]

The routine of training is similar to that of the college crews. Soon after the Christmas recess all applicants are taken in charge by the trainer and the older men from former crews. The candidates are divided into squads and put to work at calisthenics, weight-pulling, and the first principles of rowing on the hydraulic rowing-machines. This goes on through the winter, and one by one the poorer material is dropped and the crews are chosen. As soon as the snow is off the ground the running begins; short distances at first, increasing to two or three miles. The gymnasium work meantime continues, and the mysteries of the stroke are gradually unfolded at the machines, and each member of the crew is coached, prodded, and scolded into proper form, until at Easter the men have learned the full stroke.

When the school reopens after the Easter recess the daily work continues, with practice in the water on a small pond by the gymnasium. A working boat of two or four oars, with the coach for a cockswain, is used for this purpose. As soon as the course at Lake Penacook is open the crews row there every afternoon,

except Sundays, going and coming in four-horse barges. Here the drudgery stops, and the interesting though hard work begins. The coach shouts and gesticulates from a pair oar, men are changed about in the boats, cockswains are taught to use the seemingly simple rudder, and the captains exhort their crews in language which strangers might consider superexpressive. When hands are surer and muscles harder the full course is attempted, and the time is taken. This is generally represented to the oarsmen as rather poor, and the necessity for doing better is constantly impressed upon them.

On account of the Vice-Rector's views as to how athletics should be conducted in his school, the date for the final race in June is never set or definitely announced much before the day of the event. This is done so that the good people of Concord shall not know when the races are to be, and may thus not avail themselves of the opportunity to see some good rowing. This spring, in order to carry this principle to an extreme, the races, as was told in this Department of July 2d, were rowed in the morning instead of in the afternoon, as has been usual, and only the members of the school knew of this in time to reach the shores of Penacook. There is always a great deal of excitement and enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of the contests, and at the close of the day the colors of the winning club are hoisted on the school flag-pole.



Cochran, 3. Whitbeck, 5. Glidden, 2. Sturges, stroke. Woodle, 7. Lockwood, bow. Small, 6 (Capt). Holly, 4.

THE SHATTUCK CREW.

The crews this year were made up as follows:

SHATTUCK BOAT CLUB.

FIRST CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Walter K. Sturges, stroke	5 7-1/2	159	18 9
Allan S. Woodle, No. 7	5 10-1/2	164	17 2
George Small, No. 6 and Captain	5 11	170	17 7
Brainerd H. Whitbeck, No. 5	5 11	164	17 10
James K. Holly, No. 4	6	165	18 10
William F. Cochran, No. 3	5 8-3/4	134	19 4
John M. Glidden, No. 2	6	160	18
Henry M. Lockwood, bow	5 11-1/2	160	18 2
	-----	-----	----
Averages	5 10-1/2	159-1/2	18 3

Cockswain, Parker Whitney, weight 90 lbs.

SECOND CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Howard L. O'Fallon, stroke and Captain	5 7-1/2	140	18 2
Albert L. Nickerson, No. 5	6 1	165	18
James D. Ireland, No. 4	5 11-3/4	143	16 8
Frederick H. Brooke, No. 3	6	150	18 7
Crispin Oglebay, No. 2	5 8-1/2	160	18
George C Beack, bow	5 9	140	17 5
	-----	-----	----
Averages	5 10-1/2	149-2/3	17 8

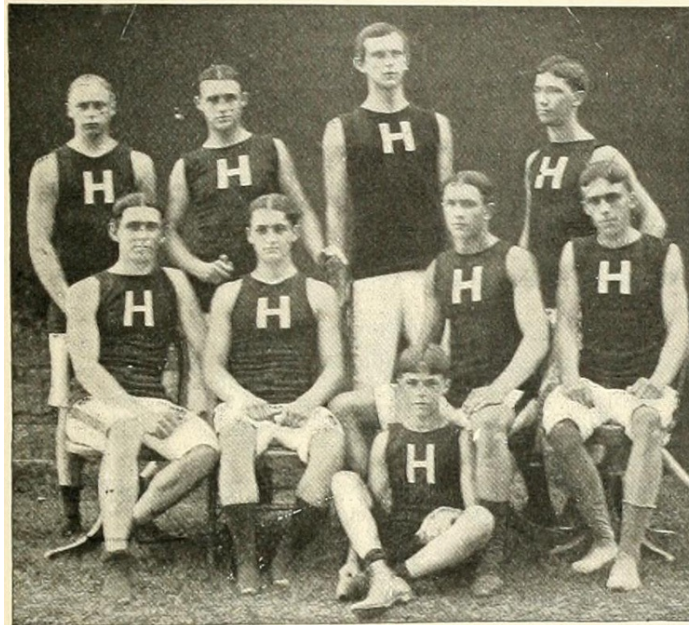
Cockswain, Harold C. Neal, weight 90 lbs.

THIRD CREW.

		Height.	Weight.	Age.
John J. Knox, stroke and Captain	5 7	125	18	10
Constant D. Huntington, No. 3	6	165	18	7
James G. Averell, No. 2	6 1	150	17	5
Douglas Halliday, bow	5 7	130	18	6

Averages	5 9-3/4	142-1/2	18	4

Cockswain, Sylvester Y. L'Hommedieu, weight 92 lbs.



Kerner, bow. Berger, 2. Whelen, 5. Wilcox, 3. Niedecken, 4. Stewart, stroke. Hart, cock'n. Wheeler, 6 (Capt). McDuffie, 7.

THE HALCYON CREW.

HALCYON BOAT CLUB.

FIRST CREW.

		Height.	Weight.	Age.
John T. Stewart, 2d, stroke	5 8	159	18	
Harry McDuffie, No. 7	6	165	18	
Herbert Wheeler, No. 6 and Captain	6	169	17	5
William B. Whelen, No. 5	6 3	167	17	10
James H. Niedecken, No. 4	6	174	17	4
Richard N. Wilcox, No. 3	5 11	153	18	
W. F. B. Berger, No. 2	5 11	159	18	
Howard S. Kerner, bow	5 9	145	18	5

Averages	5 11	161-3/8	17	10

Cockswain, Henry G. Hart, weight 100 lbs.

SECOND CREW.

		Height.	Weight.	Age.
Griswold Green, stroke and Captain	5 7	134	18	3
Livingston L. Biddle, No. 5	5 10	155	17	6
John Baird, No. 4	5 9	163	18	2
Nicholas Biddle, No. 3	6	156	16	2
Leonard M. Thomas, No. 2	5 8	146	17	2
Frederick C. Bingham, bow	5 6	135	18	

Averages	5 8-2/3	148-1/3	17	6-1/2

Cockswain, James C. Cooley, weight 105 lbs.

THIRD CREW.

		Height.	Weight.	Age.
Seaman D. Sinkler, stroke	5 7-1/2	143	16	8
Francis S. Goodwin, No. 3	5 10	150	16	5
Augustus B. Berger, No. 2	5 6	126	16	5

Joseph D. Forbes, bow	58-3/4	149	17	9
Averages	5	8-1/2	140	16 9-1/2

Cockswain, Ben-Ali H. Lounsbury, weight 75 lbs.



SHATTUCK. HALCYON.

THE ST. PAUL'S CREWS IN THE WATER.

It is apparent at once from these tables that both of the first crews were made up of exceptionally tall and heavy young men. Of the two eights, the Shattucks, however, proved themselves the better. Their time and blade-work were poor, but in spite of this they travelled through the water faster than their rivals. Holly and Whitbeck, Nos. 4 and 5, will certainly be heard from in college, as they are both good athletes and fine oars. The former goes to Yale and the latter to Harvard. The Halcyons excelled over the Shattucks in general form, but still their blade-work was hardly satisfactory. Of the Halcyons, Wheeler, who goes to Princeton, and Stewart, who goes to Yale, were the best oars. Both crews were made up of old men who had rowed before, and consequently a very close race was expected when they met on Lake Penacook. It was thought by the Halcyons that they would win on their even stroke and smooth finish. And the backers of the "Shads" maintained that the strength of their crew would pull them out ahead. The race was rowed on the morning of June 11th, the "Shads" winning by five lengths. They lost the second after a plucky race, and also the third. The Halcyons were rather out of it most of the time. They had not the lasting power to keep up their pace, and so while their form grew poorer, that of the Shattucks improved. The time, 9 minutes 30 seconds was very poor; but as the crews had never rowed in the morning before, this must be taken into account.

The great fault of the crews at St. Paul's is that they are very liable to lose their form in the excitement of a race, and each man gets to row his own stroke. This is not so noticeable in the first crews as in the seconds and thirds. Nevertheless the Concord School turns out the best oarsmen that go to the universities, some of the best known being Phil Allen, George Brewster, Stillman, Goetchius, Hickock, and Fenessy. But it is to be regretted that with such fine men, and such well-trained crews and football teams, and baseball nines, it should be the policy of the school to prohibit interscholastic contests. St. Paul's never meets any other school on field or water.

[Pg 947]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO INTERSCHOLASTIC LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

SINGLES.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.
	W. Beggs (C.M.).	}
	Anderson (P.Y.).	} Beggs, 6-1, 7-5.
H. H. Lay (M.P.A.).	}	
H. Poppen (H.P.H.).	} Lay, 6-3, 3-6, 6-0.	}
		} Lay, 6-1, 6-3.
P.D. McQuiston (C.A.).	} McQuiston, 2-6, 7-5, 6-1.	}
M. A. Warren (L.F.A.).	}	
W. C. Powell (L.V.H.).	}	
C. M. Raymond (H.S.).	} Powell, 6-4, 6-0.	}
		} Staley, 6-1, 6-3.
P. Staley (N.D.H.).	} Staley, 6-1, 6-1.	}
R White (E.H.).	}	
	A. Vernon (E.H.M.).	}
	A. Johnston (W.D.).	} A. Vernon, 6-1, 8-6.

Second Round.	Final Round.	Winner.
Beggs, 6-1, 7-5.	}	
Lay, 6-1, 6-3.	} Beggs, 6-1, 6-3.	}
		} Beggs, 2-6, 6-2, 6-2, 3-6, 6-2.

Staley, 6-1, 6-3. } Staley, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3. }
 A. Vernon, 6-1, 8-6. }

DOUBLES.

Preliminary Round.	First Round	Second Round.
	McQuiston Brothers (C.A.).	} McQuiston Brothers, 6-1, 6-2.
	Warren-Stearns (L.F.A).	}
Beggs-Goble (C.M.). }		
Gore-Garnett (H.P.H.). }	Beggs and Goble, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4. }	
		} Beggs and Goble, 6-2, 6-2.
Boyce-Puillson (H.S.). }	Boyce and Puillson, default. }	
Vernon-Clark (E.H.M.). }		
Staley-Keith (N.D.H.). }	Staley and Keith, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3. }	
Anderson-Halsey (P.Y.). }		} Staley and Keith, 6-1, 9-7.
	Powell and Fallon (L.V.H.). }	
	Drake and Blackwelder (M.P.A.). }	} Drake and Blackwelder, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3.
	Wallace and Johnston(W.D.H.). }	

Second Round.	Final Round.	Winners.
McQuiston Brothers, 6-1, 6-2. }	}	
Beggs and Goble, 6-2, 6-2. }	} Beggs and Goble, 6-2, 9-7. }	
		} Staley and Keith, 8-6, 6-2, 6-4.
Staley and Keith, 6-1, 9-7. }	} Staley and Keith, default }	
Drake and Blackwelder, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3. }		

C.M.—Chicago Manual Training School
 P.Y.—Princeton-Yale School.
 M.P.A.—Morgan Park Academy.
 H.P.H.—Hyde Park High-School.
 C.A.—Chicago Academy.
 L.F.A.—Lake Fort Academy.
 L.V.H.—Lake View High-School.
 H.S.—Harvard School.
 N.D.H.—North Division High-School.
 E.H.—Englewood High-School.
 E.H.M.—English High and Manual Training School.
 W.D.—West Division High-School.

The Interscholastic Tennis Tournament of the University of Chicago was held in that city last June, the results being shown in the accompanying table of scores. Points counted as follows: First in singles, 5; second in singles, 3; first in doubles, 7; second in doubles, 4. The North Division High-School took the championship by winning first place in the doubles, and second in the singles, earning thereby a total of 10 points. Second place went to the Chicago Manual Training School, whose representatives took first in the singles and second in the doubles, total, 9 points. The school winning the greatest number of points in three years will obtain permanent possession of the trophy. The tournament was a success, and the formation of the association is bound to stimulate the growth of the game in the schools in the neighborhood of Chicago. It is to be regretted that Beggs was not sent to Newport. The winner of next year's tournament should certainly come East.

THE GRADUATE.

TEACHER (*to class in philosophy*). "What are the properties of heat, Willie?"

WILLIE. "The properties of heat are to bake, cook, roast—"

TEACHER. "Stop—next. What are the properties of heat?"

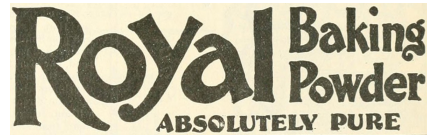
JOHNNY. "The properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

TEACHER. "Very good. Can you give me an example?"

JOHNNY. "Yes, sir. In summer, when it is very hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, it gets to be very short."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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



**Arnold
Constable & Co**

**Fall Importations of
BLACK AND COLORED
Dress Goods
Exclusive Novelties**

**Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.**

**Good Music
Franklin Square Song Collection.**

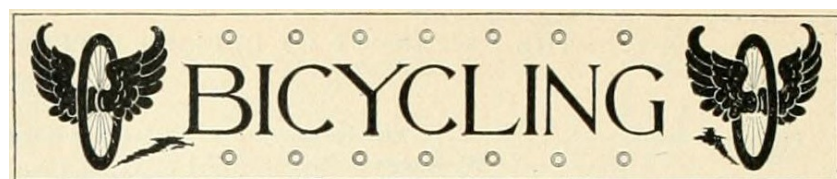
GOOD MUSIC arouses a spirit of good-will, creates a harmonious atmosphere, and where harmony and good-will prevail, the disobedient, turbulent unruly spirit finds no resting-place. Herbert Spencer puts his final test of any plan of culture in the form of a question, "Does it create a pleasurable excitement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

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

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



[Pg 948]



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.

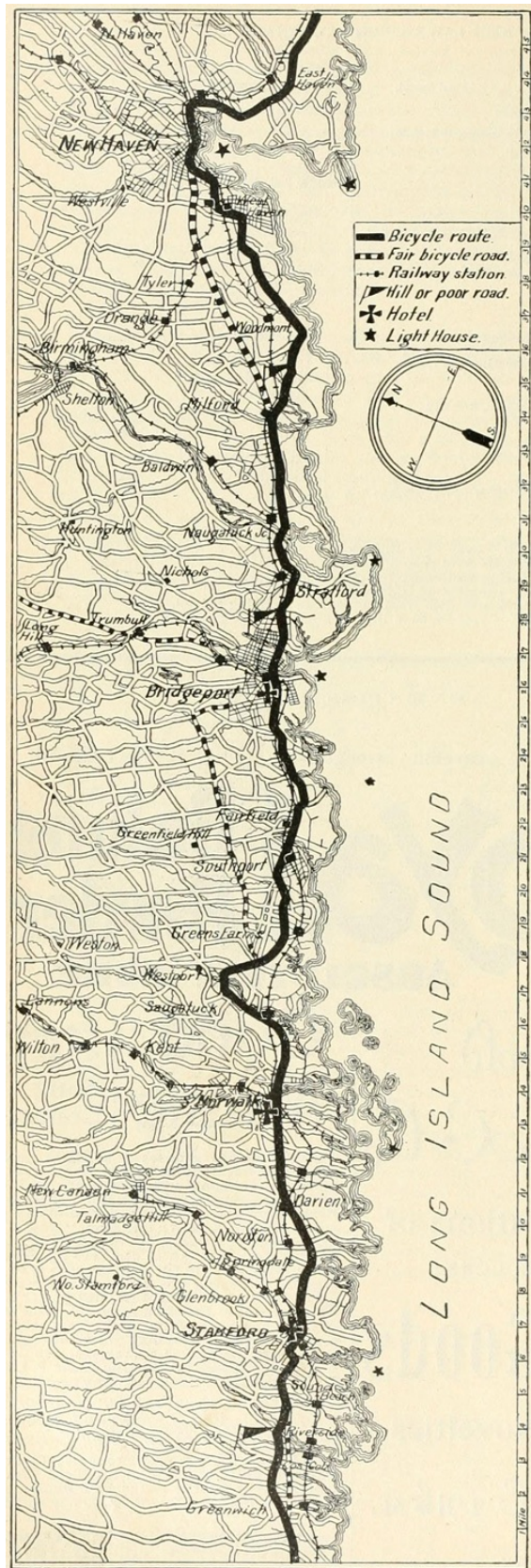
We have now finally to turn to the eastward of New York, and take up the route from New York to Boston. The trip from New York to Stamford (see map in No.

811) has already been given in the ROUND TABLE, and for an ordinary rider who is taking the trip easily this might serve as the first day's trip, being a distance of about twenty-eight miles. On leaving Stamford the next morning, proceed by the Post Road and turnpike direct to Darien. The road itself from Stamford to New Haven is along the shore, which, at the same time that it necessitates the crossing of several bridges during a day, also offers many beautiful views of the Sound, and, as a usual thing, is one of the coolest rides in summer. The road-bed, as a rule, is in reasonably good condition; but, where available between villages, the side path may be taken to advantage, except in one or two instances, which are especially mentioned. From Darien to South Norwalk, a distance of four miles, is one of these, where the rider should avoid side paths. Crossing the railroad at Darien, the road runs direct to South Norwalk. At South Norwalk again cross the railroad on the east of the station, and the road turning northward, to avoid an inlet, should be followed along the shore to Saugatuck Church, which is close by the railroad. Here the rider should take Riverside Avenue, and, following the horse-car tracks, proceed to Westport to the drawbridge, which he should cross, and thence, proceeding straight ahead, run into Southport, passing by Green's Farm, and always following the main road as laid down on the map.

By referring to this map, moreover, the rider will see that it is possible to turn to the left about one and a half miles out of Westport after crossing the drawbridge, and run up a more direct road to Southport. The road, however, is not as good, and the rider will do well to follow the bicycle route exactly as marked on the map. At Southport the railroad is again crossed at the station and the direct road for Fairfield taken, which continues without many turnings to Bridgeport. At Bridgeport more than half the journey to New Haven is done, a distance of twenty-two or twenty-three miles, and you can put up for dinner. After finishing dinner, cross the river at Bridgeport near the depot, and take the turnpike to Stratford, thence to Naugatuck to Milford, a distance of nine miles. Running out of Milford turn to the right and keep to the shore road always. About two and a half miles out of Woodmont you pass into the turnpike road direct to West Haven, and from here the run into New Haven is easily found and but a short distance, and here you may put up very comfortably at the New Haven House, and take the opportunity that afternoon, if you arrive in town early enough, or the next morning before you start on the next stage, to go over the grounds and through the buildings of Yale University.

This trip from New York to Boston is a capital one for any one to take during the fall, and we shall therefore follow it out by the following stages: 1. From New York to Stamford; 2. From Stamford to New Haven; 3. From New Haven to New London; 4. From New London to Shannuck; 5. From Shannuck to Providence; 6. From Providence to Boston.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827; Second Stage in No. 828.



Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.



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

I am going to have a little chat with you, girls, on the obligations of good breeding, and first I will begin by relating an incident.

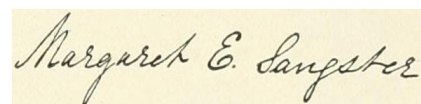
A friend of mine was in a Broadway cable-car the other day. You girls who live in New York know just how the big cable-cars swing along, how fast they go, and how many people they can accommodate. Most of you have taken rides in electric cars which to-day are to be found all over our country, scurrying along like mail in some of the rural places, where, once out of sight of the village, and on a level stretch of road, they fairly fly. I could tell you of one line where the cars rush along over a down grade at a furious rate of speed, while the smiling passengers cling to the seats or frantically hold on to their hats and parasols, and once safely out, everybody takes a long breath of relief. But this is diverging. I was going to tell you of my friend's adventure in the New York car, a sober-moving thing in comparison with its country cousin. And my tale has nothing in the world to do with the speed or slowness of the car, anyway.

My friend took his seat, and presently began to be very uncomfortable. For everybody seemed amused at him, glances were levelled in his direction, girls giggled, elderly ladies drew their faces into a pucker, and the atmosphere of the place was as electric as the fluid which sent the car through space. After a short interval the puzzled gentleman discovered that it was not he who was the object of mirth to his comrades on the road, but a poor, shy, blushing, tearful, trembling, frightened girl who was sitting by his side. She, poor child, was dressed in an outre fashion, which did not please the set of people in that conveyance, and, evidently, she had met with an accident, for her clothing was tumbled and torn, her face was bruised and cut, and one hand had been wrenched and seemed to be paining her very much. I can imagine nothing more brutally ill-bred and rudely ignorant and unfeeling than the behavior of those silly girls and boys, and still more silly grown-up people in that car. Can you? They were laughing at a child who had met with an accident on her wheel!

Now, for an opposite picture. One afternoon lately, at the terminus of a great railroad, in a crowded waiting-room, a foreign lady with her attendants attracted some observation, but was neither stared nor laughed at. Yet her costume was really extraordinary. Around her neck she wore a dozen chains of gold, linked together and sparkling with rare gems. The chains hung to her waist, and gleamed like a gorgeous breast-plate. Pendants of diamonds hung from her small brown ears. Her small dark hands were loaded with jewelled rings; her head was enveloped in many folds of white silken gauze. Open-worked silk stockings covered her little feet, and she wore high-heeled slippers with painted toes. Her travelling-gown was a rich shimmering brocade, ill fitting and with a long train. Her maids, one fair and white, the other black as ebony, were loaded with baskets and bundles, and her servitor held in leash two magnificent collies, while a green and yellow parrot chattered from his perch on the man's arm.

All this was a sight to arouse attention and excite curiosity, but *this* was a well-bred throng of people gathered in the waiting-room, and the lady, probably a princess from some tropic island, was annoyed by no looks, laughter, or remarks.

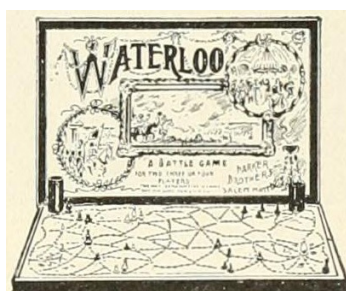
One of the first rules to be adopted by a thoroughly polite person is this: Never show surprise, except of the genuinely gracious kind, the kind that expresses cordial interest and pleasure. Never laugh at an awkward predicament, at, for example, a fall, or a mistake made by another. Be careful never to pain any one, friend or stranger, by ridicule, or by thoughtlessly plain speaking.



ILL-TEMPERED BABIES

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Oh, Boys and Girls,

AND ALL WHO ARE YOUNG AT HEART

IF NOT IN YEARS,

HERE IS FUN FOR YOU!

WATERLOO is novel and **exciting!** It costs \$1.25 (\$1.50, express prepaid from publishers). It is one of the famous

Parker Games

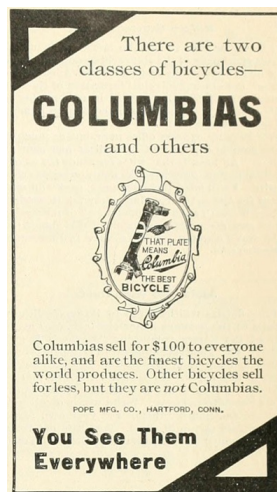
Our Illustrated Catalogue, including "**Innocents Abroad**," "**Chivalry**," "**Authors**," "**Napoleon**," "**Yankee Doodle**," and 100 others, for two-cent stamp. "**Brownies**" and "**Wonderland**," by mail, 35 cents each. Look for the imprint.

PARKER BROTHERS, Salem, Mass., U.S.A.

There are two classes of bicycles—

COLUMBIAS

and others



Columbias sell for \$100 to everyone alike, and are the finest bicycles the world produces. Other bicycles sell for less, but they are *not* Columbias.

POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

You See Them Everywhere

Oh, Boys!

The

"Rugby" Watches

have been designed especially for you. They have nickel, sterling-silver, or gold-filled cases, and cost from four to ten dollars.

The silver have etched designs, and the gold-filled are handsomely engraved.

Just Right Size for Your Pocket.

Perfect time-keepers, and warranted in every particular.

Send to us for the "Rugby" Catalogue, and ask any jeweler to show the watches.

The Waterbury Watch Co.,

Waterbury, Conn.

Postage Stamps, &c.

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



100 all dif. Venezuela, Bolivia, etc., only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Ag'ts w't'd at 50 per ct. com. List FREE! **C. A. Stegmann**, 5941 Cote Briliante, St. Louis, Mo.

500 Mixed Australian, etc., 10c.; **105 varieties**, and nice album, 10c.; 15 unused, 10c.; 10 Africa, 10c.; 15 Asia, 10c. F. P. Vincent, Chatham, N. Y.



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

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



[Pg 950]

A Very Generous Offer.

I would be glad to send to members about the Table specimens of the slate schists and gold-bearing quartz from this section of the Appalachian Range, the oldest geological formation of the continent. My father is engaged in gold-mining in this country, and I have collected a large number of beautiful specimens.

We have no express office near, but as much as four pounds can be sent by mail at one cent an ounce. All I ask is that whoever sends for quartz enclose postage-stamps for as many ounces as they desire. I will label the specimens, pack and mail them for the sake of giving to my fellow-readers of the ROUND TABLE an opportunity of possessing some rare geological specimens of this almost undiscovered country.

MARGARET L. JOHNSON.
MARGANNA, VA.

Junior \$50 Word Hunt.

Fifty dollars will be given by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE to the persons, under eighteen, who make out of the letters composing "Harper's Round Table" the greatest number of English words found in Webster or Worcester. Letters may be used in any order. No proper names or plurals allowed. \$25 to first, \$10 to second, \$5 to third, and \$1 each to next ten. Write words one below another, and number them. Put your own name and address at top of sheet. Post lists not later than November 25, 1895, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York.

Senior \$50 Word Hunt.

Fifty dollars will be given by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE to the persons (any age) who make out of the letters composing "Harper's New Monthly" the greatest number of English words found in Webster or Worcester. Letters may be used in any order. No proper names or plurals allowed. \$25 to first, \$10 to second, \$5 to third, and \$1 each to next ten. Write words one below another, and number them. Put your own name and address at top of sheet. Post lists not later than November 25, 1895, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York.

Lunar Attraction.

Jacques Ozanam, the famous French mathematician, invented this startling illusion, which I will describe for the benefit of the Round Table.

Make a box three feet square, or of any convenient size, and place a board of the same dimensions in the bottom, slightly inclined, with a serpentine groove in it, so that a ball of lead can roll in it freely. Extend a plain mirror from the elevated end of the board to the opposite upper corner, with the reflecting side down. Cut a small hole in the end of the box facing the mirror, and in such a position that the grooved board itself cannot be seen. If a ball of lead rolls along the groove, it will appear to ascend.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

For Lovers of Figures.

Here are two ingenious problems, of French origin, which mathematically inclined members will enjoy:

1. Fifteen Christians and fifteen Turks were at sea in the same vessel when a dreadful storm came on which obliged them to throw all their merchandise overboard. This, however, not being sufficient to lighten the ship, the captain informed them there was no possibility of its being saved unless half the passengers were thrown overboard also. He therefore arranged the thirty in a row, and by counting from nine to nine, and throwing every ninth person into the sea, beginning again at the first of the row when it had been counted to the end, it was found that after fifteen persons had been thrown overboard, the fifteen Christians remained. How did the captain arrange these thirty persons so as to save the Christians?

KEY.—The method may be deduced from this Latin sentence:

Populeam virgam mater regina ferebat. Or from this French couplet:

*Mort, tu ne failliras pas,
En me livrant le trepas.*

2. Three gentlemen and their valets desiring to cross a river find a boat without a boatman; the boat is so small that it can contain no more than two of them at once. None of the masters can endure the valets of the other two, and if any one of them were left with any of the other valets, he would infallibly cane them. How can these six persons cross the river, two and two, so that none of the valets shall be left in company with any of the masters except when his rightful master is present?

The answers to these problems will be given next week.

Amateur Journalism.

Many hundreds of young persons having literary taste write stories and verses for the amateur journals. A few hundred young persons more ambitious than the others publish these miniature newspapers. These publishers, editors, and contributors have long been organized into the National Amateur Press Association—the "N.A.P.A.," for short. Every year a national convention is held, at which a great deal of time is spent discussing methods and men, and a great deal of enthusiasm displayed in behalf of favorite candidates for president and other offices. Of course there is the social side, and scores of delightful acquaintances are formed that have been known to last a life-time.

The last national convention was held in Chicago, when Mr. Will Hancock, editor of the *Prairie Breezes*, which "blow monthly," was elected president. He lives at Fargo, N. D., and will send a copy of his paper to any member of our Order who asks him to do so. He wants to get acquainted with as many members as possible, in order to invite you to join the ranks of the N.A.P.A. The other officers are: First Vice-president, Arthur J. Robinson, *Bohemia*, Chicago, Ill.; Second Vice-president, Zelda R. Thurman, *Chicagoan*, Chicago, Ill.; Recording Secretary, Albert E. Barnard, *Writer*, Chicago, Ill.; Corresponding Secretary, Edward A. Hering, *Evergreen State*, Seattle, Wash.; Treasurer, George L. Colburn, *The Mirror*, Pekin, Ill.; Official Editor, Edith Missiter.

Judiciary Committee: Ex-president, John L. Tomlinson, editor *Commentator*, Spokane, Wash., Chairman: Miss Stella Truman, Opelousas, La., editor *The South*, ex-President Southern A.P.A., Secretary; and Charles R. Burger, Jersey City, N. J., editor *Progress*.

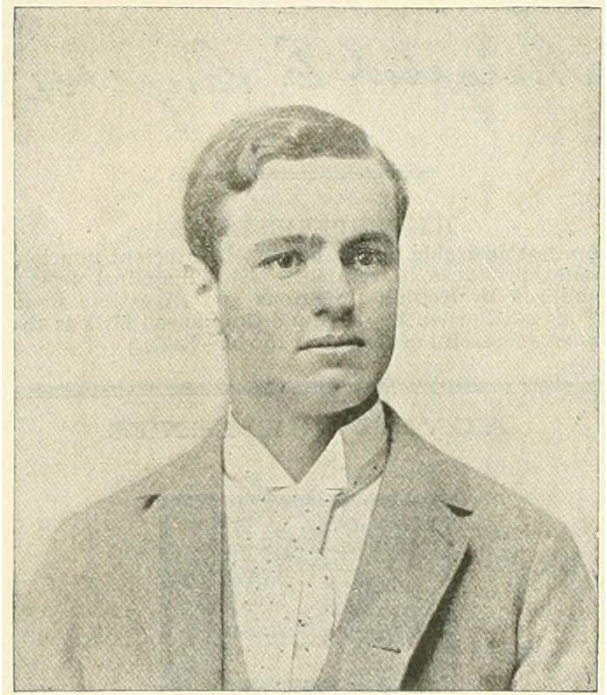
National Laureate Recorder, Mabel C. Lucas, editor *Searchlight*, Spokane, Wash.

Secretary of Credentials, Nathan Hill Ferguson, Level Plains, North Carolina, author.

Chairman Recruiting Committee, Harrie C. Morris, editor *Ocean Waves*, San Francisco, Cal.

Librarian, Ella Maud Frye, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The convention of 1896 is to meet in Washington, D. C. Dues in the N.A.P.A. are small. Address Recruiting Committee or Mr. Hancock. There is also a New England Press Association, of which Miss Susan D. Robbins, Abington, Mass., is president. She will give information concerning it to all who ask.



WILL HANCOCK, President N.A.P.A.

Celebrating the "Fourth" Abroad.

The other day we went in the cars to a little town on the Elbe's bank, and there took a steamboat and went up the river. The view was lovely, and looked like a mixture of the Rhine and the palisades on the Hudson, with high cliffs on each side—some green with trees, and others with the bare gray rocks worn by the wind and rain into a thousand queer shapes. In some places there were quarries for the soft buff sandstone of which these cliffs are composed, lending another color (yellow) to the cliffs of gray and green. You can well imagine how lovely it was.

As we neared the town the country changed, and now it resembled the Thames, with villas here and there among the trees. The King of Saxony has his summer palace here, with pleasure-boats moored to the wharf. We reached the brightly lighted city on our return just at twilight, wishing our journey was not over so soon.

We went to the Belvedere on the Fourth of July. It is a large garden by the river. It is crowded every night, a good half of the people being English and Americans. Of course the "Fourth" was a great American night, the programme being printed in English. The band played everything it knew of American music, with some of the English composers for the English part of the audience. You should have heard the clapping for "Hail Columbia." The musicians played the beautiful "Largo" too, and the hush that fell over every one was nice to see, even a lot of students who sat at the next table stopped talking and laughing.

Last of all came a great mixture of all the American tunes. Everybody, or at least a great number, sang; and you can well imagine the noise when "Yankee Doodle" came. "Marching through Georgia" was sung loudly, every one clapping in time. By everybody I mean the Americans. "Old Black Joe" was most highly appreciated, and when it came to "Way Down upon the Suwanee River," the voices, it seemed to me, beat any opera chorus in the world. A great many voices were "quavery" at "Home, Sweet Home," and my sister and I indulged in rather a "watery" smile.

I never knew the pathos of that song till I was in a German garden, with some of my countrymen around me, three thousand miles from "home." I could just hear the waves beating on the beach at dear old East Hampton, with the moonlight shining over all; the light in the dear little "chalet," and our footsteps sounding on the board walk, as we came in, in time for dinner, with the bright table and father just in from town. And I could see the funny old house with the willows in front, and the quiet old graveyard bright in the still white light. Across the way Daisy's house with the yellow lamplight shining through, and Daisy's black shadow passing across the light through the window. John Howard Payne must have seen the same "Home, Sweet Home" as I did that minute.

EDITH S. MILLS.
DRESDEN, GERMANY.

A South Carolina Plantation.

We live on a plantation. The clearing is about 400 acres in extent. On the east is a salt-water river, and on the north, south, and west is the forest. On the other side of the river is a marsh. On this marsh there grows a kind of grass. In the winter the marsh dries and breaks off, and in spring, when we have high tides, the grass floats upon the beach, and

people haul it away to put in the stables for the horses and cows. There are many large live-oaks scattered over the clearing, with lots of moss hanging from them. The moss is lovely. Along the river-shore on our side are palmettos, oak-trees, and bushes.

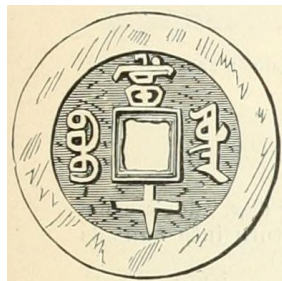
MILLIE MITTELL, R. T. L.
BLUFFTON, S. C.

[Pg 951]

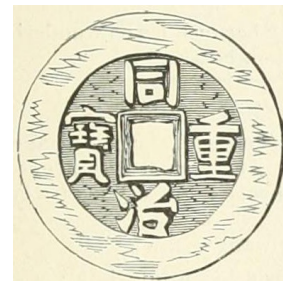


This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

Corean money is made of copper or brass, each piece about as large as our old copper cents, with a square hole in the centre. It takes six hundred of these coins to equal in value one of our silver dollars. Ten dollars would be a good load for a man to carry about, and fifty dollars would be a good load for a horse.



Where does the capitalist keep his money? We have to build immense vaults in Washington to store away our silver bullion and silver dollars that no one cares to carry about as we prefer good gold or paper money. There are no banks or safe-deposit companies with fire-proof vaults in Corea, so the Corean capitalist is forced to devise a method, and has hit upon a very novel one. He lends out the money early in the spring at 50 per cent. or 60 per cent. per year, all loans to be repaid in full with interest late in the autumn. The money, therefore, comes back about the beginning of winter. The Corean digs a big hole in his yard the first freezing night and spreads out a layer of cash on the



bottom. On top of this he throws some earth and wets it thoroughly. As soon as this is frozen hard, he spreads out another layer of cash and covers it with wet earth; this freezes in turn and another layer of cash is put away. When he gets through the whole is wet again and it naturally freezes solid. Thus each Corean capitalist has his own security vault, and the winter is such that there is no danger of any one trying to dig up the money until warm weather in the spring.

W. J. MCGARVEY.—Continental and Confederate bills have little value, owing to the enormous quantity still in existence. A collection of these would be of at least as much interest as a collection of stamps, and the expense would not be very great.

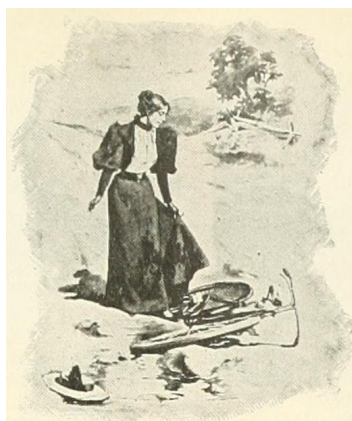
H. H. LUTHER.—The Columbian half-dollar is in regular circulation at face value. There is little prospect of its increasing in value.

F. S. B.—The dealers sell the 1830 half-dollar for 75c.

R. STARKE.—Ten-cent stamp albums are not recommended to even a beginner. A very good album can be bought for \$1.

S. A. DYAR.—The coin described is Spanish, and is worth about 12c., face value. Dealers quote one-dollar gold pieces at \$1.50, quarter eagles at \$3, 1828-32 half-cent 15c., 1858 copper cents 5c.

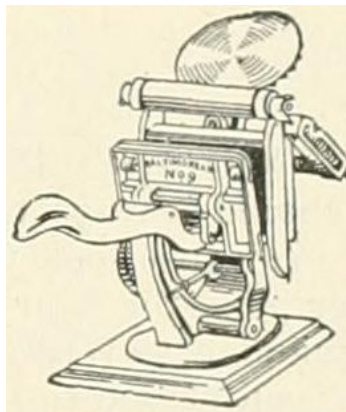
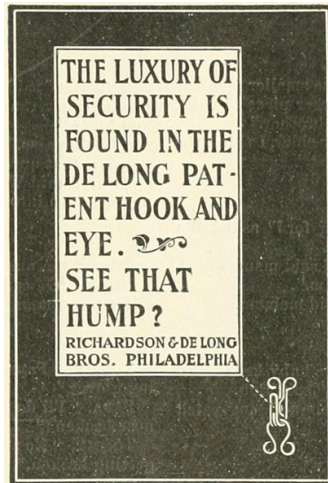
PHILATUS.



One can be genteel and neat, and still indulge a love of outdoor sports.

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

Copyright 1895, The Procter & Gamble Co.



THE BALTIMOREAN PRINTING-PRESS

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

THE J. F. W. DORMAN CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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

Harper's Catalogue,

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



SOME POPULAR BOOKS

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

By W. J. HENDERSON, Author of "Sea Yarns for Boys," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE LEVANT.

Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Greece, and Turkey, with Visits to the Islands of Rhodes and Cyprus, and the Site of Ancient Troy. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$3.00.

TWILIGHT LAND.

Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE, Author of "The Wonder Clock," "Pepper and Salt," "Men of Iron," etc. 8vo, Half Leather, Ornamental, \$2.50.

THE STORY OF BABETTE.

A Little Creole Girl. By RUTH McENERY STUART, Author of "Carlotta's Intended," "A Golden Wedding," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH.

A Story of Alaskan Adventure. By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

[Pg 952]

"A SEEMINGLY EXTINCT VOLCANO."



View of a seemingly extinct volcano.



Startling changes in same caused by a sudden eruption.

TOMMY'S SUGGESTION.

MAMMA. "You should always take the smaller piece of anything offered. You just took the larger piece of

cake, and left the smaller piece for your elder brother."

TOMMY. "But, mamma, as Willie is my elder, I think the plate should have been passed to him first."

HARD TO TELL.

"What on earth is that baby crying for?" asked the baby's father.

"He says he wants a wolly-bully-um," said mamma.

"Well, for goodness' sake give it to him."

"I will, if you'll tell me what it is," said mamma.

VERY LIKELY.

"I can't understand why it is that the baby keeps putting his hands in his mouth all the time," said Bob.

"I guess he's trying to hold his tongue," suggested Mabel.

A SPAT AT THE MUSEUM.

"You are a fraud," cried the Fat Man to the Living Skeleton. "I can see through you."

"Of course you can," retorted the Living Skeleton. "That merely proves what a living skeleton I am."

HE WAS WONDERING.

"Mamma," said little Willie the other day, "don't some people think that when folks die they turn into animals and birds?"

"I believe so, Willie," replied his mother; "but why do you ask that question?"

"Only," said Willie, "because I was wondering if all the negroes turn into chicken-hawks."

CHOP LOGIC.

TILLIE. "A man who keeps a bakery is a baker, isn't he?"

BILLY. "Of course. And a man who keeps cellery is a seller, but a man who keeps a buttery isn't a *butter*, is he?"

TOMMY'S NOSE.

TOMMY. "Papa, I wish you would buy me a set of boxing-gloves."

PAPA. "I'll do no such thing. Do you want to get your nose broken?"

TOMMY. "No; I only want to learn how to keep it from getting broken."

DREAMS.

MABEL. "Don't dreams always go by contraries?"

MAMMA. "I have heard so."

MABEL. "Well, last night I dreamed that I asked you for a piece of cake, and you wouldn't give it to me."

THE VENDER'S HORSE.

When little Rupert saw a vender's horse whose ribs were plainly visible the other day, he said to his nurse:

"Oh, Ellen, just look at the horse with corduroy skin!"

HIS OBJECTION.

"I simply wish we'd never had any American Revolution," sighed Tommy, after school the other day. "It's made my life miserable."

"How so?" asked his uncle.

"So many more history dates to remember," said Tom.

LIKE THE REST.

"Ah, Jack, I hear you go to kindergarten."

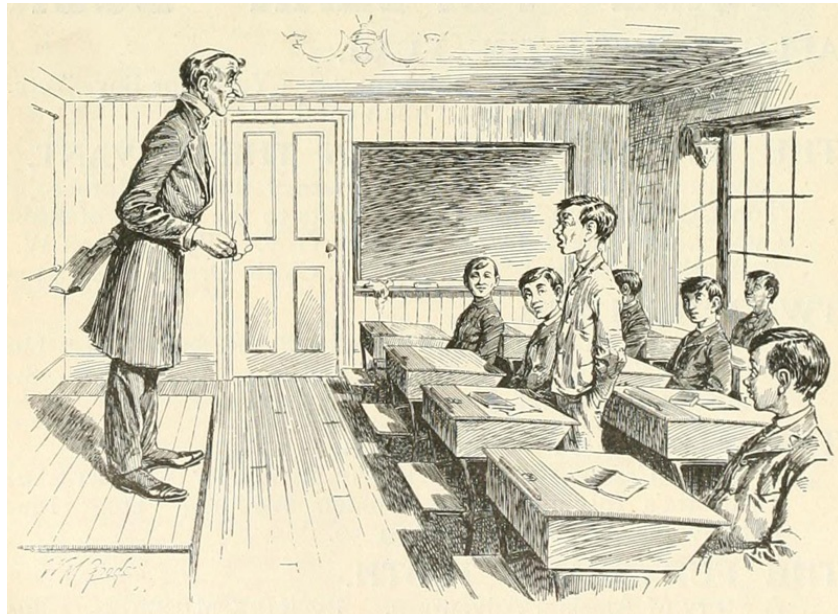
"Yes."

"What do you do there?"

"Oh—we make things."

"Indeed? And what do you make chiefly?"

"Noise," said Jack.



HE KNEW.

TEACHER. "NOW WHICH OF YOU BOYS CAN TELL ME WHAT SEA WATER CONTAINS BESIDES THE SODIUM CHLORIDE JUST MENTIONED?"

TOMMY TATTERS. "McGINTY!"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1895 ***

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

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

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

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

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn

more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

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

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

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

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