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SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES, "FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH," "SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EARNING THEIR BICYCLES.

"I say, Hal, do you realize that the Ready Rangers will have been in existence a whole year on the 30th?" asked Will Rogers, as he and Hal Bacon walked homeward from school one afternoon of the May following the Rangers' memorable trip to New York. "I remember the exact date, because it was Decoration day, and the first time I was out after my accident."

"That's so," replied Lieutenant Hal, "and I think we ought to do something in the way of a celebration."

"My idea exactly; and at the meeting to-night I want to talk it over. So bring along any suggestions you can pick up, and let's see what can be done."

Never had the Berks boys, who were also Rangers, worked so hard as during the winter just passed. In spite of the allurements of skating, coasting, and all the other fascinating winter sports of country life, they had never lost sight of the coveted bicycles that Tom Burgess's father had promised to let them have at much less than cost, if only they could earn the money to pay for them. At the suggestion of Reddy Cuddeback, their newest member, of whom they were intensely proud, because he held the five-mile racing record of the United States, they had decided to make a common fund of all their earnings, and place it in the hands of honorary member Pop Miller for safe keeping. They did this, because, while it was necessary to the success of their organization that every member should own a bicycle, some of them were possessed of greater advantages or abilities for earning money than others. Also those who already owned machines, and so were not obliged to earn them, could still work with enthusiasm for the fund. Besides these reasons the Rangers proposed to raise some of the money by giving entertainments, the proceeds from which would necessarily go into a common fund. [Pg 978]

So, while several of the boys under direction of "Cracker" Bob Jones, who had a great head for business, gathered nuts in the autumn for shipment to New York, caught fish through the ice during the winter, and sold them in the village, and made maple sugar, to order, in the early spring, others split wood or did similar chores for neighbors. Will Rogers and Hal Bacon organized a mail-and-package delivery service. Beth Barlow, working on behalf of her brother, the naval cadet member, made the caramels and pop-corn balls that little Cal Moody sold to his school-mates at recess, while Reddy Cuddeback, who proved to be possessed of decided dramatic talent, arranged and managed the several entertainments given by the Rangers during the winter.

One of these was a minstrel show, the first ever seen in Berks. Another was a Good Roads talk, given by a distinguished highway engineer, and illustrated by stereopticon views, while the third, which was the crowning success of the season, was a play written by Will Rogers and Beth Barlow. It was called *Blue Billows*—a title cribbed from *Raftmates—or, Fighting for the Old Flag*: a nautical drama in two watches, founded on facts more thrilling than fiction. This play was suggested by the story of Reddy Cuddeback's father, as told by Admiral Marlin to his Road-Ranger guests the summer before, and in order that it should present a realistic picture of naval life, its leading scenes and all of its conversation were in closest imitation of *Pinafore*, which the Rangers had been taken to see in New York, and which was their chief source of knowledge concerning life on the ocean wave. So they had a Little Buttercup, only she was called Pink Clover, a midshipmite represented by little Cal Moody, a Jack Jackstraw, a Bill Bullseye, and a close imitation of Sir Joseph Porter, named Sir Birch Beer. They sang sea-songs, danced what they believed to be hornpipes, hitched their white duck trousers, shivered their timbers, and were altogether so salt and tarry, that had not the dazzled spectators known better they might have believed the Rangers to be regular oakum-pickers who had never trod dry land in their lives. So well was this performance received in Berks that the boys were induced to repeat it in Chester, whereby they added a very tidy sum to their fund.

This was their final effort at money-making, for about this time a letter was received from Mr. Burgess stating that he found it necessary to dispose of his stock of bicycles at once, and asking if the Rangers were not ready to relieve him of them. So the meeting called by Captain Will Rogers, to be held in Range Hall, as the boys termed Pop Miller's house, was for the purpose of learning the amount of the fund and deciding upon its disposal. The speculations as to its size, and what it would purchase, were as numerous as there were members, and as diverse as were the characters of the boys. Little Cal Moody hoped it might reach the magnificent sum of one hundred dollars; while "Cracker" Bob Jones thought one thousand dollars would more nearly represent the amount obtained. "That's what we've got to have," he argued, "for there are ten members without wheels, not counting what I owe Reddy Cuddeback on mine, and I don't believe even Mr. Burgess can afford to sell such beauties as those we rode last fall for less than a hundred apiece. So there you are; and if we haven't got a thousand dollars, some of us will have to go without wheels, or else only own 'em on shares."

This statement from so eminent an authority caused considerable uneasiness among the other boys, and they almost held their breath with anxiety as Mr. Pop Miller wiped his spectacles, and, producing a small blue bank-book, prepared to make the important announcement.

"Mr. President and fellow-members of the most honorable body of Ready Rangers," began the little old gentleman, beaming upon the expectant faces about him. "It is with gratified pride and sincere pleasure that I contemplate the wonderful success now crowning your tireless efforts of the past winter. I must confess that both your perseverance and the result accomplished have exceeded my expectations, and I congratulate you accordingly. As treasurer of the Rangers' bicycle fund, I have the honor to announce that, with all expenses for entertainments, etc., deducted, there is now on deposit in the First National Bank of Berks, and subject to your order, the very creditable sum of three hundred and eighty-five dollars and twelve cents. All of which is respectfully submitted by

"P. Miller, Treasurer."

"Hooray!" shouted little Cal Moody, forgetting his surroundings in the excitement of what he regarded as the vastness of this sum. As no one else echoed his shout, he blushed, looked very sheepish, and wished he had kept his mouth shut.

The Rangers had done well, remarkably well, as any one must acknowledge who has tried to raise money under similar conditions; but in view of "Cracker" Bob's recent statement, most of them felt that their great undertaking had resulted in what was almost equivalent to failure, and were correspondingly cast down.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed Sam Ray, breaking a gloomy silence. "Of course we've got to pay the thirty-five dollars that Bob still owes Reddy, for that is promised, and, besides, I'm certain that 'Cracker' has earned more than that amount himself. After that is done, though, we shall have only three hundred and fifty dollars left, which isn't more than enough to purchase three and a half or four machines at the most, and that will leave six of us with nothing to show for our winter's work."

"I move," said Mif Bowers, who having been a performer in *Blue Billows*, was fully persuaded that he was cut out for a sailor, "that we don't buy wheels at all, but put our money into a yacht, and go on a cruise down the Sound this summer."

"Second the motion!" cried Alec Cruger, who, having acted the part of Bill Bullseye, was equally anxious to put his recently acquired nautical knowledge to practical use.

"The motion is not in order," announced Will Rogers, firmly. "This money was raised for an especial purpose; and, whether it is much or little, it must be devoted to that purpose."

"That's so," agreed Sam Ray, who wanted a bicycle more than anything else in the world, "and I move that the money be sent to Mr. Burgess, with the request that he return just as many wheels as it will buy. We can take turns at riding them, and work all through long vacation for money to get the rest."

"Second the motion!" cried Si Carew.

"All in favor of Sam Ray's motion say 'aye.'"

"Aye!" responded half a dozen voices, though not very enthusiastically, for most of the boys were greatly disappointed, and did not relish the prospect of several months more of hard work for an object they had believed already attained. Still no one voted against the motion, and so it was pronounced carried.

"If we had got the machines I was going to suggest a grand parade in celebration of our birthday," said Hal Bacon, after the meeting had broken up; "but now I suppose it's no use."

So the three hundred and fifty dollars was forwarded to Mr. Burgess, together with a note from the Captain of the Rangers, stating all the circumstances, and hoping that the owner of the coveted wheels would sell just as many for the sum enclosed as he could possibly afford.

An answer to this momentous communication was awaited with such deep anxiety, that during the next few days the Rangers fairly haunted the railway station as though expecting to see their longed-for bicycles come rolling, of their own accord, up the track.

CHAPTER II.

A NOTABLE ARRIVAL IN BERKS.

"Hi-Ho! Hi-ho!" The well-known call of the Rangers summoning them to immediate assembly at the engine-house rang out, clear and shrill up and down the quiet village street. It was early morning, the sun was just rising, and though there was already much activity in kitchen and barn-yard, the long elm-shaded and grass-bordered thoroughfare was almost as deserted as at midnight. Still there was one team in sight, and [Pg 979] one boy. The former was that belonging to Squire Bacon; and, driven by Evert Bangs, it was coming from the direction of the railway station, where it had been to deliver, for the early morning train, the very last russet apples that would be shipped from Berks that year. The boy was little Cal Moody, who was earning twenty-five cents a week towards his bicycle by driving a neighbor's cow to and from pasture every morning and evening. He had just completed his task for that morning, and was on his way home when he

noticed the approaching team.

It does not take much to arouse curiosity in a quiet little place like Berks, and the boy's attention was instantly attracted to the fact that Squire Bacon's wagon bore a very queer-looking load. As it passed through occasional level shafts of sunlight that were darting between the trees it seemed to be full of flashes and bright gleamings. What could it be? Cal stopped to find out.

The nearer it approached the more he was puzzled, and it was not until the team was actually passing him, when the good-natured driver sang out: "Here they are, Cal! Came at last on the night freight, and I thought I might as well bring 'em along up," that the mystery was solved.

With a great tingling wave of joyful excitement sweeping over him, Cal knew that Squire Bacon's wagon held a load of bicycles in crates, and that they were being taken to the engine-house on the village green. He tried to give a shout of delight, but at first could only gasp without uttering a sound. Then, as he recovered his voice, the Ranger rallying cry of "Hi-ho! Hi-ho!" rang shrilly out on the morning air with a distinctness that instantly roused the sleepy village into full activity. The meaning of the cry was well understood by this time, and believing that it now indicated the breaking out of a fire, every one within hearing instantly repeated it, at the same time running toward the place whence it first issued. So within two minutes the exciting cry was sounding from end to end of the village, and even far beyond its limits. Sam Ray heard it in the new house up on the hill, and Reddy Cuddeback heard it in the mill settlement down by the river. Will Rogers heard it while he was dressing, and rushed out without stopping to complete his toilet. Thus the echoes of Cal's first summons had hardly died away before every Ranger in the village was tearing up or down the long street toward the engine-house, and yelling at the top of his voice.

The first to arrive got there even ahead of Evert Bangs, and were already running out the natty little red-and-gold engine as he drove up.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "I ruther guess your engine won't be wanted just yet. Seems to me you boys get het up terrible easy. No, your 'Hi-ho!' don't mean fire this time, nor nothing like it. What it means is *bicycles*, and here they be. I was calculating to have 'em all unloaded before any of you fellers showed up, as a sort of surprise, you understand; but seeing as you're on hand, I guess you'd better help."

Better help! Wouldn't they, though? and weren't they just glad of the chance? So many and so eager were the hands upraised to grasp the precious crates, that, even while some of the later arrivals were still asking, "where was the fire?" the last one was lifted out, carried into the engine-house, and there carefully deposited.

"How many are there?" asked "Cracker" Bob Jones, anxiously, as Evert Bangs drove off with his empty wagon, and the engine-house doors were closed to all except Rangers.

"I don't know," replied Will Rogers. "Let's count them."

As all began to count aloud at the same moment, it is not surprising that several different results were announced. "Fifteen!" shouted Si Carew. "Eight!" called little Cal Woody.

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Will Rogers. "You fellows are so excited that I don't believe any one of you could say his A B C's straight through. Keep quiet for a moment and let me count them. One, two, three, four, fi— There! I believe I've missed one already. One, two, three—"

"Here's a letter for you, Will," shouted Hal Bacon, who had been to the post-office, and came running breathlessly in at that moment. "What's all this I hear about bicycles? Oh, my eye! What a lot! How did they get here?"

"Just wheeled themselves up from New York," laughed Will, at the same time tearing open his letter, which was postmarked at that city. After a hasty glance at its contents, he called for silence, and read the following:

> *William Rogers, Esq., Captain Berks Ready Rangers*:
>
> DEAR SIR,—Your favor of 10th inst. with check for three hundred and fifty dollars enclosed, is at hand, and contents noted. As per request I forward by freight, charges prepaid, three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bicycles, or ten (10) in all.
>
> I am greatly pleased at the energy and perseverance shown by the Rangers in earning this sum of money, which I may as well admit is larger than I believed they would raise, and I congratulate them most heartily upon their success.
>
> Tom does not expect to spend this summer in Berks, but is making arrangements for a most delightful outing elsewhere. In it he hopes his fellow Rangers will be able to join him. It is nothing more nor less than a— But I must not anticipate, nor rob him of the pleasure of telling you his plans himself.
>
> With best wishes for the continued prosperity and happiness of the Ready Rangers, I remain,
>
> Sincerely their friend,
> L. A. BURGESS.

"Ten bicycles for three hundred and fifty dollars!" cried "Cracker" Bob Jones. "And all of 'em first-class, A No. 1 machines. That beats anything I ever heard of. If Mr. Burgess has got any more to sell at the same price I'd like to take them off his hands, that's all."

"But he hasn't," declared Will Rogers. "Don't you remember that ten was the exact number he happened to have?"

"And it's the exact number that happens to make just one apiece for us," commented Abe Cruger. "Seems to me that's about as big a piece of luck as I ever ran across."

"If it is luck," added Hal Bacon, shrewdly.

"Let's open 'em right away," cried Cal Moody, jumping up and down in his excitement. "It doesn't seem as if

I could wait another minute."

"Yes. Let's open 'em!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"Hold on," commanded Will Rogers. "We haven't time to open all the crates and put the machines together now. Besides, Pop Miller isn't here, nor lots of people who have helped us get these bicycles, and who would be awfully interested in seeing them opened. So I propose that we leave them just as they are until after school, and then hold what you might call an opening reception."

Although the Rangers agreed to this proposition, it was with reluctance; and that their thoughts remained with those precious crates all day was shown in more ways than one. In school, for instance, when little Cal Moody was asked to spell and define the word biennial, he promptly replied, with "Bi—*bi*, cy—*cy*, cle—*cle*—bicycle—a machine having two wheels;" and when "Cracker" Bob Jones was requested to favor the arithmetic class with an example in percentage he complied by stating, "that if ten bicycles, listed at $125 each, could be bought for $350, and sold at their listed price, the percentage of profit would be—" Just here he was interrupted by a shout of laughter, in which even the teacher, who thoroughly understood and sympathized with the situation, was forced to join.

When the hour for the opening of the crates at length arrived, half the village was there to see, and when the ten glittering bicycles, each of which bore a small silver plate inscribed with the name of its new owner, were finally put together and displayed to the admiring public of Berks, there were no happier nor prouder boys in the United States than the young Rangers who had earned them.

From that time on, they rode their bicycles during every leisure moment, and on the 30th of May they celebrated their birthday by giving an exhibition parade as bicycle fire scouts, that was pronounced the very finest thing of its kind ever seen in that section of country. In this parade each machine carried a fire bucket, and while some also bore axes, others were equipped with the rope-ladder that Will Rogers and [Pg 980] Sam Ray had used so effectively, a fire-net, blankets, spades, and other articles to be used in an emergency.

The Chester Wheel Club came over to join in the parade, and with them came the bicycle-supply man, who was so impressed with the fact that Berks was becoming a bicycling centre that he at once established a branch of his business there, and appointed Pop Miller his agent.

Best of all was a visit from Tom Burgess, who came on from New York, not only to take part in the parade, but to unfold the gorgeous plan he had evolved for the summer vacation, and in which he wished his fellow Rangers to join. He first confided it privately to Will Rogers, and when he concluded, the latter exclaimed:

"Tom Burgess, it seems almost too good to be true, but with the experience we've already gained in *Blue Billows* I believe we can carry it through. If we only can, it will be the biggest thing the Rangers have undertaken yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE SON OF SHAKESPEARE.

Many years ago had you been, let us say, a tinker travelling with your wares or a knight riding by, you might have passed, upon a small arched bridge that spanned a little river in the heart of "Merrie England," a small boy, hanging over the railing, now watching the rippling water, or with eager eyes looking along the roadway that ran between green meadows toward that distant London, from which, perhaps, you were tramping or riding.

I think, as you passed, you would have looked twice at that small boy on the bridge, whether you were low-down tinker or high-born knight. For he was a bright, sweet-faced little ten-year-old in his quaint sixteenth-century costume, and the look of expectancy in his eyes might, as it fell upon your face, have shaped itself into the spoken question, "Have you seen my father as you came along?"

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY FATHER AS YOU CAME ALONG?"

Whereupon, had you been the lordly knight you might have said, "And who might your father be, little one?" Or had you been the low-down tramping tinker you would probably have grunted out: "Hoi, zurs! An' who be'est yure feythur, lad?"

To either of which questions that small boy on the bridge would have answered in some surprise—for he supposed that, surely, all men knew his father—"Why, Master William Shakespeare, the player in London."

For that little river is the Avon; that small bridge of arches is Clopton's mill-bridge, that small boy is Hamnet, the only son of Master William Shakespeare, of Henley Street, in Stratford-on-Avon. And in the year 1595 the name of William Shakespeare was already known in London as one of the Lord

Chamberlain's company of actors, and a writer of masterly poems and plays.

Perhaps if you were the tinker, you might be tired enough with your tramping to throw off your pack, and, sitting upon it, to talk with the little lad; or, if you were the knight, it might please your worship to breathe your horse upon the bridge and hold a moment's converse with the child.

Were you tinker or knight the time would not be misspent, for you would find young Hamnet Shakespeare most entertaining.

He would tell you of his twin sister Judith—something of a "tomboy," I fear, but a pretty and lovable little girl, nevertheless. And as Hamnet told you about Judith, you would remember—no, you would not, though, for neither tinker nor knight nor any other Englishman of 1595 knew what we do to-day of Shakespeare's plays; but if you should happen to have a dream of the little fellow now, you might remember that Shakespeare's twins must have been often in the great writer's mind; for they stole into his work repeatedly in such shapes as that charming brother and sister of his *Twelfth Night*—Sebastian and Viola—

"An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures,"

or the twin brothers Antipholus of Ephesus and Syracuse, and those very, very funny twin brothers of the *Comedy of Errors*, forever famous as the Two Dromios.

And if young Hamnet told you of his sister he would tell you, doubtless, of his grandfather who was once the bailiff or head man of Stratford town, and who lived with them in the little house in Henley Street; and especially would he tell you of his own dear father, Master William Shakespeare, who wrote poems and plays, and had even acted, at the last Christmas-time, before her Majesty the Queen in her palace at Greenwich. For you may be sure boy Hamnet was very proud of this—thinking more of it, no doubt, than of all the poems and plays his father had written.

Then, perhaps, you could lead the boy to tell you about himself. He might tell you how he liked his school—if he did like it; for perhaps, like his father's schoolboy, he did sometimes go

"with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

He would, however, be more interested to tell you that he went to school in the chapel of the Holy Cross, because the old school-house next door, to which his father had gone as a boy, was being repaired that year, and he liked going to school in the chapel because it gave him more holidays.

Ah, he would tell you, he did enjoy those holidays. For the little house in Henley Street was a bit crowded, and he liked to be out of doors, being, I suspect, rather a boy of the woods and the fields than of the Horn-Book, the Queen's Grammar, and Cato's Maxims. He and Judith had jolly times abroad, for Judith was a good comrade, and really had it easier than he did—so he would tell you—for Judith never went to school. In fact, to her dying day, Judith Shakespeare—think of that, you Shakespeare scholars!—a daughter of the greatest man in English literature could neither read nor write!

So the Shakespeare twins would roam the fields, and knew, blindfold, all that bright country-side about beautiful Stratford. Their father was a great lover of nature. You know that from reading his plays, and his twins took after him in this. Young Hamnet Shakespeare loved to hang over Clopton Bridge, as we found him to-day, watching the rippling Avon as it wound through the Stratford meadows and past the little town. He knew all the turns and twists of that storied river with which his great father's name is now so closely linked. He knew where to find and how to catch the perch and pike that swam beneath its surface. He and Judith had punted on it above and below Clopton Bridge, and on many a warm summer day he had stripped for a swim in its cooling water.

He knew Stratford from the Guild Pits to the Worcester road, and from the Salmon Tail to the Cross-on-the-Hill. He could tell you how big a jump it was across the streamlet in front of the Rother Market, and how much higher the roof of the Bell was than of the Wool-Shop, next door—for he had climbed them both.

He knew where, in Stratford meadows, the violets grew thickest and bluest in the spring, where the tall cowslips fairly "smothered" the fields, as the boys and girls of Stratford affirmed, and where, in the wood by the weir-brakes just below the town the fairies sometimes came from the Long Compton quarries to dance and sing on a midsummer night.

He had time and time again wandered along the Avon from Luddington to Charlecote. He had been many a time to his mother's home cottage at Shottery, and to his grandfather's orchards at Snitterfield for leather-coats and wardens. He knew how to snare rabbits and "conies" in Ilmington woods, and he had learned how to tell, by their horns, the age of the deer in Charlecote Park—descendants, perhaps, of that very deer because of which his father once got into trouble with testy old Sir Thomas Lucy, the lord of Charlecote Manor.

The birds were his pets and playfellows. And what quantities there were all about Stratford town! Hamnet knew their ways and their traditions. He could tell you why the lark was hanged for treason; how the swan celebrated its own death; how the wren came to be king of the birds; and how the cuckoo swallowed its stepfather. He could tell you where the nightingale and the lark sang their sweetest "tirra-lirra" in the weir-brake below Stratford Church, and just how many thievish jackdaws made their nests in Stratford spire. He could show you the very fallow in which he had caught a baby lapwing scudding away with its shell on its head, and in just what field the crow-boys had rigged up the best kind of a "mammet" or scarecrow to frighten the hungry birds. [Pg 981]

So, you see, little Hamnet Shakespeare could keep you interested with his talk until it was time—if you were the tramping tinker—to toss once more your heavy pack on your shoulders, or, if you were lordly knight, to cry "get on" to your now rested horse. And by this time you would have discovered that here was a boy who, with eyes to see and ears to hear all the sights and sounds of that beautiful country about Stratford and along the Avon's banks, had learned to find, as his father, later on, described it:

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A clatter of hoofs rings upon the London highway. The boy springs to his feet; he scarcely waits to give you his hasty good-day, but with a hop, skip, and jump, flies across the bridge and along the road. And, as he is lifted to the saddle by the well-built, handsome man with scarlet doublet, loose riding-cloak, white ruff, auburn hair and beard, who sits his horse so well, you know that father and son are riding home together, and that there will be joy in the little house in Henley Street. For Master William Shakespeare, the London player, has come from town to spend a day at home in the Stratford village he loved so dearly.

Perhaps, two or three years later, you may be led again to tramp or ride through Stratford town. As you loiter awhile at the Bear Tavern, near the Clopton Bridge, you recognize the arches and the pleasant river that flows beneath them, and then you remember the little boy with whom you talked on the bridge.

To your inquiries the landlord of the Bear says, with a sigh and a shake of the head,

"A gentle lad, sir, and a sad loss to his father."

"What—dead?" you ask.

"Yes, two years ago," the landlord replies. "Little Hamnet was never very strong, to be sure, but he sickened and died almost before we knew aught was wrong with him. A sad loss to his father. Master Shakespeare dearly loved the lad, and while he was gathering fame and wealth he thought most, I doubt not, of that boy to whom he was to pass them on."

"So Master William Shakespeare has grown rich as well as famous, has he?" you say, for all England knows by that time of his wonderful plays.

"Indeed yes," the landlord answers you. "See, across the trees, that big house yonder? It is New Place, bought in the spring of this very year of 1597, by Master Shakespeare, and put into fine repair. And there all his family live now—his old father, Master John, his wife, Mistress Ann, and all the children. But little Hamnet is not there, and I doubt not Master Shakespeare would gladly give all New Place and his theatre in London too, for that son of his back again, alive and well, and as happy of face as he used to be in the old house in Henley Street."

The landlord of the Bear is right. Hamnet Shakespeare ended his short life on the 11th of August, 1596, being then but eleven years old.

We know but little of his famous father's life; we know even less of the son he so dearly loved. Nor can any one say, had the boy but lived, whether he would have inherited anything of his father's genius.

The play of *Hamlet* may have been called in memory of the boy Hamnet, so nearly are the names alike; even more is it possible that the lovely boy, Prince Arthur, whose tragic story is a part of Shakespeare's play of *King John*, may have been drawn in memory of the writer's dead boy. For *King John* was written in the year of young Hamnet Shakespeare's death, and with the loss of the boy he so dearly loved weighing upon his soul, the great writer, whose name and fame the years only make yet more great, may thus have put into words a tender memory of the short-lived little Hamnet, the gentle son of Shakespeare. [Pg 982]

THE DEMON OF SNAGGLE-TOOTH ROCK.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

here were weeping and wailing within the Saunders' modest "one-story-and-a-jump" cottage. Monongahela's eyes were red from crying; the twins, Dallas Lee and Jemima Calline, had for once lost their appetite, even for corn-pone and molasses; and Washington Beauregard, the eldest of the brood of youngsters, frowned gloomily, and ground his teeth in deep if silent rage as he polished up his antiquated old rifle and thought upon vengeance. Only the baby crowed and gurgled as lustily as ever, shaking his gourd rattle in blissful infantile ignorance of the loss that had befallen the family—a loss most keenly felt by the children, for it was that of the bonny ewe-lamb, their pet and plaything by day, and almost their bedfellow by night; while the manner of its disappearance was shrouded in profound mystery.

"Mebbe 'twas Butcher Killem who tuck him," suddenly suggested the lugubrious boy twin. "Tuck him to make roasts 'n' chops of; 'n' if it was, we may be eatin' Cotton Ball for dinner some of these fine days."

A dire prediction, which immediately sent Jemima Calline off into a wild paroxysm of grief, flinging herself flat upon the floor, and drumming a funereal tattoo with her best Sunday shoes on the gay rag carpet of domestic manufacture. "I'll never taste mutton again; never, never, the longest day I live," she howled.

"Now, Dallas Lee, see what you've done!" scolded Monongahela, usually called Monny for short. "You've set her off agin, and we'll have her in 'sterics direckly. Thar ain't no need of any sech fool talk either, and slanderin' your neighbor into the bargain. Mr. Killem is an honest man, who buys 'n' pays for all the critters he cuts up. Besides, I caught the lamb myself, and shet her up in the wood-shed before ever we started for the bush-meetin'. I locked the door 'n' took the key in my pocket. The door was still locked when we came back."

"Ya—as; but ye couldn't lock the hole in the roof," drawled Wash, looking up from his polishing. "The hole pap 'n' I hev been calculatin' to mend for some time back, but 'ain't got at yit, more's the pity. Thar's where the thief come in. For thar on the shingles is where the locks of wool are a-hangin'."

"But I can't see how anybody could clamber up thar, drop through a hole, and git back agin with a big kickin' beast in his arms; for if he'd killed it on the spot ther'd be blood spattered 'round."

"Mebbe nobody could, but mebbe some*thing* might."

"Some thing! What sort of a thing? A fox or any other animal?"

"P'r'aps so," but Wash would say no more. He was famous for holding his own counsel, and did so now, until the yellow moon had risen from behind the glorious mountain peaks surrounding their little primitive West Virginia home, and he and his favorite sister wandered out together into the soft, pine-scented night. Then, however, their thoughts naturally reverted to the mysterious disappearance, and the girl asked somewhat curiously, "So, Washington Beauregard, you won't allow that the 'ornery' thief what stole our pet come on two legs?"

"No, Monny, nor on four legs nuther," answered her brother. "Though I didn't want to say much afore the chillen. But I've been a-studyin' over this matter, and I begin to fear that he comes on wings."

"On wings! Law, then, he must be a bird! But I never saw a hawk or even an eagle big and strong enough to tote off a half-grown sheep like Cotton Ball. Strikes me it's dumb foolishness you're talkin', Wash."

"Waal, I dunno about that. Hevn't you heard the old hunters, on winter nights, tell of a curisome-winged thing that once made its nest over yonder on Snaggle Tooth?" and the youth pointed to a high, dark, jagged crag silhouetted against the purplish-blue sky. "It did a power of mischief in this neighborhood, totin' off chickens 'n' dogs 'n' sheep, and some say even tacklin' a calf. 'Twas a cute old fowl, so nobody could git a crack at it; but was up to so much devilment, that they called it the Demon of Snaggle-Tooth Rock."

"Oh, yaas, I've heard o' that often; but it was years ago, before you or I were born, an' the critter hasn't been raound here since."

"That's so; but what has been kin be; and the other day Tim Harkins tole me a yarn about jest sech a bird havin' been seen lately over Stonycliff way. A monstrous chap, something like a golden eagle, only bigger an' wickeder-lookin', with a more crooked beak, an' feathers of a dirty brownish-gray. At the time I thought Tim was jest a-humbuggin', but after the little beast disappeared so unaccountable like, I begun to reckon it must be true, sure enough."

"Oh, Wash, I can't bear to think of it!" and Monny's face looked quite pale in the moonlight. "Poor, dear little Cotton Ball! Fancy that demon and his mate tearing her limb from limb. It 'most breaks my heart." And long after the girl had climbed the ladder leading to the low attic under the clapboard roof, which she had shared with the younger children ever since their mother's death one year before, she lingered at the tiny two-paned window gazing off at the peaceful-seeming hills, but in imagination following the lost lambkin to the eagle's grim eyrie on wild, inaccessible Snaggle-Tooth Rock.

"It is dreadful, dreadful; but I won't tell Jemima Calline," was her last thought as she crept into bed beside her sister.

For Monongahela was old beyond her fourteen years, and bravely strove to fill the place of their lost parent to the motherless little ones, sending them trim and tidy to school and "Methody meetin'," feeding them on plenty of bacon, corn-dodgers, and apple-butter, and every morning, in spite of grimaces, dosing them all round with "whiskey and burdock" as an antidote against dyspepsia, the curse of that hog-eating, excessive coffee-drinking community.

Within a few days Washington's fears were painfully confirmed. Our young mountain folk were out one afternoon on the hill-side gathering ginseng and other herbs, when they met the circuit-rider who visited in turn the churches of their vicinity, and whom Mr. Saunders had frequently entertained. He paused for a chat, and informed them of the consternation created in a neighboring valley by the appearance of the terrible bird to prey upon any poultry or small animals left out over night; while one man had been severely wounded in an almost hand-to-claw tussle in order to save his dog.

The following morning, then, when Monny, with the baby toddling by her side, went out early to milk the cow, she heard a continuous firing, and came upon her brother armed with the old flint-lock rifle which he had inherited from his grandfather, popping away at the brown and purple cones on the top of a tall pine-tree, and deftly snapping off the one at which he aimed nine times out of ten.

"Well, Washington Beauregard, I'll allow you are a pretty fair marksman," she remarked, after a moment of admiring watching. "Not many private hunters kin wing a bird as well as you, kin they?"

"Reckon I could hold my own agin most of they-uns if I only had a new-fangled gun," returned the boy. "This old fowlin'-piece ain't wurth much, and I do hope I kin sell enough 'sang'[1] this year to buy another. 'Tain't much fun to git a fine aim at a buck and lose him 'cause your gun misses fire. As it is, though, I believe I could snip a curl off the baby's head an' hardly scare the darlin'. Jest hold him up, honey, an' let me hev a try." But to this William Tell arrangement Monny objected in horror, and scurried off with the infant, followed by Wash's roar of laughter and shout of "Ho, scare rabbit! But anyhow I mean to keep in practice,'n' hev a cold-lead welcome ready for that air eagle if he ever shows hisself this way agin." [Pg 983]

The bird did not come; but about noon Tim Harkins did, ambling along on a rawboned sorrel nag, and reined up at the gate with a long-drawn-out "Whoa, thar'!"

"Wash Saunders! Oh, Wash!" he called, and that youth, rising from the dinner-table, appeared in the ramshackle porch.

"Hello, Tim, is that you? Step in an' hev a bite, won't yer?"

"No, thankee. I'm jest on my way to a gander-pull over nigh the Springs, 'n' on'y stopped to fotch you a message. Ye wouldn't keer, naow, to hire out for a few weeks, at a dollar a day, would yer?"

"What to do?"

"Oh, jest to show a gentleman through the mountings, an' pint out the hants o' the wild birds. 'Pears this Perfessor, as they call him, is stoppin' over to the Spring Hotel, an' the landlord, Poke Dickson, axed me ef I knowed any o' the neighborhood boys who would like the job. Somenn what wuz a first-rate shot, an' 'quainted with all the trails. Yaas, I tole him Wash Saunders am the very chap, ef you kin git him. But, I added, the Saunders air pooty ticky, an' Wash, mebbe, won't relish playin' pinter-dorg to any one. For, sez I, his pappy am a forehanded man, who keeps his fambly comf'ble. He hez a good corn 'n' tobaccy field, 'n' the gyurls hez a kyarpet on the best room, 'n' curtings to the windys, 'n' everything mighty slick. Still, sez I,

'twon't do no harm to ax, so here I be."

"Sho, Tim, you know I ain't so ticky as that. Dunno but I'd like it first rate, for I'm strivin' to get a new rifle. Granddaddy's old 'Sally Blazer,' as he used to name it, is about played out."

"Waal, naow, then, here's your chance, 'n' I'm real tickled. But I must be ajoggin'. G'lang, Juniper! Shall I tell Poke you will go over 'n' see the Perfessor?"

"Yes, I will, this very evenin'"; which the boy did, and returned jubilant. "It's a snap, a reg'lar snap," he declared to the group of brothers and sisters who ran to meet him. "Professor Stuart is real quality, an' no mistake. He's an orni—orni—waal, I don't rightly remember the name, but he's plumb crazy about birds, 'n' comed here a purpose to see those what live in West Virginia. It's a curous notion, but he's nice, 'n' so is Mis' Stuart, though she lies on a sofy most of the time, and looks drefful white 'n' pindlin'."

"Air there any chilluns?" inquired Jemima Calline.

"Yaas, two. An awful pooty gyurl, with eyes like brown stars, an' all rigged out in white, same as an angel, with big, puffy sleeves; an' the jolliest small boy you ever see. He's a downright little man, though he's only five year old, an' he's curls down to his waist."

"Waal, then, sence they were so friendly, I s'pose you came to some bargain?" said Monongahela.

"Sartain; an' I'm to meet Mr. Stuart to-morrer mornin' at the cross-roads an' show-him a red-bird's nest. He wants to collect eggs an' live specimens."

When, then, the Professor rode up to the appointed rendezvous on the following day, he found Wash awaiting him, "Sally Blazer" in hand, and a powder-horn and shot-pouch slung from his neck by a leather strap. His feet, too, were encased in moccasins that his footfall might not startle the shy creatures of the wildwood.

"Ah, my lad, I see you understand the business," remarked the ornithologist, with an approving nod, "and I predict we shall be fine friends."

Thus, too, it proved and for both. That was the beginning of a month of happy, halcyon days spent in the open; a perpetual picnic, scaling the rough but ever-enchanting hills, wandering through the beautiful solemn pine forests, following Nature's most winsome things to their chosen haunts, and always breathing in the resinous health-giving mountain air. Sometimes, when the tramp was not to be too long a one, small Royal accompanied his father, gay and joyous as a dancing grig, and looking like a little Highland princeling in his outing costume of Scotch plaid, proudly flourishing a tiny wooden gun.

"We are good chums, ain't we, Wash?" he would say, in his precocious friendly little way—"good chums, going hunting together. But we mustn't kill things just for fun. That is naughty. Papa says food or science is the only excuse. He never takes but one egg from a nest, and would rather snare birds than shoot them."

Occasionally, too, pretty Jean would join the party at a given point, driving over with a dainty lunch from the hotel, and then there would be a merry out-door meal in some cozy green nook, near to one of the cold clear mountain springs which furnished the purest and most refreshing beverage.

And what a revelation this experience was to poor little Washington Beauregard! Not only the bits of knowledge he picked up from the ornithologist's learned discourses on the gorgeous Virginia-cardinals and orioles, the red-capped woodpeckers and flitting humming-birds, but in a different style of girlhood and more refined mode of life than he had ever known. Day by day, too, he became fonder of and more devoted to his new friends, and looked forward with dread to the time when they must part. All too speedily, then, that date drew on apace, until the morning set for their last pleasant tramp dawned. The Professor and Washington started early, while at noon Jean and Royal met them on the hills above Stonycliff, climbing the last rough incline, that being too steep for the horses and carriage, which were left with the driver at a small clearing part way down the mountain.

"And just think, papa," cried Jean, "we found the squatter's wife at the log house below in sore trouble. Yesterday that horrible eagle, of which we have heard so much, swooped down and carried off her milch-goat almost before her very eyes, and now what she is going to do for milk for her baby she does not know."

"Well, that is a misfortune truly," said the Professor, "and we must see what we can do to help her, but I wish I had been here to have a peep at that abnormal bird. I imagine the stories regarding it are much exaggerated, but if not, it cannot be an eagle, must belong to the semi-vulturine family, though those are rarer than white black-birds in this part of the world. I really am curious to get a glimpse of the creature." And as it chanced, he was destined to have his curiosity satisfied in a way he little dreamed of.

The collation eaten that day under the trees was an unusually bountiful one, reflecting credit on mine host of the Spring House, and after it the ornithologist stretched himself out to enjoy an afternoon cigar, while Jean, followed by her small brother, wandered off to sketch a charming view that had taken her fancy. Meanwhile Wash cleared away the remains of the feast, packing the dishes in the hamper, and carefully saving any fragments of good things for the little ones at home.

He had just completed his task, when a frightened cry of "Sister, oh, sister!" and a blood-curdling shriek from the girl made him snatch up his fowling-piece and fly in the direction the young Stuarts had taken. The Professor also sprang to his feet and followed suit, while, as they emerged from the shadow of the wood, both were almost paralyzed by the sight they beheld. For there stood Jean, white to the very lips, but bravely endeavoring with her climbing-staff to beat off an enormous bird, in whose great cruel talons struggled little Royal, upon whom had been made a sudden and fierce attack.

"My goodness! it's the demon!" gasped Wash, while the father, overcome by a sickening horror, fell back against a tree. Even too, as they approached, the huge, repulsive creature spread its big dusky wings and began slowly to rise, bearing off in its claws the poor child, who stretched out his tiny hand, sobbing piteously, "Oh, papa, save me!" There was one terrible nightmarish second, when nobody had power to move, and then the Professor, with a wild lunge forward, caught at his vanishing boy. But the gay kilt slipped through his fingers, and still the bird of prey soared relentlessly upward and onward.

But at that moment Granddaddy Saunders's old rifle was raised and levelled at the monster.

"Oh, Wash, pray be careful: you may hit the wee laddie," cried Jean, sinking down and covering her face. [Pg 984]

No one knew the danger better than the mountain-bred youth, but he held himself well in hand and kept cool. "I must only maim, not kill, the critter outright," he thought, "and may old 'Sally Blazers' not miss fire this time!"

"MAY OLD 'SALLY BLAZERS' NOT MISS FIRE THIS TIME!"

Then he took careful aim, a bullet whistled through the air, and the "demon's" left wing dropped powerless at his side. They could see the wrathful red gleam in the creature's eyes as it paused, wavered, and careened to one side, but the right pinion still flapped vigorously, and kept it up, while it still retained its clutch on the little fellow, who no longer screamed, but now appeared ominously quiet and white.

"Ef he gits over the precipice all is lost," murmured the young sportsman, with a glance toward the edge of the cliff upon which they stood, and he wasted no time in reloading and firing again. And oh, joy! again he winged his victim, which, uttering an unearthly, discordant cry, began to flutter slowly downward. But now a fresh danger threatened Royal, for the bird, maddened by pain, suddenly released its hold, and the fair little head must surely have been crushed on the jagged rocks beneath, had not Wash been prepared for this, and, springing forward, caught him in his strong young arms, although the precipitancy with which the child came almost flung both to the ground. There was just an instant, too, in which to stagger to one side, before, with a whirl and a whir, the mighty fowl was upon them, striking the stony ledge with a dull, sickening thud. Wounded, but by no means dead, was the Snaggle-Tooth demon, and he fought desperately with beak and claws, and beat himself against the granite, until a third shot from old "Sally Blazers" finally ended his career forever.

Meanwhile poor little Royal lay stretched on a bed of moss, pale and unconscious, his garments torn to tatters, and blood streaming from his chubby legs and arms.

"He is dead; my bonny wee laddie is dead, and how ever shall I tell his mother?" sobbed the Professor, completely unnerved; but Jeanie never stopped chafing the dimpled hands, and bathing the white forehead with cold water; until, after what seemed an eternity, a low sigh issued from between the child's pale lips.

"No, papa dear, he is breathing, and it is Wash, good brave Wash, who has saved him"; and when the young girl turned and thanked him, and her eyes filled with grateful tears, the uncouth backwoods boy, though he could only stammer and blush, felt it to be the proudest moment in all his fifteen years of life.

Soon Royal regained consciousness, but seemed so dazed and frightened, clinging to his sister and imploring her to "hide him from the awful, scratching claws," both father and daughter looked worried. "For it will kill mamma to see him in this condition," groaned Jean.

"Oh, then," put in Wash, eagerly, "jest tote him down to our house. Monny would admire to hev yer, 'n' she's a fust-rate nuss."

"Do you think so? Would your sister really not object?"

"'Deed no; she will be plumb right glad."

So it was decided, and so the young Stuarts made the acquaintance of Monongahela, Jemima Calline, Dallas Lee, and the baby, and slept in the room with the "rag kyarpet and the curtings," which was hastily prepared for the unexpected guests, while by the fitful light of six pine knots the killing of the Snaggle-Rock demon was rehearsed again and again. Monny lost her heart to gentle, ladylike Jean, and concocted such a bowl of "yarb tea" for Royal that he slept soundly all night, and awoke his own bright, bonny, little self.

"It has been a strange conclusion to a most satisfactory summer," said Mr. Stuart, when he appeared at the cottage the next day. "And but for you, Washington, would have been a very tragic one."

But when he attempted to reward the boy with money, he stiffened in a moment. "No, thankee, sir," he said. "I can't take it. Why, I love that leetle R'yal most as much as I do Dallas Lee, 'n' I won't be paid for rescuin' him. Besides, I had a grudge agin that air eagle, on my own account, all along of Cotton Ball."

"That vulture, you mean; for I was not mistaken. It belongs to the vulture family, though sometimes erroneously called the 'golden eagle.' Well, I am not sure but you will get a nice little sum for that specimen, as it is a rare and unusually large one. Suppose I take it to the city, and see what I can do for you?"

To this Wash agreed, and the huge bird of prey, which was found to measure fourteen feet from tip to tip of its broad wings, after lying in state, and being visited by half the county, was shipped to New York, while the amount returned by the Professor for the great carcass seemed a veritable fortune to the Saunders, whom the neighbors say are more "ticky" than ever.

Certainly St. George never won more local fame by his dragon slaying than did Washington Beauregard by his lucky feat, and he is proud of the handsome silver-mounted Winchester rifle, the gift of "his grateful friend Royal Stuart," that hangs side by side with the ancient gun which shot the voracious bird of prey now adorning a city museum, labelled "*The Lammergeir, or Bearded Vulture*," but which in the West Virginia mountains will go down to history as the Demon of Snaggle-Tooth Rock.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XV.

The drive to Blue Hill had been delightful and the view from the top exceptionally fine, it being one of those clear, still days when distant objects are brought near. It seemed almost possible to lay one's finger upon the spires of Boston and the glistening dome of the State-house miles away.

Bronson had exerted himself to the utmost. He wished to stand well with all men, and particularly with the Franklin family. From a worldly point of view it would have a most excellent effect for him to be seen driving with pretty Edith Franklin, of Oakleigh. He was glad whenever they passed a handsome turnout from Milton, and he was obliged to take off his hat to its occupants. He felt that he had really gone up in the world during the last year or two. It was a lucky thing for him, he thought, that he had fallen in with Tom Morgan at St. Asaph's. By the time he left college, which he was entering this year, he would have made quite a number of desirable acquaintances.

His talk was clever, but every now and then he said something that made Edith wince. He spoke of Neal, and was sorry he had gone to the bad altogether. Had he really disappeared?

Edith hesitated; she had not the ready wit with which Cynthia would have parried the question.

"We think he is in Philadelphia," she said, finally.

Bronson laughed.

"Hardly," he said; "I saw him in Boston a day or two ago. He looked rather seedy, I thought, and I felt sorry for him, but I didn't stop and speak. Thought it wouldn't do, don't you know; and I'm glad I didn't, as you feel this way."

"I hardly know what you mean," said Edith, somewhat distantly; "we are sorry Neal went away, that is all."

Though she thought he must have taken the money, Edith felt obliged to defend Neal for the sake of the family honor. She had suffered extremely from the talk that there had been in Brenton: she did so dislike to be talked about, and this affair had given rise to much gossip.

"You are very good to say that," said Bronson. "How generous you are not to acknowledge that Gordon stole the money to pay me."

"Stole!" repeated Edith, shuddering.

"I beg pardon, I shouldn't have stated it so broadly; but I'm so mixed up in it, don't you know. It was really my fault, you see, that he felt obliged to—er—to take it. But, of course, I'd no idea it would lead to any such thing as this. I fancied Gordon could get hold of as much money as he wanted by perfectly fair means. Will you believe me, Miss Edith, when I tell you how awfully sorry I am that I should have indirectly caused you any annoyance?"

He looked very handsome, and Edith could not see the expression of triumph in his steely eyes. It was nice of him, perhaps, to say this, even though there was something "out" in his way of doing it.

What was it about Bronson that always affected her thus, even though she liked him, and was flattered by his attentions? She said to herself that it was merely the effect of Cynthia's outspoken dislike. Unreasonable though it was, it influenced her.

But now it came over Edith with overwhelming force that she had done very wrong to come with Tony Bronson this afternoon. She was disobeying her step-mother, besides acting most deceitfully. Yes; she had deliberately deceived Mrs. Franklin when she wrote the note the day before; for had she not had it in her mind then to allow herself to be over-persuaded in regard to the drive? These thoughts made Edith very silent. [Pg 986]

And then they had driven through Brenton. Unfortunately an electric car reached the corner just as they did. The gay little mare from the livery-stable, which had been rather resentful of control all the afternoon, bolted and ran. A heavy ice-cart barred the way. There was a crash, and Bronson and Edith were both thrown out.

It was all over in a moment; but Edith had time to realize what was about to happen, and again there flashed through her mind the conviction of how wrongly she had behaved. What would mamma say?

It was significant that she thought of Mrs. Franklin then for the first time as "mamma."

Bronson escaped with a few bruises, but Edith was very much hurt—just how much the doctor could not tell. She was unconscious for several hours.

Cynthia never forgot that night; her father away; her mother, with tense, strained face, watching by the bedside; and, above all, the awful stillness in Edith's room while they waited for her to open her eyes. Perhaps she would never open them. What then? Beyond that Cynthia's imagination refused to go.

She was sorry that she had been so cross with Edith about Bronson. Suppose she never were able to speak to her sister again! Her last words would have been angry ones. She would not remember that Edith had done wrong to go; all that was forgotten in the vivid terror of the present moment.

The tall clock in the hall struck twelve. It was midnight again, just as it had been on New Year's Eve when she and Neal stood by the window and looked out on the snow. The clock had struck and Neal had not promised.

Reminded of Neal, she put her hand in her pocket and drew out the crumpled note. It had quite escaped her mind that she was to meet him to-morrow. To-morrow? It was to-day! She was to see Neal to-day, and

bring him back to her mother. Poor mamma! And Cynthia looked lovingly at the silent watcher by the bed.

Edith did not die. The doctor, who spent the night at Oakleigh, spoke more hopefully in the morning. She was very seriously hurt, but he thought that in time she would recover. She was conscious when he left.

The morning dawned fair, but by nine o'clock the sun was obscured. It was one of those warm spring days when the clouds hang low and showers are imminent. Mrs. Franklin was surprised when Cynthia told her that she was going on the river.

"To-day, Cynthia? It looks like rain, and you must be tired, for you had little sleep last night. Besides, your father may arrive at any moment if he got my telegram promptly, and then, dear Edith!"

"I know, mamma," faltered Cynthia. It was hard to explain away her apparent thoughtlessness. "But I sha'n't be gone long. It always does me good to paddle, and Jack will be at home and the nurse has come. Do you really need me, mamma?"

"Oh no, not if you want to go so much. I thought perhaps Edith would like to have you near. But I must go back to her now. Don't stay away too long, Cynthia. I like to have you within call."

Cynthia would have preferred to stay close by Edith's side, but there was no help for it: she must go to Neal. Afterwards, when she came back and brought Neal with her, her mother would understand.

She was soon in the canoe, paddling rapidly down-stream. A year had not made great alteration in Cynthia's appearance. As she was fifteen years old now her gowns were a few inches longer, and her hair was braided and looped up at the neck, instead of hanging in curly disorder as it once did; and this was done only out of regard for Edith. Cynthia herself cared no more about the way she looked than she ever did. She did not want to grow up, she said. She preferred to remain a little girl, and have a good time just as long as she possibly could.

It was quite a warm morning for the time of year, and the low-hanging clouds made exercise irksome, but Cynthia did not heed the weather. Her one idea was to reach Neal as quickly as possible and bring him home. How happy her mother would be! She wondered why he had not returned to the house at once, instead of sending for her in this mysterious fashion; it would have been so much nicer. However, she was glad he had come, even this way. It was far better than not coming at all.

Her destination lay several miles from Oakleigh; but the current and what breeze there was were both in Cynthia's favor, and it was not long before she had passed under the stone bridge which stood about half-way between. She met no one; the river was little frequented at this hour of the morning so far from the town, for the numerous curves in the Charles made it a much longer trip by water than by road from Oakleigh to Brenton. A farmer's boy or two watched her pass, and criticised loudly, though amiably, the long free sweep of her paddle.

Cynthia did not notice them. Her mind was fully occupied, and her eyes were fixed upon the distance. As each bend in the river was rounded she hoped that she might see Neal's familiar figure waiting for her.

And at last she did see him. He was sitting on the bank, leaning against the trunk of a tree, and when she came in sight he ran down to the little beach that made a good landing-place just at this point.

"Cynthia, you're a brick!" he exclaimed. "I was afraid you were not coming."

"Oh, Neal, I'm *so* glad to see you! Get in quickly, and we'll go back as fast as we can. Of course I came, but we mustn't lose a minute on account of Edith. Hurry!"

"What do you mean? I'm not going back with you."

"Not going back? Why, Neal, of course you are."

"Not by a long shot. Did you think I would ever go back there?"

"Neal!"

Cynthia's voice trembled. The color rose in her face and her eyes filled with tears.

"Neal, you can't really mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"Then why did you send for me?"

"Because I wanted to see you. There, don't look as if you were going to cry, Cynthia. I hate girls that cry, and you never were that sort. I'll be sorry I sent for you if you do."

Cynthia struggled to regain her composure. This was a bitter disappointment, but she must make every effort to prevail upon Neal to yield.

"I'm not crying," she said, blinking her eyes very hard. "Tell me what you mean."

"I don't mean anything in particular, except that I wanted to see you again, perhaps for the last time." This with a rather tragic air.

"The last time?"

"Yes. I've made up my mind to cut loose from everybody, and just look out for myself after this. If my only sister suspects me of stealing, I don't care to have anything more to do with her. I can easily get along until I'm twenty-five. I'll just knock round and take things easy, and if I go to the bad no one will care particularly."

"Neal, I had no idea you were such a coward!" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly.

"Coward! You had better look out, Cynthia. I won't stand much of that sort of thing."

"You've got to stand it. I call you a coward. You ran away like a boy in a dime novel, just because you couldn't stand having anything go wrong. You were afraid to brave it out. *Afraid!*"

There was no suspicion of tears now in Cynthia's voice. She knelt in the canoe very erect and very angry. Her cheeks were crimson, and her blue eyes had grown very dark.

"I tell you again to take care," said Neal, restraining his anger with difficulty. "I did not send for you to come down here and rave this way."

"YOU WERE AFRAID TO BRAVE IT OUT. AFRAID!"

[Pg 987]

"And I never would have come if I'd thought you were going to behave this way. I'm dreadfully, *dreadfully* disappointed in you, Neal. I always thought you were a very nice boy, and I was awfully fond of you—almost as fond of you as I am of Jack, and now—"

She broke off abruptly and looked away across the river.

If Neal was touched by this speech he did not show it at the moment. He stood with his hands in his pockets, kicking the toe of his boot against a rock.

"Of course I couldn't stay there," he said, presently. "Your father as good as called me a thief."

"He didn't at all. He didn't really believe you had taken the money until you ran away. Then, of course, every one thought it strange that you went, and I don't wonder. And I couldn't tell how it really was, because I had promised you; but I'm not going to keep the promise any longer, Neal. I am going to tell."

"No, you can't. You've promised, and I won't release you. I am not going to demean myself by explaining; they ought to have believed in me. But I wish you would stop scolding, Cynthia, and come up here on the bank. I can't talk while you are swinging round there with the current."

After a moment's hesitation Cynthia complied with his request. It occurred to her that perhaps she could accomplish more by persuasion than by wrath. Neal drew up the boat and they sat down under the tree.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Cynthia.

"In Boston, first. I've been staying with several fellows. I gave out that I was going to Philadelphia, for I thought you would be looking for me, and it is true, for I am going, some time soon. Then I went to Roxbury, and yesterday I walked out from there and found that little shaver to take the note to you."

"Have you told your friends that you ran away?"

"No. Why should I? Fortunately I took enough clothes, though these are beginning to look a little shabby. I spent last night in a shed. I've only got a little money left, but it will answer until I get something to do."

"Neal, do you know you are just breaking mamma's heart?"

Neal said nothing.

"She has looked so awfully ever since you left, and she wrote to you in Philadelphia, and papa went on, but we had to send for him to come back on account of Edith."

"What about Edith?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Edith had a fearful accident yesterday. She was driving with—she went to drive, and was thrown out and was terribly hurt."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Neal, with real concern in his voice. "How did it happen? Was it one of your horses?"

"No," said Cynthia, hurrying over that part of it, for she did not want Neal to know that Edith had been with Bronson; "but she was very much hurt, Neal. She was unconscious nearly all night, and the doctor thought perhaps she—she would die. Oh, Neal, won't you come back? Won't you please come back?"

Neal rose abruptly, and began to walk up and down the little clearing.

"I wish you wouldn't, Cynthia," he remonstrated; "I've told you I couldn't, and you ought not to ask me. I'm awfully sorry about Edith, and I'm sorry Hessie feels so badly about me. I'll give in about one thing. You can tell her you have seen me and that I am well. You needn't say I'm going to the bad, but very likely I shall. You mustn't say a word about having lent me the money, I will not have that explained. There, it has begun to rain."

A few big drops came pattering down, falling with loud splashes into the river.

"Oh, I must hurry back!" exclaimed Cynthia, hastily drying her eyes.

"It's only going to be a shower. Come up here where the trees are thicker, and wait till it is over. See, it's all bright over there."

Cynthia looked in the direction indicated, and seeing a streak of cloud that was somewhat lighter than the rest, concluded to wait. Perhaps she could yet prevail upon Neal to come.

They went into the woods a short distance, and though there were not many leaves upon the trees as yet, they were more protected than in the open. It was raining hard now.

"Neal," said Cynthia, in her gentlest tones, "when you have thought it over a little more I'm sure you will agree with me. Indeed, you ought to come."

"I have done nothing else but think it over, and I tell you I am not coming, Cynthia. I wish you wouldn't say any more. I sent for you because I wanted to see you once more, and now you're spoiling it all. I don't believe you care a bit about me."

"Oh, Neal, how can you say so? You know I do care, very much. I'm awfully disappointed in you, that's all. I always thought you were brave and good, and would do things you ought to do, even when you didn't want to. It does seem selfish to stay away and make mamma feel so badly, when it would only be necessary to come home and say you had borrowed the money of me, to make everything all right. It seems very selfish indeed, but perhaps I am mistaken. I dare say I'm very selfish myself, and have no right to preach to you, but if you could see mamma I'm sure you would feel as I do."

Neal remained silent.

"But I still have faith in you," continued Cynthia. "I think some day you will see it as I do. I am sure you will. Oh, dear, how wet it is getting."

The rain was coming down in torrents. The ground was wet and soggy, and their feet sank in the drenched leaves. The canoe, drawn up on the bank, was full of water.

"I ought to have gone home. It is going to rain all day, and mamma will be so worried."

The clouds had settled down heavily, and there was no prospect whatever of the rain stopping.

"I must go right away; I am wet through now. Oh, Neal, if you would only go with me! Won't you go, Neal?"

But Neal shook his head.

"Very well; then it is good-by. But remember what I said, Neal. It's your own fault that the family think you took it. And if mamma or any one ever asks me any questions about what I am going to do with Aunt Betsey's present, I'm not going to pretend anything. If they choose to find out I lent it to you, they can. You won't say I can tell them; so, of course, I can't do it, as I promised, but I sha'n't prevent them finding it out. Oh, Neal, do, *do* come!"

"I'm a brute, Cynth, I know, but I can't give in. You don't know how hard it is for me ever to give in. I'll remember what you said. Please shake hands for good-by to me, if you don't think I'm too mean and selfish and heartless and a coward, and everything else you've said."

"Oh, Neal!" cried Cynthia, as she grasped his hand with both of hers, "some day I'm sure you will come. Good-by, Neal."

They turned over the canoe, which was full of rain-water, and then Cynthia embarked. Suddenly an idea occurred to her—she would make one more effort.

"Neal, you will have to go part way with me. I'm really afraid to go alone. It is raining so hard the boat will fill up, and it will take me so long to go alone."

Neal could not resist this very feminine appeal. He hesitated, and then got in and took the extra paddle.

"I'll go part way. Cynthia, but I won't go home. Of course I can't let you go off alone if you're afraid. I never knew you to be so before."

With long, vigorous strokes they were soon pulling up-stream. Occasionally one of them would stop and bail with the big sponge kept in the boat for emergencies.

The rain splashed into the river, and the dull gray stream seemed to run more swiftly than usual. It looked very different from its wont. Cynthia and Neal, many times as they had been together on the Charles, had never before been there in a storm.

"Everything is changed," thought Cynthia: "even my own river is different. Will things ever be the same again? Oh, if Neal will only give in when we get near home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WAR FLEET IN TRAINING.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

The fleet cruiser *Minneapolis* lies straining at her arched cable off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The last of the flood tide is singing around the outward curve of her powerful ram, and a gentle southerly breeze is floating to leeward from her massive yellow smoke-stacks, two columns of oily-brown smoke, for the signal "spread fires" flew from the flag-ship hours ago, and the fleet is in readiness to get under way. Down in the fire-room the coal-passers feed the giant furnaces that roar for more. Water-tenders and machinists glide hither and thither watching the boilers and the machinery. On the platforms beside the twin engines stand engineer officers waiting for the signal to start the propellers. Brass-work and steel-work glitter with the splendor of a new polish, and under all rumbles the dull monotone of the dynamo.

On the bridge stand the Captain, the Executive Officer, the navigator, the officer of the watch, the cadet whose duty it is to watch for signals, and a signal boy. A seaman stands by the wheel, and a quartermaster stands beside him. On the after-bridge stand the junior-officer of the watch, a quartermaster, and two signal boys. About the decks are hundreds of seamen ready to jump to their allotted stations. All are silent, eager, alert.

"Signal, sir," says the cadet, referring to his fleet signal-book; "137—get under way."

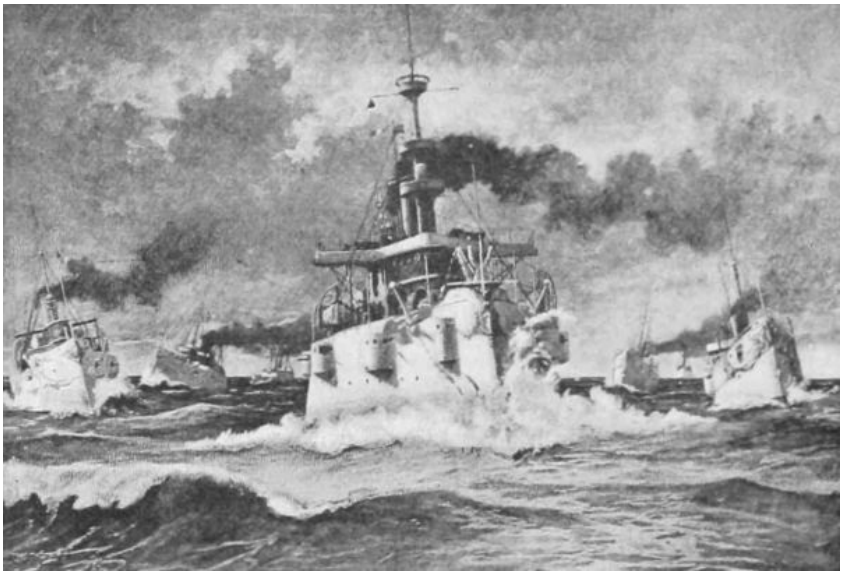
A word from the Executive Officer, and the steam-winch rolls in the cable. A touch upon an electric button, a rattle of jangling bells below, and the mighty engines turn slowly over, taking the strain off the cable, and sending the ship up to her anchor. Another string of flags runs to the

signal-yard of the flag-ship.

"Form column of vessels," reads the cadet from the signal-book, "natural order." A minute later the North Atlantic Squadron, Admiral Bunce commanding, is steaming in single file out toward the Narrows, the flag-ship *New York* leading, followed by the *Minneapolis*, *Columbia*, *Raleigh*, *Montgomery*, *Cushing*, *Ericsson*, and *Stiletto*. A triangular shape swings point up half-way between the Deck and the signal-yard of the *New York*. It means half-cruising speed—five knots an hour—and the other ships repeat the signal. Silently, majestically, keeping their distances like soldiers on parade, the powerful steel cruisers and the agile torpedo-boats move down the Conover Channel, around the Southwest Spit, past the Hook bell-buoy, out the Gedney Channel, and past the old red light-ship to the open sea. Another string of signals rises on the flag-ship, and the answering pennants flutter on the other ships while the signal-book says,

"Form double column."

SIGNALLING FROM THE FLAG-SHIP.



"FORM DOUBLE COLUMN!"

Every ship knows her place, and in a few minutes the right wing is made of the *Minneapolis*, *Montgomery*, *Cushing*, and *Stiletto*, and the left of the others, the flag-ship at the head and in the centre. The speed is now up to the full cruising limit—ten knots an hour—and as the ships go rolling and bowing over the Atlantic swells, their keen prows send up fountains of silvery foam that spread away on either bow in streamers of snow on the living blue. The flag-ship signals the course, and again the others answer with the pennant of perpendicular red and white stripes. The quiet of an orderly sea-march settles down over the fleet, yet never for one instant, night or day, does vigilance relax, for at any moment signals may break out on the flag-ship, though they be nothing more than some vessel's number to warn her that she is out of position.

But other signals do appear, for this is no holiday cruise, but one of practice and ceaseless drill. Fleet tactics are executed almost without rest. "Form line of battle, wings right and left front into line;" "By vessels from the right front into echelon," "Front into line," "Squadrons right turn," "Form line, left wing left oblique," "Form column, vessels right turn," and dozens of other orders are given by the flag-ship, and executed with precision and accuracy which would amaze a landsman, but which probably fall far short of the high ideal in the Admiral's mind. Empty, paradelike manœuvres these would seem to the ignorant, but it was the skill of his captains in the execution of such movements, combined with their knowledge of his plans, that enabled Nelson to hurl his fleet upon that of Villeneuve at Trafalgar with such fatal accuracy after hoisting only three signals to the yard-arm of the *Victory*.

"All HANDS CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"

In the darkness of a cloudy night one of the ships is detached with secret orders. She is to indicate an enemy's force, and to fall upon the fleet at some unexpected hour the next day. From the moment of her departure the lookouts on the remaining ships doubly strain their eyes, and not a spar rises above the horizon that is not studied with all a seaman's skill. In the first dog-watch of the next afternoon, when the sailors forward are amusing themselves with pipe and song, the lookout in the foretop cries,

"Steamer ho!"

In answer to the questions of the officer of the watch, he says the smoke looks like that of a cruiser. The *New York* has seen her too, and the next minute signals fly at her yard-arm. The Captain nods, and the hollows of the ship are filled with the sharp beating of a drum, the shrill screeching of boatswains' pipes, and the sound of heavy voices bawling, "All hands clear ship for action!" That is a thrilling cry, even in time of peace, and half-slumbering sailors spring to their feet with staring eyes and panting breath. Marines rush to the arm-racks to get their rifles, belts, and bayonets. Officers buckle on swords and revolvers, and spring to their stations.

LOADING A BIG GUN.

And now begins a brief period of bustling activity, which to a landsman would seem like confusion itself confounded. Boats are lashed around with canvas to keep splinters from flying, extra slings are rigged on yards and gaffs to keep them from falling to the deck if struck by shot, breastworks of hammocks are made on bridges, forecastle, and poops, stanchions and rails are sent below, and everything that can be removed is taken from the deck so that the guns may have a clear sweep. The magazines and fixed ammunition-rooms are thrown open, and the men of the powder division take the stations allotted to them for keeping up a continuous supply of ammunition to the whole battery. Hatch-covers are lifted, shell-whips are rigged for hoisting away the heavy charges for the big guns, and chutes are placed for sending empty cartridge-cases below. The men belonging to the lighting-tops go aloft and hoist ammunition for their guns. The crews of the main battery open the breeches of their great weapons, sponge out the chambers, insert the big steel shells and powder cartridges, and stand waiting for orders.

At last all is ready, and the division officers report to the Executive Officer, who in turn reports to the Captain.

The flag-ship signals the order for the formation for attack, and then at full speed the vessels dash forward. Signals follow signals, and the ships go through swift and graceful evolutions, until the Admiral's programme has been fully carried out. Then the vessel that was detached to represent the enemy lowers over her side a pyramidal target of white canvas with a black spot painted in the centre. She steams back to her position in line. Now the vessels in turn glide slowly along at a distance of 1600 or 1800 yards from the target, and the thunder of great guns fairly shakes the heavens, while the massive steel projectiles strike the water around the target, and thrash it into glaring geysers of milk-white foam. It would be a sad time for any hostile ship if she lay where that target is.

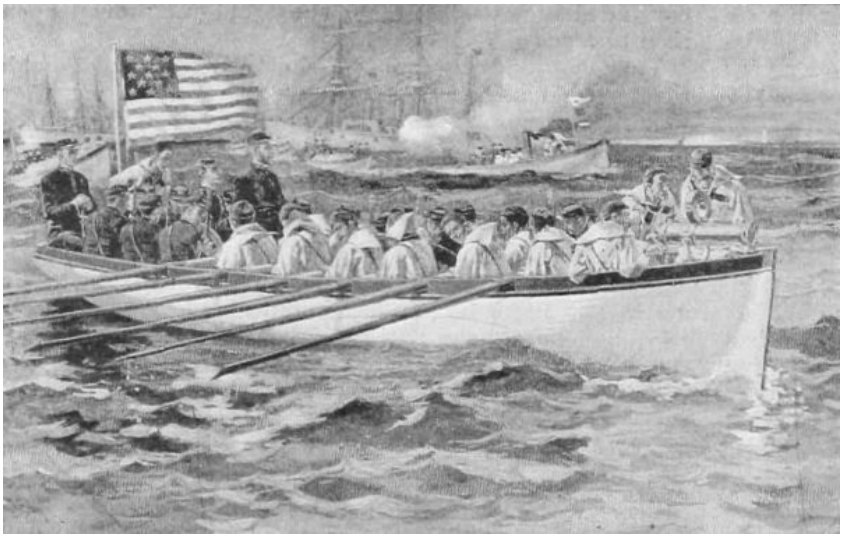
At last the target practice is over, while a great cloud of gray smoke drifting slowly off to leeward, and the signal "Secure" at the flag-ship's yard-arm, are all that remain of the recent scene of action. Once again signals direct the formation of the fleet in double column, and like some giant duck leading a flock of monster ducklings across the sea the *New York* swims away, followed by her steel companions. This time the fleet steers for a harbor. Again the red and blue flags blossom at the *New York*'s yard-arm like the magic flowers in the last scene of a fairy play.

FIRING FROM THE MILITARY TOPS.

"Two thirty-seven," reads the cadet from the signal-book; "anchor in column."

With the precision of carriages driven to a church door at a wedding the big ships and the little torpedo-boats stop at their proper stations, and the hoarse rumble of cables through hawse-holes tell that the anchors have gone down. All but three—for see, there go the three torpedo-boats, spinning around on their heels, and gliding out of the harbor as silently and as swiftly as mice. There is to be a torpedo-boat attack. This will be made under cover of the darkness, and the anchored ships will strive, by means of their search-lights, to detect the assailants. If the torpedo-boat succeeds in approaching a certain ship within a given distance without being seen, she is credited with having sunk or disabled that ship, for that is what she would do in time of war.

The night is intensely dark, and the blinding search-lights pierce the blackness in every direction with their shafts of dazzling white. Under the shallow of the land, with every light extinguished, the torpedo-boats, painted a color which blends with that of the sea, steal noiselessly toward the fleet. Suddenly they separate, and with lightning speed dash forward. See! a brilliant light falls on one. She is caught, and the firing of rifles and Gatling-guns from the tops shows that she is hotly received. The other two escape detection, and make their presence known inside the circle. Red and while lights flash signals along the main rigging of the *New York*. The day's work is over, and erelong tired blue-jackets hear the bugles blow the welcome notes of the tattoo.



A LANDING PARTY.

The next morning the flag-ship hoists the signal for a landing-party. Boats are lowered away, and Jack Tar prepares to go ashore as a seaman-infantryman. With his brown canvas leggings, his brown belt and knapsack, his formidable rifle and bayonet, the sailor makes a serviceable coast soldier. At a signal from the flag-ship the boats are hauled to the companion-ladders, and the men pour into them. Rifles are laid down, and oars are taken up, for Jacky rows himself ashore. Another signal, and the boats, shooting out from the sides of the ships, fall into their allotted places. Again a signal, and they start for the shore, the oars in the rowlocks beating time to a sort of sea-march. As the boats strike the beach the bugle sounds the "assembly," and in a few minutes the battalion of marines and seamen-infantry is formed. The band from the flag-ship strikes up "Nancy Lee," and with that invigorating swing that belongs to Jack Tar alone the battalion marches inland, where it goes through all the evolutions of the street riot and battle drills, and finishes with a dress parade to the delight of all the boys in that part of the land. [Pg 990]

And thus from day to day the work of the squadron runs on, the Admiral constantly propounding new topics for its study; for no one knows better than a naval officer the necessity of being ready for active service at a moment's notice. That readiness can be attained only by obeying the good old maxim: "In time of peace prepare for war."

BUTTERFLY BOWS.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

Once a little girl existed
  Who was fond of pomps and shows,
And upon her braids insisted
  Tying two great scarlet bows.

Though her father couldn't bear them,
  And her gentle mother said
That she wished her child should wear them
  Tied with modest bows instead.

But their wishes she made light of,
  And her gaudy ribbons grew
Bigger every day, in spite of
  All her friends could say or do.

Till this child, all counsel spurning,
  Found with horror and surprise
That her bows were slowly turning
  Into monstrous butterflies.

First they gently swayed and fluttered,
  Then with spreading wings they flew,
Ere one sad farewell was uttered,
  Straight into the welkin blue.

So she vanished; still her mother
  Hopes those wandering bows will bring
Back her daughter, when the other
  Butterflies return with Spring.

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.

It isn't a very hard task to set the table, is it, girls? Yet I find that it takes skill, taste, and pains to do this simple thing so very nicely that the family coming to the table three times a day will have the feeling that they have been expected, and their comfort and pleasure planned for.

One important thing to be considered when setting the table is the table-cloth. This should be of fair white linen, if possible, with a pretty pattern of ferns or blocks or clover leaves, but even if it be coarse, and not beautiful in design, it must always be spotlessly clean. Do not let the laundress starch your table-cloth. No starch is needed. It must, however, be ironed with exquisite nicety, folded evenly down the middle, and the crease made by folding shown plainly by the pressure of the flat-iron. A table-cloth must not be laid upon the bare table. Next to the table you must have a heavy undercloth of felt or Canton flannel. This serves several purposes. It removes the danger of injury to the table itself from hot dishes, which sometimes leave a disfiguring white rim or scarred edge upon it polished surface, it deadens sounds, and it brings out well the pretty figures on the cloth. If used with care, an undercloth of this kind will last a long time, and I have found Canton flannel much more satisfactory than felt.

When you begin to set your table for breakfast or dinner, decide on the places for the different members of the family, and then do not change these except when you have guests. Mamma will have before her the tray with the cups and saucers, the tea things, and the coffee urn. I hope you make tea and coffee on the table; it is a graceful occupation for the house-mother, and insures your always having clear coffee, and hot, delicious tea, and is, besides, very little trouble once the habit has been established. A simple French coffee-pot with an alcohol lamp, a small tea-kettle also with a lamp, a tea-caddy, and a rule always adhered to, will make these processes simple. Cups and saucers and the cream-jug, sugar-bowl, and spoon-holder should be beside the mother's place.

Oatmeal and other cereals, if served on the table at breakfast, should stand by the sister or brother who dispenses them. It is best to begin with a fruit course, and, therefore, finger-bowls, fruit doilies, and plates, with the knives, forks, and spoons needed for this, should be on the table when the family seat themselves. If you wish to save trouble, and have the meal pass on in an orderly manner, you may place by each plate all the knives, forks, and teaspoons which will be required during a meal. These will be used one by one, always beginning with that on the outside, farthest from the plate, and as the maid changes the plates for each course she will remove the knives and forks which belong to that.

Flowers should form a point of beauty for the eye, and decorate every home table. You do not need many; a single rose or cluster of lilies, three or four pinks with a few sprays of mignonette, a few stalks of salvia, a half-dozen asters, with geranium leaves or lemon verbena, or sweet-peas in the season, nasturtiums, golden and glowing as flame, are very ornamental. A cut glass bowl, or a clear bowl of pressed glass, if bright and free from lint, a china vase, or any pretty bouquet-holder will answer for the purpose of holding the flowers, which must be removed and replaced by others the moment they become withered and faded; never keep dying or dead flowers in any living-room, and, above all, never let them remain an hour on your table. Wild [Pg 991] flowers are the loveliest things for ornamenting the table, and you may have as many of them as you can mass effectively.

It is optional—that is, you may do as you like about the placing of food on the table. But I think the prettier way, when it can be done, is to set the roast on the table for the father to carve, and serve the vegetables from a side table. Salad, with thin wafer crackers and cream cheese, is a course by itself. Dessert follows this; coffee comes last at dinner, and you may ask people if you choose to step from the table to the library, or the porch, if it be in the summer-time, and sip their after-dinner coffee there.

Pretty bread-and-butter plates, with knives of their own, are a great convenience, and if you are saving up your money as a family to give mother a particularly acceptable Christmas gift, why not buy her a set of these?

Margaret E. Sangster.

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.

MARINES.

Last year many of the pictures sent in labelled "Marines" were really landscapes showing, perhaps, a tiny bit of water. A marine, strictly speaking, means a sea picture, but when prizes are offered for marines, views on lakes and rivers are always admitted, so that one need not necessarily send in a picture taken at the sea-shore.

Among the most attractive of marine views are those showing a view of rugged cliffs with the surf beating against them, where wave after wave "breaks on the rocks, which, stern and gray, shoulders the broken tide away." To obtain the most successful picture of such a scene one should use a tripod, and get as clear a focus as possible. Get the plate ready, set the shutter, and then wait till a big wave comes rolling in, and, breaking against the rocks, sends the spray high in air. At the very instant that it strikes the rock snap the shutter, and if the exposure has been all right, the picture will be everything to be desired of the breaking waves. Use a small diaphragm (6/32 being a good size), and make a quick exposure. If the day is rather dull use a size larger diaphragm and a trifle slower exposure.

A stretch of sandy beach with the tide coming in makes a good marine, especially if there are plenty of clouds in the sky. Such a picture must have some object in the foreground in order to secure the effect of distance and perspective. A piece of drift-wood, an old wreck, or any object of suitable size that one finds along the shore, will do to break the level of the sand.

Marine views also include pictures of water-craft. Yachts are the most graceful of water-craft, but the old dory is not to be despised. One of the marines which took a prize last year was entitled, "Stranded." It was the picture of a once handsome yacht, which had been driven ashore by a storm, and was lying partly on its side on the beach. The cloud effects in this picture were very good, and added much to the beauty of the picture. The picture was well taken, and the subject a rather uncommon one for a photograph.

Another marine sent in last year was a picture of a lighthouse, built on jagged-looking rocks, taken when the tide was just coming in. Still another, which was not strictly a marine, was a view of a long line of vessels drawn up at the dock. The picture had the effect of a street of ships instead of houses.

The prizes offered for marine and landscape views are less than those offered for figure studies, as marines or landscapes are usually much easier pictures to make than figures.

The entry for "Marines" closes on October 15th, for after that date there is usually little opportunity for making successful water pictures. Be sure and get your pictures in at least a week before this date. Take special pains with the finishing and mounting, as technical excellence is one of the points for which the pictures are to be marked.

Sir Knight John H. Chambers says that his last batch of negatives were so black that he could get no prints, and asks if there is any way to remedy them. The plates were developed too long and are too dense. This can be reduced by the following process: Cyanide of potassium, ½ oz.; water, 10 oz. Dissolve and add 2 drachms of bromine water. Soak the plate in clear water for a few minutes till the film is softened, and then immerse in this solution for a few seconds. Take out and wash, and if the negative is still too dense immerse it again. Repeat the process till the film is reduced sufficiently. Label the bottle "Poison," and keep it carefully locked up when not in use. One should have a plate lifter, or use rubber finger-tips when handling the plates with this solution. Sir John also says that the gelatine gets black first on the side next to the plate when developing. If the tray is kept gently rocking during development the development should be from the top downward. When the image is seen from the back of the plate it is supposed that development has proceeded as far as it will, and the plate is left in the developer simply to acquire the proper density. This can be judged by looking through the plate toward the light, holding it rather near the light. Sir John says he would like to start a Camera Club or Chapter, and wants members of the club to write and send suggestions and also to join the Chapter. We have several successful Chapters already, and would like to have more among our members.

Sir Knight Octave de Mauriac, P. O. Box 596, Middletown, Connecticut, would like correspondence from Sir Knights or chapters interested in photography. Will answer all letters, and would also like to exchange photographic prints.

Sir Knight Harry H. Luther, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, says he would like to become a member of the Camera Club. We are very glad to add the name of Sir Harry to our club list. As he writes from Nantucket, Massachusetts, we shall expect some fine marine pictures from him for the coming contest. Sir Harry asks for papers on retouching, special toning, formulas, etc. These papers are ready for publication and will soon appear.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER IX.

The ex-Pirate very good-naturedly put his head under the table and pulled the Gopher out from the pile of débris and broken crockery. The little beast did not appear to have suffered any injury beyond tearing a gash in his pink sun-bonnet, and as soon as he had resumed his place at the table he looked about him and smiled just as if nothing had happened.

"You don't seem to mind your fall a bit," remarked the Sheep, somewhat surprised.

"Oh, I don't mind it at all," answered the Gopher, complacently.

"I thought you would be dreadfully cut up," put in the ex-Pirate.

"So did I, at first," continued the Gopher; "but only my sun-bonnet got cut, and that was badly cut in the beginning anyway, so that this extra slash does not make any particular difference. And what do you suppose I saw under the table?"

"Feet," said the ex-Pirate, at a venture.

"That's pretty good for a first guess," retorted the Gopher; "but I saw something else."

"What did you see?" quickly asked Tommy, who was beginning to feel that he had been out of the conversation long enough.

"I saw It," answered the Gopher.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Sheep.

"Indeed I did. Do you want to play a game?"

"Certainly, I'm getting awfully tired of sitting here. Let's play a game." [Pg 992]

"I wish you would explain," broke in Tommy. "You are talking about all sorts of things, and I can't understand a word. What is this all about? What is it the Gopher saw under the table?"

"Why, he saw It," answered the ex-Pirate.

"Well, what is that?" asked Tommy.

"Don't you know what It is?" exclaimed the ex-Pirate, his eyes opening very wide with surprise.

"No, I don't," replied the little boy, bluntly, "and I wish you would explain."

"Goodness!" gasped the Gopher. "Where did you come from? Did not you ever play any games?"

"Certainly," said the little boy; "but what has that to do with it?"

"You could not very well play any games without It," insisted the Gopher.

"It," declared the ex-Pirate very slowly and impressively, "is the one that runs after you when you are playing tag, and the one that hides his face and shuts his eyes when you play hide-and-go-seek."

"Oh, I've played those games lots of times," said Tommy.

"Then you must have seen It," put in the Sheep.

"Never," said Tommy.

"How did you play, then?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"One of us was it, of course," explained Tommy; "and when he caught another, the other was it."

"How funny," said the Gopher. "Why, with us It is always It. That's the fun of the game."

"Of course it is," added the ex-Pirate. "I don't see how you could play without It. We had an It on board the *Black Avenger*, and we used to play tag for exercise when we were becalmed. But one day, in a storm, it was washed overboard, and we had to go without playing games all the rest of the voyage."

"How stupid of you!" remarked Tommy. "Why did not you take turns being it?"

"Never thought of such a thing," admitted the ex-Pirate, frankly. "You will explain to us how it is done, some time, won't you?"

"Why, of course," replied Tommy. "I'm sure it's very simple."

"Is it simpler than dominoes?" inquired the Gopher. "I never could understand dominoes. You see, there's no It in that, and that makes it so complicated."

"Yes, the lack of an It complicates games very much," said the ex-Pirate. "But let us play an easy game now. Go down and butt him out from under the table," he added, turning to the Sheep.

The latter obligingly jumped to the floor and disappeared under the table. A few moments later Tommy heard a thump, followed by a whizzing sound, and then a queer-looking something sped out from under the table and slid along the floor as though it had been shot out of a catapult.

"That's It," said the Gopher, unconcernedly. And then they all got up and walked over to where a new sort of a queer creature, such as Tommy had never seen before, was getting itself together after its encounter with the Sheep's head. Tommy took in the peculiar features of the new-comer as carefully and completely as he had taken in the other unusual events of the day.

It was an undersized being that walked on two legs, and corresponded somewhat to the little boy's idea of what a dwarf ought to be, except that Tommy had always thought of dwarfs as being round and fat, whereas this creature was exceedingly thin, almost bony, "by reason of his constantly playing games," explained the ex-Pirate. Its head went up almost to a point, on top of which grew a little tuft of hair, which Tommy at first took to be a small fur cap; and the utter lack of expression in his pallid face betokened that It had no understanding whatever beyond his own sphere of utility.

"Perhaps that's why he is willing to be it all the time," thought Tommy. "I'm sure he does not look as if he knew enough to object."

By this time the Sheep had rejoined the group and was ready to play.

"I don't want to play any game of chance," said the ex-Pirate when the Gopher asked what it should be.

"No; we won't have any game of chance," agreed the Sheep.

"I don't see how you could," ventured Tommy, "if It is in the game. It strikes me that if It is always It, there is no *chance* for him."

"Of course not," answered the ex-Pirate; "there's no chance for him ever, but we don't consider him. *We* take all the chances."

Tommy did not understand, but this was nothing new to him, and he consented to play anything that would please the rest.

"MY LIFE IS ONE LONG PURSUIT OF THE UNATTAINABLE."

They decided to have a game of Bumpolump. It took the ex-Pirate fully fifteen minutes to explain to the little boy how Bumpolump was played, and even then Tommy never got a clear idea of it, and was unable to give his Uncle Dick the slightest explanation of how it was done, except that It had an inordinate amount of running about to do, while the others seemed to get all the fun. And at the end everybody got a prize except It.

"I should not think you would like this," said Tommy to It, sympathetically.

"I don't," answered It. "I've gotten quite beyond that. My life is one long pursuit of the unattainable. How does it feel to succeed?"

Tommy, not knowing just what to say under the circumstances, hesitated; but before he could reply It continued:

"You see, I always apparently succeed in all I do—just as in Bumpolump—but I never enjoy the fruits of success. The others always get the prizes, and I have to start all over again. Some day—"

But just then an Ibex came along, and saying "Excuse me" to Tommy, he butted It up to the other end of the room, where a lot of little Ibexes and Zebus immediately began to hop about, apparently playing some game with It, who was laboring with his utmost energy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

There will be two sets of football rules in use by the college teams this fall. Yale and Princeton will be governed by one code, while Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Cornell will play their games according to another. The official rules of last year will also stand, to be adopted by the smaller colleges, the athletic clubs, and possibly by the schools, although I should advise the schools to accept the amendments made by the universities, and adopt either the Harvard or Yale code, with a preference in favor of the latter.

The first important change is found in Rule 8, and relates to the fair catch. Yale and Princeton have it that a fair catch is a catch made directly from a kick by an opponent, or from a punt-out by a player on the side having the ball, provided the man making the catch does not advance beyond a mark which he must make with his heel, and provided also no other player on his side has touched the ball. The player is not required to raise his hand as a sign that he intends to make a catch, and if he is interfered with, or thrown by an opponent, he will receive fifteen yards, unless that would carry him across the goal-line, in which case he receives only half the distance. In the Harvard regulations the definition of a fair catch is the same as the one just given, but the player catching the ball cannot run with it, although he may pass it back to one of his own side, who may then run with it or kick it. If this is not done the ball must be put in play where the catch was made. In case the player fails in his attempt at making the catch, the opponents have an equal chance at the ball.

The most radical change made by Yale and Princeton (and an excellent one) is in regard to mass plays. The rule covering this point states that in scrimmages not more than one man shall start forward before the ball is in play, and not more than three men shall group themselves at a point behind the line of scrimmage before the ball is put in play, although the man playing the position of either end rush may drop back, provided he does not pass inside the position occupied by the man playing adjacent tackle before the ball is put in play.

As to the officials of the game, Yale also makes an innovation. This year there will be an umpire, a referee, a linesman, and an assistant linesman, any one of whom may disqualify a player under the rules, subject, of course, to the approval of the umpire, who alone may be appealed to by the captains regarding fouls and unfair tactics. These officials are also empowered to formulate ground rules prior to each game, governing the disposition of the ball in case it touch or be obstructed by some person or object surrounding the field of play, but the referee must announce the rules as made to the captains before calling play.

In the triple alliance there are to be two umpires, a referee, and a linesman, the umpires being judges of the conduct of the players, the referee being judge of the position and progress of the ball, and the linesman being judge of time, and of the distance gained and lost by each play. The umpires shall also see that no coaching is done while the game is in progress, and they have the power to send behind the ropes any substitute or other person who attempts to advise the players while the ball is in play.

Off-side play will be punished by Yale and Princeton by the enforcement of the rule that says that if a player when off side touches the ball inside the opponent's ten-yard line the ball shall go as a touch-back to the opponents. These colleges further legislate that seven men or more must be in the rush line until the ball has been put in play, except in the case I have already cited, where the ends may drop back.

It is hardly necessary for me to say to every man who is playing football this year that the first thing for him to do is to secure one of the new books of rules and study all the changes that have been made. Space permits me to make but a very brief mention here of a few of the innovations. The man who is playing on the field, however, must have every clause at his finger-tips, and know the spirit and the letter of the law by heart. Every scholastic league should decide at once which code it will use this year, so that the captains of the teams may begin to train their men in the new methods that some of the changes require.

The teams of the Connecticut league have been at work for two weeks or more now, and several unimportant practice games have been played. The Hartford High School players started in with preliminary unlimbering at Crescent Beach early in September. Only five men of last year's team are back again, although Captain Bryant confidently counted on six. Smith, who played centre last fall, shot himself in the foot recently, and will be laid up for some time. Bryant, therefore, will try it between the guards for a while, and if Smith comes back later, he will be put in at tackle. Goodell will be the other tackle, while Ingalls, the hammer-thrower, and Lyman will go in at guards. The ends are much in doubt, but Monahan, Ralyea, and Garvan stand good chances. Sturtevant will probably make quarter-back, while Chapman and Jenkins will no doubt be found at half at the end of the season. Luce, who did good work on the quarter-mile track last spring, is the strongest candidate for full-back. On the whole, the team is a light one.

The prospects for a good team at Exeter are bright this year, although so far no game has been arranged with Andover. The old feud seems to be still on deck. (But I hope to devote some space to that bit of childishness later. Now we are talking football.) Five of last year's players are back at P.E.A.—Scannell, Kasson, Breen, Gibbons, and Hawkins. Scannell is Captain, and besides being a good player himself, he is able to put life into his men. He graduated from the Newmarket High-School in '89, and entered the academy in the fall of '92. That season he made the second eleven, and played a good game. In the spring term he made the baseball team, and filled the position of centre-field with credit to himself and honor to the academy. He is a hard worker, he is a little heavy for tackle, but his quickness overcomes this handicap, and by the end of the season he will doubtless train down.

Centre rush will be taken care of by Kasson, who did good work on the '94 eleven, and he will have a veteran in Breen as his right guard, unless Connor proves a better man. A candidate for tackle is Higley, who held that position last year for Andover. Another is Evans from Lowell, who was Captain of his High-School team last year. During the season the school had a long string of victories and retrieved its reputation, which was last dwindling in the defeats of the five previous years. Evans appears to be a brilliant man, but he does not know the game well enough to play at Phillips Exeter without a great deal of coaching. He stands 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs 170 pounds. For ends Gibbons, Shaw, and Robinson are the most likely candidates. Hawkins, Martin, and Botcher will try for quarter-back. Hawkins did good work [Pg 994] last year, and is plucky. That he will not give up his position without a tussle is very evident from his practice-work. Martin, formerly of Andover, will press him hard. When at Andover he played quarter on the second eleven, and did good work. He is active and cool-headed.

For half-backs, J. B. Gibbons is sure of one position. He played an excellent game last year, and will undoubtedly develop further this fall. McLane will probably take care of the other side. Whitcomb and Headden are trying for full-back. Whitcomb is a swift runner, and distinguished himself last spring, when he smashed the school record in the quarter-mile race. He is showing up well, and plays a good game. Headden is not so sure a man as Whitcomb, and will require a great deal of coaching. The Exeter team's first game of the season was played against South Berwick on September 17th, and resulted in a victory for the crimson and gray by a score of 6-0.

In the New England League it looks as if there would be a hot contest again this year for the championship. Cambridge High and Latin has nearly all of last year's team back. There will be only three vacant places in the line, Baldwin, right end, Stearns, right guard, and Columbus, left end, not having returned to school. Among the new men with the squad are Hawes, Seaver, and Barnes. The backs will probably be the same as last year, Campbell, Curry, and Parker, with Saul for quarter-back.

Last Friday the Newton High-School eleven played the Brookline High-School team at Brookline to determine which one should be taken into the Senior League, the former having been the tail-ender in the Senior League last year, while Brookline was an easy winner in its own class. The contest occurred too late in the week for me to be able to comment on it here, but I hope to say something of the game next time.

As to the two elevens, Brookline had a good nucleus to build upon. Morse, Hutchins, Aechtler, Gillespie, North, Lewis, and Cook are on deck, the latter as Captain. Hutchins, who was one of the best centres in the

Junior League last fall, will play the same position this year. He is quick on his feet, snaps back quickly, and breaks through well. Gillespie, at right tackle, is another good man. He is quick in breaking through and smashing up the opponent's interference. North, who played end last year, has been moved up to left half-back, where he is winning new laurels by his fine running and dodging. For the position of full-back, Boyce, substitute on last year's eleven, has the best chance. He hits the line hard and low, and is good at punting. Two new men, both named Talbot, have secured the position of right and left guards. They are brothers, and know little about football, but since the beginning of hard practice they have developed wonderfully under careful coaching. Seaver and Parker are both trying to make quarter-back. Parker, though handicapped by his light weight, 118 pounds, has proved himself the best man for the place so far.

Newton's team, on the other hand, is badly handicapped by the loss of most of last season's players, and the new men do not seem to be built of the stuff that grabs championships. Captain Lee is beyond question the best man on the team. He is a veteran in his position of centre rush, and is an earnest and conscientious worker. He has been obtaining a lot of good coaching as a candidate for the Newton Athletic Club's eleven, and the points he has thus picked up he has taught his men. He is 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 180 pounds. He is an aggressive player, and quick to take advantage of an opponent's weakness.

Of the new-comers he has got to lick into shape, Howard is the most promising candidate. He is trying for the position of right guard, the place left vacant by Paul, who was the star player of last year's team, and who is trying for a place in the line of the Newton Athletic Club this season. Howard, while rather slow on his feet, has the making of a good player. Van Voorhees will be found at left guard, and Brigham, who gained much experience on the Newton Athletic second eleven last year, will prove a formidable man at left tackle. He is quick in getting through the interference, and tackles hard and low.

The other tackle will probably be Johnson, who is pretty light for such a place, but his activity may make up for other deficiencies. Colbing will make right end a hard place to get a gain. Forssen, a new man, will go in at quarter, while the halves will be Chase and Burdon. Chase is the surest ground-gainer, and can be depended on to advance the ball every time it is given to him. Burdon is good for around-the-end plays, as he is a fast runner, good dodger, and uses his blockers to the best advantage. His chief fault is in not starting the second the ball is snapped. Bryant is pretty sure of full-back, as he is the best punter on the team. He runs low and hard, but is apt to fumble.

What has weakened the Newton team more than the lack of old material, however, is the preference the candidates for positions on the eleven have been showing for tennis. For the past ten days a tennis tournament has been in progress, and many of the football-players have been trying for the prizes there in preference to practicing with the eleven on the school grounds.

The interest in football and baseball has always been greater in the New England schools than in almost any other, as I have frequently found occasion to mention in these columns. An additional proof of this fact, if any such proof were needed, is that the Boston English High-School, besides putting a strong school team into the field, is supporting class teams. The class of '98 especially is doing good work in that direction, and intends to arrange games, if possible, with all the first-year classes in Boston. Such teams are bound to be a good thing for the institutions that have them, as there is no better way of developing material which will eventually prove of vast benefit to the first team.

The kicking game of the present will be taken advantage of by the Cambridge M.T.S. eleven, for Captain Murphy has among his new men as good a punter as there is on any team. This man is Yeager. Last year he made some reputation by returning for Brewer and Fairchild of the Harvard eleven in their practice before the Springfield game. After catching the longest punts he would return the ball by a punt of the entire distance. As a rusher Yeager has not such a good reputation, but with White and Thompson as side partners he will easily be brought up to the standard. Another good man that Captain Murphy may rely upon is Seaver, who used to go to Brown and Nichols'. He has of late been practising with C.H. and L., and will try for an end on the C.M.T.S. team. Last year he broke his arm at the first of the season, but his play improves daily. Brown, who tried for an end in '94, is out again for the same position. Francis and Young are other candidates for end. All these men are light, wiry fellows, but seem to have ability, which needs only careful coaching to bring it out.

The other men behind the line give promise of developing into clever players—Sawin especially. He did well at quarter-back a season ago, but his light weight makes him practically useless in interference, and easily stopped when running with the ball. But he is plucky, and that counts for much. White and Thompson will be the halves, the latter coming in from full-back, where Yeager's punting makes it necessary to keep him. White developed into a speedy rusher last year, and was always in place in the interference. He has a peculiar style of running, and when he strikes the line whirls around; but nevertheless he proved a ground-gainer in last season's games. Thompson is a veteran. He gains the most ground when figuring in centre [Pg 995] plays, but this year he will be trained for runs around the end.

The players for the vacancies are an enterprising lot, who, with proper training, can be moulded into shape. The men for the forward positions are Hazen, Hayman, and Burns for centre, and Frye, Gray, and Whitney for guards. Hazen is a big fellow, but has never played much, while Burns, though eight pounds lighter, has played off and on for the last two years. Frye played full-back on the Salem High-School team last year, but is better qualified for a line position. He is a strongly built fellow, and weighs 168 pounds. Gray, a substitute in '94, will try for guard again this year. Whitney, another candidate, tips the scales at 162 pounds. This is a light team, take it all in all, but there are lots of good stuff in it, and with good coaching ought to carry the C.M.T.S. colors pretty well to the top by November.

THE GRADUATE.

RASPBERRY AND COCOANUT CREAMS.

Here are two receipts for delicious candies that you will like to make, but they will require, as many candies do, confectioner's sugar for kneading purposes. A pound of this will be enough to buy at first. Add to a dessert-spoonful of raspberry jam enough confectioner's sugar to make a paste. If the flavor is not acid enough add a tiny bit of tartaric acid, crushed very fine. Roll the sugar and jam into small balls with the

palms of your hands. Then take some of the hardest fondant that you have and melt it in a cup in boiling water, just as you did in making chocolate creams. Add a drop or two of cochineal coloring to make it a pale pink. Now dip your balls in this exactly as in the chocolate creams. If the little balls are not smoothly or neatly covered they can be dipped twice, allowing time enough for the first coat to harden. For cocoanut creams take two table-spoonfuls of grated cocoanut and dry it in a cool oven, or you can use desiccated cocoanut instead. Work the cocoanut well into half as much fondant candy, and then shape, into balls, using confectioner's sugar to stiffen the mass sufficiently for handling. Melt some fondant, flavor it with vanilla, and dip the balls in it, as directed in the other receipts. Dipping the candies twice will probably be the rule, as they will rarely look smooth enough after the first coating.

A CLEVER SUGGESTION.

The book-agent who really means to make his way in the world has to be a person of an inventive turn of mind. People rarely want to buy the books he has to sell, and it is his hard fate often to have to argue long and strongly in favor of his wares. The most ingenious of these hard-working people that has yet come to notice is the one told about by one of the London papers. The agent in question had a volume to sell that did not go off exactly like hot cakes, and at one particular house he was met with a most decided rebuff.

"It's no use to me. I never read," said the householder.

"But there's your family," said the canvasser.

"Haven't any family—nothing but a cat."

"Well, you may want something to throw at the cat," suggested the agent.

The book was purchased.

A NOVEL FLY-CATCHER.

Every year some new scheme is brought forth for the purpose of catching flies and relieving housekeepers of the buzzing little nuisances. But up to date nobody has ever thought of employing a mouse in that capacity, until a certain ambitious mouse proved his talents for that sort of thing. It is not known positively whether all mice have a taste for flies, but it is certain that one particular little representative of the mouse family has gained great fame by the able manner in which he has disposed of all the insects within reach. The *Shepherdstown* (West Virginia) *Register* has sung his praises, and he is quite a noted character in that town. This mouse made a hole for himself inside the show-window of a drug-store in Shepherdstown, and when a number of flies were about his mouseship appeared from his abiding place. It mattered not how many people stood within the store or blocked the pavement outside. He seemed to know that he would not be molested, and devoted himself exclusively to the fly-catching business. Standing on his hind-legs, with his forepaws resting against the glass, he would grab a fly and then retreat behind some boxes and eat it. Again he would catch the insect while on the wing, jumping into the air and dealing it a blow with one tiny paw, but quick as thought in securing his prey. He would eat all of the fly except the wings with the greatest relish, and after one of his raids the window would be covered with the discarded wings of his victims. It would be quite interesting to get the opinions of this little hunter in regard to his unusual diet, and find out whether he looked upon flies in the light of ordinary beefsteak, or regarded them as delicacies, such as quail on toast or terrapin.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BICYCLING

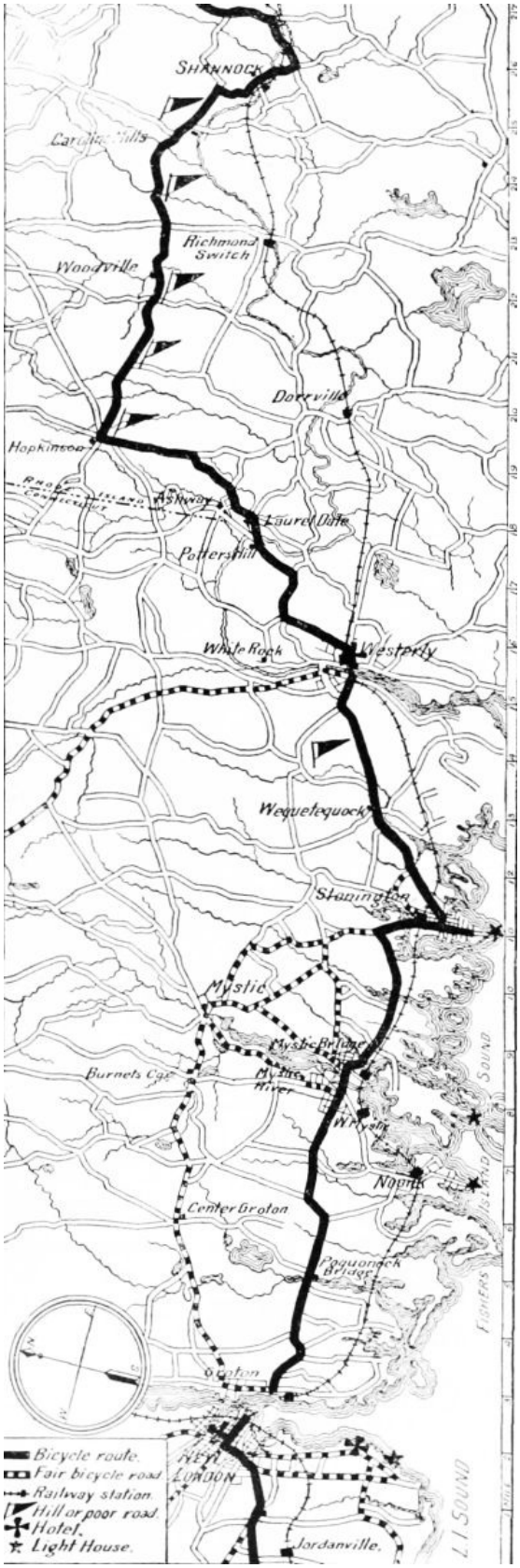
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being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

The fourth stage of the shore-line trip from New York to Boston is a short one, of not more than twenty-eight miles, extending from New London to Shannock. Leaving the Pequot House, if that is the point where you have put up at New London, you should proceed into

the city of New London along the trolley-car route, go at once to the ferry near the railway station, and cross to Groton. There are two routes from here eastward. It is possible for you to either turn to the left immediately on arriving on the Groton side of the Thames, and proceed some distance up the river (less than a mile, altogether), turn to the right, and run over through Centre Groton, Burnets Corner, and so on, following the secondary route marked on the map through Mystic, and joining the main bicycle road again at Stonington. This route is, however, not only more hilly, but the road is in a poorer condition, and passes through a less picturesque country.

The rider should therefore proceed direct from the ferry along the turnpike-road to Mystic Bridge, passing over Poquonock Bridge. Crossing the Mystic River at Mystic Bridge, the road continues direct to Stonington, a distance of about ten miles from New London. If you are making the journey to Shannock in one run—in a morning, for example—and if you have determined to reach Providence before night, you can make a short-cut, after crossing the bridge leading into Stonington and before crossing the railroad, by turning to the left and joining the turnpike-road again a mile or more out from Stonington. From here on the road through Wequetequock is in fair condition, though it is not of the best. In case you run into Stonington and make a stop, you should run out onto the main road by Matthews Street. The road from Groton to Stonington is in parts remarkably good, and, especially at this time of year, the whole route as far as Westerly will be found to be a good bicycle run, if the side path is occasionally resorted to between villages. Crossing the river at Westerly you are now in the State of Rhode Island. Thence proceed through Potters Hill, Laurel Dale, Ashway, to Hopkinson. From Hopkinson on to Shannock, a distance of between seven and eight miles, the road is hilly in parts, and by the time the rider has passed through Woodville and Caroline Mills, and run into Shannock, he will be ready for a rest, at least for some time, especially if he has ridden all the hills at a good speed.

It should be remembered, as was said last week, that this run, which is not more than twenty-eight or twenty-nine miles at the most, can be made half a day's run, and the journey thence continued to Providence. Shannock would be about half-way, and the two routes might be done in one day, and can easily be so done by any rider who cares to do between fifty-five and sixty miles. It is by no means a long ride, and probably you will be much more comfortable in Providence overnight than in Shannock. At the same time, following out our plan of making short, easy trips, and taking it for granted, as we have done, that the average rider goes for pleasure, with time enough at his disposal, we shall divide this distance into two stages.



NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 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; Third Stage in No. 830.

SOME DON'TS FOR BICYCLERS.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

Don't try to do too much. Ambition to shine as a "scorcher" has seriously injured the health of many a good, strong rider. Probably no form of exercise is so full of temptation to over-indulgence as is wheeling. Except during the moments of hill-climbing, it is so easy to send the machine spinning along.

How often you hear riders say, "I'm feeling languid and draggy to-day. Can't imagine what's the matter.

Had a splendid ride of sixty miles yesterday." Isn't that explanation enough? The effects of too great fatigue often last as long as life itself. If the muscles alone were concerned it wouldn't matter so much, but the great trouble lies in another quarter. There is always danger of injuring the heart. One can recover from a strained muscle or sprained joint or broken bone, but let the heart be once badly strained, and you may be sure that the evil effects will last a lifetime.

Is there a way of knowing when one has ridden enough? Yes. Whenever you feel that you couldn't dismount and run a quarter-mile at good speed, it is time to stop wheeling. Better get off and take a rest. Better still, put away the wheel for the day. There will be many other days, and you can enjoy them all the more if you have a sound heart.

Don't wheel up a steep hill. Leave that sort of thing to fellows who haven't enough sense to go in when it rains. What gain is there in it, anyhow? You can walk up and push your wheel just as fast, and with one-quarter of the exertion. If too much wheeling on the level road is bad, too much hill-climbing is ten times worse. If you could look into the minds of the smart hill-climbers, you would find that they half kill themselves to make bystanders think they are wonderful riders. Really, that sort of thing is too silly to talk about with patience.

Don't coast too much. If you feel that life without coasting is a mockery, then go to some hill that you are thoroughly familiar with, where there are no crossings, where you can watch the road for at least one hundred miles ahead, and then take care. No matter whether you have coasted down the hill a hundred times before or not, the danger is always just as great. Perhaps we are never in so great peril as when we think we know it all.

Don't "scorch" in the streets. At any crossing you are liable to run over some pedestrian or to collide with a big truck or carriage. Either one may mean a life lost, or at least broken bones. You wouldn't drive a horse at a 2.40 gait through the streets. Remember a bicycle is quite as dangerous.

Don't ride on the left side of the street. Your place is on the right side, because a bicycle is a vehicle in the eyes of the law, having the same rights and subject to the same rules as any other vehicle. If anything happens to you because you are on the wrong side of the street you cannot recover damages.

Don't think, because somebody you know has wheeled a "century," that you must do it too. There is really very little satisfaction in riding one hundred miles merely for the sake of saying that you have done it. If any other wheelman chooses to tire his muscles and overstrain his heart for a mere bit of boasting, let him do it. I know that most of us are sorely tempted by the "century" folly. But think a moment. If you owned a fine thoroughbred horse, would you run the risk of ruining him forever by speeding him to the utmost limit of his strength for a whole day? Yet is not your own health more valuable to you than all the horses in the world?

Don't let your cyclometer be your master. Make it your servant. Don't think, "I have wheeled thirty-seven miles to-day, now I'll run a mile and a half up the road and back so as to make an even forty." Use the cyclometer to find out how soon you must stop, not how much further you must go.

Don't neglect your wheel. Because it doesn't eat is no reason why it should be starved. It needs oil. It should be cleaned regularly after every ride. Be sure that all the bearings are oiled at least once for every one hundred miles travelled. In hot weather the oil runs off faster. Lubricate your chain every time you go out for a spin. See to it that the dust-caps are all in perfect order. Dust wears out bearings much faster than ordinary use.

Don't go out in the late afternoon without a well-filled lamp, especially if you live in New York. Think of the scores of wheelmen who have been fined for riding at night without lights, to say nothing of the danger of going unlighted.

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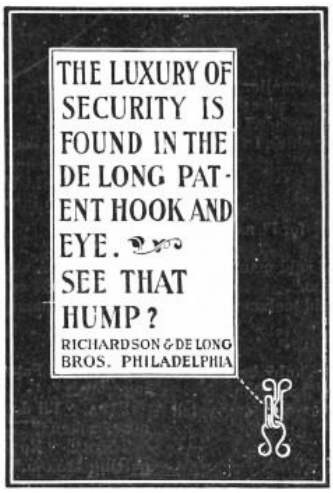

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J. A. WILSON, 1108 Fairmount, Phila., Pa.

Clever Camping Hints.

The Round Table has interested me greatly. Therefore I venture to offer the suggestions which follow:

When camping on beach or in the mountains, on prairie or in forest, it is a good plan to have in the outfit a number of iron pins or stakes about half an inch thick and twelve or fifteen inches in length. Three of these should be driven into the ground deep enough to ensure their staying upright, and so near together that pot, kettle, or pan, and perhaps the coffee-pot, will stand safely on the ends of the pins when the coals are glowing or the sticks are blazing beneath. It will be found that this simple kitchen range is for several reasons better than any pole on forked stakes can be, and is incomparably better than a camp-fire without some device for ensuring the uprightness of pot or pan.

Many campers make their camp-fires by laying the sticks with the middle on the coals or the blaze. The better way is to put the ends to the fire. The fire can be managed much more easily in that way, by withdrawing a few sticks if the heat is too great, or by pushing a stick or more in between the pins and under the cooking-vessel if the heat is not enough. Camp-fires are often made too big for the needs and for the comfort of the campers.

I have seen a camp-fire made on the surface of a broad lake, and far from the nearest land, yet not in the canoe. If there had been a couple of shovelfuls of sand or earth, the fire might have been made in the canoe. As it was, the Indian gathered a few armfuls of green sedges and grasses and threw them on the water, then made the fire on the top of the heap, and soon had roast duck for dinner.

An axe is a clumsy and a dangerous tool in canoe and in camp. It is awkward in shape, and heavy. It can be used for many purposes, but the machete can be used for all the purposes for which an axe is used, except for heavy pounding, and is admirably adapted for many other uses. Millions of people from Texas to Patagonia have long found the machete an ever-ready tool.

Machetes are of many shapes and sizes. The laborer who clears trees and bush from land uses a broad and heavy blade. It is some eighteen or twenty inches in length, and may be three inches wide at its widest. The traveller will carry a machete which is like a heavy sword, and may be straight like a rapier, or curved somewhat, like a cavalry sword. This blade may be two feet or even twenty-six inches in length. For camp uses I should choose one like those the laborers use. A leathern sheath with belt go with some classes of machetes. With one of these an effective blow can be struck for cutting brush, trees of moderate size, or the flesh and bones of game. It will be useful in skinning animals or in cleaning fish. In short, there is scarcely any cutting about a camp which cannot be done far better with a machete than with the best of axes, and the price is the same as that of an axe.

I have found no better bed than is made by having a wide hem turned along the edges of very wide canvas. Through these hems run slender poles, that may be used during the day in pushing a canoe over shallow waters. The ends of the poles may rest in notches in two logs, to hold them apart, or in crotched stakes driven into the ground, and stayed apart by sticks lashed to them. When not in service as a bed this cot may be used as a tarpaulin to cover the baggage in the canoe.

E. W. Perry.
Southbridge, Mass.

The Music Rack.

SOME ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

Nicolo Paganini was a typical violinist. He obtained a permanent position at the court of Luca in his twenty-first year, after remarkable success as a boy, and there composed such powerful concertos fortnightly that Napoleon's sister, Eliza Bacciocchi, was each time overcome when Paganini reached the harmonic sounds. One day Paganini announced to the court that he would shortly play a novel love-song. He accordingly played a wonderful sonata on two strings—G and E. G represented the lady, E the man. The court was carried away with the beauty of the piece. At the end the Princess Eliza remarked to Paganini, "Since you have done so finely a thing on two chords, can you make us hear something marvellous on one?" Paganini smilingly agreed; and after some weeks, on the day of St. Napoleon, executed a brilliant piece on the chord C, which he entitled "Napoleone."

Paganini, the elder, was an avaricious and unnatural father. When Nicolo's gains had amounted to twenty thousand francs the father threatened to kill him if the whole was not given over. But the mother was faithful, and after the father had passed away Paganini said, "I took care of my mother—a sweet duty."

Though loaded with honors given by the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and others, yet the latter part of Paganini's life was a constant struggle. He was of a delicate make-up, and his whole being was wrapped, as it were, in his violin. He met much opposition in his last years. A favorite saying of his was, "One must suffer to make others feel." Schottky affirmed that Paganini possessed a musical secret by means of which a pupil could obtain a conception of the capacities of the violin in three years. This secret, which Paganini himself declared he possessed, was never given to the world.

Many compositions have been ascribed to Paganini which are mere imitations. The few genuine ones contain many grotesque turns which make them all the more fascinating. Whatever may have been the faults and weaknesses of the man, as a composer Paganini

was a star among his contemporaries. "As a composer Paganini stands very high. His works are rich in invention, genial, and show a mastery of the scientific part of the art."

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

Prizes for Short Stories.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE offers five prizes for the best stories of adventure written by a Knight or Lady of the Round Table. Stories must contain at least five hundred and not over fifteen hundred words, actual count. The incident must be a probable one, and the story well told, both in sequence of events and language employed. As far as practicable, type-write the story, but this is not made a condition. At the top of the first page place your name, age, and address in full, the number of words in your story, and say where you saw this offer. Do not roll your manuscript. Use paper about 5 by 8 inches in size, fold it or send flat.

Prepay postage and enclose return postage. Address it not later than December 25, 1895, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York, and put in the left-hand corner of the envelope the words "Story Competition." No story may be sent by you that is not wholly original with you, and none may be submitted that has ever been submitted in any other contest. One person may not submit more than one story. Criticism by grown persons is permissible. The prizes are $25 each to the three best, provided there are three good stories. If there are not three good stories, the prizes will not be awarded. We shall not award a prize to and print a poor story, even if it chance to be the best received by us in this competition. One of the stories, either a prize one or otherwise, as we may elect, is to be used in the Pen-drawing Contest, and printed, if good, with its prize illustration.

Prizes for Nonsense Verses

Nonsense verses are ridiculous jingles—the more ridiculous the better. They may be four, six, or eight lines. Five prizes are offered by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for the best—that is, for the most ridiculous. Each prize is: Fifty engraved visiting-cards, in a neat box, with copper plate for future use. Of course the cards bear the winner's name. Competition open only to those who have not passed their eighteenth birthday. Forward not later than December 1, 1895.

About the Patents.

The new Patents and also the Prospectuses to those who have asked for them, in order that they may earn prizes for placing them in the hands of families likely to be interested in them, will be mailed to all applicants about October 1st. There has been a little delay in publishing the ROUND TABLE Handy Book, but it will be ready October 1st and forwarded to all who have applied for it. The Handy Book contains thirty-six pages filled with much useful information. Those who want Patents should ask for them, and in doing so send the names of friends who may wish to belong to the Order. Ask for a Patron Patent for your teacher. The Patents will be handsomely illuminated, four pages, and bear on the last page full information about the Order.

Amateur Journalism.

The Easton, Pa., venture, which we spoke of as *Leisure Hour*, came out at last as the *Scribbler*. The September issue is most creditable. It is small, but hopes to grow. We hope it will. Address Norman Hart, Robert E. James, Jun., or George F. Wilson, 203 Northampton Street. The *Eclipse*, a bright little paper published by F. H. Lovejoy, Weldon, Pa., is larger now than ever—and better. The following-named want to receive copies of amateur papers. Harry H. Luther, Hotel Gordon, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.; Charles E. Abbey, Chester, N. J.; J. F. Barksdale, Hardy, Miss.; and Harry R. Whitcomb, Umatilla, Fla.

Walter S. Beattie, 651 Madison Avenue, New York city, writes:

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>
> W. S. BEATTIE.

A Visit to Robbers' Cave.

Several summers ago, when I was spending my vacation at Leon Springs, we were sitting on the porch toward evening when some one suggested a visit to Robbers' Cave for the next day. In a few minutes all those idle loungers had dispersed, some to see about a guide and horses, others to make arrangements for a lunch.

After an early breakfast we mounted our horses and rode off, leaving the lunch to be

brought in the surrey. When we reached the mouth of the cave we were a rather jolted-up crowd, for riding over hills in Texas is not like riding along a road in San Antonio. But by the time the surrey, with the rope-ladder and torches arrived, we were squabbling over who should go down first. To settle that we drew straws, and it fell to my lot to go down third. The entrance to the cave was not more than six feet round, and the bottom was reached after a descent of twenty-five feet. Just half-way down there was a landing that leads off to the upper part of the cave.

We were first taken to the room that looks as if it were full of statuary that had been slightly defaced. The most natural of these is a bust of a veiled woman. Climbing over some rocks we came to the spring, which is about five feet in circumference. In the centre is a miniature castle, with its towers, turrets, and chimneys. The light from our torches made it glisten like diamonds. If you stand in the centre of the main cave and whisper, you can be heard in all parts. We threw pebbles down in a shallow pit where we could see frogs hopping about. May I write and tell how the cave came to be called by this name?

P. V. R. Lockwood.
San Antonio.

Yes.

Questions and Answers.

Jules L. Steele: One competitor in the poem contest may send only one poem. The rule is so made because it is better for competitors to put their efforts upon one production than to attempt to pen two or more. Harry H. Luther thinks the Order should hold a reunion every year. Other members say they think the same way.

A. F. McC.: You may send only one poem in the prize competition. It may be the one mentioned as having been printed in a local paper. Send it in manuscript, however. [Pg 999]

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.

Interest in the newly discovered varieties of the U. S. stamps continues, and has led to the closer examination of all other U. S. stamps, resulting in the discovery of still other varieties. The latest is the 10c. green of 1861, a stamp catalogued at 5c. only, as it is to be found in large quantities, and almost every collector has or has had many duplicates.

The first die was made with the five stars at the top of the stamp in white on a background composed of fine perpendicular lines. It seems the plate soon showed signs of wear at the top, and a new die was made in which the perpendicular lines ran into a solid curved line, something like this.

The stamps printed from the original plates are quite rare, one dealer finding three only out of a lot of nearly five hundred. The new variety is selling at various prices, from $5 upward. A curious result of the new discovery has been the find of some copies with the 1868 grill. Of course the grill is counterfeit.

New recruits are made daily to the ranks of those who are devoting themselves to the collection of unused U. S. stamps in blocks showing the imprint and plate numbers on the margin. Some of the scarcer 1890 and 1894 plate numbers are to be sold at auction in New York within a few weeks. This branch of collecting offers special facilities to those living in the smaller towns, as the post-offices in such towns frequently have sheets of stamps issued many years ago, whereas in the large cities the stamps on hand are usually of the very latest printing only.

The Duke of York is reported to have sold his collection of postage-stamps to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild for $300,000.

F. L. Potts.—Dealers offer 1857 half-dime at 10c.

E. V. G.—Oiled paper, or paraffine paper, will prevent stamps from sticking to each other. But the ordinary "hinges" or "stickers" will not adhere to such paper.

A. L. Evans.—U.S. cents are quoted as follows: 1817, 10c.; the variety with fifteen stars at 50c. The other cents mentioned from 5c. to 15c. each. Half-cent, 1851, 10c. Half-dollar, 1830, 75c.

W. F. T.—There are three varieties of the 1799 silver dollar, worth $2, $3, $4 respectively.

RAM.—1842 dimes are quoted at 20c. The 1799 and 1858 cents at 5c. each.

C. E. STEELE.—See answer to "Ram."

B. MAGELSEN.—Perforated stamps from the centre as margin of a sheet, thus showing one side without perforations, are not so desirable as stamps having all four sides perforated. As a rule stamps should have all paper soaked off the back. The only exception is in the case of valuable stamps, when the entire envelope should be kept.

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HOP LEE AND HIS FAITHFUL MULE—AN EXCITING SCENE AT THE HOANG-HO FERRY.

JOHNNY'S IDEA OF A JOKE.

"Pa," said Johnny, as he watched his father filling cartridges for his shot-gun, "wouldn't it be a joke to load one of those cartridges with quinine pills and shoot a bear with 'em."

AN ERROR SOMEWHERE.

My pa says if I don't keep still
  Some time, I won't get strong;
But when I watch the moving sea,
And think how strong the waters be,
  I sort of think he's wrong.

EXPLAINED.

"Why, Howard, child, how did you cut your lip that way?" cried Mrs. B.

"Playing," said Howard. "I was playing I was a goat, an' I tried to eat a tomatter can."

BOBBIE'S COMPLIMENT.

My sister screws her face up
  At all times when she cries;
But she can't make it ugly
  However hard she tries.

BOBBY. "If you fell overboard while on an ocean steamer, what would you do?"

JACK (*four years old*). "I'd go to sleep on one of the ocean's pillows."

NOT A QUESTION OF POVERTY.

"Speaking about little folks," remarked the B shop, after the dry-goods man had gotten through with his story of the bright thing which his little four-year-old daughter had said at dinner that day—"speaking of smart little folks, I had an experience with one quite a good many years ago. It was when I was candidating for my first parish that I preached at a little village down in Pennsylvania. I was entertained at the home of one of the wardens. As I look back at that sermon now it must have been pretty vealy, but I was well pleased with it then, and my host praised it so enthusiastically on the way home that I felt tolerably sure of an invitation to occupy the rectory.

"My host had a bright little five-year-old daughter, and she and I got to be pretty good friends. While I was waiting for the depot wagon to come and bear me away from the scene of my triumph, the next morning, the little girl suddenly ran up to me with her little tin savings-bank. The dear little thing wanted me to open the bank and take one-half of the money for myself. I thanked her and declined.

"What makes you think I need the money, dear?" I asked.

"Why, nuffin much, only when papa came home from church yesterday I heard him tell mamma that you was a *mighty poor preacher*."

TEACHER. "Astronomy is a wonderful science, Harry. Men have learned through it not only how far off the stars are from the earth, but what they are made of."

HARRY. "It seems to me a great deal more wonderful how they found out their names."

PAPA. "Are you sorry you hit Wilbur?"

BOBBY. "Yes, papa, and he is sorry too."

A GENEROUS LAD.

"Tommy!"

No answer.

"Tom-mee!!"

"Well?"

"What are you doing to your brother Willie?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, you are. You are making him cry."

"No, I ain't—I'm bein' generous. I'm givin' him half o' my codliver-oil."

A VERY GOOD REASON.

"Wisht I was a codfish," said Jack.

"Why do you wish that?" asked his mother.

"They don't have to take codliver-oil. They're born with all they need already inside of 'em," said Jack.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Ginseng.

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