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**Title:** Harper's Round Table, September 24, 1895

**Author:** Various

**Release Date:** July 12, 2010 [EBook #33140]

**Language:** English

**Credits:** Produced by Annie McGuire

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[AN OWN RELATION.](#)  
[FOUR YOUNG RUSSIAN HEROES.](#)  
[GREAT MEN'S SONS.](#)  
[ITS MEANING.](#)  
[THE WATERMELON TIDE.](#)  
[OAKLEIGH.](#)  
[MR. & MRS. TUMBLE-BUG.](#)  
[THE CAMERA CLUB](#)  
[THE BELLS OF NINE O'CLOCK.](#)  
[THE PUDDING STICK](#)  
[ON BOARD THE ARK.](#)  
[INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT](#)  
[BICYCLING](#)  
[STAMPS](#)



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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
VOL. XVI.—NO. 830.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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## AN OWN RELATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

The country-week girl came up the lane with her head in the air, so Gideon, who was watching her from the crotch in the old sweet-apple tree, afterwards remarked to little Adoniram.

After some hesitation Gideon dropped down at her feet. Aunt Esther had especially enjoined it upon him to be kind to the country-week girl. Aunt Esther *would* remember that he used to get under the bed when a girl came to see Phemie; but that was when he was small.

"Is this Sweet Apple Hill? Be you Trueworthy?" demanded the girl, looking critically at Gideon.

"Yes, 'm," said Gideon, and then reddened and scorned himself because he had been overpolite. But the girl was tall for fourteen—"Grazella Hickins, aged fourteen," the letter from the Country-week Committee had read—and she wore a wide sash and a scarlet feather in her hat and carried a pink parasol.

Phemie, who came around the corner of the house just then, saw at a glance that the finery was shabby, but Gideon thought that Grazella Hickins was very stylish.

Grazella dropped her bundle upon the grass opposite the front gate and seated herself upon it, meditatively. She did not arise from it as Phemie opened the gate, but she surveyed her with an air of friendly criticism; Phemie was fourteen too.

"I like your looks real well," she remarked at length, with a trifle of condescension. Her glance sought Gideon and little Adoniram, who peeped from behind the friendly shelter of the big black-currant bush. "I think boys are kind of—middling," she added. It was evident that a more severe adjective than this had been withheld only from motives of politeness. "I've got an own relation, though, that's an awful nice boy—awful smart too; you never know what he's going to do next."

Little Adoniram pricked up his ears; Aunt Esther had been known to say that of him without meaning to be complimentary. City standards of behavior seemed to be cheerfully different from those of Bayberry Corner.

"I wouldn't have said a word if Jicksy could have come too," continued Grazella, and her snapping black eyes slowly filled with tears. "A cousin is a real comfort."

"Do you mean that you didn't want to come?" asked Phemie, in a disappointed tone.

"I'm in the newspaper business; 'twas kind of risky to leave it; there's so many pushin' in. But they don't want me to home; mother she's married again, and *he* don't like me. Jicksy is all I've got that's really my own. If he could have come too—"

[Pg 954]

She swallowed a lump in her throat with determination, and raised her eyes to the old sweet apple-tree whose fruit was yellowing in the August sunshine.

"Are them apples?" she asked. "They ain't near so shiny and handsome as Judy Magrath keeps on her stand; Judy shines 'em with her apron. I never was in the country before, and I don't know as I'm going to like it. But I'm run down, they say, and I've got a holler cough, so I had to come."

Phemie had almost begun to wish that they had not taken a country-week girl; but now she noticed, suddenly, the meagreness of the tall form, and the deep hollows under the snapping black eyes, and repented. It was proverbial that people grew plump and strong on Sweet Apple Hill.

Aunt Esther came out, and the girl's manner softened under the influence of her tactful kindness. She seemed to like Grandpa Trueworthy too; she said she had a grandpa once, and 'twas the most she ever did have that was like other folks.

But, after all, it was she and Gideon who seemed most congenial. Gideon explained, with a gravely approving wag of the head, that she was "business." Gideon flattered himself that he had abilities in that line, and he was cultivating them diligently. He had not expected to get any hints from a girl; but the country-week girl was assistant at a newspaper stand, and she also "tended" for Judy Magrath when Judy, as she explained with sad and severe head-shakings, was obliged to go to a funeral; but it was Judy's only

infirmity, she added, very charitably.

Of course girls did not generally have such business opportunities as these, and it was Gideon's opinion that she was "considerable of a girl, anyhow." It must be confessed that Aunt Esther was a little anxious, and the minister expressed a doubtful hope that she would not prove "a corrupting influence." Gideon told Grazella all his business plans, which Phemie never cared to listen to. It was after tea one evening, and he and Grazella were sitting on the orchard wall, while Phemie and little Adoniram shook the old damson-plum-tree. He told her of the contract he had made with the owners of the canning factory at Bayberry Port, to supply them with berries for the whole season, and, what he wouldn't tell any fellow, of the great find he had made—a blackberry thicket over on the other side of Doughnut Hill, almost an acre, and the berries just beginning to ripen! He was going to sell the plums off his trees, too, and, later on, his crab-apples, he'd got a business opening, she'd better believe.

Grazella's eyes snapped, and her thin, sallow cheeks reddened suddenly. "You'd ought to have a partner!" she cried.

Gideon shook his head doubtfully. "It's awful risky takin' partners," he said. "If they ain't smart, you have to do all the work; if they are, they are apt to cheat you."

"Jicksy!" suggested Grazella, wistfully, breathlessly. "I—I've got a job for him up here—a little one; I didn't tell, because I was afraid your aunt wouldn't ask me to stay another week if she knew; she's scairt of me, and I expect she'd be scairter of Jicksy." (The country-week girl's eyes were sharp.) "Mr. Snell, across the field, said he'd give him his board to help him take care of his cattle, and I heard they were wanting a boy to blow the organ in church. It wouldn't suit Jicksy to throw away his talents workin' for his board; but he's crazy for the country, and the doctor said 'twould be the makin' of him, account of his heart beatin' too fast, and whatever he has to eat he always thinks it enough to go 'round amongst a dozen that's poorer than him. He could blow the organ, for when he belonged to the show he blew up the fat man—all the ingy-rubber fixin's that made him fat, you know, every day: and once he worked for a balloon-man. But if you'd take him for a partner in your business—"

Grazella's eyes were so anxious that Gideon found it hard to shake his head with the proper decision, although he felt strongly doubtful whether Jicksy were "the man for his money."

"He's coming up to Mr. Snell's, anyway," said Grazella, made hopeful by Gideon's evident weakness. "And when you see how smart he is, you'll say you wouldn't have nobody else for a partner! He ain't jest common folks, like you and me, anyhow, Jicksy ain't; his adopted father was a lion-tamer in a circus, awful famous and talented, and Jicksy himself has rode elephants and camels, and travelled 'round in the boa-structor's cage, and his own uncle is the wild man of the South Seas!"

Gideon's prudent mind still hesitated; he doubted whether these wonderful opportunities especially fitted a boy for the berry business.

Nevertheless, when Jicksy arrived, he succeeded in convincing Gideon of his desirability as a partner, and this in spite of the fact that his appearance was not pleasing. His face was so thin and wizened that it made him look like a little old man, and his black hair standing upright above the snapping black eyes, that were remarkably like Grazella's, gave him a fierce and combative aspect. Farmer Snell possessed himself satisfied; he said he was up an' comin' if he wa'n't very likely-lookin'. And he secured the position of organ-blower at the village church, an easy matter, because it was not coveted by the Bayberry boys, owing to the fact that the wind in the ancient instrument would occasionally give out with an appalling screech, and the luckless and innocent blower was always soundly cuffed therefor by the sexton, who held that this summary measure was necessary to preserve the public respect for the organ—which the parish hoped to sell to a struggling young church at the Port as soon as it could afford a new one.

And Aunt Esther did invite Grazella to stay another week. The neighbors thought the reason that she gave a very queer one—because she was kept awake nights by the hard little cough in the room next hers.

Gideon had been influenced by Jicksy's ready tongue. He confided to Phemie that there ought to be one good talker in a business firm, and also by the fact that he didn't expect an equal share of the profits, but realized the value of Gideon's capital and experience. (Gideon had seven dollars and fifty-nine cents, which he kept tucked away under the ticking of his bed and counted over every night.)

Jicksy wasn't extravagant either, as Gideon had feared that he would be. He discovered at once that they were paying Steve Pennyphair, the stage-driver, too much for carrying the berries to the Port. Freedom Towle, the milkman, would carry them among his cans for half as much. Gideon had thought of asking Towle, but the fact was Bobby Towle often went on the route instead of his father, and Bobby was known to be greedy. Jicksy managed that difficulty by fastening some canvas (old hay-caps) securely over the tops of the baskets. Gideon had thought of the plan; he had lain awake half of two nights reckoning how large a hole the price of canvas enough would make in that seven dollars and fifty-nine cents; he hadn't thought of these old hay-caps that Jicksy had found in the barn chamber.

Jicksy was truly honest, and before the end of the second week of the partnership he began to wonder whether an ability to think of things ought not to offset experience; and he had brought home from the Port library a very large book on the relations of capital and labor. But before he had settled these knotty problems of the partnership in his mind something happened that caused a great excitement at Bayberry Corner, and made many people say they were glad they had known better than to take country-week children, for if the girl had not been sent to Sweet Apple Hill the boy would not have come. Jicksy had gone to the canning factory at the Port to collect a bill, and he had not returned. The amount of the bill was twenty-four dollars and sixty-four cents; Gideon had "done" the addition seven times over, and then had Phemie do it; strangely enough, thought Gideon, Phemie had "a head for figures." He had run a pitchfork into his foot, so he could not go and collect the money himself, and although he had a prudent mind, he had not thought of distrusting his partner. But he had heard from the factory that Jicksy had collected the money—and he had disappeared.

As soon as the fact became known there was another development; the minister's watch was also missing. Jicksy had blown the organ for three services with fidelity and success; only once had that fatal scream interrupted the devotions of the congregation, and then it was in a mild and mitigated form. But after the evening service the minister had thrust his watch, which he kept on the desk while he preached, into the

absurd little pocket with a tight little elastic and a blue ribbon bow which his wife had made in the embroidered cover of his sermon-case. He explained that he put it there because he knew that his wife liked to have him (he was young and newly married), and therefore he was sure that his memory was not at fault. He had carelessly left the sermon-case on the desk, where the sexton had found it—without the watch. The boy who blew the organ was the only one who had an opportunity to take it. It was the day after this loss that Jicksy took "French leave"; he had "killed two birds with one stone," Bayberry people said.

Grazella's eyes snapped continually; grandpa said she was as hoppin' as a parched pea. She said folks had ought to be ashamed of themselves that could b'lieve such things of Jicksy. The probabilities of the case made no impression whatever on Grazella's mind.

The minister's wife, who had taken a fancy to the girl, offered her consolation at the sewing circle, which met at the Truworthys' two days after Jicksy's departure.

"You mustn't think we hold you responsible for what he has done," she said, gently. "He is only your cousin."

Grazella stood up, her little bony cheeks aflame. "He ain't neither only my cousin. I just let on, because he'd got up in the world, and I didn't want folks heavin' it at him that he had a sister that tended for Judy Magrath. He's my own brother as ever was in the world, and when folks are thinkin' he's a *thief*, I just want 'em to know that he's my brother. Jicksy is smarter'n other folks, and you never know what he'll do next; but I told Gideon that he'd find him an awful square partner, and I stick to it—now."

There were melancholy head-shakings in the sewing circle; in fact, the whole circle shook its head as one woman; but it was whispered that the girl was probably honest; that the little scamp had deceived her, as he deceived others.

But at that very time an exciting rumor was circulating about Bayberry Corner. Iky Snell shouted it at the open window of the room where the sewing circle sat at supper.

A boy had been seen on the turnpike-road coming towards Sweet Apple Hill, leading a giraffe.

"Looks as if he had a circus procession all to himself," declared Iky, enviously; and if several persons who had seen him were not very greatly mistaken, the boy was Jicksy.

"If some boys should come home leadin' a giraffe, why, I might be kind of surprised," remarked grandpa; "but it does seem jest like Jicksy."

Grazella, who had been trying to swallow blackberry tart mingled with tears, tried very hard to be calm, though her thin little face paled and flushed. "You never know what Jicksy will do next," she said, proudly.

Sweet Apple Hill turned out; so did half Bayberry Corner; every one ran towards the turnpike-road; even the sewing-circle supper-table was deserted in undignified haste.

It was Jicksy, footsore and begrimed, and accommodating his gait to the tread of a creature whose body seemed to be set upon stilts, and whose neck might, as Phemie declared, be tied into a double bow-knot. The animal was lame, and its head wagged in a curious fashion.

Gideon, seeing his partner afar off, felt a thrill of delight in his honesty, which seemed probable since he was returning, but it was followed by a painful doubt concerning his "business bump." Jicksy had wished to buy Aaron Green's old horse, which Aaron would sell for twenty dollars. It was a good horse for the money, and it could easily be kept on their little farm; and the old blue cart in the barn could be repaired at very small expense, and perhaps what Jicksy said was true—that you had to have some style to a business to advertise it. Nevertheless, Gideon had not consented to buy Aaron Green's horse; he had felt that the twenty-four dollars and sixty-four cents must go under his bed-ticking with the seven dollars and fifty-nine cents, where he could count it every night. He felt a wild fear that Jicksy had bought the giraffe to draw the blue cart, following his theory that there was nothing like attracting attention to your business.

"I didn't run away!" Jicksy was saying angrily, as Gideon pressed through the crowd. "Gid understood that it was business that kept me, didn't you Gid?" But Gideon looked away; he couldn't say that he had understood, and he was certain that he didn't understand now about that giraffe.

"I heard that McColloh's show was stranded down to Westport; that's the show I b'longed to once; couldn't pay their bills, and the sheriff was after 'em; I thought maybe I could get a horse, cheap." There was silence as the crowd listened to Jicksy's explanation; only now and then a shrill question interrupted him. "Foot it? Of course I did." (It was twenty miles to Westport.) "I wasn't goin' to fool away the firm's money. Comin' back I had the giraffe; they're slow travellers, and Squashy is lame. There wasn't any horse that I could buy—trained horses and Shetland-ponies, and they were selling high. Squashy is lame and old, and sometimes he gets ugly." (The crowd withdrew from Squashy's vicinity.) "Me and Nick Pridgett could always manage him. Nick is partner in a show now, and it's down to Hebron. I saw that in the paper. When Jim McColloh says to me, 'There's old Squashy; gets on to his tears worse than ever; you can have him for twenty dollars if you want him.' A giraffe for twenty dollars! If you knew the show business as well as I do you'd know that was a big bargain." Jicksy addressed this remark to Gideon, but his partner was unresponsive; he saw, in fancy, the giraffe harnessed to the old blue cart, the equipage was attended by crowds; but the berry business was not a circus. "Quicker 'n scat I give him the money," pursued Jicksy, and Gideon groaned. "Then I telegraphed to Nick Pridgett, 'Will you pay fifty dollars for Squashy?' 'Bring him along and the money is yours,' telegraphs Nick. So I'm bringin' him along." The crowd cheered; Gideon's face brightened; this was business. "And I've got to bring him along pretty lively," continued Jicksy, "for there isn't a building in town big enough to hold him, unless it's the church."

That made every one think of the watch; but, queerly enough, just at that moment the minister was seen running in a very undignified manner up the lane. In dressing to officiate at a wedding at the Port he had discovered his watch, chain, and all, in one of his coat-tail pockets. He said that, knowing it was his duty to put it in some unusual place, and being absent-minded, he had stowed it away there.

Grazella hushed every one's exclamations before they reached Jicksy's ears. She said her cousin was proud, and she didn't want him to know that he had been suspected of stealing. Her cousin! The sewing-circle ladies looked at each other; but she held her head in the air, and looked so stern that no one dared, or had the heart to contradict her. Jicksy was up in the world again, and she was not going to have him dragged

down by a sister who had tended for Judy Magrath! When Jicksy returned from Westport, bringing a dollar's worth of blue paint to paint the old cart, the partnership was settled upon a firm basis. Jicksy said Bayberry Corner was a place that suited him "down to the ground," and the minister's wife had taken Grazella to live with her. That made him want to stay; they hadn't any real own folks, but just each other. Gideon said that seeing Jicksy had put some capital into the business, as you might say, henceforth they would share and share alike.

## FOUR YOUNG RUSSIAN HEROES.

BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



he death last spring, at Astrakhan, in southeastern Russia, of Captain Nicholas Novikoff, a retired naval officer, recalls some of the principal events of the Crimean war. Novikoff was the last survivor of a famous quartet of heroes. They were cabin-boys on board ships of the Russian Black Sea fleet at the outbreak of the war against Turkey, in 1853, and their ages ranged at the time from twelve to fourteen years. The other three were Vasili Rinitzik, Ivan Robert, and Sergius Farasiouk.

The day after the Russian defeat at the Alma, on September 20, 1854, Menschikoff, Commander-in-chief, sent peremptory orders to Admiral Korniloff in Sebastopol, the great Crimean port of war, to sink in the passage, at the entry of the "Roads," his five oldest line-of-battle ships and two frigates, in order to prevent the Anglo-French fleet from forcing an entrance. These orders were carried out on the night of September 22d. The doomed vessels, pierced with holes, sank in the roadstead in the presence of their crews, drawn up in parade formation alongshore. Scarcely a dry eye watched the mournful event. The sailors and marines who had humbled the Turk but a few months before in the harbor of Sinope now bent their energies to the defense of Russia's great stronghold. The men who had navigated and fought the Czar's proudest men-of-war were assigned to the duty of throwing up intrenchments, constructing subterranean mines, handling heavy siege ordnance, and of performing numerous other tasks incident to warfare ashore.

Among those brave defenders of the great fortress, our four young heroes soon distinguished themselves by their splendid courage and devotion. Their share in the defense of Sebastopol was a modest one, but it consisted, nevertheless, of eleven months' arduous service in the casemates of the Malakhoff and the Redan, during which time two of their number were seriously disabled. Novikoff made the finest record of all by creeping, unperceived during a fog, close to the advance ranks of the British, opposite the Redan fort, late in June of 1855, and discovering the pickets asleep. He promptly returned with the information, and this enabled the besieged to make a successful sally, resulting in the capture of forty Englishmen.

Farasiouk and Rinitzik were engaged in the Malakhoff fort in the transport of munitions, but during the great bombardment in June 18th they were suddenly called to help man a fifty-pound gun, and performed this duty with such pluck and fortitude that Admiral Nakhimoff personally complimented them, and promised them the Cross of Merit. The final assault on the fortress, which culminated in its capture, saw the boys on the ramparts one night, almost in the front ranks of the defenders. Two of them, Robert and Farasiouk, had just recovered from wounds received three weeks earlier. They had been sent to the Redan fort to aid in the establishment of a lazeretto, and, when the English rather unexpectedly appeared on the parapets in great force, every available man among the defenders, including even the hospital assistants, rushed to the front. The overwhelming defeat of Colonel Wyndham's columns was due to the desperate bravery of the Redan's defenders, who, though greatly outnumbered, fought like demons. The four cabin-boys were in the thick of the fight, Novikoff especially distinguishing himself by deftly tripping up an English lieutenant, and forcing him at the pistol's point to surrender his sword.



THE FOUR CABIN BOYS.

At the conclusion of peace, among the first to benefit from the imperial good-will and gratitude were the four sailor lads. The Emperor pinned a gold medal on each boy's breast, and took them under his special protection. Although they were of humble birth, he placed them in the School of Naval Cadets at St. Petersburg, and launched them on an honorable career in the service of their country. Three of them lived to attain the rank of Captain in the Russian navy. The fourth, Farasiouk, was drowned shortly after his promotion to lieutenant in the very harbor of Sebastopol, which he had helped so bravely to defend.

THE SON OF CROMWELL.

In the famous old English village of St. Ives—famous because of a certain nursery rhyme concerning a man who, travelling toward the town, met seven wives with their cats and kits—there once lived a farmer who, later in his life, became more famous than St. Ives itself.

Out West they would have called him a ranchman. He was really a cattle farmer, with a big grazing farm that lay along the river Ouse, in what is termed "the fen country" of England. Here, where the Ouse slipped thickly and lazily through those low, green, boggy, marshy fields called the fens, this farmer raised his beef, his pork, and his mutton; and here lived his son Richard, as lazy and sluggish of nature as the river along whose banks he lounged or fished or wandered as a boy, until it was time to send him off to Felsted School, in Essex, where his brothers, before and after him, were placed for such education as those days provided.

A slow, good-natured, easy-going fellow was this boy Dick—"lazy Dick," his father often called him. He was neither as bright in mind or manner as his younger brother Harry, nor as promising a lad as his elder brother Robert. Robin was what this elder brother was called; he was the delight and hope of his fond father—then called by his neighbors "the Lord of the Fens," because of the stand he took against the King's threatened "improvement" of the marshy fen-lands. To-day the world honors and revels that sturdy farmer of the fens as Britain's mightiest man—Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

We catch a few glimpses—not many, unfortunately—of the quiet home at St. Ives, in which the Cromwell boys and girls lived. It was a happy and united home, blessed with a mother whom her children revered, and having as its head a father they honored and never dared to disobey.

But fathers in those days—two hundred and fifty years and more ago—though stern in their ways with children, were as fond and as loving as are the fathers of to-day, and Cromwell the farmer, Cromwell the General, Cromwell the Lord Protector, loved his children dearly, and labored for their good alike in the great palace at Whitehall as in the low, timber-framed house upon the one street of St. Ives, where the willows shivered in the wind, and the cattle grazed and fattened upon the wide marshy meadows that lined the sluggish Ouse.

[Pg 957]

How little Dick Cromwell fared as a boy at St. Ives we have little means of knowing. When he was ten years old—in the year 1636—the Cromwells moved into a bigger house at Ely, fifteen miles away. It was called Ely from the eels that wriggled about in the muddy Ouse, and is that famous cathedral town of the fens where King Canute, who tried to order back the tide, once bade his rowers stop his boat that he might hear the monks of the cathedral sing.

Probably boy Dick thought more of bobbing for eels in the Ouse than of King Canute and the monks; for there were no monks singing in England when Richard Cromwell was a boy. There was soon to be no King in England, either, and in that great uprising against principalities and powers Dick Cromwell's father was to bear an important part.

We would like to know more of Richard Cromwell's boyhood. We would like to know how he lived and what he did as a small boy on that cattle farm among the fens at St. Ives, and at the more spacious homestead in the shadow of the great gray towers of Ely Cathedral. We would like to know whether he liked sport, as most boys do, or whether he was too lazy to exert himself at play. We would like to know how he studied, and what he learned at the Free Grammar School at Felsted, where, one after the other, four of the Cromwell boys were sent; whether he loved football as much as his father did, and became a champion full-back as his father did when he was a boy.

I am afraid Richard Cromwell was just as careless at his books as at the later duties that came to him; for, from things that have come down to us, we know how his busy father, who was as ambitious for his boys as all fathers are, had but little patience with lazybones anywhere, and reproved boy Dick for his carelessness as he found fault with young Mr. Dick, in later years, for his shiftless ways.

Troublesome times came to England. The people rose in defence of their rights. The King fell. The throne and crown were abolished. The Parliament bent before the iron will of the people's champion, and from the Captain of a troop and the General of an army the determined farmer of the fens took the helm and steered his country through reefs and breakers, until, under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell, the commonwealth of England became the first power in Europe, unconquerable on the land, invincible on the sea.

Step by step Cromwell rose to power. Against his own desire he rose, the one strong man in England. And, as he advanced, his family rose with him into notice and position. One by one the older boys died. Robert, a promising lad of seventeen, died at Felsted School; Oliver, the second son, named for his father and a Captain in the cavalry, died just before the great victory of Marston Moor, and Richard Cromwell thus became the eldest living son, heir to the estates, successor in power, but never heir to the fame that his mighty father attained.

For there was in "lazy Dick" nothing of his father's masterful manner or genius in leadership, nothing of the display and vast hospitality that made famous his ancestor, known as "the Golden Knight of Hinchinbrook," nothing of the dash and daring that marked his more remote ancestor, "Diamond Dick," who unhorsed all his rivals at a tournament, and so defended the king's colors that the pleased monarch, bluff King Henry the Eighth, called the victorious champion his "diamond."

We are not even certain that Richard Cromwell fought in the wars against the King, as did his brother Oliver and Henry. We cannot find that he desired either the position or prominence that his father's rise to greatness gave him. Richard Cromwell cared only to live and die a quiet, inoffensive, lazy country squire. At any other time in the history of the world he might easily have lived unknown, unhonored, and unsung. It was his father's fame that brought him into notice; it was because he had neither the will, the inclination, nor the ability to take up his father's work, and carry it forward for the greatness and glory of England, that to-day the world holds in such slight esteem this quiet son of Cromwell.

[Pg 958]

We should not blame people for not doing what they cannot do. It may be, indeed, that "lazy Dick" was not shiftless, though he was lazy, nor a numbskull simply because he was not great. Richard Cromwell liked to take things easy; he hated to be bothered; he liked to keep out of trouble, and was willing to let the world

wag as it would so long as he had a comfortable home and nothing particular to do.

There is nothing really bad in this; but boys and men of that stamp, you know, never help the world along. And I am afraid that "lazy Dick," notwithstanding all his opportunities and the high position to which he was finally advanced, never did anything to help the world along. If a good thing came in his way he took it, enjoyed it if he could, and got out of it if it proved troublesome and laborious.

When he was twenty his father tried to make him a lawyer; but he soon dropped that profession. He offered him a command in the army, but Dick seems never to have accepted it. When he was twenty-three he married a nice girl in Hampshire. Oliver Cromwell loved her dearly, but he and her father had their hands full trying to make Dick "toe the mark."



### **RICHARD PREFERRED HUNTING TO POLITICS.**

Whenever he could, Richard Cromwell would slip away from the work his father wished him to do and go out hunting, or have a good time with other rich do-nothings at his Hampshire farm. He disliked the almost kingly court of his father at Whitehall Palace, and though sent to Parliament, he did little and said less. And when he was made one of his father's chief advisers—a privy councillor—his counsels amounted to nothing, and his position was simply what politicians call a sinecure.

When, at last, his great father's life went out, and England was left without a head, Richard Cromwell was named as his successor, and made Lord Protector. Lazy Dick became King of England, without the title, but with more of power than many a King before and after him possessed.

But he had neither the skill nor the sense to hold what the people had given him. I doubt if he cared either for the place or the power. And they were his but a short time. Dissatisfaction broke into revolt. The nation was divided. The King came to his own again. Charles the Second was placed upon the throne from which his father had been hurled, and Richard Cromwell, without a word of protest, without striking a blow for his power, stepped quietly down from the Lord Protector's chair his father had set up, and slipped back into private life, too weak to be defended by his friends, too insignificant to be persecuted by his foes.

He lived to be an old, old man, and died at eighty-six amid his rose-gardens at Cheshunt, near London, unhonored and disregarded by the England his father had liberated, but which the son was too weak to uphold as a free commonwealth.

We must not be too hard on "lazy Dick." He had not a spark of greatness in him, and should not be blamed for failing to maintain his father's glory. It is a hard thing for a small son to live up to the fame of a great father. And yet the world does not take lack of ability into account. Richard Cromwell to-day has no place in the world's esteem. His name lives because he was his father's son; because he was a failure where his father had been a success; and because his life was so sad and stupid a sequel to the people's stand for liberty in the days made glorious in English history by the might and power, the grandeur and manliness, the strength and patriotism of England's greatest man—Oliver Cromwell, great father of a small son.

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## **ITS MEANING.**

**(Tommy Iog.)**

Upon the quiet river,  
Enamelled and serene,  
Great flakes of oil are floating  
In blue and pink and green.

"They look like maps all colored  
In my geography,  
Blue China, and green Ireland,  
And pink Algiers I see.

"And still I think the meaning  
Of all this oil I've found;  
It's this—a school of sardines  
Right here is swimming round."

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## THE WATERMELON TIDE.

BY EARLE TRACY.

The great still tide that comes from the Gulf when no one is expecting it reached up through the marshes one summer night, and spread itself over the banks of the bayou, and found numberless things in places of safety, and when it was ready to go out again it took them along.

Among its discoveries was a schooner-load of watermelons, about which Captain Lazare and the boss of the big farm had disagreed so radically that the melons had been left in a pile on the landing to wait for other transport. The tide charged itself with them, and when morning broke they were on their way to New Orleans.

Bascom had been tossing in his sleep as the little *Mystery* did when the tide went in one direction along Potosi Channel and the wind went in the other. With the first glimmer of light he was up and down at the beach.

"Me, but it's been high," he gasped, coming up from his first plunge and leaning back in the water as if it were a steamer-chair. "It would be beautiful to run out with in the *Mystery*—an' me goin' to pick figs all day in them dumb ole trees! I wish the canning factory would bust!"

Bascom was ready for the hardest kind of work at sea, but things on shore were unutterably lifeless to him, and how Captain Tony could have contracted to sell his figs instead of letting the birds take care of them was past Bascom's understanding.

While he was floating and thinking mournfully of the figs, one of the watermelons struck him softly on the cheek. He bounded clear out of the water with fright, and as he made for shore another melon came up under him and sent him pelting through the shoals. He was not followed, and when he felt grass under his feet, and realized that he had fled shoreward for safety and that he had not been hurt at all, he felt very queer.

"If they was popusses they'd be a-splashin'," he reasoned; "an' if they was sharks they'd have eaten me—least-ways they wouldn't have been so polite about lettin' me excuse myse'f. I wonder what they is?"

He moved gingerly into the deep water again, and at last swam out to investigate. He could see two or three dark round surfaces letting the tide sway them easily away from shore. At his approach they neither dived nor turned to attack him. "They mighty tame," said Bascom, laying his hand on one. "They—*they's watermelons!*"

"Where did you come from?" he asked, taking the nearest in his arms. "What po' dumb idiot let you get away like this? Did you ax permission to come here visitin' me? I'm mighty glad to see you, anyways. You's jus' who I was a-thinkin' of."

He capered round them for a while, then gathered them all in a line within his arm. They were too many for him, but the wrestle to keep them from bobbing over or under and getting away was sheer delight. "Three melons!" he repeated; "cooled in this high tide! Three of 'em! What'll Captain Tony say?"

He was so interested in thinking of Captain Tony's surprise that the outside melon escaped from him, and he could not get it again without losing the other two.

"I'll come back for you," he promised; "you can't go far 'thouten your fins grow." He took the other two and put them under a clump of palmettoes, where they would make no new acquaintances while he was gone. "Don't know as anybody else is up," he said; "but they might be. It was a terrible hot night."

[Pg 959]

As he waded out again over the sharp oyster-shells the sky had grown blue instead of gray, and a brightness sprang across the water, touching hundreds and hundreds of glistening green watermelons undulating with the falling tide.

Bascom's heart stood still. He stopped right where he was, and his brown face grew tense with round-eyed wonder. The water lapped against his breast. He almost let it take him off his feet. "I knowed they was called watermelons," he said, slowly, "but I never caught 'em growing in the water by night before. How's we goin' to get 'em in."

He looked from the melons toward the shore, where Captain Tony's long seine hung on the poles beside the submerged pier. "Usses can haul 'em in," he said.

Although it was exceedingly early there was no time to lose. It would take two good hours to get the melons in, and the people on the bay would be only too glad to help in the rescuing as soon as they woke up. "Folkses is always so interested in what I find," Bascom grumbled; but for once no one troubled him. He roused Captain Tony, and they hitched the net between two boats and, rowing apart, circled around the melons with it, gathering them in, until they were fairly rafting them before it toward the shore. The net bulged in a great crescent, and Bascom could hardly keep his boat abreast of the Captain's. The weight they were towing made it seem as if his oars were pulling through stiff clay. No net on all the coast had ever had such a full haul before. Bascom and the Captain exulted in it, even while their faces grew scarlet.

"We can'd take in anoder one," the Captain declared; "de net can'd stan' de strain." And closing together as much as the mass between them would permit, they pulled ashore and rolled the melons out in a line upon the beach. The tide was going out so fast that each haul made a separate rank farther and farther out from the high drift-mark in the grass.

It was glorious hard work, and before it was finished the sun had turned the water violet, then red, then gold and blue, and yet no one had come to take a share in the salvage, and no one had come to claim the



melons. "I tell you," said Bascom, as he wheeled the last barrow-load up from the beach—"I tell you they's mascots, and they's come right in from the deep sea. Do you reckon they's too many of 'em for usses to eat?"

The Captain straightened himself, and measured the heap of cracked melons, which he had left out as he piled the good ones symmetrically under one of the live-oaks. "Yo' boy," he said, "if yo' jus' made way wid de busted ones I'd be paintin' a black ring roun' de mas' of de little *Mystery* 'fo' sunset, an' w'ad would I do 'boud pickin' de figs faw de cannin' factory?"

"O-h-h," groaned Bascom, "I'd forgot about the figs. Can't they wait till we take these melons off in the *Mystery* and sell 'em?"

"De melons can wait, ya-as, now we got dem all safe," said the Captain. "De cracked ones will not keep noway, an' de good ones will las' bettah dan de figs. An' w'ad is mo' to de point, dere is de ownah of de melons to consult."

"But he isn't here," Bascom said, "an' we don't know where he is. They didn't bring his address with 'em when they come in on the tide."

"I reckon I know his address," the Captain answered, "an' maybe yo' would, also, if yo' let yo'se'f t'ink 'boud id. De big tide washed dem off de landin' up de bayou. Lazare was a-tellin' me yestahday dat he an' de boss ad de big fahm had a quahl boud de price o' melons, an' Lazare, who was to have take dem in de *Alphonsine*, he go off mad, an' de melons dey stay in a pile on de landin', an' I was t'inkin' boud goin' up to see de boss me aftah de figs was pick'. I reckon now de bes' way is faw me to go ad once while yo' pick de figs."

"But we ought to start right now while the tide is goin' out," objected Bascom.

"Dere will be oder tides, an' dey is waitin' faw de figs ad de factory," said the Captain, "so I fink yo' bettah go to pickin', boy"; and without stopping for further persuasion from Bascom he got into his skiff and headed toward the mouth of Bayou Porto.

As Bascom carried the last of the melons to add to the heap it slipped from his hands accidentally, and split into rich red pieces on the sand. "U-m," he said; "lucky it was a cracked one." He took it up to eat it in the shade of the live-oak. "Too bad," he added, "after you was so enterprisin' to start out by yourse'f that me an' Captain Tony couldn't agree to take you right along. Queer how folkses can't agree 'bout you. If it wasn't for them dumb ole figs! S'pose when I'm done eatin' I *got* to go up an' go to pickin'. Seems like such a sailor as Captain Tony hadn't ought to fuss with things on shore."

His arms were aching from the heavy pull, and they did not feel drawn toward the sticky figs, and mud daubers were sure to be in the trees ready to sting interfering people, and he had not finished with the melon when Peter Pierre, or Peter *Peer*, as the Creoles pronounce it, came hopping leisurely along the beach, with one leg wrapped around the other like a stork's. He was a neighbor's boy, and had been sent to borrow Captain Tony's axe. There would be no morning coffee at his house until Captain Tony's axe had chopped wood enough to build a fire.

"H-o!" said Peter Peer.

"H-o!" replied Bascom.

"Whose is dose melons?" cried Peter Peer. "Wheah did dey come from?"

"Came down the bayou," said Bascom. "They's mine. Mine an' Captain Tony's."

"Gimme one?"

"Nop," said Bascom.

"Sell one?"

"N-nop, I reckon not. They ain't so many as they look."

"Heap o' cracked ones," said Peter Peer. "I'll trade yo' my play boat faw one."

"Eatin' the cracked ones," said Bascom, taking another mouthful; "they's mighty sweet."

"Yo' can'd eat dem *all!*" cried Peter Peer, his eyes rolling hungrily from side to side.

"Look a-here, kid," said Bascom; "if you want one so bad I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you pick figs for 'em. I was wantin' to pick 'em myse'f, but it looks like I got to stay and take charge of these. I'll give you a cracked melon for every basket of figs you pick."

"All right," said Peter Peer; "gimme de basket."

Bascom gave him a corner of melon to seal the bargain and keep the basket from looking too large, and Peter Peer was soon whistling in the trees behind the Captain's house. Bascom had scarcely settled himself under the live-oak when Sonny Ladnier and his younger brother came in sight with their red-sailed cat-boat, bent on an early trip to Potosi. They saw the pile of melons, and it drew them like an undertow.

"Wheah yo' ged all dem melons?" they shouted.

"Growed 'em," replied Bascom; "do you want some?"

"Yo' bet yo'!" cried Sonny, tying up the boat. "Hand one ovah."

"What for?"

"W'at faw? W'y, to eat."

"I mean, what will you give me?" Bascom explained.

"Two bits faw two."

Bascom shook his head. There was only one way in which those melons could be had. After some argument

Sonny and his little brother repaired to the fig-trees, each with a chunk of melon in one hand and a basket in the other. Sonny Ladnier was big enough to have tried to bully Bascom, but the people on the bay had a respectable fondness for him, not to mention his partner.

During the hour, Narcisse Fontaine, big Noel Roget, Rubier Peer, who came to look for Peter, and Patrice Rodriguez, with his pointed beard and his reputation for duelling, added themselves to Bascom's force behind the Captain's house, and the figs were fairly charmed from the trees. Bascom did not think it safe to leave the melon pile for more than a moment at a time, and he was sitting alone beside it, and had just cleaved open the crack of a long striped "rattlesnake," when a strange schooner passed by a length or two, then came about, and anchored off the point. She was the *Luna May*, from Pass Christian, and he had never seen her before. As three men got down in her tender he could hear their voices as plainly as if they were talking to him.

[Pg 960]

"Cose dey sell dem. Wat dey have dem faw?"

"Bud we got no money. We spen' it all las' night."

"We can trade 'im out of some. I give my knife faw one o' dem big ones. It's a terrib' hot day. Dat little chap be mighty easy to bargain wid. *Yo'* see."

"You see," echoed Bascom, chuckling, as they left their skiff, and came sauntering up to him. "Somethin' I can do for you gentlemans to-day?" he inquired.

"Whose is dese melons?" asked the first schooner-man.

"Mine, jus' now," said Bascom.

"Aw, get away."

"Well, they is."

"Den I reckon yo' lookin' faw a chance to get rid o' some o' dem."

"Not as I knows on," Bascom said.

"Wat?" cried the second schooner-man. "I'll give yo' dis." He took out a big Spanish pocket-knife that opened with a spring. "Yo' can have it faw t'ree of dem."

"I don't reckon I need any knife," Bascom said.

"Aw," said the third schooner-man, impatiently, "a lot of dem is good faw not'ing. He got to give us some. If he ain't got de sense to trade faw dem we take dem."

He spread Bascom out swiftly with his hands, and sat down on him, directing his mates to pile melons in their skiff. After the first instant Bascom did not offer the slightest resistance. He lay gathering breath against the weight of the man on his chest, and when he was quite sure of himself he lit it out again in a terrific howl for help. The man clapped a hand on his mouth, but Bascom had no need to speak again. A posse of men and boys came dashing round the house, some of them putting down the baskets, and others brandishing sticks as they ran.

The schooner-men jumped into their skiff, but Patrice and Rubier and Noel and Sonny Ladnier rushed into the water after them, and brought them back. A dozen hands rescued the stolen melons, while with Irish expletives and Creole fierceness Patrice pounded the biggest man as a preparation to bidding them good-by. The crowd was following his example, and it would have gone hard with the strangers if Bascom had not had a different mind.

"Make 'em pick your figs!" he shouted. "Make 'em pick your figs! They'll look handsome in the trees! Make 'em pick for you!"

The cry found favor, and the verdict became, "If yo' want to go free yo' got to pick de figs!"

When Captain Tony and the boss of the big farm approached the point, and saw a strange schooner anchored there, the Captain felt anxious. "I hope de boys not havin' troubl'," he said. "I don' see w'at dat boat wan' stop dere faw."

As they landed, Bascom met them and explained. "I've got the crew of that schooner pickin' figs for me, an' some of the boys from round here is watchin' that they do it lively. They was honin' for some cracked watermelons, an' I thought they'd better do a little work, seein' as they got out of temper."



**"MAKE 'EM PICK YOUR FIGS!" HE SHOUTED, "MAKE 'EM PICK YOUR FIGS!"**

The boss was a Northern man. He looked at Bascom's agile weather-beaten figure, and they all went round to see the force of overseers and the three men in the trees. "That's about the way I have to work it," he said. "More overseers than men; but how do yours manage to make the men work so lively?"

"Ho!" said Bascom, "easy enough. They're workin' by the job. Can't go till they're done."

But it was not until Patrice told why the strangers sat so glum and warm and active in the trees that the Captain and the boss understood.

"Yo' boy," said the Captain, as they went back to the melon-pile, "an' yo' nevah picked a fig yo'se'f?"

"Not a one," said Bascom, candidly. "The boys came along at first an' wanted to pick for cracked melons,

an' then 'bout the time they was gettin' tired this schooner hove in sight. After I begun to have comp'ny, looked like it was best for me to watch the melons."

"And before?" laughed the boss.

"I'd had the misfortune to drop one," Bascom said. "It busted, and I was lookin' after the pieces."

The boss clapped Bascom on the shoulder. "You're the man I've been hunting for down here," he declared. "Don't you want to come up and help me run the farm?"

Bascom looked over at the little *Mystery*, the deep blue of the bay, and the tree fringe on Deer Island, beyond which lay the Gulf.

"I reckon they'd have to be a mighty long calm," he answered; "wouldn't they, Cap'n Tony?"

"They suah would," the Captain agreed. "In sailin' weathah me an' Bascom mostly sails."

They counted the melons as they loaded them on board the *Mystery*, agreed on a rate of salvage and a price, and arranged for future dealings as the crop went on. The schooner-men finished their work, and Bascom paid off the overseers generously; then the *Mystery* raced the *Luna May* to the bridge, and passed through first.

"Well," sighed Bascom, when they had left the figs at the canning-factory, and their faces were turned toward the welcome reaches between Potosi and New Orleans, "if it hadn't a-been for that honey of a tide I'd be up in them dumb ole trees a-studyin' 'bout pickin' dem figs."

[Pg 961]

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## OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

### CHAPTER XIV.

It was true, then. Neal had gone.

Cynthia went to her mother's room and told her what Janet had said.

"It is what I feared," cried Mrs. Franklin: "he has left me forever! My dear and only brother! And where is he? Cynthia, Cynthia, why did he go? It almost makes me think he may have taken the money."

"Mamma, how can you!" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly. "Neal never took it. I—I—oh, I *know* he didn't take it! Can't you believe me, mamma?" She was crying.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Franklin, looking at her affectionately, "you have more faith in him than I have. But this running away is so much against him, Cynthia. If he had been innocent, would he not have braved it out?"

"No; he is so proud, mamma. That is the reason he went, I am sure. He thought papa suspected him. Oh, why did papa ever think it? Why did he say anything to Edith for Janet to hear?"

"Hush, dear. Your father spoke thoughtlessly, but it was natural; of course it was natural. But Neal should not have gone. It is a false kind of pride. If he is innocent he should have the pride of innocence and stay here."

It was what they all said. Cynthia went from one to the other, trying to convince them and to imbue them with her own belief in Neal, but she could not. Even Jack, her beloved twin-brother, was on the other side.

"Of course I want to believe in Neal, Cynth," he said. "I like him, and I never supposed before he'd do a low-down thing like this. In fact, I can't really believe it now. But why on earth did the fellow run away? If he came by the money all fair and square, why under the sun didn't he say so, instead of shutting himself up like an oyster, and never letting on where he got it?"

"He had his reasons," persisted Cynthia. "Oh, Jack, can't you believe me? You always used to believe me."

"Well, you used to tell a fellow more than you do now. You get mighty shut up yourself now and then. You won't tell me what you're going to do with Aunt Betsey's money, or why you didn't buy a watch, or anything. I'm sure I don't want you to if you don't want to, but there's no reason why I should always think as you do."

If they had not been sitting side by side Jack could not have failed to notice the peculiar expression that came into Cynthia's face when he mentioned Aunt Betsey's present. They were on the stone wall which crossed the river path. Bob was with them, darting hither and thither, perhaps in the vain hope of finding his master.

"I don't need a watch, I've told you over and over again," said Cynthia. "But oh, Jack, I wish you would agree with me! Indeed, Neal is honest."

"I believe he is myself, on the whole," said Jack at last; "but it's a mighty queer thing he doesn't own up and tell where he got that money, and he's a great ass not to. You see, the postmaster thinks that perhaps the package did come from Aunt Betsey, and Neal paid gold just a few days later. Of course it looks queer."

It was the same way with Edith. She would not be convinced, and after a vain argument with her Cynthia retired to the only place where she was sure of being undisturbed, and cried until her eyes smarted and her head ached. It was to the garret that she went when she wished to be alone, and, amid the piles of empty paper boxes and bars of soap and all the varied possessions that were stored there, she sat and thought over the matter.

[Pg 962]

"Ought I to tell?" she said again and again, speaking in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, why did I ever promise?"



**"OUGHT I TO TELL?" SHE SAID AGAIN AND AGAIN.**

support himself henceforth.

It was a very absurd letter, and it made Mr. Franklin more angry than ever and his wife more distressed.

"It is perfect nonsense," said he. "The boy is not of age and he can be stopped. I will write at once to his guardians. In the mean time we will look him up in Boston; from the postmark I suppose he is there."

"One of his guardians is abroad, and the other is that Quaker cousin of my mother's," sighed Mrs. Franklin.

"Give me his address, and don't worry, Hester. The affair will come around all right, I have no doubt. He is a headstrong boy and he needs a leash."

They could not find him in Boston. On going to the houses of his various friends there they learned that he had spent the night with one of them, but had left to go to his guardian in Philadelphia, they said.

"I am inclined to let it stand as it is," said Mr. Franklin, when he returned; "if he has gone to Philadelphia let him stay there. His old guardian will probably keep him in better order than we can; perhaps it will be better not to interfere. I don't want to prejudice him against the boy, and yet how can I explain why he left here? He can tell his own story."

His wife, however, wrote a letter to her brother, and addressed it to the care of her cousin, William Carpenter, of Philadelphia. She hoped for an answer, but none came, and in a few days Mr. Franklin wrote to Mr. Carpenter, asking if his brother-in-law had arrived, and then, without waiting for a reply, he concluded to go himself to Philadelphia.

The following Sunday was Easter day—it came late this year. Cynthia, sitting in the Franklin pew, saw to her dismay Tony Bronson on the other side of the church. He was with the Morgans.

"Dear me," thought Cynthia, "there will be more trouble now that he has come, for he will tell hateful things about Neal, I'm sure. I do hope Edith won't see him."

Her thoughts wandered during the service. When it was over, and the congregation streamed out of church into the mild spring air, the Morgans invited Edith to come home with them to dinner. This she agreed to do, much to her sister's disgust; but Cynthia was still further incensed when Edith came back that afternoon and announced, in a would-be careless manner, that she had promised to drive with Tony Bronson the next day.

"Why, Edith!" said Cynthia, indignantly; "I shouldn't think you would have anything to do with that Bronson. He has been hateful to Neal."

"I don't know why you should say that," returned Edith; "any one would say that he had been exceedingly nice to Neal. He lent him all that money, I'm sure. And, besides, what difference does it make? Neal has behaved badly and run away. There is no reason why we should give up people that Neal doesn't happen to like. Papa said the other day that Tony Bronson was a very good sort of fellow, because he wasn't in that last scrape of Neal's."

"Papa doesn't know a thing about him, and, at any rate, papa wouldn't let you go to drive if he were at home. You know he wouldn't."

Mrs. Franklin came into the room just at this moment.

"Would not let Edith go to drive, Cynthia?" she said. "What do you mean, dear?"

"Go to drive with strange men like that Bronson."

"What nonsense!" said Edith, crossly; "of course I can go. Papa never in his life forbade my going to drive with any of the boys. How silly you are, Cynthia!"

"Were you going to drive with Tony Bronson, Edith?" asked her stepmother.

"Yes, I *am* going, to-morrow."

"I think I agree with Cynthia, then. I hardly think your father would wish you to go."

"Why, how perfectly absurd!" exclaimed Edith, growing very angry. "There has never been any question of my going to drive with any one who asked me. Do you suppose I am going to give it up now?"

For Cynthia had at last prevailed upon Neal to borrow her money to pay Bronson with, and had promised that she would not tell, and Cynthia had a very strict sense of honor.

"Ought I to tell?" she repeated. "No; a promise is a promise, and I have no right to break it. I was silly, I was idiotic ever to promise such a thing, but how did I know it was coming out this way? Perhaps he will come back soon; then I can make him tell."

But Neal did not come back. Instead of that, the next morning Mrs. Franklin received a letter from him. He repeated the same words. He could not stay where he was insulted. If they could not believe him he would go. He had a perfect right to use the money which he had paid for the money-order, and he would never condescend to explain where he got it. He was visiting a friend at present, but he was going at once in search of some work. He intended to

"I suppose you are, Edith," said Mrs. Franklin, quietly, but with decision. "In your father's absence you are in my charge, and I do not consider it desirable for you to drive with Mr. Bronson, nor with any other young man whom you know so slightly. It is not in good taste, to say the least. Please oblige me by giving it up this time. If I am mistaken in your father's views on the subject you can go after he gets home."

"I won't give it up!" exclaimed Edith, hotly. "Tony Bronson will be gone when papa gets home, and, besides, what can I tell him? I've said I would go."

"It is always possible to break an engagement of that kind," said her mother; "you can tell him that you find I have made other plans for you."

"I sha'n't tell him any such thing, Mrs. Franklin. I think it is too bad. You have no right to order me."

"No right, Edith? I have at least a right to be spoken to with respect, and you will oblige me by doing so. Please send a note to Mr. Bronson by the man to-night."

She left the room, and Cynthia, who had restrained herself with great difficulty, now gave vent to her feelings.

"I don't see how you can be so horrid to mamma, Edith. What are you thinking of? And when she is so worried about Neal, too."

"Neal! Why should we suffer for Neal? She has no right to order me; I won't be treated that way. The idea of it not being in good taste to drive with Tony Bronson!"

"Don't be so absurd, Edith. Why, even I know papa wouldn't want you to. It's very different from going with the Brenton boys that we have known all our lives. You think I'm such an infant, but I know that much, and any other time you would yourself. It is just because it is that hateful Bronson. I can't understand what you and Gertrude see in him. You are both so silly about him."

"I am not silly. I think he is very nice, that's all. I wish you wouldn't interfere, Cynthia. You are silly to have such a prejudice against him. I suppose I shall have to write that note, and I do hate to give in to Mrs. Franklin. Oh, why, why, *why* did papa marry again?"

She raised her voice irritably as she said this, and added: "All this fuss about Neal and everything! We never should have had it if the Gordons hadn't come into the family. Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't see you." For standing in the doorway was her stepmother.

"I am sorry that the coming of the Gordons has caused you so much trouble, Edith. We—we are unfortunate."

She turned away and went up stairs.

"Edith, I don't see how you can," exclaimed Cynthia. "Mamma had so much trouble when she was a young girl, and she was so alone until she came here, and now all this about Neal. Really, I don't see how you can."

And she ran after her mother.

Edith, left alone, was a prey to conflicting emotions. She knew she had done wrong—very wrong. She was really sorry for the grief that Mrs. Franklin was suffering on Neal's account, and she had not wanted to hurt her.

"Of course, I did not intend her to hear me. How did I know she was there? It makes me so angry to think that I can't do what I want." [Pg 963]

That was the gist of the whole matter. Edith wanted her own way, and she was determined to have it. She sat for a long time, thinking it all over. She did not make any great effort to quench her resentment, and so, of course, it became more intense. After a while she went to the desk.

"I simply can't write him that I won't go," she said to herself. "How they would all laugh if I said Mrs. Franklin 'had made other plans for me,' as if I were Janet's age! No, I'll write Gertrude that I'll come down and spend the day with her, and perhaps when I get there I can induce Tony to play tennis, or something, instead of going to drive. I'll try and get out of it, as long as I must, but I'm going to have a good time of some sort."

She wrote the note, and it was sent to the Morgans' that night. Mrs. Franklin supposed, of course, that it was merely to give up the drive; so she was surprised when Edith announced that she was going to spend the next day with Gertrude. However, she raised no objections, nor indeed did she have any. Her mind was too full of Neal to think of much else. Even the altercation with Edith failed to make any lasting impression. Hester longed for her husband to return and tell her what he had learned.

Cynthia did not take it so quietly.

"I think you are a goose, Edith," she said, the next morning. "Every one will think you are running after Tony Bronson. You were there to dinner yesterday, and now you are going again to-day."

Edith was greatly incensed.

"I am *not* running after him. How can you say such things? I often go there two days in succession."

And she went off holding her head very high, being driven to the village by Jack. Arrived at the Morgans', she was warmly greeted by all.

"So good of you to come," murmured Bronson; "now we can start from here on our drive, and go over to Blue Hill."

"I think I can't go to drive to-day. I—I thought perhaps we could play tennis instead."

"Oh, Miss Edith! After your promise? I am not going to let you off so easily. No, indeed; we are going to drive. It is a fine day, and I've engaged a gay little mare at the livery-stable."

Edith remonstrated feebly, but Bronson would not listen.

When she and Gertrude were alone she said:

"Why don't you go too? We might all go to Blue Hill."

"No indeed!" laughed Gertrude. "I am not going a step. I haven't been asked, and I wouldn't intrude."

"But it would be such fun," persisted Edith; "you know we used to go in a crowd, and walk up the hill."

"Times have changed," returned her friend, pointedly. "This time you are asked to go alone. If it were any one but you, Edith, I should be wildly jealous."

Edith blushed and looked conscious, and afterwards when Bronson renewed his pleading she consented to go with him. Unless they chanced to meet some of the family, why need she tell that she had been to drive at all?

Thus she deceived herself into thinking that she was doing no wrong, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment.

That afternoon Mrs. Parker, Miss Betsey Trinkett's old friend, called at Oakleigh.

"So glad to find you at home, Mrs. Franklin," she said. "I met Edith a while ago, and she did look so sweet and pretty, driving with that nice young man that stays at the Morgans'. What's his name?"

"You cannot mean Mr. Bronson?"

"Bronson, yes; that's it—Bronson. Yes, they were driving away over towards Milton. And now do tell me about your brother. They say all kinds of things in Brenton, but you can't believe half of them. I dare say you know just where he is, after all."

"My brother went to Philadelphia, Mrs. Parker," said her hostess, controlling herself with difficulty. The shock of hearing that Edith had directly disobeyed her was almost too much for her.

"To Philadelphia! Have you friends there?"

"Yes, I have a cousin."

"Well, now, I'm glad to hear that! I'll just tell people and stop their tongues; they do say so much they don't mean. Why, only this afternoon somebody said they'd been told that Neal Gordon had been seen walking over the Boston road. That's the very reason I came up here, to see if it was true, and here he is away off in Philadelphia!"

"The Boston road?"

"Yes, and to think of his being in Philadelphia all the time! Well, I must be going, Mrs. Franklin. Edith did look sweet. You dress her so prettily. I always did think those girls needed a mother. Here's Cynthia."

Walking up across the green from the river came Cynthia, with a paper in her hand which she was reading. At sight of Mrs. Parker and her mother standing at the carriage door, she hastily thrust the paper into her pocket.

Cynthia had been after wild-flowers to plant in the bed she had for them. She was in the woods not far from home when a small and ragged boy approached her.

"Be you Cynthy?" he asked.

She looked up from her digging, startled.

"Yes," she said.

"Then here's for yer, and yer not to tell nobody."

So saying, the messenger disappeared as rapidly and mysteriously as he had come.

Cynthia opened the crushed and dirty paper, and to her astonishment found Neal's handwriting within.

"Meet me on Brenton Island near the bridge, Tuesday, as early as you can. And don't tell I am here. Remember, *don't tell.*"

The last words were heavily underlined.

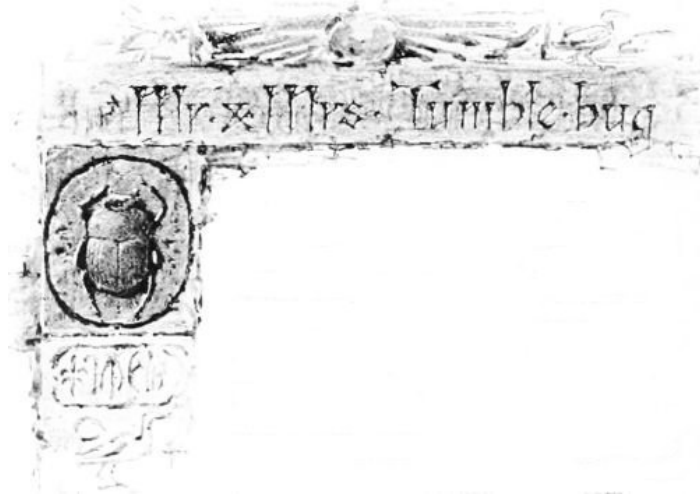
Cynthia's heart stood still from excitement. Neal so near, and his sister not to know it! But she would prevail upon him to come home. He could not refuse her after all they had been through on his account.

Full of hope, she gathered up her trowel and her basket of plants and ran towards the house. Fortunately that tiresome Mrs. Parker was there, and so her mother would not notice her excitement. For once Cynthia was glad to see the lady. Since her escapade of the year before she had always been somewhat ashamed of meeting her.

An hour or two later a closed carriage came slowly up the avenue. Dennis Morgan was on the box with the coachman. Inside were Gertrude, Dr. Farley, and Edith, and Edith was unconscious.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

Of all the insects which occasionally claim our attention in our country rambles, there is probably no example more entitled to our distinguished consideration than the plebeian, commonly despised, but admittedly amusing beetle known the country over as the funny "tumble-bug." As we see him now, so he has always been the same in appearance, the same in habits, yet how has he fallen from grace! how humbled in the eyes of man from that original high estate when, in ancient Egypt, he enjoyed the prestige above all insects, where, as the sacred "scarabæus," he was dignified as the emblem of immortality, and worshipped as a god! The archæological history of Egypt is rich in reminders of his former eminence. Not only do we see his familiar shape (as shown in our initial design) everywhere among those ancient hieroglyphs engraved in the rock or pictured on the crumbling papyrus; but it is especially in association with death and the tomb that his important significance is emphasized. The dark mortuary passages and chambers hewn in solid rock often hundreds of feet below the surface, where still sleep the mummied remains of an entire ancient people, and which honeycomb the earth beneath the feet of the traveller in certain parts of Egypt, are still eloquent in tribute to the sacred scarab. The lantern of the antiquarian explorer in those dark dungeons of death discloses the suggestive figure of this beetle everywhere engraved in high relief upon the walls, perhaps enlivened with brilliant color still as fresh as when painted three thousand years ago, emblazoned in gold and gorgeous hues upon the sarcophagus and the mummy-case within, and again upon the outer covers of the winding-sheet, finally, in the form of small ornaments the size of nature, beautifully carved on precious stones enclosed within the wrappings of the mummy itself.

[Pg 964]

What other insect has been thus glorified and immortalized? For the sake of its proud lineage, if nothing else, is not our poor tumble-bug deserving of our more than passing attention? An insect which has thus been distinguished by an entire great people of antiquity has some claims on our respect and consideration.

But aside from his historical fame, he will well repay our careful study, and serve to while away a pleasant hour in the observance of his queer habits. He is now no longer the awe-inspiring sacred scarab, but Mr. Tumble-bug, or rather "Mr. and Mrs. Tumble-bug," for a tumble-bug always pictured in the ancient hieroglyph is rarely to be seen in its natural haunts. Mr. and Mrs. Tumble-bug are devoted and inseparable, and as a rule vie with each other in the solicitude for that precious rolling ball with which the insects are always associated. From June to autumn we may find our tumble-bugs. There are a number of species included in the group of Scarabæus to which they belong. Two species are particularly familiar, one of a lustrous bronzy hue, with a very rounded track, usually found at work on the country highway in the track of the horse, and the other, the true typical tumble-bug, a flat-backed, jet-black lustrous species which we naturally associate with the barn-yard and cow-pasture. The latter may be taken as an illustrative example of his class, and his ways are identical with that of his ancient sacred congener and present inhabitant of Egypt.

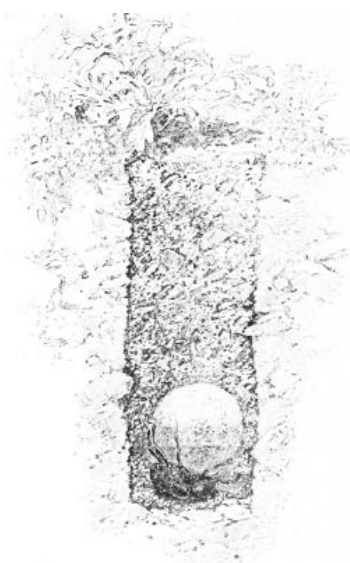
When we first see them they are generally manipulating the ball—a small mass of manure in which an egg has been laid, and which by rolling in the dust has now become round and firmly incrustated and smooth. Let us follow the couple in their apparently aimless though no less expeditious and vehement labors. They have now brought their globular charge through the grassy stubble, and have reached a clear spot of earth with scattered weeds. Of course we all know from the books that their intention is to find a suitable spot in which to bury this ball, and such being the case, with what astonishing stupidity do they urge on that labor! Here certainly is just the right spot for you, Mrs. Tumble-bug! Stop rolling and dig! But no, she will not listen to reason. She mounts the top of the ball, and, creeping far out upon it, pulls it over forward with her back feet, while Mr. Tumble-bug helps her in a most singular fashion. Does he stand up on his hind legs on the opposite side, and push with his powerful front feet? Oh no; he stands on his head, and pushes with his hind legs. As he pushes, and as the ball rolls merrily on, Mrs. Tumble-bug is continually rolled around with it, and must needs climb backwards at a lively rate to keep her place. A foot or two is thus travelled without special incident, when a slight trouble occurs. The ball has struck an obstacle which neither Mrs. Tumble-bug's pull nor Mr. Tumble-bug's push can overcome. Then follow an apparent council and interchange of Tumble-bug talk, until at length both put their shovel-shaped heads together beneath the sphere, and over it goes among the weeds. It is soon out again upon the open. Now, Mrs. Tumble-bug, everything is plain-sailing for you; here is a long down grade over the smooth clean dirt! Why, the ball would roll down itself if you would only let it; but, no, she will *not* let it. She pauses, and the ball rests, and both beetles now creep about, shovelling up the dirt here and there with their very queer little flat heads. Ah, perhaps they are going to start that *hole* which all the books tell us about. But no; the place is evidently not quite satisfactory, both of them seem so to conclude, like two souls with but a single thought. Mrs. T. is up on the bridge in a jiffy, and Mr. T. takes his place at the helm; and now what an easy time they will have of it down this little slope; but, no, again; tumble-bugs don't seem to care for an easy time. A hundred times on their travels will they pass the very best possible spot for that burrow, a hundred times will they persist in

[Pg 965]

guiding that little world of theirs over an obstruction, when a clear path lies an inch to the right or left of them. And here, when their labors might be so easily lightened by a downward grade, what do they do? they deliberately turn the ball about and hustle it along *up hill*, and that too over dirt that is not half as promising. Up they go! Mrs. T. now seems to have the best of it, and I sometimes have my suspicions whether she is not playing a prank on that unsuspecting spouse working so hard at her back, for he now has not only the ball, but Mrs. T. as well, to shove along, for the most that she can do is to throw the weight of her body forward, which in a steep up grade amounts to nothing as a help.



**MR. AND MRS. TUMBLE-BUG ROLLING THE BALL.**



**SINKING THE BALL.**

But if she is imposing on Mr. T. in thus guiding the ball up hill, she soon gets the Roland for her Oliver. Mr. T. is put to great extra labor by this whimsical decision of hers, and woe to Mrs. T. when that little chance valley or inequality of surface is reached. Even though she can see it coming and holds the wheel, she rarely seems to take advantage of it to save herself or her ship, while Mr. T., going backward in the rear, of course cannot be expected to know what is coming, nor be blamed for the consequences. With kick after kick from his powerful hind feet, united with the push of his mighty pair in front, the ball speeds up the slope. Now for some reason he gives a

backward shove of more than usual force when it was least necessary. The ball had chanced upon the crest of a slope, when, kick! over it goes with a pitch and a bound, and Mrs. T. with it, though this time not on top. Happy is she if the ball simply rolls upon her and pins her down. Such, indeed, is a frequent episode in her experience of keeping the ball arolling, but occasionally the tumble-ball thus started, and out of the control of her spouse at the rear, may roll over and over for a long-distance, but never alone. No amount of demoralization of this sort ever surprises her into losing her grip on her precious globular bundle. When at last it fetches up against a stone or stick, and she assures herself that she and her charge are safe and sound, no doubt she immediately mounts to its crest to signal the lone Mr. T. afar off, who is quickly back of her again, and both are promptly off on a fresh journey. And so they keep it up, apparently for sport, perhaps for an hour.

At length when they have played long enough—for there is no other reason apparent to *homo sapiens*—they decide to plant their big dirty pellet. The place which they have chosen is not half as promising as many they have passed, but that doesn't seem to matter. Mrs. T. has said, "It shall go here," and that ends it.

Then follows the most singular exhibition of excavation and burial. The ball is now resting quietly on the dirt, and the two beetles are apparently rummaging around beneath it, trying the ground with the sharp edge of their shovel-shaped faces. And now, to avoid confusion, we will dismiss Mr. T., and confine our observation strictly to the female, who usually (in my experience) conducts the rest of the work alone.

She has evidently found a spot that suits her, and we expect her to fulfil the directions of the books and entomological authorities. She must "dig a deep hole first, and then roll the ball into it, and fill it up again." But we will look in vain for such obedience. Instead of this she persists in ploughing around beneath the ball, which seems at times almost balanced on her back, until all the earth at this point is soft and friable, and she is out of sight under it. Presently she appears again at the surface, and as quickly disappears again, this time going in upside down beneath the ball, which she pulls downward with her pair of middle feet, while at the same time with hind legs and powerful digging front legs she pushes outward and upward the loose earth which she has accumulated. Visibly the ball sinks into the cavity moment by moment as the earth is lowered for a space of half an inch in the surrounding soil, and continually forced upward outside of its circumference. In a few moments the pellet has sunk level with the ground, and in a few moments more the loose earth pushed upward has overtopped it and it is out of sight. Still, for hours this busy excavator continues to dig her hole and pull the ball in after her with shovel head and molelike digging feet, scooping out a circular well much larger than the diameter of the ball, which slowly sinks by its own weight, aided by her occasional downward pull as this same loosened earth is pushed upward above it. The burrow is thus sunk several inches, when the beetle ploughs her way to the surface and is ready for another similar experience.



**YOUNG TUMBLE-BUG DIGGING OUT FROM HIS**

The remaining history of the ball and its change is soon told. The egg within it soon hatches, the larva finding just a sufficiency of food to carry it to its full growth, when it transforms to a chrysalis, and at length to the tumble-bug like its parent. The formerly loose earth above him is now firmly packed, but he seems to know by instinct why those powerful front feet were given to him, and he is quickly working his way to the surface, and in a day or so is seen in the barn-yard rolling his ball as skilfully as his mother had done before him.



Such is the method always employed by the tumble-bug as I have seen him. And yet I **DUNGEON.** have read in many natural histories and have heard careful observers claim that the hole is dug first and the ball rolled in. Perhaps they vary their plan, but I doubt it. Here is a matter for some of our boys and girls to look into.



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

### **OUR PRIZE OFFER.**

The members of the Camera Club will notice that our competition this year is confined to three subjects or classes—Marines, Landscapes, and Figure Studies. All the prizes are in money, and there are ten prizes. The members are not restricted as to the number of prints they may send in, nor are they barred from any class. A member may compete in each of the five classes, and has ten chances of winning a prize.

We want every Knight and Lady of our Camera Club to compete for these prizes. We also want you to tell your friends about them, and get them to join the Camera Club. A circular which tells all about the Club has just been issued by Harper & Brothers. It tells what the Club is for, gives prospectus for the coming year, gives the formula for plain paper, which so many of you have been writing about, and also gives the prize offers, rules, etc., of the competition. Copies of the circular will be sent to any member who applies for them, and we would like each member to help in distributing them.

Last year but few Ladies of the ROUND TABLE sent in pictures for the prize competition. This year we want all the Ladies who belong to the Camera Club to send in pictures. One of the Sir Knights who took a prize last year was so encouraged by his success that he has been working steadily all the year, and has made quite a good deal of money. A letter received from him a few weeks ago states that he should never have thought of making money with his camera if he had not won a prize, but the ten-dollar check which he received for his picture suggested to him that if he could take a picture good enough to win a prize he could take good enough pictures to sell. He has made pictures of boats, of children, of pets, of buildings in process of erection—in fact, of anything which came in his way which he could get pay for, and the result is that he has a snug sum in the bank, and looks on his camera as a financial friend.

Working for a prize stimulates one to do his best, and even though one should not be fortunate enough to win a prize the effort to excel will not be lost. It will be a help in more ways than one. This year we hope that at least half of the prizes will be carried off by our Ladies. A camera is specially adapted to be a girl's companion and source of pleasure. Cameras are now made so very light and compact that they are no burden to carry, and if one uses films they are still lighter. Girls as a rule are more careful workers than boys, and should therefore make the best amateur photographers, for it takes care as well as skill to produce a good picture.

Look over your pictures that you have made this summer, select those which you think are the best, finish them up in a neat and tasteful manner, and send them in before the competition closes. If you have none which you think worthy of a prize, set about making some without delay. If you do not win a prize you will have the benefit of careful criticism, and will stand a better chance of winning another time.

Any questions in regard to the prizes, or about making pictures for the competition, will be answered promptly.

SIR KNIGHT ALFRED C. BAKER encloses two very pretty waterscapes, and asks the cause of the black marks near the edge of one of the pictures, and also asks to have the pictures criticised, both from a technical and artistic point. The black spots, as far as can be judged from the finished print, seems to be caused by scratches on the film. If so, the print can be trimmed just enough to cut them off from the picture. The print which is numbered 141 is the better picture. It has more contrast of light and shade, the perspective is better. The old log in the foreground and the stretch of shore give the effect of distances which the other picture lacks. Another thing which makes this picture more attractive than the other is the slight ripple on the water. It has the same effect as do clouds in the sky. If Sir Alfred will study the two prints he will readily see what is meant. No. 140 would be improved if about half an inch of the foreground were trimmed away. No. 141 would make a very nice platinum print or plain-paper print.

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### **THE BELLS OF NINE O'CLOCK.**

Sleigh-bells in winter, ship's bells at sea,  
Church bells on Sunday—oh! many bells there be—  
But the cheery bells of nine o'clock  
Are the merriest bells for me.

School bells at nine o'clock, and straightway the street  
Breaks into music with the rush of little feet.  
Clatter, patter, swift they go, wide stands the door,  
School bells are ringing now, holidays are o'er.

Silver bells and golden bells, and bells with iron throats,  
Cowslip bells and lily bells, and bells with tripping notes,  
Oh! many bells and merry bells, and liquid bells there be,  
But the sturdy bells of nine o'clock are the dearest bells for me.

M. E. S.



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.

What must I wear? is a question quite often on girlish lips, and a girl's satisfaction with herself depends a good deal on the answer to it. Nobody enjoys being badly or strikingly dressed, and in this matter I am much of the opinion of Mrs. John Hancock, the great lady whose husband's signature stands out so splendidly on our Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Hancock said in substance that she could not approve of a girl who was indifferent to her dress, nor of one who showed that she was thinking about it, and that she was pleased with the effect she made. A girl must not strut about like a vain peacock; she must wear her clothes as the plant wears its flowers—unconsciously.

[Pg 967]

If you are sensible and clear-headed girls you will not wish to have many frocks at once. A strong serviceable serge for every-day wear, a pretty cashmere or silk for best, a simple white frock for evening, two or three separate waists, and an extra skirt to relieve the serge, are sufficient for the winter wardrobe of a well-dressed young girl. In summer one requires more changes, but print and muslin and gingham frocks are cheap, and, if neatly made, are always appropriate. Of under-clothing have as simple a supply as you can take care of. The dainty girl likes to be clothed in fresh and clean garments next the skin, and where her clothing is not seen. These garments may be of fine and nice material, but the school-girl and the young woman should avoid elaborate frills and puffs and tucks, embroideries and laces, for these are easily torn, and are hard upon the laundress. Of stockings a half-dozen pairs are necessary, of handkerchiefs two or three dozen, and of linen for the neck and wrists enough to insure one's personal perfect neatness on every occasion. Gloves and shoes are important parts of a young lady's outfit. Of the former two pairs, one for best and one for common wear, will probably be enough to have at once, and of the latter, if you can afford it, have three or four pairs, for out-door and in-door uses. A young woman whose gloves and boots are good of their kind, and in nice order, will always appear well dressed. A water-proof cloak, a thick warm jacket, and two hats, one a toque, trim and dainty, the other a wider and more picturesque affair, with a brim, and feathers, ribbons, or flowers for trimming, will meet all exigencies. Don't wear birds or wings on your hats. No ROUND TABLE Lady must countenance the cruel killing of little birds that her hat may be adorned in a barbaric fashion. The prejudice humane people feel against the wearing of slain birds does not extend to ostrich feathers.

*Margaret E. Langster.*

## **SOME CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING HEARING.**

An inquiry was recently made in London as to the greatest distance at which a man's voice could be heard, leaving, of course, the telephone out of consideration. The reply was most interesting, and was as follows: Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6696 feet, or about one mile and a quarter: and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea he could hear a person read distinctly at the distance of 140 feet, while on the land the same could only be heard at 76 feet. Professor Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol-shot no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

# ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Lion bowed in a dignified manner to the Gopher, and rapped on the table again to bring the Parrots to order, and then the Gopher said, very slowly and deliberately:

"When is a door not a door?"

The animals stared at one another, and whispered, and gazed up and down the table as if they thought they might possibly derive inspiration from the dishes. Tommy and the ex-Pirate said not a word. Presently the Gopher repeated:

"When is a door not a door?"

But no one could guess, and after a few moments more of anxious and strained silence the Gopher said:

"I suppose I shall have to tell you. A door is not a door when it is ajar."

The animals fairly roared and shrieked with laughter. They bellowed and howled and pounded on the table, and the Gopher became so much affected with appreciation of his own wit that he fell over backwards, and almost stunned a Newfoundland puppy who was trying to get his nose above the table to see what it was all about. Tommy had never realized before what the expression "to roar with laughter" really signified, and he concluded he never wanted to experience such a realization again. The noise was so great that he had to put his fingers to his ears. When the merriment had partially subsided, the little boy leaned over to the ex-Pirate and said:

"I have heard that joke before; haven't you?"

"Indeed I have," answered the ex-Pirate, "many a time."

"It's an awfully old one, isn't it?"

"I always suspected it was first gotten off in the Ark," said the ex-Pirate, shaking his head knowingly; "but I did not know the Gopher was responsible for it."

By this time the animals had recovered themselves, and some were shouting to the Gopher for more jokes. He got up and protested that he did not know any more; and then, suddenly pointing to the ex-Pirate, he exclaimed:

"He's a funny one. He can *recite* things!"

Thereupon the animals all gazed at the ex-Pirate, and the Lion said, "Recite things."

The ex-Pirate never needed much urging to do this sort of thing, and so when Tommy whispered to him to read the seventeenth chapter of his autobiography which he knew his friend had in his pocket, and of which the little boy had only heard the first few lines, the ex-Pirate arose, and, bowing in his usual way to all his hearers, he pulled his manuscript from his coat and began to read:

The following day the sun rose up as usual from the East.  
The sea was calm, the sky was clear, the stormy winds had ceased;  
The *Black Avenger* sped along before a gentle breeze,  
And the starboard watch loafed on the deck in true piratic ease.  
I took my breakfast down below, and when I came on deck  
I looked about, and far away I saw a little speck  
Upon the blue horizon, and I knew it was a sail.  
For, in matters of this nature, my eyesight could not fail.  
I called my swarthy Bo's'n, and I said to him, said I:  
"If we don't overtake that ship, I'll know the reason why;  
If we don't overtake her ere the sun shines overhead  
I'll cut the whiskers off the crew before I go to bed!"  
The Bo's'n nodded cheerfully and swore a fearful oath,  
(He called upon the Sun and Moon, and scandalized them both,)  
And then he hitched his trousers up and piped his whistle shrill,  
And made the loafing pirates heave the halyards with a will.  
The *Black Avenger* sped along and ploughed the boiling sea,  
The rigging creaked, the sails stood out, the foam flew fast and free.  
The pirates gathered on the deck and buckled on their swords,  
Rolled up their sleeves, and combed their beards, and spoke piratic words.  
But suddenly the Bo's'n came a-rushing up to me,  
His face was pale, his nose was red, he spoke: "Good sir," said he,  
"Yon vessel is from Switzerland, and, verily, I fear



THE ANIMALS ROARED WITH LAUGHTER AT THE GOPHER'S JOKE.

We'll find she is not what she seems, as soon as we get near;  
She looks to me as though she might—might be a privateer"  
(But when he found she wasn't one, he shed a private tear.)

Said I: "Load up the cannons, boys, with ten-pound cannon-balls;  
I care not what yon ship may be, into my hands she falls!  
We'll take her, and we'll take her guns, her captain, and her crew,  
Her cook, her cabin steward, and her precious cargo, too!"

So the Gunner and the Gunner's Mate they lifted up the hatch,  
And they called upon the pirates who formed the starboard watch  
To help them lift the cannon-balls from out the magazine  
Where all the cannon-balls were kept, wrapped up in bombazine.

But presently the Gunner's Mate came rushing to the rail,  
His hair was standing up on end, his face was very pale,  
He cried: "Oh, Captain, woe is me, no cannon-balls are left;  
Of shot and shell of every kind the magazine's bereft.

There's not a piece of shrapnel, no canister or grape,  
There's not enough of buckshot to kill a good-sized ape!"

The Bo's'n, who stood near at hand, gazed sadly at us both,  
And then he pulled his pistols out and swore a mighty oath:  
"How shall we take yon Switzer ship," he said, "without a shell?"

"We've *got* to fight," I answered him. "Won't cheese do just as well?"

For, two days previously, you know, we met a brigantine  
From Amsterdam for Zululand, by name the *Bandoline*,  
And in her hold she carried a fine cargo, if you please,  
Consisting of a hundred thousand dozen Edam cheese.  
We took a hundred dozen and stowed them on the poop  
Between the after cannon and the Captain's chicken-coop.  
(The crew had used the cheeses and some bottles from the galley,  
The day before, to improvise a sort of bowling-alley.)

Said I: "We'll take these Edam cheese and put them in the guns,  
And shoot them at the Switzer ship until she sinks or runs;  
For surely such proceeding will be worse than shot or shell,  
Just think of being *hit* with cheese—say nothing of the smell!"  
The pirates laughed and vowed my scheme would give them lots of fun;  
And soon a big, red, round, Dutch cheese was rammed in every gun.

It was not long before the *Black Avenger* came abreast  
And hailed the ship from Switzerland with true piratic zest;  
But not a Switzer said a word, nor made they any sign,  
But all the sailors on the ship were ranged along in line,  
And leaned upon the starboard rail, with sunken pallid cheeks  
As though they had not tasted food for six or seven weeks.  
The swarthy Bo's'n hailed again, and as no answer came  
The Gunner's Mate averred it was high time to start the game.  
I spoke the word, and seven guns all loaded up with cheese  
Were fired at the Switzer ship as nicely as you please;  
And then a second volley went, and soon again a third.  
And when the smoke had cleared away we saw what had occurred.  
Each cheese had hit the Switzer ship and flattened on her decks,  
The Switzer men were wading in the cheese up to their necks.  
We waited then to see what sort of fighting they would make,  
And wondered how much cheese these Switzer sailor-men could take.  
But as we waited silence came all o'er the Switzer craft,  
And not a seaman seemed to move, or forward or abaft.

I called the Bo's'n to the bridge, and "Take the gig," said I;  
"Go board yon ship, where all is still, and learn the reason why."

The Bo's'n quick got in the gig with sixteen of the crew,  
He took along a cannon and an Edam cheese or two,  
And half an hour he was gone, then slowly rowed he back;  
He said to me: "Good Captain," he sobbed, "alas, alack!  
Upon that floating vessel there's no one left to fight;  
There's not a living creature, not a living thing in sight.  
No man remains to give reply to any kind of question:  
The Switzers ate up all the cheese, and died of indigestion."

There was another great demonstration of approval as soon as the ex-Pirate had concluded, but Tommy paid little attention to the noise this time, because he had become somewhat accustomed to it.

"You see," said the ex-Pirate, apologetically, "I could not very well read anything like that—all about cheese—in the presence of the Welsh Rabbit; could I?"

"Of course not," agreed Tommy; "but is it true that—"

"I say," interrupted the Gopher, leaning in front of Tommy and addressing himself to the ex-Pirate; "I know another joke now. I know what the Bo's'n said to the Gunner's Mate when he told him to shoot at the ship."

"Well, what did he tell him?" asked the ex-Pirate, incautiously.

"Cheese it!" shouted the Gopher, who was immediately seized with such a violent fit of laughter that he fell under the table, and almost buried himself under the pile of broken soup plates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

Although the Cascadilla School has not practised rowing so long as St. Paul's, of which this Department spoke last week, it has made rapid strides ever since the sport was introduced there two years ago, and now boasts of a well-equipped navy. Owing to the school's location on Cayuga Lake, aquatics will become the distinctive form of athletics there in the future, although, as a member of the New York State Interscholastic League, football and baseball teams are also put into the field. But it is a good thing to have rowing developed in some of the preparatory institutions, and I shall not regret to see some of the vast amount of energy that now appears to be running riot in track athletics turned into this new channel. Every large school situated near a watercourse or a lake ought to add rowing to its list of sports, if it is possible to do so.



**THE CASCADILLA CREW AND BOAT-HOUSE.**

The principal difficulty in the way of such progress at present lies in the fact that so few schools have crews, that interscholastic contests are hard to arrange. The Cascadilla oarsmen are fortunate in having the Cornell crews to row against, and each year they get races with the Freshmen and 'Varsity eights. Thus far they have secured no victories over either of these rivals, but as the sport grows older with them they should make a better showing from year to year. The Cascadilla commodore is now negotiating with a school near Philadelphia that has taken steps toward the organization of a crew, and it is possible that next summer will witness the first of a series of interscholastic regattas between these progressive institutions.

The same lack of a scholastic rival hampers rowing at St. John's Academy, Delafield, Wisconsin, where the school eight have to seek as their opponents the crews of Madison University. Last spring they defeated the '97 crew by three lengths in an exciting race over the Nagawicka course in the excellent time of 8 min. 3 sec. This victory was all the more creditable from the fact that several of the Madison 'Varsity men had seats in the '97 boat. I have spoken of the rowing which is done in the several schools mentioned to show that it is possible for young men not yet in college to approximate the work performed by older athletes. The Department has devoted space to the description of the crews and their methods in the hope of encouraging other institutions to take up the sport during the coming winter and next spring. It is an excellent exercise, and a seat in the 'Varsity boat is looked upon as the greatest athletic honor a college man may attain, excepting, of course, a captaincy. It must be the same in every school where rowing is practised, and the school that has a crew in the spring is bound to have a better football team in the fall, for the training done in the winter and the rowing done later develop new material, and strengthen the older men.

The proposition to organize a National Interscholastic Athletic Association, modelled upon the Inter-collegiate Association, made in these columns in the early part of last spring, is looked upon favorably not only by the schools and associations in this part of the country, but also by the schools on the Pacific coast. In fact, the Westerners have shown a much greater spirit of enterprise and sportsmanship in the matter than have the managers of scholastic athletic interests in the East. It is probable, however, that the apparent stagnation in this quarter has been due to the summer vacation, and the consequent cessation of school sports, and the absence from town of those who could take hold of the scheme and put it through. Now that the fall term is about to open, this matter promises to be taken up with the energy required for such an undertaking, and all we need is the hearty co-operation of the many interscholastic associations from every State in the Union. On October 8th there will be a meeting of the New York I.S.A.A., and I am assured that at that meeting the first steps towards the formation of the National Interscholastic League will be taken.

Steps have already been taken in California toward joining the League as soon as it shall be started, and the San Francisco newspapers are already talking of it as though it were an accomplished fact. This is all due to those lively young sportsmen of the Oakland High-School, who are not only eager to enter a general association, but are anxious to send a team of athletes to the Berkeley Oval to threaten the supremacy of the Eastern schools in track and field sports. Here is what the San Francisco *Call* of September 4th says on the subject:

The Oakland High-School decided to-day that it would join the National League of High-Schools, and send a team to New York next year to join in the national High-School contests. The team will consist of ten of the best athletes in the school, and the boys anticipate being capable of holding their own and capturing some of the trophies. They have received much encouragement from the recent tour of the Berkeley team. The Oakland High-School has for some time been a member of the league of which HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is the organ, and now that they have decided to branch out and seek national honors, athletics will receive a boom, as there is much rivalry as to who will ultimately be the ones chosen to uphold the honor of Oakland's High-School in the Empire State. A general meeting will be held in a few days, and a manager will be elected who will at once put into practice all the available material. After that the boys will commence to obtain pledges for financial aid, as it will require about \$1600 to defray the expenses of the trip. The next national High-School contests will be held in the summer; but entries are now being made, and Oakland will not be dilatory in outlining the events for which she will seek to carry off the honors. "The sending East of our team will be one of the best things that ever the High-School undertook," said one of the O.H.-S. athletes to-day. "It will call attention to our school and to Oakland, and will let thousands of people know that we exist who are in doubt just now as to where Oakland is. We have been debating the proposition of sending a team East all this year, but after we saw what a lot of attention was shown to the Berkeley team we could see no reason why we should not try a similar tour among the crack Eastern High-Schools. We do not anticipate any trouble in raising the necessary funds, as we think the noise we shall make will prove a very valuable advertisement for this city."

A good many of the statements made by the *Call* are inaccurate, but the main announcement, that the O.H.-S. will come East, is authentic. It behooves the Eastern sportsmen, therefore, to get ready to receive them. As I have said before, the ROUND TABLE will do everything in its power to further the organization of a National Association of the schools, and these columns are open to correspondents who care to make suggestions for the advancement of the scheme. Perhaps a better idea of what the Californians have actually done, and will do, can be obtained from this letter, which came to the ROUND TABLE from the Captain of the O.H.-S. athletic team:

"The newspaper reports are not at all accurate, but they will serve to show what we have been doing lately. While they do not convey the exact truth, they have aroused great enthusiasm among the Oakland people, and we have great hopes of taking an Eastern tour. We are only awaiting the formation of the Big League to go right to work, and we have a big job on hand. I suppose that the Field Day will be held about the latter part of June, and that the list of events will be made to coincide exactly with the Inter-collegiate programme. If we came East we could doubtless make arrangements for a series of dual games with three or four of the crack schools in the vicinity of New York in addition to the Big Field Day. Of course this could all be arranged later on; what we are worried about now is getting started. I wish you would prod the schools up and get them to take immediate action. We want to get to work right away, for to raise \$3000 is quite a job. The U.C. boys are in favor of the trip, and will help us in every way. I wish you would inform us of any steps taken in this regard, and also put us in touch with the officers, so we could correspond with them. Would it be necessary to be the winning or champion team of our league to join in the Field Day, or could the O.H.-S. alone join the League and uphold the honor of California in the scholastic world in the East?"

It strikes me that the New York I.S.A.A. will lose an opportunity that may never offer again if it fails now to take the initiative in the formation and foundation of the National Interscholastic Athletic Association of America.

Lawrenceville opened last Thursday, and the football men went to work at once. Some of the old players got back a week earlier, and saw to it that the eight fields were put into shape and laid out, and now every afternoon one may see sixteen elevens hard at work rushing and kicking and otherwise developing new material. This system of requiring everybody to join in the game is an excellent one. The boys at Lawrenceville are arranged according to size, and are taught how to play, and thus it is plain that in the course of a year or two the Captain of the school team has plenty of good material to pick from. The first and second teams have the additional advantage of being coached by some of the instructors who were star football players in their college days, and the benefit of whose experience goes largely toward making the Lawrenceville eleven the successful one that it usually is.

Last year, for instance, Lawrenceville defeated the Hill School, 22-0, the Yale Freshmen, 16-0, and Andover, 20-6, besides disposing of every other school team they met. They tried to arrange a game with the Princeton 'Varsity, but were not successful, for the reason, they believe, that in 1893 they scored 4-8 on the orange and black champions. Of course this is probably not the reason, for Princeton should be only too glad to get such excellent practice even from a school team, and this year no doubt there will be a match, and another probably with the University of Pennsylvania.

A feature of the football record of this school, which it is pleasing to be able to call attention to, is that in the twelve years the game has been played there no dispute has ever arisen and no serious accident has occurred. Moreover, as far as I am able to ascertain, no boy ever went to the school because he could play football. All this tends to create a genuine and healthy interest in the sport, and not only the scholars themselves, but the graduates of the school take pride in such a record. This is shown by the fact that the Alumni have presented a \$300 cup for class championship contests, each winning class getting its numeral engraved upon the trophy; and an alumnus has also offered a cup to be played for by the House teams, and to become the property of the House winning the greatest number of times within ten years. The boys live in Houses at Lawrenceville, as they do at Rugby and Harrow, and each House has its eleven.

Of last year's first school team five men return: Emerson, full-back; Dibble and Davis, half-backs; Cadwalader and Edwards, guards. This is a first-rate nucleus, and Dibble, the new Captain, is expected to bring forward a team equal, if not superior, to that of last year. There are few better half-backs in the schools than Dibble. He is a great sprinter, having covered the 100 in 10 seconds at the school games last June. Davis, the other half-back, and Emerson, the full-back, will surely improve this fall over their last

year's style, while no better guards are necessary than Cadwalader and Edwards. They weigh 210 and 218 pounds respectively.

The candidates for end rush are Noble and Righter, and unless some new phenomenons develop, they will hold the positions. The tackles will have to be taken from the incoming classes, and the hardest position to fill will be quarter-back. Captain Dibble may well watch the play of the man in this position, if he expects the team to be engineered as well as De Saulles did it last year. De Saulles is a wonderful quarter-back, and will no doubt make the Yale 'Varsity in a year or so. A large number of new Fourth Form boys, or Seniors, have been entered this fall, and it will be strange if in a school of 350 enough available material cannot be trained to bring the eleven up to its usual standard of excellence.

The teams of the New England League are also in the field, and in a few days practice games between schools will begin. Boston Latin is scheduled to meet Charlestown High to-morrow, and English High meets Dorchester on the same day. There is unusual promise of good new material everywhere, and the championship matches ought to furnish good football. Only three members of the Cambridge Manual Training School's champion eleven are back this fall, and the candidates for positions are mostly small, light men. Captain Murphy, however, has signified his intention of trying to make up for the probable lightness of his team by perfecting it in team work.

The Boston Latin School was the first to get its men into training, and has a start of nearly a week over its rivals. Many of last year's players have returned to school, and most of them are heavy fellows. Lowe, one of the guards, is the biggest man of the aggregation, and weighs 210 pounds. Eaton at centre weighs 198 pounds, and his other guard, Nagle, tips the scales at 185. These three have played together for B.L.S. for the past three years, and are undoubtedly the strongest centre in the League. The tackle positions are open, and one of them will probably be filled by Rankin, who was a substitute last year. D. Lockin, who showed some of the best end work of any of the school players, is back in his old position.

[Pg 971]

Captain Maguire will keep his old place at full-back, and ought to manage to develop a strong eleven. He is familiar with the fine points of the game, and has been a member of the team for two years past. Last year he proved himself one of the cleverest ground-gainers in the League, and in the game with English High his punting aided materially toward the securing of victory. His tackling and interfering have improved, and will doubtless grow better as the season advances.

The showing made in the early work of the English High-School players has not been very encouraging thus far. Like the C.M.T.S. men, the candidates are small, but all of them are apparently hard workers. It is fortunate for Captain Callahan that there are not so very many positions to fill, but on the other hand the vacancies occur in places where strong and reliable players are required. If things are allowed to run along in the slipshod way that characterized E.H.-S.'s endeavors last year, however, the team will be a poorer one than has represented the school for some time. Only continuous and careful work can bring the team into championship form.

The two scholastic representatives in the A.A.U. championships at Manhattan Field on the 14th managed to hold their ends up pretty well. Baltazzi took second to Sweeney in the high jump, with 5 feet 10-1/2 inches, defeating Cosgrove, and Syme got first in the low hurdles. He ran his trial heat in 26-3/5 seconds, but got the medal with 28-1/5 seconds. His victory was in some respects a repetition of his success at Syracuse in the Metropolitan championships. There he met Sheldon and Chase, the latter falling over the eighth hurdle. At Manhattan Field, Cosgrove led up to the ninth hurdle in the trials, and then took a cropper, leaving Syme to win the heat. In the finals, Syme and Cady had it neck and neck to this same ninth, when the scholastic runner struck the timber so heavily as to break it, but recovered in time to see Cady go somersaulting over the tenth. Before the Yale man could recover, Syme had breasted the tape.

THE GRADUATE.

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## A NEW USE FOR A DOLL.

A new use for a doll has been discovered by an ingenious London thief. A woman who was arrested for stealing from one of the large dry-goods shops was found to have been carrying what everybody supposed to be a baby; but what in reality turned out to be a huge doll with a wax face and hollow leathern body. It was the thief's custom to conceal the stolen articles as quickly as she got her fingers on them, gloves, laces, and so forth, in the cavernous and spacious interior of the "baby."

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## SOME STRANGE VISITING-CARDS

Calling in Corea must be a very difficult performance, if, as a London journal has recently stated, the ordinary visiting-cards there are a foot square. The same journal goes on to say that the savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent on in advance, and the visitor, on taking leave, pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting-card, consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

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## SOME NOVEL RACES.

A London newspaper some years ago contained an account of a strange sort of contest which two noblemen once got up for their own amusement. It consisted of matching a flock of turkeys and a flock of geese for a race on the London and Norwich road, in the middle of the last century. The turkeys would insist upon flying up into the roadside trees to roost while the geese, keeping up a steady waddle till night, reached

London from Norwich two days ahead. The same journal also mentions the feats of the Hon. Tom Coventry's sprinting pig. In 1803 this speedy animal was matched against a celebrated runner, and started a strong favorite on the day of the race which she won with ease. The pig had been trained to run the distance each day for its dinner. Another strange contest of this time took place between two sporting noblemen, who raced against each other on a windy day on Hampstead Heath, one running backwards in jack-boots, and the other holding up an open umbrella, and running forwards.

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### **Table of Contents,**

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

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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.

The third stage of the trip from New York to Boston by the shore road demands our attention this week. It extends from New Haven to New London, a distance of forty-five miles or more, and though the rider can, if he desires, stop at Saybrook, thirty-three miles distant from New Haven, it is wiser to make the run to New London in one day, as the accommodations at New London are better, and the next stage, from New London to Shannuck, which comes on the next day, is much lighter.

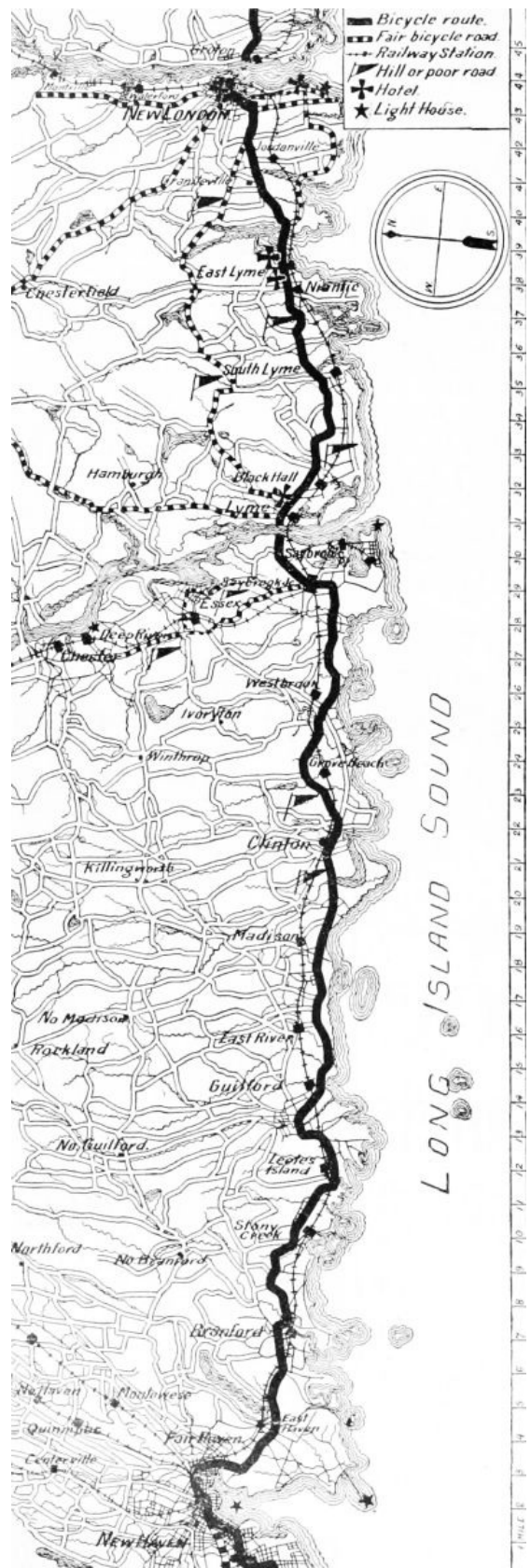
Leaving New Haven and going eastward the rider should keep always to the right on going into the suburbs of the city, and continue to the south of Fair Haven through East Haven. One and a half or two miles out of East Haven the road crosses the railroad track, and then runs on another mile into Branford, which is eight miles from New Haven. From Branford the road is, in the main, easily followed, the general tendency being to keep in the vicinity of the railroad, and near the shore of Long Island Sound. It is well for the rider, where possible, outside of villages, to take the side path, as the road is not in the best of condition in certain places, and the side path is usually very good. From Branford to Stony Creek is a distance of about three miles. Thence to Leetes Island, two miles further, where the road is clear, there is little to be described. There are almost no hills of importance, and the side path usually offers a very good substitute for the road itself when the latter becomes sandy.

From Leetes Island to Guilford, about three miles further on, the road winds about a good deal, crossing the railroad track twice before entering Guilford in order to make a detour to the north and cross a creek. After leaving Guilford the road runs down close by the shore, and keeps its position in passing East River and Madison. Between Madison and Clinton, and between Clinton and Grove Beach, a distance altogether of between five and six miles, the road is fair in general and very poor in spots. The side path should be taken wherever available, but, everything considered, it is not one of the best bicycle roads that could be desired. From Grove Beach into Saybrook, a distance of six miles, the rider passes through Westbrook, and the road does not alter its condition, being in the main fair, but very sandy in spots.

If possible, the rider should start from New Haven early in the morning, and make Saybrook some time about noon, stopping there for lunch or dinner. This is a distance of thirty-three miles altogether. To be sure, it only leaves a run of thirteen or fourteen miles to New London, but the accommodations there are so much better than along the line that it is advisable to try and reach it, and at the same time it is always well to do more than half the journey in the morning. Leaving Saybrook the rider should proceed, still on the turnpike, to the Connecticut River bank at Lyme Ferry. Crossing by this he turns to the right and runs into Lyme over a capital road. Thence the road runs along over a reasonably good bit of country to the north of the railroad into South Lyme, five miles further on, with the exception of a spot a mile or more beyond Black Hall, where the road crosses a creek and is poor riding for a short space. From South Lyme to Niantic is about three miles, and after passing East Lyme, a short distance out of Niantic, the rider crosses a long bridge over an inlet of the Sound. From this point, keeping to the left just after crossing the bridge, he runs through Jordanville into New London, and may there put up at the Crocker House in the middle of the town.

There are several alternatives over the last part of the course. For example, after crossing the Lyme Ferry and passing through Lyme, instead of keeping to the right it is possible for the rider to turn to the left, and follow the secondary bicycle route marked on the map, which, on the whole, is neither as short nor as good riding as the other. The road passes through Graniteville and joins the turnpike-road near Jordanville. In the case of a strong head wind, especially if it is a little to the southward of east, it will save a great deal of time and labor for the rider to take this more inland route. On the southern route, after passing Niantic and East Lyme and crossing the long bridge, the rider may turn sharp to the right, follow the route marked on the map, crossing another inlet of the Sound, leaving Jordanville on the north, and thence run on to the mouth of the Thames River, where he can put up at the Pequot House, a summer hotel, which will be a welcome place after such a ride.

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. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829.



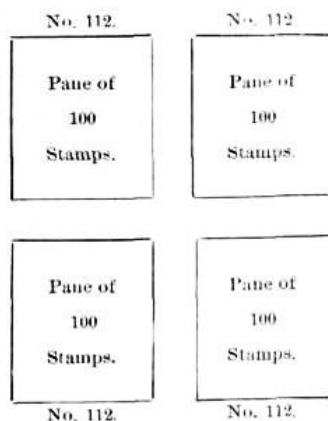
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This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

The New York *Herald* states that the Duke of York is prepared to sell his very valuable collection of stamps to the highest bidder. Lord Rothschild has made the most liberal offer thus far, but he would prefer to buy the rarest specimens only.

C. E. ABBEY.—U. S. stamps are printed on plates of 200 or 400 stamps divided into *panes* of 100 stamps each. A sheet of 100 stamps as sold by the Post-Office is one of these panes. Every plate bears a number, and this number is printed on the margin of each pane. For instance, the current 2c. red is printed from plates of 400 stamps which, after printing, is cut into four sheets. I illustrate plate No. 112.



I know of no stamp chapter in Newark.

H. B. THAW.—The 12 sen 1875, Japan, is worth 70c., the 15 sen, same issue, 60c.

L. M. C.—Dealers quote two varieties of the half-dime of 1838, one at 10c., the other at 30c.

A. WHITTEMORE.—No stamp was found in your envelope when opened.

D. C. S.—The stamps are Costa Rica revenues. There are several varieties of U. S. 1c. Proprietary worth from 1c. to 10c. each.

J. K. MORLAN.—The current 1s. Great Britain postage-stamp is catalogued at 2c. if used. As there are many thousand varieties of North, Central, and South American stamps, I cannot quote values, but advise you to buy a catalogue.

E. H. MAURER.—The \$1 values of U. S. postage-stamps are largely used to pay postage on packages of bonds sent from the U. S. to Europe. The "pink" 1861 is extremely rare. It is a peculiar shade which cannot be described in words.

H. L. WATSON, Paris.—It is probably a fraud. The only Jones Express known in America bears Washington's portrait, and is printed on pink paper.

A. E. BARROW.—No coins enclosed. I cannot say what dealers will pay for stamps. That depends on scarcity, condition, and quantity. An unsevered pair of any scarce stamp is always worth more than two single stamps of the same kind. The Columbus and 1853 dollars can both be bought from dealers at a slight advance.

D. E. PORTER.—The coin is a Connecticut cent dated 1787. Dealers catalogue it at 15c.

J. T. DELANO.—What dealers pay for coins we do not know. You can buy the 1832 half-dollar in good condition for 75c., the 1853 quarter for 35c., the 1864 two-cent copper for 10c.

F. S. BIDWELL, JUN.—No premium on the shilling.

E. B. TRIPP.—Dealers quote the 1857 and 1858 cents at 5c. each, 1822 half-dollar at 75c., silver three-cent pieces at 10c.

C. MARTIN.—Levant stamps are used for local purposes, and for prepayment of postage on letters to the home countries.

PHILATUS.

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## **Our Photographic Prize Competition.**

The Camera Club Department of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is the only one of the kind published regularly in the interests and for the help of the young amateur. It contains matter also for those more advanced in the art of photography. Its aim is to raise the standard of amateur photography among young people, and to direct them how to make the best use of their cameras.

To stimulate all to do their best, the ROUND TABLE offers prizes for the best specimens of photographic work submitted by the members. Any amateur may become a member of the Camera Club by simply sending name and address to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, and stating that you wish to become a member. There are no fees or dues. Those wishing to become members are asked to state in their application whether they have or have not passed their eighteenth birthday. Those under eighteen are made members, and those over eighteen are made Patrons of the Round Table.

The following are our annual prize offers with conditions. Part of these are open to all amateurs without regard to age.

## **PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE COMPETITION.**

### **CLASS I.—MARINES.**

First Prize \$15  
Second Prize 10

Entries in this class will close October 15, 1895.

### **CLASS II.—LANDSCAPES.**

First Prize \$15  
Second Prize 10

Entries in this class will close November 15, 1895.

### **CLASS III.—FIGURE STUDIES.**

First Prize \$25  
Second Prize 10

Entries in this class will close December 15, 1895.

### **RULES OF COMPETITION.**

1. This competition is open to all Knights and Ladies who have not passed their eighteenth birthday.
2. All photographs offered must be the work of the competitor from the exposure of the plate to the mounting of the finished print.
3. No photographs must be sent which have taken prizes or have been submitted for prizes in other competitions.
4. No picture less than 4 x 5 or larger than 8 x 10 must be sent.
5. Any printing process may be used with the exception of blue prints.
6. All pictures must be mounted, but not framed, and the carriage prepaid.
7. Each picture must be marked with the name and address of the sender, the class to which it belongs, and the statement whether or not the artist has passed his or her eighteenth birthday. No other writing is necessary. Any picture not thus marked will be ruled out.
8. As the competition closes at different dates, all entries for each class must be forwarded not later than the date named under each class. The packet must be marked on the outside "Harper's Round Table Photographic Competition," in addition to the name and address of this journal.

### **OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS.**

The following prizes are open to all amateurs, without regard to age:

#### **CLASS A.—LANDSCAPES.**

First Prize \$15  
Second Prize 10

Entries in this class will close November 1, 1895.

#### **CLASS B.—FIGURE STUDY.**

First Prize \$25  
Second Prize 10

Entries in this class will close December 15, 1895.

#### **RULES OF COMPETITION.**

1. This competition is open to all amateur photographers, without regard to age limit.

The other rules governing this competition are the same as those in the Competition open for those who have not passed their eighteenth birthday. Special attention is called to Rules 3 and 7.

#### **JUDGING.**

Each picture submitted in either competition will be judged: 1. Originality; 2. Artistic merits of composition; 3 Illustrative value; 4. Technical excellence of finish. The one having the highest percentage receiving the highest award in each class, etc. Pictures which fail to take a prize, the percentage of which is over seventy, will receive honorable mention.

Please pay special attention to the different dates at which the classes close. This plan has been adopted to simplify the work of handling the pictures. Photographs which do not take prizes or are not retained for publication will be returned to the senders at the close of the competition if postage is enclosed.

Watch this column for hints in regard to finishing pictures. Class No. I, "Marines," closes first. Amateurs living in waterports take notice.

---

## Help for those Lovers of Figures.

Answers to the Turk and Christian and Valet problems published last week: 1. Turk and Christian Puzzle.—In the Latin sentence and French verse given, attention must be given to the vowels *a, e, i, o, u* contained in the syllables, letting *a* equal one, *e* two, *i* three, *o* four, and *u* five. Begin by arranging four Christians together, because the vowel in the first syllable is *o*; then five Turks, because the vowel in the second syllable is *u*, and so on to the end. By proceeding in this manner, it will be found, taking every ninth person circularly, beginning at the first of the row, that the lot will fall entirely on the Turks.

2. Valet Puzzle.—Two valets cross first, and one of them, rowing back, carries over the third valet. One of the three valets then returns with the boat, and, remaining, allows the two masters whose valets have crossed to go over in the boat. One of the masters then carries back his valet, and leaving him on the bank, rows over the third master. In the last place, the valet who crossed enters the boat, and, returning twice, carries over the other two valets.

---

## A Famous Chess Problem.

This is a famous problem, and several notable chess-players of the old school have amused themselves with it:

*To make the knight move into all the squares of the chess-board in succession, without passing twice over the same.*

Of the four solutions to the problem, Demouvre's is the easiest to follow. I will furnish Montmort's, Mairan's, or M. W——'s solution to any member so desiring, provided a stamp is sent for reply. Following is Demouvre's solution:

34493211363924 1  
2110355023123740  
483362573825 213  
92051 563604126  
32475861565314 3  
19 8555259642742  
4631 6174429 415  
7184530 5164328

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE, R. T. F.  
17 WEBSTER PLACE, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

---

## Wants a Round Table Reunion.

Those of us who were in Boston during the week of the Templars' Conclave will never forget the parade. Twenty-five thousand men, with the motto, "Fraternity," "Fidelity," "Charity," marched from eleven o'clock in the morning to six in the evening. The flying banners, emblematic signs, playing bands, and general feeling of good-fellowship all combined to make one wish that the Round Table could have some similar convention. We have the same friendly feeling towards each other; we have emblems; we have Chapters; and we have a hundred thousand members.

What could we not do in a three days' convention? We could hold our all-round athletic championship tournament for the gold medal; we could have an exhibition of the Table's handicraft work; we could organize and have a "Grand Master," as the Templars have; and think how it would "boom" the membership and promote good-fellowship. I, for one, am in favor of holding a convention this year in New York, and several of my correspondents hold the same ideas. If some one with a "planning head" will "take hold" and develop my ideas I will be glad to hear from them.

M.D.O.  
19 ORANGE STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

We print this morsel because it is full of praiseworthy enthusiasm. We fear that our Order could not accomplish what an old fraternity is able to. But what say all of you?

---

## Answers to Kinks.

**No. 102.**

1. O
  2. ON
  3. OWN
  4. OMEN
  5. ONI ON
  6. OB TAI N
  7. OP I NI ON
  8. OB TUSI ON
  9. OB J ECTI ON
  10. OC CUPATI ON
  11. OS TENTATI ON
  12. OB LI TERATI ON
- 

**No. 103.**

Pulcheria—1. Peach. 2. Munch. 3. Calid. 4. Teach. 5. Porch. 6. Sleep. 7. Force. 8. Mitre. 9. Aster.

---

**No. 104.**

BALANCE  
TI MI D  
SE T  
R  
TI N  
PAC ER  
CREA TED

---

**No. 105.—THE SUPPER TABLE.**

1. Coffee. 2. Buckwheat cakes. 3. Molasses. 4. Oysters. 5. Tongue. 6. Partridge. 7. Crackers. 8. Butter. 9. Terrapin. 10 Radish. 11. Port. 12. Champagne, 13. Madeira. 14. Spirits. 15. Potato. 16. Turkey. 17. Ham. 18. Jam. 19. Toast. 20. Fowl. 21. Sole. 22. Herring. 23. Steak. 24. Croquette. 25. Quail. 26. Fig.

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## Questions and Answers.

It is not known, dear Sir Knight Latham, who was the wearer of the Iron Mask. There are many theories, but no positive knowledge. F.W.L. Bunting, Abbott Street, Cairns, Queensland, Australia, is a Knight who is fond of letter-writing, and a stamp collector in for trading. He wants to hear from you. Charles E. Abbey, Chester, N. J., asks if James Dixon, a former prize-winner in one or two of our contests, will write him. He wants to trade minerals and stones with anybody.

Edith Cline, Lewisberry, Pa., waits to receive a ribbon with your name, address and date. She will send hers. Edith F. Morris is now secretary of the Durham Stamp Exchange. Her address is 213 Third Avenue, New York. J. Crispia Bebb is informed that there has been no change in the Table's colors. We regret you can find no other Knights in Seattle. Ask for some blank Patents and give them to friends. Maybe when they read on the last page of the Patent the advantages of the Table they will consent to let you fill out a Patent for them.

Fred G. Patterson, Markleton, Pa., had a live rattlesnake which he was willing to sell to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to the School Fund. His best bid at writing was \$5. Wonder what he got, and how the snake is doing in captivity by this time? Sir John H. Campbell sends us the yells and colors of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.:

"Vanderbilt! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! Whiz, Boom! Zip, Boom! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!" The colors are old-gold and black.

[Pg 975]

## The Helping Hand.

I want to make a suggestion how the members in this city can raise some money for the Fund. It is to give a "trolley party." I suppose you know what a trolley party is. A party of young people charter a car for the evening, and ride all over the city and into the suburbs. The trolley party is a craze in this city at present. It is very common to see strings of illuminated cars coming down the streets in twos, generally accompanied by a band of music. It was not long ago I saw a large trolley party of sixty-five cars one after each other; This party was for the benefit of the German Hospital, and was a great success.



Don't you think a trolley party could be gotten up in this city if all the members were in real sympathy with the Order's work? I think we could easily give a trolley party, say, some week in October. Mr. Patton has consented to help me, and we want at least three more members in this city aged about sixteen years. The cost of a party varies according to the distance and the electrical decorations.

There are several fine routes. Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Angora, Darby, and Willow Grove. The two last ones are preferable on account of the length of the lines. The cost is about \$16 per car, decorated. We need at least three things for a success financially—united action on the part of the members, publicity, and a good night.

CHARLES C. CANFIELD.  
FAIRMOUNT STATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This is an admirable suggestion. Let us hear from all Quaker City members who will go.

---

## Origin of Three Common Things.

Some of our most common symbols have interesting derivations. Take, for instance, the dollar sign (\$), which every one knows and loves—to a more or less extent. Several explanations have been given of its origin. The most probable is that it is a modification of the figure 8, denoting the famous "piece of eight" of pirate lore, a Spanish silver piece of the value of our dollar. Another theory is that it represents the scroll and pillars depicted on certain Spanish coins. Still another makes us question whether it is not a monogram of the letters "U.S." It has even been stated that this mark at one time appeared on the flag of Saragossa, a city famous for its two months' siege by the French in 1808.

The symbol Rx, standing for *recipe*—take—was originally the symbol for Jupiter, a sign placed at the head of a medical formula to propitiate Jove, that the compound might act favorably. The character & is a corruption of the Latin word *et*, the letters being written as one.

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## Hunting Deer in California.

I wish you could see the picturesque spot where we are spending the summer. We are in a deep cañon, surrounded by the Santa Cruz Mountains, all of them over 2000 feet high. Llagas Creek, which abounds in cataracts, runs through the ravine. But the attractive feature of the place is that deer abounds on the hill-sides. The season opened on the 15th of July. At three o'clock on that morning thirteen hunters, dressed in leggings and corduroys, mounted their horses and started out, followed by a large pack of hounds, for the deer haunts.

The leader of the party in an hour's time had reached a convenient spot and divided his men into sets of two or three, stationing them in certain spots where the deer, scented by the dogs, would be likely to pass. Within three hours' time we heard the crack of rifles, and then the blowing of the horns brought us the joyful news that the hunters had been successful. By eight o'clock the party returned to the house, one of them leading on the back of a horse a fine buck weighing 100 pounds, exclusive of head and antlers. To-day we have been feasting from some choice bits, and feel that though we did not do the shooting ourselves, we were decidedly "in it."

GERALDINE SCUPHAM.  
LLAGAS, CAL.

---

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**HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York**

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[Pg 976]

## **GREEDY THOMAS.**

**BY KATHARINE PYLE.**



"No, Thomas, no," his good nurse said.  
"Indeed, you should not take  
At tea-time such a very large  
And plummy piece of cake."

In vain it was for nurse to speak,  
Young Thomas paid no heed;  
The slice of cake, both plum and crumb,  
He ate with eager greed.



But, ah! that night, when all the house  
Was wrapped in slumber deep,  
Then Thomas had a dreadful dream,  
For he was fast asleep.

He dreamed he was a plummy cake  
Of most enormous size.  
The icing was his nose and mouth,  
And currants were his eyes.



He dreamed the door swung softly back,  
The dream-man entered in;  
And spectacles were on his nose,  
And bristles on his chin.

He held a great knife in his hand,  
And tiptoed to the bed.  
"Oh, pray don't cut! I'm not a cake,  
I'm Tommy," Thomas said.



In vain to speak, for Thomas knew  
He looked too brown and nice;  
He saw the dream-man lift his knife  
As if to cut a slice,

And then—young Thomas shrieked and woke,  
And sat up straight in bed.  
"Oh, dear! I'll never eat rich cake  
Again at night," he said.

---

## STORIES BY GRANDMA.

### SOME TERRIBLE ADVENTURES WITH WOLVES.

"Grandma," said Ralph, "what do you suppose Uncle Henry said?"

"Well," answered grandma, "it wouldn't surprise me if he said it was a cold day, or—"

"No; I mean what do you suppose he told me; what kind of a story?"

"Oh, dear! your uncle Henry is *such* a hand to tell stories that I could hardly guess. About animals, I suppose, though, and nothing smaller than elephants, I'll warrant."

"No; wolves. They chased him once. Got away by climbing a tree and pulling the tree up after him."

"Dear me! what an extraordinary occurrence!" exclaimed grandma.

"But do you *believe* it, grandma?" asked Ralph.

"Oh no; certainly not. I never believe any of your uncle Henry's animal stories."

"Well," said Ralph, slowly. "I've been a little afraid of some of them myself. He *couldn't* pull up a tree he was in, *could* he, grandma?"

"I don't believe he could, unless he pulled pretty hard. I remember *my* uncle Henry used to tell a wolf story when I was a little girl. He said that one day, when he lived in Vermont, two wolves came after him, and he ran as fast as he could. By-and-by he began to get tired. Just then he came to a big rock, half as big as a house, and leaped upon it. The wolves were close behind, and so furious that they were almost or quite blind. One rushed around the rock one way, and the other the other way. They met on the farther side, and each thought he had caught Uncle Henry, and they began to fight like cats and dogs. Pretty soon they stopped to rest, and saw their mistake, and Uncle Henry said he never saw two wolves look so disgusted."

"Do you believe *that* story?" asked Ralph.

"Well," answered grandma, "it does seem to have its hard points. I think he may have stretched it a little."

"Tell me a true wolf story, grandma," pleaded Ralph.

"I'm afraid I don't know any more wolf stories—except the one about Little Red Riding-hood. Once on a time —"

"Oh, I've heard that, grandma. Tell me another about your uncle Henry."

"Well, another time, when Uncle Henry was living in Vermont a long time ago, two wolves came and sat down on his door-step. His house was a little log cabin with only one door. It was a very cold winter, with deep snow, so there wasn't much for wolves to eat. These two wolves were pretty hungry, and they thought that they would wait on the door-step till Uncle Henry came out, and just eat him for dinner, and perhaps stir around and get the stage-driver for supper, and depend on luck for breakfast the next morning.

"Uncle Henry happened to look out of the window and saw the two wolves sitting on the door-step; so he just staid in and said nothing. He staid in and kept on saying nothing for two whole days, and still those wolves sat there and waited for dinner to serve itself. They were friendly for a long time, and sat facing each other, discussing the weather and other things, I suppose; but after a while, when they began to get

pretty hungry, they had a little tiff, and turned their backs on each other. Then Uncle Henry took a clothes-pin, reached through the crack under the door, and slipped it on their tails where they crossed just as cool as if he had been pinning a wet stocking on a clothes-line. It held their tails together like a vise. 'Stop pinching my tail,' said one wolf. 'You—'

"Now, grandma!" broke in Ralph, reprovingly.

"I'm telling this story just as Uncle Henry told it to me when I was a little girl. I don't suppose he meant that the wolf really *said* that out loud, but *thought* it, and *looked* it. 'Let go my tail,' said one wolf; and he scowled over his shoulder at the other. 'Quit pinching *my* tail,' said the other; and *he* looked over *his* shoulder and scowled. Then they sprang at each other, and began to fight as hard as they knew how. Uncle Henry said he never heard such a noise in his life. But after a while it became all still, and he went out; but he couldn't find anything except a little wolf fur floating about in the air, and the clothes-pin; so he concluded that they had either fought each other completely out of existence, or got tired out and gone off."

H. C.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, SEPTEMBER 24, 1895 \*\*\*

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