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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE COPPERTOWN "STAR" ROUTE.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

The Happy Thought, as will be remembered by those who have read "The Longmeadow Toll-Gate," was a new departure in bicycle construction. Although provided with pedals that could be used in an emergency, its real motive-power was derived from naphtha applied through a pair of cylinders built upon a modification of the hot-air principle, and working directly upon the rear wheel. The oil was admitted drop by drop to the cylinders, mixed with air, and then exploded by a spark from an electric storage battery. The speed was regulated by the flow of oil, and the operator had only to touch a hand-lever to get any rate he wanted from one up to thirty miles an hour. The power could be instantly shut down either by closing the oil valve or by cutting off the electric current. Finally, the machinery had but few working parts, and was therefore not liable to get out of order, and in its operation it was absolutely safe, there being no boiler, and consequently no possibility of an explosion.

The Happy Thought, which had been built by Mr. March for his son Fred, was a double machine, the steersman occupying the front saddle and the engineer sitting behind. In general appearance the Happy Thought resembled the ordinary "tandem," the only noticeable difference being in its huge pneumatic tires, which were fully four inches in diameter. The idea was that they would ride more easily over rough roads, would not slip in mud nor sink in sand, and would be less liable to puncture.

It was nearly a year since that memorable night when Fred March and his partner, Jack Howard, had run down the bank robbers, and the Happy Thought had saved the Jefferson Court-House Bank \$20,000 in hard cash. Within the last six months copper of fine quality had been discovered in the hills west of Fairacre, capital had been attracted, a smelting plant was in process of erection, and business was booming. The works of the Copper Company were situated some thirty miles away, and a large force of men were working night and day to get the plant in running order. The company were building a branch road to connect with the railway that ran ten miles to the east of Fairacre, but at present the only means of communication with the outside world was the wagon-road, which had been constructed over Razor-Back Ridge. The government had been persuaded to establish a "Star" mail route from Fairacre to the copper camp, and Fred, with the assistance of his father, had succeeded in obtaining the contract for himself and Jack. It was a semi-weekly route, the trip days being Tuesdays and Fridays, and for two months the Happy Thought had run regularly between the two places, leaving Fairacre at one o'clock in the afternoon and returning the same night.

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It was shortly before one o'clock on Friday, the 31st of August, and the Happy Thought was standing in front of the Fairacre Post-office, ready for her regular run. Jack, oil-can in hand, was giving a last look to the bearings, while Fred, with the mail-bag strapped to his shoulders, stood by occasionally glancing at his watch. It was almost time to start, but the boys were also agents for the express company, and Mr. Simmons, the Fairacre agent, seemed to be in no hurry about making up his consignment.

"One o'clock," growled Fred. "I don't believe he has anything for us to-day;" and then catching sight of a beckoning finger through the dusty window-pane, "Come on, Jack, he wants to see us both."

"This way," said Mr. Simmons, briefly, leading the boys to the back room. The room looked into an enclosed yard, but Mr. Simmons drew the curtains carefully. Then going to his safe, he unlocked it, and took out a thick square package. "To-morrow is pay-day at the works," he said, slowly, "and there's wages for three months coming to the men. The company always has it sent up by express from the city, and \$10,000 is a tidy little sum," he concluded, tapping the package gently with his knuckles.

"Of course we'll be careful," began Fred.

"In course you mean to be," interrupted Mr. Simmons, gravely; "but I know what boys are, and you're awful careless about your receipts."

Fred blushed as he remembered an entry on the Tuesday book for which they had somehow neglected to

obtain the necessary signature that acknowledged delivery.

Mr. Simmons slipped the package in the express bag, locked it, and handed it to Jack. "Good-by and good luck," he added, "and be sure you get your receipt."

The bag with its precious freight was quickly strapped to Jack's back, and a few moments later the Happy Thought was ploughing down the dusty road at twenty miles an hour.

The distance to the copper-works was a trifle over thirty miles, but at least twelve miles of it was steady uphill work. Once across Razor-Back Ridge, it was better travelling, and the Happy Thought generally made the whole trip in a few minutes over two hours. The road was reasonably smooth and hard, but the afternoon sun was hot, and the boys thought longingly of the cool woods that covered the further side of the ridge. However, the Happy Thought pushed steadily along, and they had nothing to do but to keep her on her course.

"Fifteen minutes late," said Fred, as they slid gently over the summit, and slowed down to oil the working parts. "But it's an easy run, now, and we'll be in Coppertown by half past three—that is, if nobody stops us on the way," he added, with a short laugh.

"But you don't think—" exclaimed Jack, looking up.

"Of course I don't; but there may be more persons than one who know of the money that's going through today. There isn't a house between here and Coppertown, and you know that 'Smooth Jim' broke jail ten days ago, and is with his gang again."

Jack looked disturbed.

"But I don't expect to see the gentleman, and anyway we can run if we can't fight—eh, old girl?" and Fred gave the Happy Thought an affectionate pat as he sprang into his saddle.

"I suppose it's what we're carrying that makes me feel nervous," thought Fred, as they rolled smoothly along in the cool dense shadow of the beech-wood. "There's half-way," he muttered a few moments later, as a blasted pine-tree flashed past. "We are doing better now, and the machinery is working like a watch. That was a great improvement to muffle the sound of the exhaust; we run along as quietly as a cat walking on velvet."

There was a touch on his shoulder, and the Happy Thought came to a dead stop.

"Against orders, I know," said Jack, leaning forward and speaking under his breath, "but look back there."

The dead pine-tree was still visible some four hundred yards away, but there was something fluttering from one of its branches—a piece of red flannel rag.

"A signal," said Fred, shortly, "and it means that somebody is after us—after *that*," and he pointed to the express bag. "We've got to go on, for some one is certainly behind us. We can't stay here and be gobbled up, and a rabbit could hardly get through that laurel scrub. Besides, there's just a chance that it doesn't mean anything, after all. We'll run ahead carefully, and if it comes to the worst, we'll cut everything loose and make a dash for it. There's nothing short of a rifle-bullet that can catch us."

"Let her go," returned Jack, briefly.

A quarter of a mile further, and the boys began to breathe easier. They were on Breakneck Hill now, and there was nothing suspicious in the look ahead. Half-way down, and as they swung around a curve Fred's heart suddenly seemed to leap up into his mouth. His eye had caught the momentary gleam of something moving in the thick foliage that bordered the road at the bottom of the hill. He recognized it in an instant—the silver mounting of a pistol. He turned and shouted to Jack.

"Crack! crack!" and Fred felt the wind of a bullet as it sung past. "Crack! crack!" but that was wider of the mark. The Happy Thought under full speed had bounded down the hill, and the danger-point was passed. He could hear faint shouts behind him and the short quick tramp of horses' hoofs. Was it possible that they had escaped?

With fingers tightly clutched on the handle-bars Fred kept the Happy Thought in the middle of the road. The road-bed was smooth and hard, but the front wheel was acting oddly. There was something that looked like a white patch on the tire, and, yes, there could be no doubt about it, it was leaking badly. Evidently the tire had been cut by a bullet, and in a few seconds more the air would be out of it. Just ahead was a curve which for the moment would put them out of sight; they must stop in time to take to the woods. In his excitement Fred put his hand behind him and shut off the oil. The Happy Thought stopped just around the curve, and Fred jumped off and looked around.

Jack and the express bag had disappeared.

In his bewilderment and dismay Fred hardly knew how he managed to get himself and the Happy Thought under cover before the pursuing horsemen swept by at a slashing gallop. There were four of them in all, heavily armed, and with their faces half concealed by clumsy masks. Fred recognized "Smooth Jim" in the leader of the party, and the sight was not reassuring, even though he was now looking at that gentleman's back. Half mechanically he got out his repair kit, and began to patch the leaking tire. "Where was Jack?" was the question that seemed to dance in letters of fire before his eyes. Could he be lying back there in the road with a bullet in his head? Was he a prisoner?

But wait a moment. If Jack was in their hands, why had *he* been chased? The money was in the bag strapped to Jack's back, and the money was what they were after. But wait again. Was he sure that the horsemen were pursuing him? Might they not have been making their own escape, having secured their booty? In that case Jack had been left behind, wounded or dead. There was but one thing to do, and that was to steal cautiously back and find out.

It had taken Fred some ten minutes to mend the tire and come to this conclusion. At the point where he had made his way into the thicket a small brook, locally called a "branch," crossed the road, and he had been sitting on its bank. As he rose to his feet he happened to glance upstream. There was something floating down with the current. Only a piece of bark. But stop! The little craft carried a miniature mast

made from a hazel twig, and in the cleft at its top there was something white—a bit of folded paper.

A signal! A message! Fred watched it eagerly as it came nearer. Twice it grounded against an overhanging branch, but the current swung it clear again. A moment more, and it was in his grasp. A note, and in Jack's handwriting. Fred tore it open.

"Make no noise. Don't go out on road. There is a scout on each side of you. I am a hundred yards upstream with a sprained ankle. Can you get the H. T. up here without noise? Have a plan.

"JACK."

A few minutes later and Jack was telling his story. He had been pitched off his seat by a sudden lurch just as the Happy Thought began her headlong rush down the hill, but had alighted unhurt in a clump of laurel. Seeing that Fred had safely run the gauntlet, he had made his way into the scrub and worked cautiously down the hill, keeping parallel with the road. On coming to a little bluff that overhung the stream he had caught sight of Fred in his covert by the road-side, and also of the horsemen who had started in to beat the bushes. A shout would have betrayed them both. He must creep down and give Fred warning. Unfortunately, in descending the bluff he slipped and sprained his ankle. Capture seemed certain. And then came a brilliant thought. The water that flowed past him also ran by Fred. Might it not carry the warning message? The rest you know.

Jack had spent the time in making for himself a rough pair of crutches, and was now able to hobble along.

"A quarter of a mile further upstream there's an old wood-road," he went on, in answer to Fred's eager query. "I can manage to take care of myself if you can get the machine up there. The road will take us straight into Coppertown, and we'll save the money yet."

It was difficult work up the stony bed of the branch, but it was finally accomplished, and the Happy Thought was again under way, though at a reduced speed, for the wood road was not in very good repair. Three, five, ten miles, and the boys began to breathe freely. It looked as though fortune had turned in their favor at last.

"It seems to have grown hazy," said Fred, a few moments later, "and the sky and the sun are as yellow as gold."

"My eyes are smarting," returned Jack, with a cough. "I believe it's smoke; and look there!"

A number of birds were flying over their heads, chattering and squawking wildly.

"They fly as though they were frightened," said Fred, soberly. "Why, there are all kinds—quail, blue-jays, wood-cock, and even a couple of crows."

A deer burst from the thicket and came galloping past them, with eyes starting in terror and dilated nostrils. The woods seemed suddenly alive with rabbits and other small game, all fleeing as though for their lives.

"The woods," gasped Fred—"they are on fire!"

From their position of the moment they could get an extended view around. To their dismay the fire was already on three sides of them and rapidly closing in. They could not go back, the wind was driving the flames directly across the road behind them. The only chance was ahead, and it was full two miles to the open. In any event they would have to make a final dash through the flames.

It was little that Fred could afterwards recall of that wild ride. The smoke came in thick eddying, blinding, suffocating gusts, and cinders, first black and then redly alive, fell thick about them.

"Another half-mile," thought Fred, desperately, as the Happy Thought bounced along over the rough road, now lurching to one side and now to another, but keeping her feet like a circus acrobat.

A turn in the road and he could see the open, but it was a flaming curtain that hung between; the fire was across the road. And what was that that lay directly athwart their path, and in the very centre of the fiery furnace? It was a log some eight or ten inches in diameter.

It was a snap decision, but Fred recognized that it meant certain death to stop. To put the Happy Thought straight at the obstruction, like a steeple-chaser at a hurdle—it was a slim chance, but the only one. He could feel the hot breath of the fire on his cheeks, the pungent smoke was gripping his throat like a vise. "Hold hard!" and at thirty miles an hour Fred felt the Happy Thought strike the rounded surface of the log fair and square. The slightest possible shock, and they seemed to be sailing on, on, on, into endless space.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on the counter in the Copper Company's office, with the superintendent bending over him.

"All right, my boy?"

"Where's Jack—and the Happy Thought?"

"Safe and sound. Your partner could steer the machine from his seat, you know, and you were so wedged in that you could not fall. And I was driving past and saw you."

"And the money—it's safe?" Fred sat up and pointed to the package lying on the counter.

"That! Why, that's some porous plasters I ordered from the city. Glad you brought them up for me."

"Porous plasters!"

The superintendent laughed. "My dear boy, you brought the money with you on your Tuesday trip. I thought you didn't know it, for you forgot to take my receipt. I've just signed for it now."

"That's what Mr. Simmons meant by being careful," put in Jack. "He never actually said that the money was in *this* package."

"Well," said Fred, after a pause, "there were some other people that got fooled too—'Smooth Jim,' for instance."

"And we've got him," returned the superintendent, grimly. "We were looking for a job of this kind, and that is why the money was sent up Tuesday. The fire drove them out of the woods plump into the sheriff's arms."

"Tell me," said Fred to Jack, when they were alone, "how in the world did the Happy Thought ever jump that big log?"

"Big log! Why, Fred, you're dreaming. Wait a minute; I do remember going over a bean-pole just before you fainted."

"Oh," said Fred, shortly.

"I declare," grumbled Mr. Simmons the next day, as he looked at the express-book, "you boys are awful careless. You never got a receipt for them porous plasters."

FRIENDS.

Never a flower so debonair,
And full of a gallant grace,
As the golden-rod that on ledge or sod
Seeks but a foothold's spare.
Asking not for the garden's bed,
Shelter or care at all,
Standing with pride by the highway side,
Or climbing the mountain wall.

Ever beside her own true knight
The dear little aster lifts
Her purple bloom, in light or gloom,
Clothing ravines and rifts
With a royal robe that is fair to see,
While she answers back the nod,
Queenly and bright, on vale and height,
Of her lover, the golden-rod.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Patriotism, that powerful and ennobling sentiment, has always in America taken a deep hold upon the hearts of its people, and to-day the love of home and country is as strong and permanent there as in the early colonial period or the thrilling times of '76.



MRS. D. LOTHROP.

Within the past few years the formation of the many patriotic orders of men and women has done much to rouse afresh and to extend the feeling of national pride and devotion, and now the children of America are to have this same impetus, for the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution is already founded, and rapidly gathering within its hospitable doors the children and youth from all over the land. And the best part of it is that although only lineal descendants of colonial and Revolutionary ancestors may become regular members, an invitation and warm welcome are extended to all children of no matter what ancestry or nationality, to join in the public gatherings of the society, and to enjoy its pleasures and benefits. In this way the true spirit of patriotism may reach every boy and girl, and there is no limit to the society's scope or influence. This movement may thus be said to be one of the broadest and most beneficent yet started, and one that will tend to popularize the work of the public schools toward patriotism and good government.

At the age of eighteen years the girls may pass into the ranks of the Daughters of the American Revolution, while their brothers at twenty-one enter the Sons of the American Revolution.

The idea of having a young folks' organization first originated with Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, known in every household numbering children as "Margaret Sidney," author of that much-loved book *Five Little Peppers*, and a score of others. Such a happy and far-reaching scheme was sure to be the thought of just such a woman as Mrs. Lothrop, for her warm heart and fertile brain have always been busy in helping boys and girls.

At the last Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held in Washington in February, Mrs. Lothrop, who is Regent of the Old Concord Chapter of that society, laid her plan before the feminine representatives gathered from all parts of the Union, and they unanimously voted that such an organization should be formed, with Mrs. Lothrop at its head. Later she was elected its president for four

years, with power to organize the society in accordance with her own judgment and regulations.

Thus on April 5, 1895, the new association was founded in Washington, its permanent headquarters, and six days later was incorporated under the Laws of Congress. It will soon be in full swing, for a vast number of big and little boys and girls all over the country are enrolling themselves as its members. And what a delightful vista opens before these juvenile representatives!



MARGARET L. MANN,
Daughter of Sec.
N.S.C.A.R.

They say in their constitution:

"We, the children and youth of America, in order to know more about our country from its formation, and thus to grow up into good citizens, with a love for and an understanding of the principles and institutions of our ancestors, do unite under the guidance and government of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the society to be called the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. All children and youth of America, of both sexes, from birth to the age of eighteen years for the girls and twenty-one for the boys, may join this society, provided they descend in direct line from patriotic ancestors who helped to plant or to perpetuate this country in the Colonies or in the Revolutionary War, or in any other way. We take for objects in this society the acquisition of knowledge of American history, so that we may understand and love our country better, and then any patriotic work that will help us to that end, keeping a constant endeavor to influence all other children and youth to the same purpose. To help to save the places made sacred by the American men and women who forwarded American independence; to find out and to honor the lives of children and youth of the

Colonies and of the American Revolution; to promote the celebration of all patriotic anniversaries; to place a copy of the Declaration of Independence and other patriotic documents in every place appropriate for them; and to hold our American flag sacred above every other flag. In short, to follow the injunctions of Washington, who in his youth served his country, till we can perform the duties of good citizens. And to love, uphold, and extend the institutions of American liberty, and the principles that made and saved our country."

The membership fees are fifty cents the first year, and twenty-five cents each succeeding year.

The young members are forming into many local societies or chapters, under their own control, but each one guided by a president chosen from among the Daughters of the American Revolution, who has only the good of her young charges at heart. In this way the latter will learn how to rule a body of individuals, old or young, according to parliamentary law, just as the United States Senate and House of Representatives are ruled. It will also teach them to be just and logical in their words and actions. Then they are going to strive above all else to be God-fearing young citizens, to reverence and uphold the fundamental truths of their country, and to respect each other's rights.

After these first sober considerations will come the amusements. One of the society's vice-presidents, Mrs. James R. McKee, daughter of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, has proposed the idea that the members be regularly taught by a professional musician to correctly sing by heart all the national hymns. Such a training in childhood would inspire the young heads and hearts for a lifetime with a profound love and loyalty for the spot which is home to them all, whether by inheritance or adoption.



LUCY H. BRECKENRIDGE,
Sec. Capital Society.

Perhaps the best way to gain an insight into the future work and recreation of the society is to glance at the doings of the first local society, founded May 11th, at Concord, Massachusetts, the town of the "Old North Bridge," by Mrs. Lothrop herself. On the 18th of June a reading circle was formed on the grounds of "The Wayside," Mrs. Lothrop's home, and the former abiding-place of Hawthorne and Louisa M. Alcott, where the latter lived "Little Women" with her sisters, and wrote it. Three or four young ladies and gentlemen lent their services, and read history to the children. They all meet every fortnight for a couple of hours in the afternoon and read the *Life of Washington*, John Fiske's *American Revolution*, or any appropriate historical book or sketches connected with the early history of the nation. A committee of boys and girls is elected to select the readers for each

meeting, and also the games to be played. Then excursions are made to different historical spots; one was to Sudbury, where Longfellow's Wayside Inn stands. The children had



THE ROOM AT "WAYSIDE" WHERE THE FIRST CHAPTER WAS ORGANIZED.



THE MCKEE CHILDREN.



MARGARET M. LOTHROP,
Sec. "Old North Bridge Society."

the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* read to them before starting, and spent several hours on the spot, taking luncheon along, and going over the old house leisurely. This fall a party of the children under Mrs. Lothrop's care are to make a series of historical trips to Old Boston and its vicinity. Sometimes the Concord Chapter draws up a plan as if going on one of these journeys, and then with maps and books and little speeches the children have an hour or two of pleasant travelling without actually taking the tour.

In each local society the youthful members may put their heads together and originate all sorts of delightful and enterprising ways of promoting their serious aims, while leaving time for pleasant diversions.

The nation's worthiest and most distinguished men and women are lending their personal aid and encouragement to the young society. In each State the Governor and his wife with other leaders along various lines stand as its sponsors.

Already many youthful descendants of America's early heroes have flocked to the society's standard, among them the grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Foster, little Mary Lodge and Benjamin Harrison (Baby) McKee, and Robert John Walker, great-great-great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin.

It is hoped and believed by all interested in the organization that its aims and endeavors will tend to indelibly impress on the minds of youthful Americans the great lessons of national importance that have made the country what it is, and that before the society stretches away a future of usefulness almost incalculable in the possibility of its issues.

KING KALAKAU'S ARMY.

Old King Kalakau I., of the Sandwich Islands, had an army that numbered by actual count thirty men, and was so proud of his formidable battalion that he obliged it to go through its drill twice daily under the palace windows. On every possible occasion he had his phalanx parade, and was supremely happy when visited by commanding officers of the different cruisers in the Pacific, for it gave him an opportunity to receive them at the landing-place with all his military force drawn up in honor of his guests. One day an English man-o'-war entered the harbor, and the flag-officer on board sent word to his coffee-colored majesty that he would pay him a visit. Instead of waiting in his palace to receive the officer, the King sent to the barracks, had his army hunted up, and at their head marched down to the quay, where he formed his legion in line, then sat down on the edge of the dock to await his coming guest.

Now in some way the old King had just obtained a number of blue cloth army overcoats, together with a lot of spurs, flint-lock muskets, and big bear-skin hats, such as are worn by drum-majors. Under the broiling tropical sun his warlike host stood, two ranks deep, the heavy overcoats about them, spurs strapped on bare feet, and their heads supporting the enormous hats, while their muskets were pointed in every conceivable direction.

At last the Commodore's barge was seen to leave the ship and make for the landing. The King hastily took his position in front of his army, and as the English officer stood up in his boat to leave it, the King called out to "fire and present arms."

Then the funniest thing of all happened.

The men in the rear rank did not elevate their muskets sufficiently, and the consequence was that the next minute the air was full of fur and remnants of bear-skin hats blown away from the heads of the soldiers in front. In another moment the disgusted and angry King was chasing his demoralized and panic-stricken army up the dock, belaboring every one of them that he overtook with his royal mace.

The scene was too much for the dignity of the English Commodore, who fell back in the stern-sheets of his boat almost strangled with laughter.

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SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES, "SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

ADMIRAL MARLIN BECOMES A RANGER.

esides being a Ranger, Tom Burgess had recently joined a canoe club, and, like all young members of such associations, was most enthusiastic over the new sport thus opened to him. His club was to camp on an uninhabited island near the eastern end of Long Island Sound for two weeks during the summer, and the plan that he now unfolded to Will Rogers was that the Rangers should also go into camp on the island at the same time.

When, according to his custom, Captain Will called a meeting of the band, and laid this proposition before them, it was received with such an outburst of enthusiasm as left no doubt of its popularity.

Although these inland boys were totally ignorant of the sea and all that pertains to it, save for such knowledge as they had gleaned from books, and the very queer ideas of a seafaring life acquired from the extraordinary drama in which most of them had recently taken part, they believed themselves to be pretty well posted in nautical matters, and were most anxious to test their theories by practical experience. So the motion to become "Sea Rangers," and participate in the proposed "salt-water range," as Captain Will called it, was unanimously carried. Then the meeting was hastily adjourned that the members might at once lay



the gorgeous scheme, just unfolded to them, before their parents, and strive to gain their consent to its being undertaken.

Alas, that such enthusiasm should be dampened! But true it is that, on the following morning, in spite of bicycles and many other blessings, the Ready Rangers were the most disconsolate-looking boys to be seen in all Berks. Not one of them had succeeded in persuading the senior members of his family that the plan, which appeared to him so simple and easy of accomplishment, was either wise or practicable.

"She wanted to know how we thought of going, and how we expected to raise money for the trip, and who was going to take care of us, and all sorts of things like that," remarked little Cal Moody, sadly, in reference to his interview with his mother. "She said she never heard of anything more foolish, even from the Rangers, and that there was no use in even thinking about it, for it couldn't be considered for a minute."

"As if a fellow could help thinking about a chance that may not be offered again in a lifetime," said Cracker Bob Jones. "But my folks talked just that same way."

"Mine too," added boy after boy, mournfully.

"I don't, see," argued Sam Ray, "why parents are never willing to own up that some boys at least are perfectly well able to take care of themselves."

"They might give us just one chance to prove whether we are or not," broke in Mif Bowers; "but they won't even do that. They just say, 'No, and that's the end of it.' I declare it's enough to destroy all a fellow's ambition," he added, bitterly.

The canoe club to which Tom Burgess belonged had chartered a small steamer, that was to take them from New York to the island selected for their encampment, leave them there and call for them again at the end of two weeks. As the Berks boys contrasted their own prospects with those thus outlined for their city friends, they felt more and more sorry for themselves, and longed for the time when, with advancing years, they should throw off the shackles of boyhood.

So the summer wore on, school closed, the first month of vacation was passed, and as the time arrived for the canoe club to go into its sea-side camp, the Rangers, to whom the topic was still one of constant conversation, became more and more depressed and inclined to take gloomy views of life in general.

Suddenly, as though by magic, everything was changed, and in a twinkling the darkness of disappointment was dissipated by the golden light of realized hopes. All opposition to their cherished scheme was swept away in the space of a few hours; and while they could still hardly credit their good-fortune, the Rangers found themselves working like beavers to make ready for their salt-water cruise. They were to do the thing up in a style that would beat that of the canoe boys out of sight, too. Oh! it seemed incredible, and they had to reassure each other of their wonderful good-fortune every time they met in order to believe in its reality.

It all came about through their friend Admiral Marlin, who, according to promise, visited Berks to determine its desirability as a place of summer residence. Of course he renewed his acquaintance with Will Rogers, and was taken to the engine-house, where he admired the "Ranger," and met the rest of the band. Of course, too, the bluff old sailor at once won their hearts and their confidence to such an extent that they unfolded to him all their longings for a seafaring life, and their recently shattered hopes in that direction.

The Admiral took their part at once, and said it was too bad; that every boy in the country ought to know something of the sea, and that the more he knew in that line the better it would be both for him and the country. Then he went to call on his old shipmate, Mr. Redmond Cuddeback, who, through his invention, had now become a large stockholder in the Berks Mills.

From that visit the big-hearted old sailor returned with a beaming face and the air of one who is charged with an urgent mission. That afternoon, in company with Squire Bacon, he drove from house to house until he had held a personal interview with the parents of every Ranger in Berks. Then he desired Will Rogers to call a special meeting of the band for that very evening, as he wished to make them a communication of the greatest importance.

Never had the Rangers found their parents so smiling and also so reticent as at supper-time. The very air seemed filled with a pleasant mystery, and when the members of the band reached Range Hall they were fully impressed with the idea that something big was about to happen. Nor were they disappointed, for they found Admiral Marlin occupying Pop Miller's one particular chair, and so impatient to address them that he could hardly wait for the formal preliminaries with which their meetings were always opened.

As soon, therefore, as he was invited to speak he plunged at once into his subject as eagerly as though he were a boy himself, by saying:

"It's all right, lads, and you can go on that salt-water cruise just as quick as ever you have a mind."

"Hurrah!" shouted Will Rogers, who was the first to grasp the full meaning of this astonishing statement.

Then how all the others did cheer, and clap their hands, and give utterance to various expressive though unintelligible exclamations of joy! During this demonstration the Admiral smiled and bowed, and beamed upon them as though his happiness were fully equal to theirs.

When quiet was at length restored, he continued: "Yes, boys, it's all arranged. I've applied to the several heads of department, and obtained leave of absence for every one of you, with permission to cross the sea. But it's to be a regular cruise instead of a mere camping frolic, and although you will visit the canoe club island, and have a chance to join in all that is going on, you will live on board ship, which is to my mind a much more sensible arrangement."

"Of course it is!" shouted Jack Jackstraw and the "midshipmite" both together.

"The ship," continued the Admiral, only smiling at this interruption, "is the good sloop *Millgirl* that recently came up the river with supplies for Berks Mills, and is now lying about five miles down-stream, at the head of navigation, waiting for a return charter. She has been pressed into the service by my old friend Mr. Redmond Cuddeback, who, through me, tenders her to the Rangers for this cruise."

"Three cheers for Mr. Cuddeback!" cried Si Carew, and they were given with such heartiness as to be heard more than a mile away.

"I have examined Captain Crotty, her commander," added the speaker, "and find him to be a good seaman. He is therefore well fitted to take charge of a lot of reckless young landlubbers like you, and will keep an eye on you all the time you are away. He has orders to maintain strict discipline, and to give you such instruction in seamanship as the length of the cruise will allow. So now, lads, what do you say? Are you prepared to ship for the voyage, sign the articles of war, become Sea Rangers, and show these New York lads the difference between sailing under canvas and travelling in a tea-kettle, betwixt living aboard a ship that will rock you to sleep like a cradle every night and camping on a 'dull, unchanging shore'—as the poet chap rightly calls it—between handling a sea-boat and paddling about in a toy canoe? I'm waiting for an expression of your sentiments."

"Hi-ho, Ranger! Hi-ho, Ranger! Hi-ho, Ranger! Berks! Berks! Berks!" answered the boys, springing to their feet in uncontrollable enthusiasm, waving their hats, and delivering the Ready Ranger cheer with such unanimity and vehemence as left not the slightest doubt of their willingness to become Sea Rangers then and there.

"I move that Admiral Richard Marlin be elected to honorable membership," said Hal Bacon.

"Second the motion!" shouted every member present.

"All in favor—" began Captain Will.

"Aye!" came the unanimous response, as though from a single voice, even before the question was wholly presented.

"Carried without dissent," announced Will, who was becoming very expert in the use of parliamentary terms.

In thus adding a retired Admiral to their ranks that already held an Annapolis cadet, the Rangers felt that their organization and the United States navy were about as good as one and the same thing.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE CAL AND HIS MERMAID.

Two days after that on which the gloom of the Rangers was so miraculously changed to extravagant joy, the keel sloop *Millgirl* hoisted her well-patched sails, and began to drop down with the current of the river. From her tall top-masthead fluttered the red-axe flag of the Ready Rangers, while on her deck was gathered the most remarkable-looking crew ever seen off the stage of a theatre. Without a doubt as to its being the correct thing, every boy who had borne a part in *Blue Billows* now appeared in the costume he had worn in that realistic sea-drama; while those who had not been thus fortunate had made such alterations in their every-day garments as seemed to them most nautical and appropriate. Thus Cracker Bob Jones's tall figure was arrayed in the white duck trousers, short blue flannel jacket, patent-leather pumps, and straw hat with long ribbon ends of Jack Jackstraw. The effect of little Cal Moody's midshipmite costume of blue jacket and trousers, ornamented with gilt buttons, was somewhat marred by the big rubber boots that his mother had insisted on his wearing for this trip. Abe Cruger, still sustaining his character as Bill Bullseye, also wore rubber boots, a rubber coat, and an old sou'wester hat that was several sizes too large for him. Will Rogers wore his bicycle uniform, except that the knee-breeches were replaced by white duck trousers, similar to those worn by the others. The remaining members were coatless; but all were arrayed in gaudy flannel shirts with leather belts and sheath-knife attachments. The gorgeous uniform of Sir Birch Beer, which part had been taken by Reddy Cuddeback, did not figure on this occasion, as the newest active member was prevented by his duties at the mills from taking part in the present expedition.

"Waal, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Captain Jabez Crotty, as the Sea Rangers tumbled out of Squire Bacon's big wagon that had brought them down to where the *Millgirl* was moored, and boarded the sloop with a rush.

"Good-morning, noble skipper. I trust that you are all ready for skipping!" cried Will Rogers, at the same time making a profound bow, and scraping his foot in front of the master of the sloop.

"For he is the skipper, and we are the ship
Our ship is the bold *Skipparee*.
And we ship with no skipper
Who'll not skip with his shippers,
Whenever the wind blows free,"

sang the Sea Rangers in chorus, at the same time joining hands and dancing in a circle about the bewildered sailor-man.

"Waal, I *will* be blowed!" he gasped for the second time. "They're as crazy as flounders, every last one of 'em. An' I've got 'em on my hands for two hull weeks."

"We're ready for duty, sir," announced Will at the conclusion of the song and dance, with another scrape and a pull at his forelock. "You'll find us brave and able seamen, and if you'll only issue your orders we'll gladly obey them."

"Oh, ye will, will ye? Waal, then you can break out the chain-cable and polish it till it shines, clean the barnacles off'n the ship's bottom, keep a lookout aloft for the *Flying Dutchman*, and another over the bows for mermaids, practise all hands at boxing the compass backwards, get eight bells from the sun, and keep out of my sight till we're away for fear I'll murder some of ye."

"Ay, ay, most gallant skipper," answered Will, with a grin; and then, hitching their trousers as they went, the whole boisterous crowd tumbled down below to examine the interior of the strange home they expected to occupy for the next two weeks.

As soon as they had disappeared, Captain Crotty and Jabez his son, commonly called "young Jabe," a lad of seventeen, who represented the sloop's crew, cast off the mooring-lines, and got their clumsy craft under way.

The Rangers were delighted with the accommodations prepared for them in the hold, which was fitted up with temporary bunks for their use. Each boy made a rush for the bunk that seemed to him most desirable, and scrambled into it to test its comfort as well as to make good his claim by possession.

"But I thought sailors always slept in hammocks," remarked Mif Bowers, in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Abe Cruger. "They're no good, for I tried it at home and nearly broke my neck tumbling out the minute I got to sleep. I expect hammock is only a sailor's name for bed, for no one could really sleep in one; and then, you know, they always call things different at sea. But I say, Will, isn't old Crotty a daisy? And didn't he seem surprised to find us looking so much like regular sailors! What did he mean, though, by the things he told us to do?"

"I don't exactly understand myself," replied the Ranger Captain. "I suppose, though, we've got to try and do them, because it'll be mutiny if we don't."

"And in a mutiny everybody gets hung, don't they?" asked Cracker Bob Jones.

"He said he'd murder us, anyhow, if we didn't keep out of his sight until he got away, though I don't see how we're going to do it," chimed in little Cal Moody, upon whom this threat had made a deep impression.

"That's all right, Cal," laughed Hal Bacon "He won't murder you if he don't see you, so just lie low and you'll be safe. I say, though, I saw a compass in the cabin as we came through. And we might begin work right off by boxing it. I suppose he wants to send it off somewheres. I don't know what he meant by 'backwards,' but I guess upside down will do."

So the boys got the compass and began to make a box for it from some bits of board left over when the bunks were built and what few nails they could pick up. They got an axe out of the "kitchen," as Sam Ray called the galley, and made such a racket pounding with it that young Jabe hurried below to see what was up. The moment he appeared they pounced on him and demanded the bells.

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"What ever do you fellers mean?" he queried, at the same time trying to shake himself loose.

"The eight bells that Skipper Crotty said we were to get from his son," they shouted; "and if you don't give 'em to us we'll report you, and you'll be cat-o-nine-tailed for neglect of duty."

"Cat-o-nothing," retorted young Jabe, in a disgusted tone. "You can report all you want to. Same time I'll do some reporting myself; and when the old man hears what you're a-doing to his best compass I rather guess there'll be somebody besides me in danger of the cat."

"He told us to box it."

"We're only obeying orders."

"Guess we know what we're doing."

So shouted the Rangers; and when young Jabe started to report to his father the state of affairs in the hold, they all sprang after him, determined to present their side of the question, and utterly forgetting that they had just decided to keep out of the skipper's sight for a time at least.

The sloop was running dead before a light breeze, with its big mainsail away out on the starboard side, and Captain Crotty was just then doing some very fine steering in trying to clear a sharp bend in the river without gybing. The sudden rush of young Jabe and the excited boys, all shouting at the top of their voices, and bearing down on him with frantic gestures, so startled the skipper that for a single moment his attention was drawn away from the big sail.

"They're stealing the compass!"

"He won't give us the bells!"

As the opposing factions uttered these cries there came a mighty sweep of something over their heads. The next moment young Jabe and Cracker Bob Jones were overboard and struggling in the river, the skipper, Will Rogers, and several more of the Rangers were flung to the deck, and the sloop, left to her own devices, was rounding into the wind with such a slatting of sails, sheets, and blocks, as caused those boys who were still below to imagine that she had been struck by a cyclone. The mainsail had gybed over, and though the boom was, fortunately, so lifted, that it cleared the heads of those who stood on deck, the sheet had tripped them, and flung two of the number overboard.

Mercifully no one was injured by the mishap; and as the vessel lost her headway, the two who were overboard managed to clamber into the small boat towing astern. They had hardly gained this place of safety when Cracker Bob again sprang into the water after his beribboned straw hat which was jauntily floating away. Glad as he was to recover this bit of property, he was heavy-hearted at the loss of his highly prized patent-leather pumps, which had been kicked off and lost in his first plunge.

By the time these two had clambered aboard, with river water running from them in streams, the others had regained their feet, and were examining their bruises, while the skipper, after assuring himself that no serious damage was done, was jamming the helm hard down, and getting the sloop once more on her course. He did not utter a word until this was accomplished, when, with a mournful shake of his head, he exclaimed, "And this is only the beginning of the cruise!"

Then, as though remembering that authority must be maintained at all hazards, he sung out:

"You Jabe, go for'ard and wring yourself. As for you other young pirates, you stay on deck and don't get out of my sight for a single minute, or I'll murder ye all."

At this awful threat little Cal Moody sincerely wished himself once more safely at home, though the others minded it so little, that it in no wise lessened the interest with which they watched the sleeves of Cracker Bob's flannel jacket shrink as they slowly dried in the hot sun.

Finally, bethinking himself of a duty that he might perform, and perhaps thereby win his way into the skipper's good graces, Cal slipped away forward, and hung over the bluff bows of the sloop to watch for the mermaids, in whose existence he believed as firmly as in his own. As he gazed down at the parted waters swiftly streaming backward, the little chap became so oblivious of his surroundings, that when a great fish rushing up from the green depths leaped into the air directly beneath him, he uttered a startled cry, made a sudden move, and took a header into the very waters that were closing above the fish.



CAL MOODY'S MERMAID.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

But Neal would not "give in." Cynthia's renewed entreaties were of no more avail than they had been before.

"I will not come," he repeated again and again, and at last Cynthia gave up asking.

He got out of the canoe just below the Oakleigh landing, and where he was hidden from the house.

"I hope you won't be ill, Cynthia," he said. "I am sorry I made you come out such a day; it will be my fault if you take cold. One more bad thing I have done. My life isn't a bit of good, anyhow; I've a good mind to go and drown myself— I'm half drowned now."

He laughed somewhat bitterly, as he looked down at his drenched clothes.

"Cynthia, I'm a brute. Hurry in and change your things. I'm off to Pelham; I'll take a train there for Boston. I'll let you know where I go; and I say, Cynth, won't you write to a fellow now and then? I don't deserve it, I know, but I'd like to hear from you, and I'll want to know how Edith gets along."

"Yes, if you will let me know your address. Good-by, Neal," she said, sadly.

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her. She rounded the curve where the boat-house was, and waved her hand as she disappeared. She was only a few yards away, and yet he could no longer see her. He could easily imagine how it would all be.

A man would come down from the barn and help her with the canoe. She would go up the hill and follow the path to the side door behind the conservatory. There would be exclamations of dismay when she came in, all dripping wet. Hester and the servants would hurry to help her, and she would be thoroughly dried and warmed; his sister would see to that—his sister, who thought him no better than a common thief!

And then Cynthia would tell how she had met him, and that he would not come home. How astonished Hester would be to hear that he was so near! He turned abruptly when he thought of this, and sprang up the bank to the road that lay between Brenton and Pelham. He crossed the bridge, and with one more look at the dark river, struck out at a good pace for Pelham, the nearest railway station.

He glanced back once at the chimneys and white walls of Oakleigh when he reached the spot from which they could be seen for the last time on the Pelham road. Then, bidding good-by to his past life, he hastened on.

The road that runs from Brenton to Pelham is very straight after one has passed Oakleigh. There are but few houses—nothing but meadows, trees, and bushes on either side. Neal, tramping over the broad expanse of gray mud, had nothing to distract his mind from the thoughts that filled it. At first they were very desperate ones.

"Cynthia had no right to come and rant the way she did. The idea of calling me a coward, and telling me I was like a boy in a dime novel because I ran away! It was the only thing to do. They had no business to suspect me. They— Confound it! I won't put up with such treatment. I'll stick to my resolution and drop the

whole concern. What a long, straight road this is, and how I hate the rain!"

At last he reached the end of it and entered the little town of Pelham, uninteresting at the best of times, and doubly so on such a day as this. The inhabitants were all within doors; not even a dog was stirring.

"Every one is dry and comfortable but me," thought Neal, miserably, as he went into the station.

Fortunately, the next train for Boston was soon due, and it did not take long for him to reach the friend's house in one of the suburbs at which he had left his possessions.

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A merry party was staying there for the Easter holidays, and Neal was the subject of much speculation and concern when he appeared, weary and wet, in their midst. Every one supposed that he had gone to Brenton to visit his sister, and they wondered why he had come back on such a stormy day.

Though the story of Neal was well known in Brenton, oddly enough it had not yet reached his friends in Boston, and he did not enlighten them. He went to his room and staid there for several hours. With dry clothes he came into a better frame of mind.

Poor little Cynthia! How good she was to come to meet him such a day, when she must have wanted to stay with Edith. And how badly she felt about him; much more so than he deserved. He was not worth it. How she had fired up when she told him that he was a coward! He must prove to her that he was not. He would never give in and go back there, never! But there were other ways of proving it; he could go to work and show her that he was made of good stuff after all. He should not have frightened Cynthia by saying that he would "go to the bad." But, then, he had been abominably treated. He could not go to college now, for he would never accept it from Hessie, who had been willing to believe he took the money. He lashed himself into a fury again as he thought of it. He was utterly unreasonable, but of course he was quite unconscious of being so.

Finally the better thoughts came uppermost again, and he decided what to do. He would go to Philadelphia and ask his guardian to put him in the way of getting some work. He would tell him the whole story. Fortunately, he did not remember that Cynthia had said her father went to Philadelphia; if he had he would not have gone, thinking that his guardian would have been prejudiced against him by his brother-in-law.

He packed his valise and started that night, though his friends urged him to stay longer. He felt a feverish impatience to be off and have things settled. With it was a feeling of excitement; he was going to seek his fortune. Thrown upon a cold world by the unkind and unjust suspicions of his nearest relatives, he would rise above adverse circumstances and "ennoble fate by nobly bearing it!"

It was a very heroic martyr that bought a ticket for Philadelphia that night.

He did not engage a berth in the sleeping-car; he was a poor man now and must begin to economize. Besides, upon counting his money he found that he had but just enough with which to reach his destination.

He was very tired with the adventures of the last two days, and the night before, spent in a shed, had not been comfortable, so he slept well, notwithstanding the fact that he was not in a Pullman sleeper. He did not wake until it was broad daylight, and the train was speeding along through New Jersey. The storm was over, the sun was shining down upon a bright and rain-washed world, and Neal Gordon was entering upon a new life.

"So this is the 'Quaker City,'" he thought, as the train glided over the bridges and into the huge station. "I wonder if every one is in a broad-brimmed hat! And now to find cousin William Carpenter. He's a Quaker of the Quakers, I suppose; I can never get into the habit of saying 'thee' and 'thou.'"

He did not see much of the Quaker element in the busy station, nor when he went down stairs and out on to Broad Street. He was on the point of jumping into a hansom to be driven to his cousin's house, when he remembered that he had not a cent in his pocket with which to pay for it. It was a novel experience for Neal.

He inquired the way to Arch Street, and found that it was not very far from where he was, and he soon reached the designated number.

"Not a broad-brimmer have I seen yet," he said to himself, as he pulled the bell-handle. He looked up and down the street while he waited. It was wider than some that he had passed through, and rather quiet except for the jingling horse-cars. It was very straight, and lined with red brick houses with white marble steps and heavy wooden shutters.

He looked down, as he stood on the dazzling steps, at his boots splashed with Boston mud, and he shuddered at the effect they might have on his cousins. He should have had them cleaned at the station; but then he did not have five cents to spend.

The door was opened, and he walked into the parlor and sent up his card. It was a large room with very little furniture in it, and the few chairs and sofas that there were stood stiffly apart. Not an ornament was to be seen but a large clock that ticked slowly and sedately on the marble mantel-piece. There were no curtains, but "Venetian blinds," formed of green slats, hung at the windows. It all looked very neat and very bare, and extremely stiff.

It was not long before Neal heard a step in the hall, and an elderly man entered the room. He was very tall, and wore a long, quaint-looking coat that flapped as he walked. His face was smooth, and of a calm, benign expression that Neal afterwards found was never known to vary. He came in with outstretched hand.

"Thee is Neal Gordon. I am pleased to meet thee again, cousin. Come up stairs to breakfast; Rachel will be glad to see thee."

Who Rachel was Neal could not imagine, as he followed his host up a short flight of stairs to the breakfast-room. He supposed she must be a young daughter of the house, for although William Carpenter was both his kinsman and his guardian, the relationship had until now been merely nominal, and Neal knew very little about him or his family.

Sitting at the table, behind the tall silver urn and the cups and saucers, was an old lady in a close white cap and spectacles. A snowy kerchief of some fine white material was folded about her shoulders over a gray

dress. Her face, also, was calm and sweet, and wore the same expression as did her husband's.

"Rachel," said he, "this is our cousin, Neal Gordon. Neal, this is my wife, Rachel."

"I am glad to see thee, Neal," she said, extending her hand without rising; "sit down. Thee'll be glad to have a cup of coffee, doubtless, if thee's just arrived from the train, as thee has the look of doing." This with a glance at his travel-stained clothes.

Neal, very conscious of his muddy boots, thanked her, and sat down at the table, where a neat-looking servant had made ready a place for him. It seemed funny that they took his arrival as a matter of course, but he supposed that was the Quaker way. At any rate, they were very kind, and it was the best breakfast he ever ate. Even if he had not been so hungry, the coffee would have been delicious, and all the rest of it, too.

His cousins asked him no questions, but after breakfast he was shown to a room and told to make himself comfortable.

"But I would like to speak to you, sir," he said to his host—"that is, if you don't mind. I came on to Philadelphia on business." This with a rather grand air.

"Verily," said William Carpenter; "but I have no time now. I go to my office every day at this hour. Thee can come with me if thee wishes, and we will converse there."

Neal agreed, and hastily brushing his clothes and giving a dab to his boots he set out, much amused at the new company in which he found himself. Mr. Carpenter wore a tall beaver hat, of wide brim and ancient shape, which he never removed from his head, even though he met one or two ladies who bowed to him.

"They don't all seem to be Quakers, though," thought Neal, as, leaving Arch Street, they took their way across the city, and met and passed many people of as worldly an aspect as any to be seen in Boston—in fact, his companion's broad-brimmed hat seemed sadly out of place.

The houses too were different in this locality. Easter flowers bloomed in the windows between handsome curtains, and there were not so many white shutters and marble steps—in fact, with a street band playing on the corner and the merry peal of chimes that rang from a neighboring steeple it seemed quite a gay little town, thought Neal, with condescension.

His cousin pointed out the sights as they walked.

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"There are the public buildings," he said, "and beyond is the great store of John Wanamaker. This is Chestnut Street, and yonder is the Mint. Thee will go there and to Independence Hall while thee is here, and to Girard College, that is, if thee has a proper amount of public spirit, as I hope to be the case."

Neal humbly acquiesced, and then remarked upon the distance of his cousin's place of business from his house.

"Do you always walk?" he asked.

"Always. I have found that exercise is good, and the car fare worth saving. 'A penny saved is a penny gained,' I have made my motto through life, and for that reason I have never known want. I hope thee is neither extravagant nor lazy?"

This with a keen, shrewd, not unkindly glance from beneath the level gray eyebrows.

Neal colored and hoped he was not, knowing all the time that these were two serious faults of his.

They had passed through the fashionable part of the city, and were walking down a narrow, low-built street. In the distance was a huge space filled with great piles of boards that came far up above the high fence which surrounded the whole square.

"This is my office," said Mr. Carpenter, as he opened the door of a small low building in the corner of the great yard. "I am in the lumber business."

It was some time before he could say any more to his cousin. There were letters to be opened, his head clerk to be interviewed, men to be directed.

Neal sat at a window that looked out on the yard, and watched some men that were loading a huge dray. There were boards, boards, boards everywhere. How tired he should get of lumber if he had to stay here! He hoped that his business, whatever it might prove to be, would be more exciting and more in the heart of things than this remote lumber-yard. He thought from what he had heard that he would like to be a stock-broker, as long as he was barred out of the professions by not going through college.

He was just imagining himself on 'Change, in the midst of an eager crowd of other successful brokers, a panic imminent, and he alone cool and self-possessed, when his cousin's voice rudely interrupted his reverie. It sounded calmer than ever in contrast to Neal's day-dream.

"Cousin, if thee will come into my private office I will listen to thee for fifteen or twenty minutes."

Neal obeyed, but found it difficult to begin his story. It is a very hard thing to tell a man that you are suspected of being a thief.



**"I HOPE THEE IS NEITHER EXTRAVAGANT
NOR LAZY?"**

"I don't know whether you know," he began, rather haltingly, "that I—that—in fact, I've left Hester for good and all. You are my guardian, so you must know all about that conf—that abom—that—er— well, that will of my grandmother's. Hester didn't give me a large enough allowance—at least, I didn't think it was enough—and I got into debt at school. It was not very much of a debt for a fellow with such a rich sister."

He paused, rather taken aback by the quick glance that was shot at him from the mild blue eyes of his Quaker cousin.

"What does thee call 'not much'?"

"A hundred dollars. I knew they would think it a lot, so I only told Hessie and John fifty, and she gave it to me. Afterwards the fellow I owed it to came down on me for the rest, and wrote to John, Hessie's husband. In the mean time I had got hold of some money in a *perfectly fair, honorable* way, and sent it to the fellow, and he wrote again to John Franklin and said I had paid up. Then, just because a present one of the Franklin children expected at that time didn't come, they accused me of taking it. They had no earthly reason for supposing it except that I paid fifty dollars in gold for the money-order I sent, and the child's present was fifty dollars in gold."

"And where did thee get the money?"

The question came so quietly and naturally that Neal was taken unawares, and answered before he thought.

"Cynthia Franklin lent it to me. I hated to borrow of a girl, and I made her promise not to tell; afterwards I was glad I had. If they choose to suspect me, I'm not going to lower myself by explaining. And I will ask you, as a particular favor, Cousin William, not to tell any one. I didn't mean to mention it."

His cousin merely bowed, and asked him to continue.

"Well, there's not much more, except that I was suspended from school before that for a scrape I wasn't in, and it put everybody against me, and now I want to get something to do. I am going to support myself, and I thought I'd come to you, as you're my guardian and a cousin, and perhaps you would help me."

"Did thee know that thy brother-in-law, John Franklin, was here within a few days?"

Neal sprang to his feet.

"He was! Then he told you all this. I might have known it!"

"Thee may as well remain calm, Neal. Thee will gain nothing in this world by giving vent to undue excitement. John Franklin told me nothing, except that thee had left his home, and he had supposed thee was with me. He did not tell me of the gold, but he did say he feared thee was extravagant, in which I agreed with him. Thee has nothing to find fault with in what he said."

Neal felt rather ashamed of himself. After all, it had been generous in his brother-in-law not to prejudice his guardian against him.

"And now what does thee wish to do?" asked the old man, as he looked at his large gold-faced watch.

"I want to get some work," replied Neal.

"Is thee willing to take anything thee can get?"

"Yes, almost anything," with a hasty glance at the piles of lumber without.

"Does thee know that times are hard, and it is almost impossible for even young men of experience to get a situation, while thee is but a boy?"

"Ye-es. I suppose so."

"Thee need not expect much salary."

"No, only enough to live on. I'm going to be very economical."

William Carpenter smiled, and looked at the boy kindly. He was silent for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Neal, as thee is my ward and also my cousin, I am willing to make a place for thee here. We can give thee but a small stipend, but it is better than nothing for one who is anxious for work, as thee says thee is. Thee will not have board and lodging to pay for, however, as thee can make thy home with Rachel and myself. Our boy, had he lived, would have been about thy age."

This was said calmly, with no suspicion of emotion. It was simply the statement of a fact.

"Oh, thank you, cousin William, you are very kind! But—do you think I could ever learn the lumber business? It—it seems so—well, I don't exactly see what there is to do."

"Thee is too hasty, by far. Thee could not be expected to know the business before thee has set foot in the yard. But thee must learn first that it is well to make the most of every opportunity that comes to hand. Will thee, or will thee not, come into my home and my employ? It is the best I can do for thee."

And after a moment's hesitation, and one wild regret for the lost pleasures of the Stock Exchange, Neal agreed to do it.

It was thus he began his business life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is enjoyable to read a good story of the biter being bitten, and the following one may not be amiss:

A class of students, holding a grudge against one of the professors, tied a live goose to his chair. Upon

entering the room the professor saw the goose, and calmly walking up to the desk, addressed the class as follows:

"Gentlemen, as you have succeeded in getting an instructor so much better qualified to direct the bent of your ideas, I beg you will pardon me for resigning the chair."

[Pg 1012]



BY ROWAN STEVENS.

*This is the tale that was told to me
By a man with a tarry queue,
Who sat with a spy-glass in his hand,
And gazed on the waters blue;
His hair was white, but his eye was bright,
And straight was his ancient form,
And his brown old face bore many a trace
Of the battle and the storm.*

I.

Ay, she was a ship! She showed her heels
To the swiftest of them all;
She weathered many a raging gale
And many a roaring squall.
And he—our Captain—of all the men
That ever sailed the sea,
There was never a one like Isaac Hull
To handle a ship, said we.
It was in one pleasant summer-time
That the *Constitution* lay
A cable's length from an English ship
In the bight of Lisbon Bay.
Between that British crew and us
The looks were grim and glum,
For we thought of the war a few years back,
And hoped for a war to come.
The officers, though, were friendly still;
They'd meet some day in war,
And they knew they'd show their mettle then
As they'd shown it well before.
Yes, even the Captains, they were chums—
Our own old Do-and-Dare
And Dacres of that royal ship,
The saucy *Guerrière*.
And many and many a time I've seen
The two walk down the quay
With their yard-arms locked and their chapeaus cocked,
To gaze on the ships at sea.
But Dacres turned to Hull one day
And said: "They'd make a rare
And even stand-up single fight,
Those two ships lying there.
Now what say you—if the war does come,
As I think right well it may.
And the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*
Should meet in single fray,
I'll bet you a hundred pounds or so—
A thousand, if you like—
The *Constitution* that blessed day
Will run or sink or strike."
But Hull said: "I am too poor a man
To bet a sum like that.
Yet just for the sake of the stand you take
I'll wager, say, a hat."
The Captains laughed as the bet was made,

And the ships soon sailed away
From their peaceful, pleasant anchorage
In the bight of Lisbon Bay.

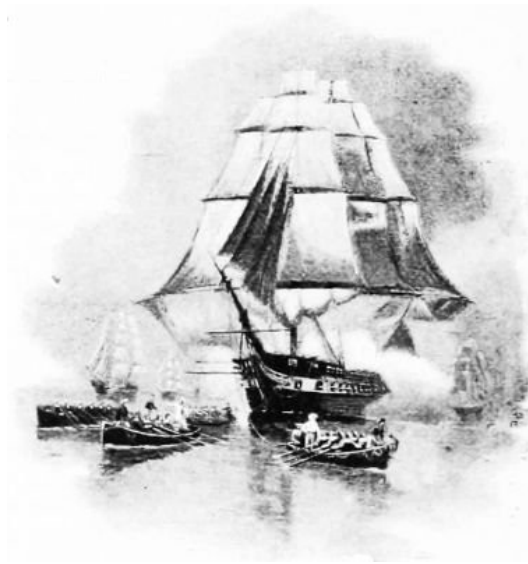
II.

The trouble came, as we knew it would,
And a joyous crew were we
When we said good-by to the old home port
And weighed for a cruise at sea,
For the Press Gang and the Search Eight
We had vowed to bear no more,
And we bade farewell to parley,
And welcome we bade to war.



FOR MANY A MILE WE SAILED.

Along the grim New England coast
For many a mile we sailed,
And ever a sharp lookout we kept,
But never a ship we hailed,
Till five days out, in the first dog-watch,
We sighted a fleet of four
Big fighting ships that made quick sail,
And down upon us bore.
From their lofty yards and bending masts
The bellying canvas blew,
And at the mizzen-peak of each
The English ensign flew.
"We can't fight too many odds," said Hull,
"But ere the day be done
We'll show how a well-manned Yankee ship
Can lift up her heels and run."
Then we called all hands and we made all sail,
And slowly drew away
From the English vessels that followed us
So sure of an easy prey.
But the winds were light and variable,
Calm fell and all moved slow,
The crowded boats of the English fleet
Took the leading ship in tow.
I stood by the wheel with a glass and saw
That ship come creeping on,
And my heart was in my throat awhile,
For I thought that we were gone.
And the leading ship full well I knew,
The saucy *Guerrière*,
And Dacres stood in her port fore chains
With a confident, eager air.
And I felt despair for our gallant crew,
And woe for our gallant bark,
When a long cry came from the leadsman's lip—
"Thirty fathom, by the mark!"
Then a smile there came to the Captain's face,
And a light to the Captain's eye,
And he sent his kedges out ahead,
And we made the capstan fly;
We wet the sails down, fore and aft,
We jumped at the bo's'n's call,
We pumped out water for lightness' sake.
And stood by davit and fall;
As every little catspaw came
We worked for the weather-gage,



**AND WE KEPT THOSE FELLOWS ALEE,
ASTERN.**

And we kept those fellows alee, astern,
And in an awful rage.
For three long days and three long nights
They held us well, and then
A squall came up in a thunder-cloud,
And we fooled those Englishmen.
For they, as its ominous frown they saw,
Stripped down to the bare, bare mast.
While we held on with our topsails full
To the teeth of the rising blast;
And, as it struck us, we shortened sail
At the Captain's quick command.
But as soon as the full of its weight we felt
We gave her all she'd stand;
And merrily, merrily off we ran.
And ere the day was done
We had left them all clean out of sight
In the wake of the setting sun.
And Hull looked 'round the quarter-deck,
And forward he looked, and aft,
And he looked astern at the blank blue sea,
And he looked at the sky—and laughed.

[Pg 1013]

III.

And on through, the summer seas we bore,
Until off stern Cape Clear
Our ship fell in with a sloop-o'-war,
A Yankee privateer.
We hailed for news, and the sloop hove to,
And off her skipper came
And boarded us in a leaky yawl,
With his wrathful cheek aflame;
For "Down to the south'ard he'd been chased
By a powerful English ship
That was just too slow for his flying heels,
And just too big to whip."
We sent him back with a cheerful heart,
And down to the south we swept.
And a sharp lookout o'er the vacant sea
Aloft and aloft we kept.

One August evening we bowled along
In a fresh nor'wester breeze,
The rigging sung as along we swung,
And rough were the tumbling seas.
And I was sitting with pipe in hand
Enjoying my watch below,
When the mast-head lookout hailed the deck
With a loud and long, "Sail, ho!"
"Now, where away?" the Captain cried,
And into the shrouds sprang we
To gaze at a speck in the distance dim,
Clear white on the blue, blue sea.
She stood along under easy sail,
She made us out and tacked,
She waited there with her headsails full,
And her big maintopsail backed.

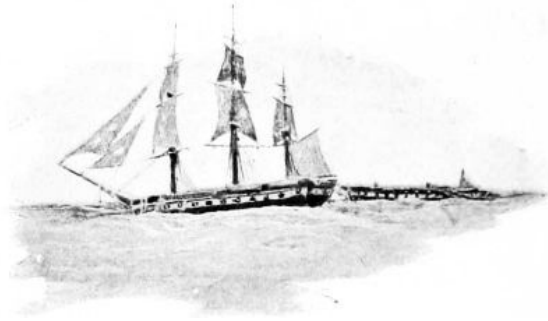
We picked her up hand over hand,
We made her colors out—
That proud St. George's Cross we knew,
And we longed for the coming hour.
And Hull sang out, "To quarters, men,
For the foe we seek is there,
By the look of her lines and the cut of her jib
I know the *Guerrière!*"
We shortened sail and for action cleared,
The flags to the breeze we threw,
And at each masthead and the mizzen-peak
The Yankee colors flew.
Up in the tops the topmen lay
With musket and grenade,
But down in the gloamy holds below
The battle-lanterns played.
Stripped to the waist each sailor stood,
His cutlass in his hand,
His long dirk loosened in its sheath,
His feet in the scattered sand;
The gunnels stood beside the guns,
Their matches all aglow,
With their ears bent back to the quarter-deck,
And their eyes upon the foe.

As onward to the *Guerrière*
The *Constitution* swept,
Between the lines of brawny tars
Our first Lieutenant stepped:
"To save you all from the press, my lads,
For that we make the war,
And each must fight for the flag to-day
As he never fought before."
Then up spoke one of the gunner's mates,
A grim old man was he,
Who'd met the French and the Algerines
In many a fight at sea,
Whose cheek was rough with a hundred storms,
And brown with a hundred suns:
"If the quarter-deck will mind the flag,
Why, we will mind the guns."

Oh, sweet to see was the English ship,
As up in the wind she came,
With her rigging silhouetted out
Against the skies aflame.
Sudden she yawed, and from her bows
A puff of smoke there blew,
And, hurrying over their lofty arch,
The plunging missiles flew,
And each of us gripped his cutlass tight,
And each his muscles set,
And each looked hard at the long bow-guns,
But the Captain said, "Not yet."

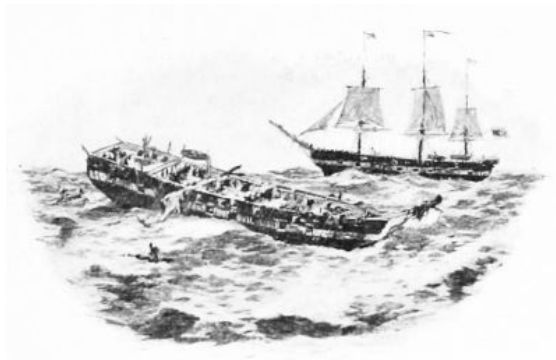
Closer and closer drew the foe,
Her shot flew thick and fast,
And, singing around our heads, a storm
Of musket-bullets passed.
We drew well up on her weather-beam,
And the roar of her guns rose higher,
And we saw her gunner's matches gleam,
And the Captain shouted, "Fire!"
With flash on flash, with a thunder crash,
Rang out our red broadside,
And the splinters broke from her sides of oak,
And scattered far and wide.
The smoke rose up to the high dim trucks,
As the battle fury spread,
But the men stood true, and the flags still flew,
In the mist at each masthead.
Deadly and fierce was the fire we poured
Upon our sturdy foe,
And a cheer we roared as by the board
We saw her mizzen go.
Then around in the dying breeze she swung,
And her bowsprit loomed o'erhead,
And fouled in our mizzen shrouds she hung.
And the battle lightning spread;
We heard the splinters fly below,
Where her 32-pounders played,

And the cabin was filled with smoke and flame
 From her furious cannonade.
 Then, long dirk ready and cutlass keen,
 Up, up to her side we start,
 But a breeze blows over the darkening sea
 And swings the ships apart;
 But readily 'round in the wind we go,
 And steadily on we fall.
 With grape and shrapnel and solid shot,
 And pattering musket-ball.
 And over her bows in the dusk we draw,
 While our terrible broadsides peal,
 And her lingering rolls the gaping holes
 In her shattered hull reveal.
 Her sides we rend, our shot we send
 Through shroud and spar and stay.
 Till her main and fore with a crashing roar
 Plunge down to the spouting spray.



**THE FIGHT IS DONE AND THE DAY IS
WON.**

The fight is done and the day is won,
 For a burning wreck is she,



**HER DECKS WERE RED WITH HER
GALLANT DEAD.**

But her decks are red with her gallant dead,
 And never a cheer cheer we.
 And over our side comes Dacres then,
 Our brave but conquered foe;
 He passes on by the silent men,
 And his head is hanging low.
 He gains the deck, and he holds to Hull
 The hilt of his gallant brand,
 But the Captain waves the sword aside
 And takes him by the hand:
 "The true, true sword of a true, true man
 Shall stay his own for ay,
 But a hat I'll take when the land we make,
 For the bet at Lisbon Bay."

And up in the quiet sky the stars
 Came twinkling one by one,
 And over the quiet sea the moon
 In silver sweetness shone.
 Our sails were white in the peaceful light
 As westward did we bear,
 And a fiery shine on the dim sea-line
 Was the last of the *Guerrière*.
 And here's to the skipper!—of all the men
 That ever sailed the sea
 There was never a one like Isaac Hull
 To handle a ship, said we.

*And that is the tale that was told to me
 By the man with the tarry queue,*

*Who sat with a spy-glass in his hand,
And gazed on the waters blue;
His hair was white, but his eye was bright,
And straight was his ancient form,
And his brown old face bore many a trace
Of the battle and the storm.*

TODDLETUMS HAS A DREAM.

"Oh, papa, I had a bully dream last night. Want to hear about it?"

"Why, yes, Toddletums. Let's hear what it was."

"Dreamt I was dead, and playing baseball among the stars."

"Well, Toddletums, I am sorry to hear you speak of that as a 'bully dream.'"

"But it was, papa. I was no more than dead when I got among a lot of spirits, big fellows all dressed in white, and they knowed right away 'bout my being the best catcher on the Rangtown nine, so the first thing they said was, 'Hurray! here's our great catcher at last,' and before I knew it I was catching back of one of those big white fellows, and, what do you think, he was using the tail of a comet for a bat. 'Way off in the distance (say, they have awful big diamonds up there) was another fellow pitching, and all he did was to pluck one of the stars out of the Milky Way and throw it at me for a baseball. Say, papa, you've seen those falling stars? Well, they say they're meteors. Now that's nonsense, 'cause they're the balls the catchers up there misses.

"By-and-by our side (that's the Comets, you know) got in, and the score stood 16 to 0 in favor of the Milky Ways. By-and-by it was my turn at the bat, and I felt kind of afraid, 'cause the comet's tail looked awful bright, but I seized it and swung it round two or three times, and it didn't burn a bit. 'One ball!' cried the umpire as the pitcher sent a star singing past me (and it wasn't fair, either, 'cause they pitched it when I was trying the bat). I braced myself for the next one, and then that pitcher thought he'd fool me. Making out to snatch a ball from the Milky Way, he turned around, and, reaching 'way out, what do you think he did? Why, he grabbed our world, that we're living on, and threw it at me with all his might. Well, they couldn't knock out the Rangtown catcher that way, for I just swung the bat around, and hit the old world an awful crack. I bursted that comet bat all to pieces and hit a foul. I looked up, and there was the world a-comin' right down into my hands. It was a fine chance, and I couldn't let it pass, and I just caught it.

"All those fellows began yelling 'foul!' and then I woke up. And, papa, what do you think? I had fallen out of bed, but I had a bully time, though."



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.

"Do write a Pudding Stick about table manners." Why, of course, dear Molly, I will, if you wish it, especially as you say you speak for the girls of your Round Table Chapter. I wish you would imitate Molly, and often suggest the topics you like best—you young people of the Round Table Order.

There is nothing very puzzling about the etiquette of the table. One who knows how to behave elsewhere knows how to behave at the table. The chief thing to be remembered is that good manners everywhere rest on a strong foundation of common-sense and kind feeling, and that nobody is clumsy or awkward who is free from self-consciousness. If one is thinking of herself and of the sort of impression she is making, she will be likely to blunder. You must dismiss yourself from your mind.

"But what bothers me," says Ruth, "is the fact that there is no fixed rule about what to do, and what not to do. Which is right, to take my soup-plate from the waitress, or to let her take my empty plate and set the filled plate in its place herself? And in some houses you are helped to salad, and in others you have to help yourself when it is handed to you. Is it rude to ask for a second helping of something you like? or, when you decline a thing, is it proper to explain that you like it, but it does not agree with you?"

As to the last of these little worries, my dear child, never do that. Never tell your hostess or your friends that lobster gives you cramps, and stuffed olives produce heart-burn, and pastry causes dyspepsia. It is in the worst taste imaginable to speak of these effects, and wholly needless. You may always pass over or decline a dish of which you are not desirous of partaking. It is usually right to ask for a second helping of some viand which pleases you, and your hostess will consider herself complimented by your doing this; but the exception is, when the meal is a formal one of numerous courses, and when you are doing so would retard the orderly progress of the meal. In doubt about any little detail, look to your hostess and follow her example. The waitress is trained to certain ways, and she will do as she is accustomed to; you have therefore no responsibility.

In talking at the table, if the company is large, you will usually converse more with your neighbor than with

the circle as a whole. But at home and in the family, or at the house of an intimate friend, you must do your share of the entertainment. Save up the bright little story and the witty speech, the funny sayings of a child, the scrap of news in your Aunt Mary's last letter, and when a good opportunity offers, add your mite to the general fund of amusement.

There are dear old gentlemen—and old ladies too—who have favorite stories which they are rather fond of telling. People in their own families, or among their very intimate acquaintances, hear these stories more than once—indeed, they sometimes hear them till they become very familiar. Good manners forbid any showing of this, any look of impatience or appearance of boredom on the part of the listener. The really well-bred woman or girl listens to the thrice-told tale, the well-worn anecdote, says a pleasant word, smiles, forgets that she has heard it before, and does not allow the dear *raconteur* to fancy that the story is being brought out too often. Good manners at the table are inflexible on this point. You must appear pleased. You must give pleasure to others. You must make up your mind to receive gratification by imparting it.

Once in a while an accident happens at a meal. A cup is overturned; some unhappy person swallows "the wrong way"; somebody makes a mistake. Look at your plate at such a moment, and nowhere else, unless you can sufficiently control your face and appear entirely unconscious that anything has occurred out of the usual routine. Take no notice, and go on with the conversation, and in a second the incident will have been forgotten by every one.

Margaret E. Langster.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER X.

Tommy stared for some minutes at the antics of the Ibexes, and then turned to the ex-Pirate.

"How very odd!" he remarked.

"Very," assented the other. "Aren't you beginning to feel sort of queer?"

"I don't notice any motion at all," replied Tommy.

"I don't mean *that*," said the ex-Pirate, looking reproachfully at the little boy. "But, personally, I am beginning to become affected by all these animals. I almost feel as though I could become a second Abou-Ben-Din."

"A second Abou-Ben-Din?"

"Yes," continued the ex-Pirate, scarcely noticing the interruption. "But I hardly think it would pay. I doubt if there are any other craft hereabouts."

"What are you mumbling about, anyway?" asked Tommy.

"I was not mumbling at all. I was thinking of Abou-Ben-Din. *There* was a pirate for you!"

"I never heard of Abou-Ben-Din," said Tommy. "I've read about Captain Kidd and the Dey of Algiers, and lots of others—but that's all."

"Well, if you had allowed me to read the first sixteen chapters of my autobiography," exclaimed the ex-Pirate, becoming somewhat excited, as he always did when the subject of his autobiography came up, "you would have known all about Abou-Ben-Din by this time. He was a Hindoo."

"But can't you tell me about him now, just as well?" pleaded the little boy, anxious to get another pirate story.

"I might," answered the ex-Pirate, meditatively. "I might. It is a favorite story of mine, but I don't think this is very good company to tell it in."

"Why is not it?"

But before the ex-Pirate could answer, the Lion arose and roared so fiercely that the rafters shook, and many of the birds fell from their perches.

"What does this mean?" he growled. "What does all this skylarking signify?"

"I'm not doing anything," put in the Skylark.

"Shut up," continued the Lion, even more fiercely. "This banquet has not been adjourned yet. Why are so many of you standing and running about? Everybody sit down! I want you to understand that this is a continuous performance—booked for forty days and forty nights—and if some one does not perform pretty soon, I'll take a hand in the entertainment myself!"

Everybody knew what that meant. There was only one kind of entertainment that the Lion knew anything about, and that was eating. He was very good at that, and he cast his eyes about on the smaller animals gathered at the board. But the warning was sufficient; there was a grand rush for seats again, and a general inclination to be entertaining was displayed by all. Tommy and his companions got their old places, but the Gopher was so frightened that he retained his seat with difficulty, and he trembled so that he was unable to keep his sun-bonnet on straight.

In the mean time the Lion was scowling and waiting for some one to volunteer. His eyes fell on the shaking

Gopher, and he said, grimly,

"Don't you know another joke?"

The poor little animal almost fainted with fright, and for lack of a better inspiration he pointed at the ex-Pirate and gasped,

"*He knows lots of things!*"

And so the King of Beasts, who was rapidly losing patience, glared at the ex-Pirate and roared,

"Do something!"

The ex-Pirate hesitated; but Tommy, who was not feeling at all comfortable, whispered:

"Give them Abou-Ben-Din!"

"That's a pretty risky thing to do," answered his neighbor; "but I guess I shall have to. I can't think of anything else." And so he arose in his customary way, and bowing to all, announced that he would recite another selection from his autobiography entitled,

THE BALLAD OF ABOU-BEN-DIN.

*Oh, there's many a tale that I like to tell,
And many a yarn to spin,
But there's none I love one-half so well
As the story of Abou-Ben-Din.*

For Abou-Ben-Din was a terrible man,
A blood-thirsty wretch through and through;
A pirate on quite an original plan,
And he captained a terrible crew.

Not a *man* did he have on his swift-sailing craft,
But a hundred and ten wild beasts,
That snarled on the deck while Abou stood aft,
And steered them toward movable feasts.

For all day the brutes, with eyes opened wide,
Would eagerly watch for a sail,
And as soon as their vessel was brought alongside
They would swarm like rats o'er the rail.

Then after the lions and tigers had dined,
Old Abou would visit the ship.
To collect all the booty and goods he could find
Then drive his beasts back with a whip.

Thus it soon came to pass that the sailors were few
Who would sail in the India Seas,
Where Abou-Ben-Din and his man eating crew
Were eager and ready to seize.

But *I* was no coward, and none of my crew
Had ever been known to show fear;
So I said, "We will capture this nautical Zoo;
Toward Abou-Ben-Din let us steer!"

The men all agreed, and we started that day
With cheering and waving of caps;
And down in the hold I had hidden away
A hundred and fifty steel traps.

These were brought up on deck as soon as we spied
Old Abou-Ben-Din and his ship,
And were set and all covered with sawdust to hide
The teeth that were ready to grip.

Then the men went below and closed down the hatch,
While I clambered up on the mast,
Where, safe from the lions, 'twas easy to watch
What happened from first to the last.

Well, the pirate approached. He came alongside.
And the beasts all scrambled aboard;
And I never have heard such cries as they cried,
Or such terrible roars as they roared.

Each lion was caught, and he couldn't get free,
Each trap held an animal fast;
And the way that they struggled was fearful to see—
And *I* saw it all from the mast.

But Abou-Ben-Din merely gazed in dismay,
And when he knew what had occurred,

He plunged in the sea, and sank straightaway,
Without ever speaking a word.

*Ay, there's many a tale that I like to tell,
And many a yarn to spin,
But there's none I love one-half so well
As the story of Abou-Ben-Din!*

There was a dead silence when the ex-Pirate finished his recital, and Tommy noticed that the lions and tigers were shifting about restlessly in their chairs. He turned quickly to the Gopher, and said in low tones,

"They don't seem to like it."

"I'm afraid it *was* a trifle personal," answered the Gopher.

"Perhaps we had better retire," suggested the ex-Pirate, prudently.

"Where can we go?" asked Tommy.

"You can go to the dogs," said the Gopher.

"You must not talk like that," observed Tommy, sharply. He had heard his Uncle Dick use that expression before, and it shocked him a little.

"Why not?" exclaimed the Gopher. "The dogs are all right, even if they are down below. They might be of some assistance to us if the lions get ugly."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little boy, but before he could say any more the Lion coughed very fiercely, and spoke to the ex-Pirate.

"How many lions and tigers did you say there were on board of that ship?"

"About a hundred and ten, I reckon," answered the ex-Pirate.

"One hundred and ten," repeated the Lion, slowly. "And you gathered them all in?"

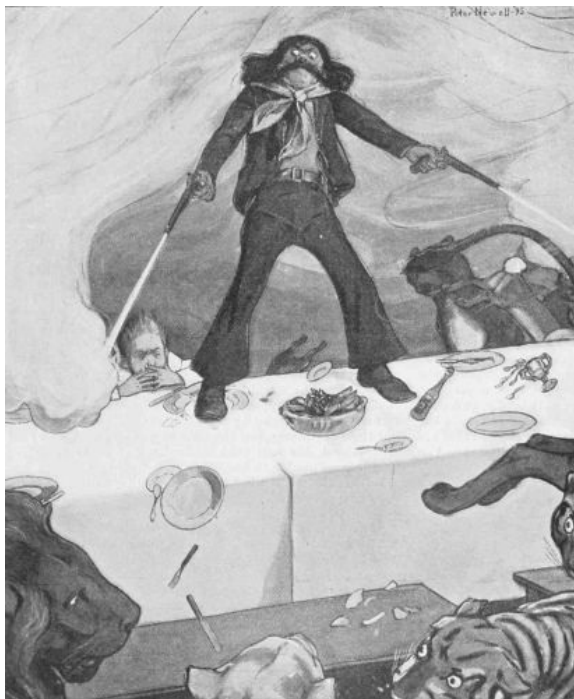
"We did. Every single one." The ex-Pirate's recklessness staggered Tommy and the Gopher. Then the Lion growled:

"That being the case, I think I shall have to gather *you* in." And he arose, followed by the tigers, and began to approach the ex-Pirate and the little boy. The Gopher became so alarmed that he dropped under the table and was never seen again. Tommy was so scared that he could not move. But the ex-Pirate jumped upon the table, and drawing both his pistols from his belt, aimed them at the approaching beasts and fired.

The flash, the bang, and the smoke caused Tommy to close his eyes tightly for a second, and he felt as though his heart had leaped into his throat.

When he opened them again he was sitting on the window-seat in his own room, and his mother was standing in the doorway.

"You must not leave the door and the windows open at the same time, Tommy," she was saying. "That causes a draught and makes the door slam. Get ready for supper; it is nearly tea-time."



**THE EX-PIRATE JUMPED UPON THE TABLE
AND FIRED.**

THE END.

[Pg 1017]



The first meeting of the New York Interscholastic Athletic Association this fall will be held this afternoon at Wilson and Kellogg's School. Of the many questions that are to come up for discussion and settlement few can be of greater importance than that of the formation of a National Interscholastic Amateur Athletic Association, and I sincerely hope that a committee will be appointed to consider the best ways and means for carrying out the idea. I have already said all I can in favor of the scheme, and can only repeat now, at the last moment, that the formation of such an association will be of the greatest benefit to scholastic track and field sports, and that if the New York association fails to seize the opportunity it now has for making history, in its own sphere, such a chance may never present itself again. In fact, I hear on excellent authority that the New England League, upon the advice of a number of Harvard graduates who still retain a lively interest in school sports, is seriously considering the advisability of having the initial move in the formation of a National Interscholastic League emanate from Boston.

At the meeting of the High-School Athletic Association in Worcester a week ago the important question as

to whether the Worcester High-School should secede from the New England I.S.A.A. was not settled owing to lack of time for a proper debate on the subject. It will probably come before the newly elected board of directors for consideration, although many think a question of so much importance should be brought before the entire association. There seems to be considerable feeling over the matter, but such a serious step should by no means be taken unless the W.H.-S. athletes are absolutely persuaded that it is for their own best interests, and for the best interest of interscholastic sport.

The point at issue is this: Last winter an attempt was made to have the New England I.S.A.A. vote to divide the two schools, and split up the points won at the recent games, on the ground that they were two schools, and should be considered such by the I.S.A.A. The W.H.-S. athletes naturally combated the suggestion (which they are persuaded emanated from their rival, the Worcester Academy), and presented some strong arguments in defence of their position. The principal reasons advanced for opposing the plan were that the two schools had but one alumni association, one football and baseball team, and in their field day competed class against class rather than school against school. The students made such a good fight, that when the N.E.I.S.A.A. finally met the motion to consider the Worcester High-Schools as two institutions, and to divide the points accordingly, was lost.

But, following upon this decision, the W.H.-S. team went down to Cambridge in June, and not only won the championship at the Interscholastics, but scored twice as many points as any two other schools in the association put together. As a result of this the pro-division feeling at other schools increased, and the W.H.-S. students now fear the association may vote a separation of athletic interests. Fearing this, there is a strong sentiment in favor of withdrawing from the association before any such action can be taken. This seems unwise, for there is no strong reason to believe that the I.S.A.A. will take any such action.

The secession of the Worcester H.-S. would be a serious loss to the league, for it is one of its largest members and one of the strongest in athletics. Another reason why W.H.-S. ought not to withdraw is the possibility of Andover and Worcester Academy making an arrangement for annual dual games—such as they held last year—and leaving the N.E.I.S.A.A. for that reason. This would not be sufficient cause for so doing, but there is talk of it both at Andover and in the Academy. With the loss of these three schools the association would not be so representative of the New England schools as it is now, and the cause of scholastic athletics could not fail to be injured. I hope there is more smoke than fire here.

It is good news from California that the bicyclists of the Academic Athletic League are working for the formation of an association separate from track and field interests. If the move is successful it will rid the latter sports of an event that never really belonged among them, and, in addition, it will undoubtedly be of benefit to bicycle-racing, which, if reasonably and properly conducted, should be encouraged. The Oakland High-School already has what they call a "cycling annex" to their regular athletic association—a branch of the latter for the promotion of bicycling, and for the management of bicycle races. This annex has proved an excellent institution, and has served to develop remarkable speed in some of its members, as these records will show:

Distance.	Time.	Holder.
1/8 mile, flying start, unpaced	13-3/4 sec.	Colby.
1/4 mile, flying start, unpaced	30-1/5 sec.	Gooch.
1/4 mile, standing start, unpaced	34-3/4 sec.	Childs.
1/2 mile, standing start, unpaced	1 min. 7 sec.	Gooch.
1 mile, standing start, competition	2 min. 18-1/2 sec.	Gooch.
2 miles, standing start, paced	5 min. 12 sec.	Kenna.
5 miles, standing start, competition, road race	13 min. 20 sec.	Gooch.
5 miles, standing start, paced	14 min. 19 sec.	Kurtz.

At the meeting of the Reliance Athletic Club, September 7th, Gooch rode third in the mile, Class A. The winning time was 2 min. 18 sec, and the O.H.-S. rider was only the length of his bicycle behind. On September 9th he rode third to 2 min. 14-1/2 sec. in the Class A mile at San José. The winner of both these races was an A.A.L. rider—Squires of the Berkeley Gymnasium, who was second in the half, Class A, at San José, when a world's record was made. The records of the O.H.-S., as given above, were made on the Oakland Race Track, which is 100 yards short of a mile in circuit, and has a straightaway quarter.

Football in the New York schools is slow in getting a start this fall. Almost every other scholastic league is hard at work in the field, but as yet scarcely any of the school teams hereabouts have done any work. On Long Island a little more activity is being shown, but not much. The slight start they have over the New-Yorkers, however, will be of benefit to them, and it is not rash to prophesy, even at such an early date, that the Inter-City championship in football will go across the river, as the baseball championship did this spring, unless the Manhattanites display an unusual degree of energy between now and November.

Reference to the Inter-City game suggests that in view of the three sets of football rules in vogue this fall, it will be advisable for committees from the N.Y.I.S.F.B.A. and from the L.I.I.S.F.B.A., to meet at as early a date as possible to determine which set of regulations these two leagues will adopt. For it stands to reason that if they are to play a match in November they must sooner or later come to an understanding on the subject of the laws that are to govern the contest. There ought to be no difficulty about this, the only important point being that the decision should be reached at once so that every school eleven may get into practice, and learn to play the game that is to be required of them later.

[Pg 1018]

The absurdity of having three different sets of rules has already manifested itself among the colleges. Before the game between Harvard and Dartmouth, which was played ten days ago, the Captains of the respective teams had to meet and powwow over what methods should hold good in the contest. Of course, Captain Brewer wanted to play according to the Harvard-Cornell-Pennsylvania scheme, but Dartmouth, having a Yale coach, preferred the Yale-Princeton system. This difficulty will doubtless crop up previous to every game played by one of the five law-making colleges with the other colleges who had no say about the revision. It is impossible, of course, for all the scholastic leagues of this section of the United States to get together and agree on uniformity of rules, and this is unnecessary; but I strongly urge neighboring schools to reach some sort of an understanding, or there will be no end of squabbles as the season advances.

Of early games in New England, Exeter was badly defeated by Dartmouth College, Andover succumbed to the Boston Latin School, and a few days afterward the B.L.S. players disposed of the Charlestown High-

School to the tune of 16-4. B.L.S. has a strong team this year, beyond question. The Charlestown players were confident of winning before the contest began, but at no stage of the game did they stand the slightest chance of success. Captain Maguire, of B.L.S., did excellent work all through the two halves. He made several long runs by good dodging and fast sprinting, punted finely, and tackled hard. Teevens found the centre weak, and banged away at it for a number of good gains. Lowe and Nagle, too, showed up well by breaking through on the runner repeatedly, and making holes large enough for the entire team to get through. Ramsey was easily the best man on the Charlestown High, making all the large gains, and being pushed over the line for the only touch-down. Curley put up a good game at quarter, making some fine tackles, and running the team in good shape. Better arrangements should be made in the future to keep enthusiastic spectators off the field. This is an old-time fault of games between schools. The management of the home team should always consider itself responsible for the policing of the field.

The most important game of the New England series, next to the final championship contest, was played at Brookline, Friday, to determine whether Brookline High or Newtown High should be the sixth member of the Senior League. As was partially anticipated in these columns last week, victory went to Brookline; but Newton High's defeat was much worse than I had supposed it would be. The score was 22-0, and this showing was due much more to Brookline's steady preliminary work than to any great discrepancy in the make-up of the two elevens. As a spectacle the game was well worth watching, and the manager of the B.H.-S.F.B.A. saw to it that the field was kept clear.

The weakest point in the B.H.-S. line was at right guard, and the Newton Captain soon discovered this, and sent his men cavorting into Talbot with good effect. Almost all of Newton's gains were made through here. Brookline, on the other hand, did not play much for centre, but managed to get around the opposing ends pretty frequently, the last two touch-downs being made in this way. Good individual plays were made by Cook, Aechtler, Seaver, and Morse for B.H.-S., the first-named doing some especially brilliant punting. For Newton the best work was done by Cotting, Lee, and Forsen.

Newton fumbled a good deal during the game, and many of their losses were due to this inability to keep their hands on the ball. At times, however, Lee's men seemed to be able to brace, making strong resistance at critical moments. B.H.-S.'s second touch-down was only secured after a stubborn fight. The ball had been rushed down to Newton's five-yard line, when the N.H.-S men gathered themselves well together and held their opponents for four downs. But this did them small service eventually, because of their woeful fumbling. In the very first rush following the four downs the Newton runner dropped the ball, and Seaver fell on it. In a few moments the second touch-down was scored. If Newton had only persisted a little longer in bucking the centre during the second half, I feel confident they could have scored.

The Cambridge Manual Training-School defeated Somerville High again last week, and put up some good football. Somerville was unable to score, although they played hard at times, especially in the second half, when they got the ball within four yards of the opponents' goal. The best ground-gainer for Cambridge was White, who also did some hard tackling. Thompson got around the ends well and interfered effectively, and Captain Murphy did some excellent rush-line work, making most of the holes through which he shot his men. Sawin showed himself a level-headed quarter-back, and will doubtless fill that position for the rest of the year.

Somerville High's play was very loose at times, and the men seemed to choose the most critical moments of the game to do their fumbling. There was a noticeable lack of team play, which must be remedied at once if Somerville hopes to do anything in the championship series later on. The backs did not interfere for each other, except on rare occasions, and the C.M.T.-S. forwards had an easy time of it bringing down the runner. It looks to me as if there was too much of a desire on the part of these Somerville backs to shine by brilliant, individual work. That is a fatal ambition, and if it exists should be killed by the captain at once. Football to-day is a game for team-work, and the star player is a very rare bird indeed. In the first half S.H.-S. had the ball only at the kick-off and after touch-downs. They did not seem able to hold it. In the second half they did better, and, as I said, at one time were within threatening proximity to the C.M.T.-S. line; but there is much room for improvement with the Somerville men. Good coaching is what they need.

It was a hot game that was played September 28th between Groton and the Boston English High-School. For the first time in the history of the sport, Groton met defeat at the hands of a Boston Preparatory School. The Boston team played a great game throughout, and won by their strength of line, which was impregnable for the Groton backs. In the first half E.H.-S. had the ball most of the time. Groton got it but twice, only to lose it immediately on downs. The E.H.-S. players were lighter, but their team-work was much superior to that of Groton. Callahan, Whittemore, Ellsworth, Higgins, and Murphy played an extremely hard game, and the others' work was very steady. The touch-down was made in the first half. In the second E.H.-S. had the ball most of the time, but could not score.

The championship schedule for the Senior League of the New England Interscholastic Football Association was made out last week at a meeting of the Captains held at the B.A.A., and the games will be played as follows:

English High—Oct. 29, Brookline High at South End grounds; Nov. 12, Hopkinson at South End grounds; Nov. 15, Cambridge High and Latin at South End; Nov. 22, C.M.T.-S. (grounds undecided); Nov. 28, Boston Latin at South End.

Brookline High—Oct. 29, English High at South End; Nov. 4, Cambridge High and Latin at Brookline Common; Nov. 8, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 22, Boston Latin at Brookline Common; Nov. 27, Hopkinson at Brookline Common.

Hopkinson—Nov. 1, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 8, Cambridge High and Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 12, English High at South End; Nov. 18, Boston Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 27, Brookline High at Brookline Common.

Cambridge High and Latin—Oct. 20, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 4, Brookline High at Brookline Common; Nov. 8, Hopkinson at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 12, Boston Latin (grounds undecided); Nov. 15, English High at South End.

Cambridge Manual—Oct. 29, Cambridge High and Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 1, Hopkinson at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 8, Brookline High at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 15, Boston Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 22, English High (grounds undecided).

Boston Latin—Nov. 12, Cambridge High and Latin at South End grounds; Nov. 15, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 18, Hopkinson at South End grounds; Nov. 22, Brookline at Brookline Common; Nov. 28, English High at South End grounds.

The Junior League schedule was not made up, because of absentees among the representatives, but it has doubtless been arranged by this time. The number of games will be greater this year than before, and as a matter of interesting record this table of matches played since the organization of the League is here given:

	T o u G cS o ha a df l oe s wt T G ni T o f o se o t r a s t a o l f a l m s ab l iy P T f l P o G o r i o o i G a u o np i n a m cm gp n t m e h o t s e s d f Gn s s o i oe l l w e an w o w o n l lt o s o s Teams. s d ss n t n t	
	1888.	
Cambridge H. and L.	20 .. 4..136 ... 6 0	
Boston Latin	12 ..17..140 15 5 1	
Roxbury Latin	10 .. 11 66 56 4 2	
English High	2 .. 2.. 20 78 2 3	
Stone, Nichols, and Hales	4 .. 51 46 52 1 3	
Hopkinsons	1 .. 3.. 18126 1 5	
Nobles	.. 1 1.. 9108 0 5	
	1889.	
Cambridge H. and L.	11 3 6..105 16 3 0	
English High	3 .. 7.. 46 32 2 1	
Boston Latin	7 .. 4.. 58 20 2 2	
Roxbury Latin	4 24 68 2 2	
Hopkinsons	1 6103 0 4	
	1890.	
Cambridge H. and L.	10 .. 8.. 91 35 5 1	
English High	10 .. 7.. 88 26 4 1	
Hopkinsons	7 .. 8.. 74 52 3 2	
Manual Training	6 1 4.. 57 48 ¹ [1] 3	
Roxbury Latin	5 .. 51 52 80 1 4	
Boston Latin122 0 4 ² [2]	
	1891.	
Hopkinsons	17 .. 7..130 4 4 0	
Manual Training	9 1 5.. 79 56 2 2	
English High	2 ..12.. 60 48 2 2	
Boston Latin	4 .. 2.. 32 58 2 2	
Cambridge H. and L.135 0 4	
	1892.	
Hopkinsons	12 .. 4.. 88 8 4 0	
Manual Training	2 .. 3.. 24 34 1 1 ³ [3]	
English High	5 .. 4.. 46 52 2 1 ⁴ [4]	
Cambridge H. and L.	1 .. 1.. 10 34 1 2 ⁵ [5]	
Boston Latin	2 .. 1.. 16 56 0 4	
	1893.	
English High	11 .. 3.. 78 56 ⁶ [6] 0 ⁷ [7]	
Manual Training	19 .. 5..134 28 ⁸ [8] 1	
Boston Latin	3 .. 3.. 30 68 2 3	
Newton High	10 .. 3.. 72 88 2 3	
Cambridge H. and L.	5 .. 1.. 34 78 1 2 ⁹ [9]	
Hopkinsons	5 .. 6.. 54 54 0 ⁴ [10]	
	1894.	
Manual Training	9 .. 5.. 74 .. 4 0	

English High	11 .. 2..	68	26	3	2
Cambridge H. and L.	2 .. 1..	16	98	2	3
Hopkinsons	5 .. 3..	42	16	2	3
Boston Latin	3 .. 1..	22	32	2	3
Newton High	1 .. 2..	14	58	1	3

St. Mark's has six of last year's men back in school, and a number of promising candidates. Several minor games have been played, but the chief matches will be with Andover next week, and with Groton, November 9th. At the present writing Groton has the better eleven, but the St. Mark's players are working hard under good coaching and will improve.

THE GRADUATE.

A JOKE ON THE MARINES.

An old but a true story goes the rounds in the navy concerning an unintentional slur that was made upon a body of sea-soldiers known as the marines, by a venerable chaplain attached to the frigate *Hartford*, at the time that vessel was Admiral Farragut's flag-ship. It was the Sunday just after the terrible passage of the Mississippi River forts, and in his sermon the chaplain sought to impress his large congregation gathered on the gun-deck of the vessel the fact of each one being responsible for his own salvation. In concluding his appeal, and with his face flushed from the warmth of his argument, he turned to the gallant old Admiral, and exclaimed,

"Yes, Admiral, you as well as the lowliest of the seamen who are listening to me this morning, cannot escape that individual responsibility; and you, my dear associates of the ward-room, and other officers, you also must take this lesson to yourselves." Then addressing the sailors, he said, "There is no man among you who can shift this question to another's shoulders. Admiral, Captain, officers, and seamen, you all have souls to save." Remembering that in his summing up he had omitted all references to the soldiers of the ship, he hastened to include them also by adding, "Yes, even a marine has a soul to save."

The joke, although perfectly innocent, was too rich not to tickle the congregation, and a titter followed the chaplain's closing sentence. From that day the poor marines have been the butt of the sailors, who occasionally find the greatest satisfaction in reminding them that "Even a marine has a soul to save."

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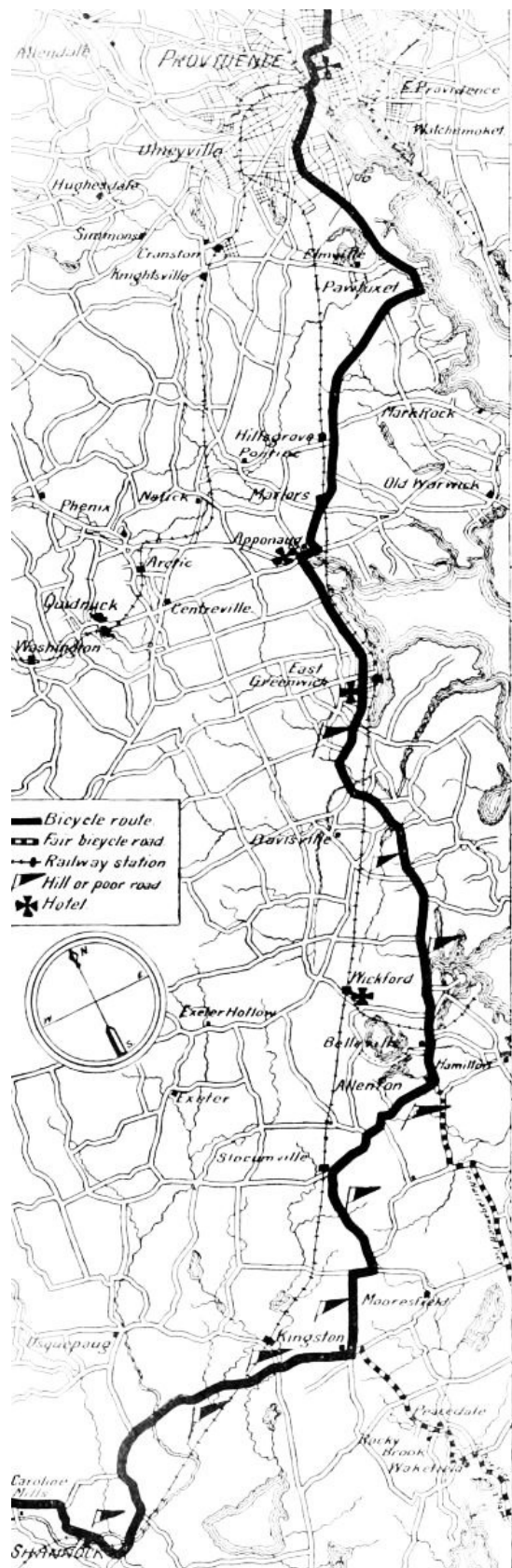
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen.

Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

The journey from Shannock to Providence, which is the fifth stage of the run from New York to Boston, is another short trip. On leaving Shannock the rider runs out of the village from the southeast, and then at the crossing of roads keeps always to the left, moving northward, and soon crossing a small stream. The run from this point is unmistakable. A little more than three miles out he crosses the stream again, passes over a bit of hilly country, and after crossing the railroad runs directly into Kingston. Here a sharp turn is made to the north and left again, and passing Mooresfield the rider runs on to Slocumville over a moderately good road-bed, but through some pretty hilly country. In fact there are several good hills between Shannock and East Greenwich, all of which are designated on the map. From Slocumville to Belleville through Allenton is a clear course over a good road, bad in spots; and thence the route skirts along the inlets of the bay direct to Wickford. Wickford station and hotel are some distance off the bicycle route, but it is hardly necessary to stop here, and the rider would better keep on direct to East Greenwich, where a stop can be made for lunch or dinner, with a little under twenty-five miles done for the morning's run. The road from Wickford to East Greenwich is easily followed if you take care to keep to the main road and do not swerve to right or left. It becomes better as you proceed northward as to road-bed and hills. From East Greenwich, the rider follows the shore of Narragansett Bay up to Apponang, and if he happens to run through East Greenwich without stopping for dinner he can find a reasonably good meal at this place, though on the whole East Greenwich is a much more satisfactory spot. Side paths can be used along this part of the road to great advantage at times, though that goes without saying anywhere outside of villages or towns. On entering Apponang the rider turns sharply to the right into the village, and on leaving he keeps on the same road, running eastward, until just before crossing the track. At this point he turns sharply to the left and runs up to Marlors, crossing the railroad there. The road now runs along not far from the track, passing Hillsgrove. Thence the rider should keep straight on to Pawtuxet. On entering the main street turn to the left and pass directly through the town, leaving Elmville on the left, and soon afterwards, perhaps three miles further on, running into the most distant suburbs of Providence. It is some distance to the centre of the city, where the Narragansett House is a good place to stop. Indeed the journey winds about so that it is thirty-seven or thirty-eight miles before you have made the run from Shannock to Providence.

If the rider is one who can easily do seventy or eighty miles in a day he can make a short detour near the beginning of the journey and spend part of the morning at Narragansett Pier. On leaving Kingston, instead of turning sharply to the left at the junction of the roads, go eastward on the Mooresfield road, and take the first right-hand turn. This will carry you to Narragansett Pier in short order, as it is not many miles away. In like manner the main road to Providence may be joined again at Allenton by following the secondary bicycle route designated.

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 to Babylon in No. 814. 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; Fourth Stage in No. 831.



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

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 14.

MOUNTING PRINTS.

As a rule all prints should be trimmed before toning. This is not only economy, but it simplifies the mounting process. Aristo prints can be mounted direct from the ferrotype plate or the ground-glass to which they have been squeegeed to dry. When thoroughly dry, paste the back of a print, lift the corner from the plate with the point of a knife, and peel off the picture. Place the upper edge of the picture on a line with the top of the card, and let the print drop into place. Lay a piece of tissue-paper over the face of the print, and roll the squeegee over it very lightly and evenly, taking care that no air-blisters are left between the print and the card-mount. By mounting aristo prints in this way one avoids getting paste on the face of the picture, and it will retain much of the gloss imparted to it by the ferrotype plate.

Instead of drying the prints before mounting they can be taken from the water one at a time, and placed face down on a pane of glass, or the bottom of the toning tray. After all are placed, absorb as much of the water as possible with a piece of blotting-paper. Apply the paste to the top print, being particular to have the edges well covered. Lift the print and lay it on the card-mount, and rub down with squeegee as directed. When the pictures are dry they can be burnished if desired. Card-mounts come in all sizes, and the beginner usually selects a mount the size of the print to be mounted. Now a picture to look its best should be mounted on a card large enough to show at least an inch margin all round. A 6 x 8 card is a good size for a 4 x 5 print. Plain card-mounts of creamy white or soft gray are much less expensive than the small mounts with gilt or fancy edges, and are much more artistic.

Before mounting a print it is a good idea to lay it on the card and see what best accords with the color. After the prints are mounted write the name of the picture on each. If written on the back, which is usually to be preferred to the face of the print, any item of interest about the picture can be added. Do not mount a print unless it has some claim to merit. An amateur is always being asked to show his pictures, and it does not add to one's reputation as a photographer to exhibit dismal failures and dignify them with the name of pictures. There is no use in perpetuating a failure.

When visitors ask to see your pictures do not bring out every one which you happen to have mounted. A dozen well-taken and well-mounted pictures are more appreciated and more enjoyed than a large collection of which one tires before he gets to the end. Always have a few good pictures reserved for yourself. One so often hears the excuse, "Oh, I haven't any good prints," that it becomes tiresome. Make at least a dozen as fine prints as you can, and keep them for exhibition, adding fresh ones as the old ones become soiled.

CLARA ANDREWS wants to know what is meant by halation. Halation is the term used to denote the spreading of light beyond its proper place on the negative. In photographing an interior where the camera is pointed toward a window the light from the window is reflected from the back of the negative, and makes a sort of halo or fog round the picture of the window. Plates called non-halation plates are now made for the purpose of photographing clouds, windows, lights, etc., without having this fog appear.

E. A. D. asks if there is a way to take a photograph from an engraving, and how it is done. Copying photographs and engravings is very easily done. Place the picture on a board, holding it in place with clamps or letter-clips, and set the board upright. Arrange the camera, and focus on the principal object in the picture. The picture must be at exactly the same angle as the camera. If the camera is exactly horizontal the picture must also be placed in the same position. It is best to take the pictures out-of-doors, as the light is more even than in the house. Expose a little longer than for ordinary landscapes or figures.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

He's got a pretty pinky cheek;
He's fat and fair as Cupid;
But if *I* said things baby says,
They'd think me very stupid.

And yet whene'er he says those things,
For twenty minutes after
The rooms and hallways loud resound
With pop's and mamma's laughter.

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[Pg 1022]

A Jamaica Sky Meeting.

I shall try and tell you about a Jamaica sky meeting, given by the Garrison Gymkhana Club, I went to about a week ago. The drive down there is eight miles, and is very pretty. The hard white road winds along, some of the way, beside a deep, lovely, tropical valley with a narrow musical little river leaping and tumbling among big gray rocks, half the time hidden by the dense green foliage, and then springing out in a silver waterfall. On the other side of the road the tall brown mountains rise up almost straight, with jagged rocks sticking out of them. A little beyond this are broad fields, some planted in sugar-cane, and of a brilliant green, others with tall golden-brown grass sweeping to the foot of the mountains.

As we swing around corners we come upon occasional squads of negro women peasants with the customary baskets of miscellaneous products, fruit and vegetable, on their heads, and some driving donkeys similarly loaded in panniers. They scatter in all directions as our coachman cracks his whip without deigning to slow up. At last we reached our destination and took our places on the grand stand. In front of us was a big square plain. To the left, Long Mountain, while to the right lay the Caribbean, its shores fringed with cocoanut-palms. The centre of the field contained the refreshment tent.

The grand stand now began to fill up, and soon the first race was called. While they were preparing for this we saw about a score of musicians in zouave uniform marching up from the barracks. These constituted the West India band. They were all negroes, and some had brilliant-colored turbans on, and some little caps with tassels. Lots of the Newcastle soldiers were there, and their scarlet coats and white helmets made a vivid bit of color. Officers on horseback galloped about with white and red flags shouting out directions. The zouaves were now in position, and the band-master, who was white, with a uniform to match, and a huge mustache, soon started the music. We watched him with delight as he kept time with his wand, making the delicious gestures that only a band-master can make.

The racers were mostly polo ponies, mostly of thirteen hands. I won two of the races; one on a little gray, and the other on a slender black with a graceful head. We left after the sixth race, while the band played with as much vim as if for the first—"God save the Queen!"

BEATRICE HAWTHORNE.
GORDON TOWN, JAMAICA.

From a Knight in Japan.

In answer to your request, I will try to give you a few ideas about Japan. Japan is an ancient island empire; but after the restoration the empire was entirely governed by the Emperor Mustu-Hito, until he gave to the people a constitution, in 1889. The Emperor is assisted in the government by a Prime Minister, a cabinet, and two houses of Parliament. Tokyo, the capital, is a very beautiful city, one reason being its numerous moats, walls, and stone embankments, on which grow the odd-shaped Japanese pines.

The parks are beautiful and very large, and have many grand old trees hundreds of years old. The population of Tokyo is nearly a million and a half, and it contains a hundred square miles. It is very hot in summer and very cold in winter. Our rainy season is in summer, while our dry season is in winter. We rarely have more than two or three light snow-storms a winter.

The persimmon and orange are natives of Japan, while there are grapes and figs in plenty, plums, strawberries in season, a few apples, and tasteless pears. Yokohama is the principal seaport, and has 100,000 inhabitants. It looks very much like a foreign city except for the tile roofs. The streets of all the cities of Japan are macadamized and beautifully clean. Yokohama contains 5000 foreigners, 200 only of which are Americans. The people of Japan are so exceedingly polite and courteous that they rival the French in that respect, they are very industrious, and, as the late war has proved, are patriotic and brave. I suppose you are all as glad as I am that Japan has been victorious, as I think that Americans take the side of the Japanese. I have lived here six years, but was born in San Francisco and lived there seven years.

CHARLES H. THORN, R.T.K.
TOKYO, JAPAN.

Query for the Natural History Society.

Does any botanical member know the modern classification (whether as animal or vegetable) of the Tremella (*Conferva gelatinosa*), a green water-plant? It forms in stagnant pools, and consists of a number of filaments interwoven through each other. According to the description, if one of these is moistened and placed under a microscope, the extremities rise and fall alternately, and move to the right or to the left, twisting in various directions. Sometimes it forms itself into an oval or irregular curve. If two are placed side by side, they become twisted together by a peculiar motion. If we are to believe the author, the plant has the nine lives of a cat, for if a filament or mass of tremella is dried and laid away for several months it will, on being moistened, revive and multiply as before.

The plant was also known under the names of *Omnium tenerrima et minima* and *Aquarium limo innascens*. Can any member give me further information on this subject?

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE, R.T.F.

Prizes for Entertainment Programmes.

Two prizes of \$10 each will be given by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for the best programme for evening entertainments. Of course the programmes must be new. The performance should consume at least one hour, and be open to both sexes, any age, and from four to an unlimited number of people. Use your ingenuity, and devise something funny and interesting. Write the particulars of it in full, and mail them to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York, not later than December 15, 1895. Competition is open to everybody.

A full list of all prizes will be sent to all who ask for it.

Prizes for Music Compositions.

Four prizes are offered by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for music compositions, competition open to everybody. The two first prizes are \$5 each, in money; the two second, fifty engraved visiting-cards, winners' names, with copper plate for future use. Compositions must be plainly written on music paper, and forwarded not later than December 15, 1895.

The following, "A Thanksgiving Song," requires a hymn composition, with the four parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Here is the first verse:

"For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat.
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,
O Father in heaven, our songs rise to Thee."

The other one requires the soprano, or tune, and piano accompaniment. Here is the first verse:

"We have an echo in our house,
An echo three years old,
With dimpled cheeks and wistful eyes,
And hair of sunny gold."

The concluding verses of both these poems will be found in *Little Knights and Ladies*, by Margaret E. Sangster. Verses here given are sufficient for this competition, but those who may want the concluding verses can procure the book from any bookseller; price, \$1. Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS are the publishers, and will send the volume, postpaid, on receipt of the price. Put your name and address on the back of the competition, and say whether you are over or under eighteen years of age. There are no other conditions.

Kinks.

No. 106.—A STUDY IN FLOWERS.

Tell me the name of the fatherly flower (1),
And of that which expresses permission, not power (2),
Of the flower you'd wish, had you broken your arm (3),
Of the one coming fresh from the dairy and farm (4),
Of the church-going flower, in gorgeous attire (5),
And the plant you may use if the cow runs drier (6);
The darling Billy (7), and the reverend John (8),
The grass beloved by every one (9),
The flower that bids you for money to wed (10),
And that which you often put on your head (11),
The flower composed entirely of hair (12),
And that both a dude and a beast somewhat rare (13),
The dark-eyed maid (14), and the tattered tar (15),
The pilgrim of Israel come from afar (16),
The plant full of money (17), and that full of legs (18),
The one for which many a poor beggar begs (19),
The flower pretending to be a large stone (20),
And those worn by a man who lives all alone (21).
What flowers are for kissing considered the best (22)?
And which doth a dear darky mammy suggest (23)?
Which does old Reynard wear on his paw (24)?
And what does a lady oft place on the floor (25)?
In what flower are various vegetables planted (26)?
And what weed is by fishermen oftentimes wanted (27)?
In what flower do many animals go (28)?
And which did the old Indian cast at his foe (29)?

Where is the Richest Gold-Mine?

The Black Hills are in the western part of South Dakota, and they extend a little distance into Wyoming. The largest gold-mines in the world are up in Lead City, a small town about four miles from here. Silver is also found in some places. There are some high rocks here in this city called "White Rocks," because they are of a white color. When visitors come and learn the height (6000 feet), they are filled with a desire to climb them. People often give up other trips to have a climb up the highest rock. Even invalids attempt the journey. You pass the cemetery about half-way up.

We have firemen's tournaments here about once a year. At these, firemen take the hose-carts (we don't have fire-engines here, for our water-tank is up on a high hill), and run races with other towns, the prizes being money, of course. The tournaments usually last two or three days. They have coupling contests, too, where they see who can get water first, and have nozzle on far enough to hold the strain of the water. This is called the "novelty coupling contest." The plain coupling contest is without water. They have to "break hose," which means to detach the nozzle from one end of the hose and attach the nozzle to the other end.

ETHEL VAN CISE.
DEADWOOD, S. D.

The Helping Hand.

There have been a number of contributions to the Fund since our last acknowledgment. The amounts have been small, but every little helps. Here are names of contributors to date—two weeks in advance of the date of this issue:

Dorothy and Pinneo, 5 cents; Victor R. Gage, \$3; W. Stowell Wooster, 10 cents; George Tempel, 10 cents; William W. Mursick, 10 cents; Rose, Louise, and Mrs. P. B. Levy, Mignonette Karelson, Hattie M. Reidell, and Johanna Girvins, \$1; Edwin J. Roberts, 10 cents; Christine, Ada, and Harry Norris, 30 cents; Paul Barnhart, 10 cents; Ursula Minor, \$5; Vincent V. M. Beede, 10 cents; Eileen M. Weldon, 10 cents; Florence E. Cowan, 10 cents; Maud I. Wigfield, 10 cents; Jessie Alexander, \$1; Kate Sanborn, 10 cents; Two Friends, 30 cents; Allie and Julia Russell, 20 cents; Thacher H. Guild, 10 cents; Frederick G. Clapp, 10 cents; a member, 10 cents; the Winship family, 50 cents; Mary D. and Belle A. Tarr, 20 cents; Erwin F. Wilson, 10 cents; Charles E. Abbey, 10 cents; Tom R. Robinson, 10 cents; Chauncey T. Driscoll, \$1; John C. Failing, 10 cents; Tracy French, 10 cents; J. Crispia Bebb, 25 cents; Christina R. Horton, 25 cents; Adella Hooper, 10 cents; John H. Campbell, Jun., 10 cents; Lyle, Frances, and H. W. Selby, \$1; Evelyn, Marianne, and Lyle Tate, \$1; Helen F. Little, 10 cents; Nellie Hazeltine, 25 cents; and Addie Brown, 25 cents. Total, \$17.65.

[Pg 1023]



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.



1840.

Several correspondents have asked me about plate numbers on English stamps, and also the meaning of the letters in the corners of the same stamps. First, as to plate numbers. For many years the plate numbers on English adhesive stamps were printed on the margin only, hence they were cut off the imperforated sheets, and torn off the perforated sheets, and are as scarce to-day as the early U.S. numbers. By reference to the one shilling, 1865, illustrated below, the figure 1 is found on either side of the portrait. This signifies that the stamp has been printed on plate No. 1 of the one shilling. Of the higher values few plates were required, but of the one-penny stamp about 150 plates were necessary. I hope to give in an early number of the ROUND TABLE a fairly complete list of the English one-penny stamp varieties, as



1855.

now collected in England. It will be very interesting to see how scientific stamp-collecting has become.

As to the letters in the angles. The one penny and twopenny English issued in 1840 had letters in the lower corners only, the fourpenny, sixpenny, and one shilling had no letters. In 1865 all the stamps were issued with letters in all four corners. The lower values were printed in sheets of 240 stamps, the first stamp bearing the letters A B in the upper corners, the next A C, the next A D, etc. In the lower corners the letters were reversed; thus a stamp marked F D in the upper corners



1862.

was marked D F in the lower corners. In the rooms of the Philatelic Society, New York, complete sheets of the one-penny English stamp are to be seen, each plate made up of 240 separate stamps. The labor involved in making up these sheets was enormous, necessitating the examination of many thousands of stamps.

B. MAGELSEN.—I hope shortly to print an article on one of the stamps of Great Britain, which will give a fair answer to your questions.



1865.

PHILATUS.

IVORY SOAP

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At all grocery stores east of the Rocky Mountains two sizes of Ivory Soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more convenient and economical for laundry and general household use. If your Grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

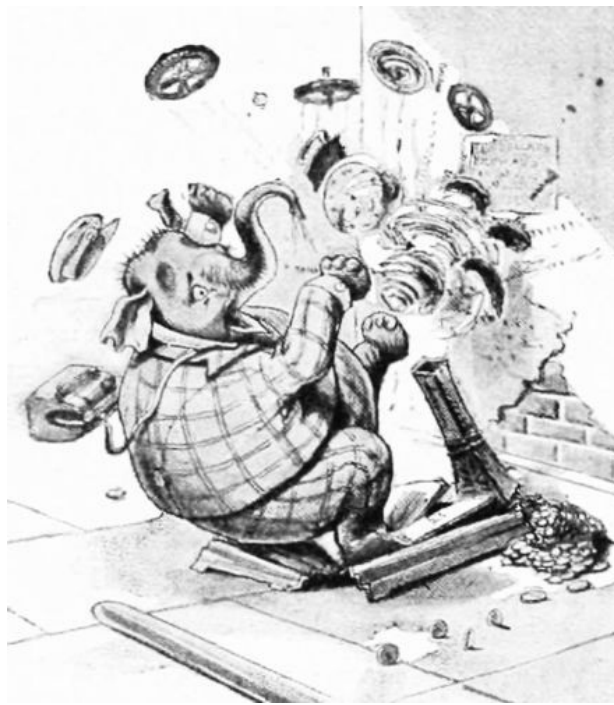
A VERY UNSATISFACTORY WEIGH



The baby elephant on returning from his outing desires to learn how much he has gained in weight.



The index of the machine revolves so rapidly, owing to the unusual strain, that he is unable to keep satisfactory tally, and



The mechanism becomes so heated as to cause the machine to burst,



Which leads to his being suspected of an attempt to loot it.

UNDER HEAVY EXPENSE.

"I get an allowance now of twenty-five cents a week," said Jimmieboy.

"Good! Do you save it?" said the visitor.

"No," said Jimmieboy. "I pay it out in fines for being naughty."

ILL LUCK.

"I'm always having bad luck," said little Reuben. "Now just because I knew all my lessons by heart to-day, the teacher went and got sick, and wouldn't hear them."

CERTITUDE.

When I hang up the racket,
The paddle, and bat,
When my red Tam o' Shanter
Supplants my straw hat;
When the cranberry's ripe and
The turkey is fat,
Thanksgiving is coming,
I'm certain of that!

WALTER. "Papa, how do you pronounce W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r?"

PAPA. "Wooster."

WALTER. "Well, if Worcester is pronounced Wooster, why isn't Rochester pronounced Rooster?"

NOT PLEASANT.

I'm glad I'm not a Hollander;
I shouldn't like it much
To have to learn when I would speak
To say it all in Dutch.

ANECDOTES OF THE ABSENT-MINDED.

Another "absent-minded man" item has been received. This one refers to Ampère, the famous mathematician, who was noted for his absent-mindedness. On one occasion, it is stated that while walking along the street he mistook the back of a cab for a blackboard, and as a blackboard was just the thing he needed at the time, to solve a problem which had been vexing his mind for some moments during his walk, he made use of it. Taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket he proceeded to trace out a number of algebraical formulas on the cab's back, and followed the moving "board" for the space of a quarter of an hour without noticing the progress of the conveyance. As to whether the cabman charged him by the course or by the hour, or even at all, the item does not inform us.

From the same source we have the following item: They have a good joke just at present on a well-known lawyer who is noted for his absent-mindedness. He went up his own stairs the other day, and seeing a notice on his own door, "Back at two," sat down to wait for himself.

TEACHER. "Can any one explain how the earth is divided?"

WILLIE (*with very important air*). "Between them that's got it and them that would like to have it."

"No, Willie dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

FRED. "What does the grocer do with the things he sells?"

BEN. "Ties them up."

FRED. "No; gives them a *weigh*."

THE ICE CART

I love to drink a glass of milk,
Or cider from the flagon,
But best of all I like to munch
Cracked ice behind the wagon.

TEACHER (*to class in geography*). "Can any one tell me the principal products of the Sandwich Islands?"

JOHNNIE (*confidently*). "Sandwiches."

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] One tied.
- [2] One tied.
- [3] Two tied.
- [4] One tied.
- [5] One tied.
- [6] Forfeited.
- [7] Two tied.
- [8] Forfeited.
- [9] Two tied.
- [10] Two tied.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, OCTOBER 8, 1895 ***

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