Title: Harper's Round Table, October 15, 1895

Author: Various

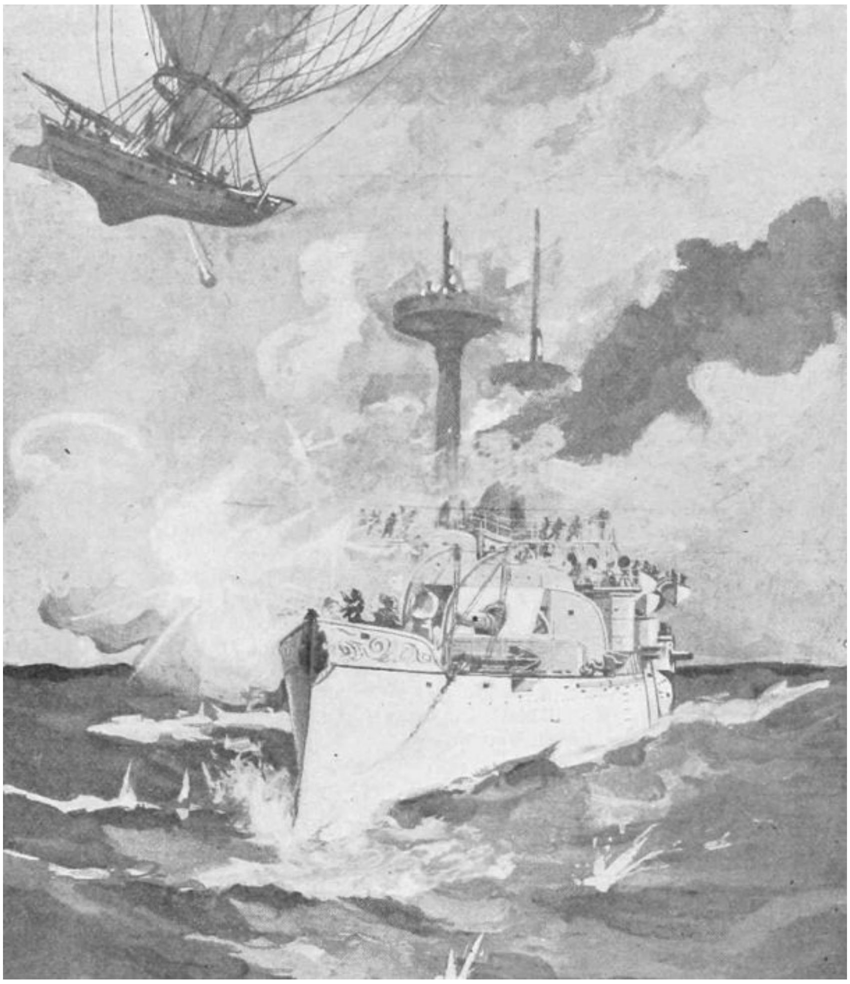
Release Date: July 15, 2010 [EBook #33169]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie McGuire

HARRY BORDEN'S NAVAL MONSTER.
THE BILBERRY SCHOOL EXHIBITION.
SEA RANGERS.
OAKLEIGH.
WATER LIFE AROUND NEW YORK.
A FREE ENTERTAINMENT IN THE SAHARA.
KENNIBOY'S CIRCUS.
JOAN OF ARC.
INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT
STAMPS
BICYCLING
THE CAMERA CLUB
THE PUDDING STICK

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. | NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1895. | FIVE CENTS A COPY.
VOL. XVI.—NO. 833. | | TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HARRY BORDEN'S NAVAL MONSTER.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in June, 1927. The war between Venezuela and England had been in progress just three weeks, and every one was wondering why the big monarchy had not whipped the little republic off the face of the earth. But the resources of the South American country had been underestimated, and so had the immense difficulties which confronted England in her endeavor to carry on an offensive war at an almost inaccessible distance from her most trustworthy sources of supplies, and in a climate which was formidable to her men. She had succeeded in landing a small force of trained soldiers, fresh from her latest campaign against the Ameer of Afghanistan, who had set up a new boundary-line beyond Herat, and was consequently in hot water with both England and Russia.

These trained Indian curry-eaters had penetrated a vast forest in the interior and had never come out, and it was currently reported that half of them had perished in a swamp, and the other half had been destroyed by fevers and cobras. A strong fleet, under command of Vice-Admiral Sir Wallace Bruce, had been scattered [Pg 1026] by adverse winds, and two of the ships had fallen in with powerful Venezuelan armor-clads, and had been most impertinently sent to the bottom. Others had sunk three Venezuelan war-ships, but the little republic had three better ones afloat inside of a week, and experts said that they looked very French.

The war had broken out over England's high-handed occupation of an insignificant island off the Venezuelan coast. The Venezuelans had been amazed by the proceeding, but the Marquis of Wintergreen, the Foreign Secretary, had at once declared that the island had been conquered and attached to England by Sir Francis Drake in the course of his first voyage to the West Indies. As Mr. Froude and other English historians had proved that Drake was little better than a pirate, this made every one laugh, except the Venezuelans, who said they were going to fight; and they did. As soon as war was declared, President Roosevelt, of the United States, on the advice of Secretary of State George B. McClellan, Jun., called an extra session of Congress, and the legislative halls at Washington so rang with patriotic speeches about the Monroe Doctrine that the New York *Sun* got out extras every two hours, day and night, and had illuminated bulletins covering the entire front of the building. Congress at length declared that the United States must act as an ally of Venezuela, whereupon the *Sun* printed itself in red, white, and blue, and the *World* despatched correspondents by special balloon to South America. The President ordered the entire National Guard into the service of the United States, and the various regiments at once repaired to their camps of instruction and began field drills. It was expected that they would be fully equipped and prepared for service at the front in about two months. The naval militia was also ordered out, and immediately began a series of cruises alongshore in open boats, landing and sending signals in every direction every four hours. The officers clamored for coast-defense vessels to man, but there were only four such ships, and they were all in dry docks undergoing repairs that would take three months to complete. The Secretary of the Navy issued orders to Rear-Admiral Ward to get the North and South Atlantic squadrons to the Venezuelan coast as quickly as possible, and the Rear-Admiral answered that he would be ready to sail by the end of August.

As soon as the action of Congress had been taken, Harry Borden, of Tickle River, went by express train to Washington. In the obscure sea-coast village of Tickle River Harry was called a genius, and it was said that he had invented things which would be worth millions to the government in such an emergency as that which had now arisen. It was to lay before the Secretary of War one of these inventions that the young man had gone to the capital. He had exhibited a small working model of his contrivance to several wealthy men of his native State, and they had forthwith invested enough money in it to enable the young inventor to build a full-fledged machine, and to go to see the Secretary about its employment in the impending conflict. Harry Borden was a good talker, but he could not talk the government of the United States into prompt action.

"My dear young friend," said the Secretary, "I am sure that your invention will prove of inestimable value to the United States in time of war."

"It's the time of war now, isn't it?" said Harry.

"Yes, yes, to be sure; but this is a matter which must be laid before Congress, and a bill must be introduced regarding it. I should advise you to see the Congressman from your district about that. I will give you a letter to him saving that I heartily approve of your machine."

"But, sir, while all this is going on we are losing valuable time. My machine ought to be down there damaging the enemy."

"Really, my dear young friend, you must allow things to take their course."

"Why can't you give me permission to go ahead on my own hook?"

"Embark in private warfare? Privateering is out of date, my young friend. But, ah—um—I may say that—ah—if you should go down there and succeed in inflicting serious damage on the British fleet, I think—mind, I say only that I think—the government would ignore the irregularity of the proceeding."

"That's enough for me," said Harry, springing to his feet. "If my backers will consent, I'll be there in less than a week; and, mark my word, sir, you'll hear of my machine down there, sir."

And before the astonished Secretary could say more, Harry Borden had bounded from the room.

The British cruiser *Ajax III.* was steaming at a speed of ten knots through the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. She had been carrying certain despatches of grave importance from Vice-Admiral Sir Wallace Bruce to the Governor of Jamaica, and was now returning in a leisurely manner, which told of economy in the coal department. The *Ajax III.* was an armored cruiser of about 6000 tons. She carried armor eight inches thick on her sides, and had a steel protective deck four inches thick. Her main battery consisted of four improved Smith-Dodge-Hopkins 8-inch rapid-firing breech-loaders, capable of discharging four of the new steel-iridium conical projectiles every minute, with a point-blank range of two miles, and an initial velocity of 3000 feet per second. Her secondary battery consisted of six 4-inch revolving guns, discharging seventy shells a minute when operated by electricity. The cruiser had the new compound quintuple engines, capable of driving her twenty-six knots an hour under forced draught. On the whole, she was regarded as a fairly efficient vessel, though some of the leading British critics declared that she belonged to a type that was fast becoming obsolete.

She was moving gently and steadily through the water. The sun was shining brightly, and his gleaming rays made sparkling light along the cruiser's polished brass-work and on the brown chases of her long slender guns. Captain Dudley Fawkes was pacing the after-bridge in conversation with his Executive Officer, Commander Bilton-Brooks, and Lieutenant Sir Edward Avon was the officer of the watch on the main bridge.

"I don't believe," said Captain Fawkes, "that the United States means seriously to take a hand in this light."

"I don't know about that," responded Commander Bilton-Brooks. "Congress has taken action, and the President has called out troops."

"True enough," rejoined the Captain, "but that does not necessarily mean anything. You know the navy must be the aggressive force, and we have yet to see an American ship afloat in these waters."

"That is quite true," said the Executive Officer; "yet, for the life of me, I can't help feeling that there is mischief of some sort in the air."

The Executive Officer's words were more nearly correct than even he suspected, for at that very instant the two lookouts in the foretop were puzzling their eyes and brains to make out a strange object which had appeared on the lee beam. While they were watching it, it dropped from the air, where it had seemed to be floating, and rested on the bosom of the sea, where it presently resolved itself into a cutter-yacht some sixty feet in length.

"It were a bloomin' mirage, Bill," said one lookout to the other, as he lifted his voice and bawled, "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" came the quick demand from the bridge.

"On our lee beam, sir," answered the man. "Looks like a cutter-yacht, sir."

Now in the year 1927 a cutter-yacht was something of a curiosity, for electricity had supplanted sail-power for small craft, and vessels propelled by canvas were rare indeed. The cutter-yacht seen from the decks of the *Ajax III.* was on the port tack, close hauled and heading so as to intercept the cruiser's course, provided she had speed enough, which was wholly unlikely. She was under full canvas, and though the breeze was very light, she slipped through the smooth water at an amazing speed. This fact dawned on the minds of the Captain and his Executive Officer at the same time. [Pg 1027]

"She must have an auxiliary electric screw," said Commander Bilton-Brooks.

"I fancy so," said the Captain. "Owned by some fellow who likes to think he's sailing, but has no patience with light breezes. It's rather curious, though, that he should be cruising in these waters at a time like this, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," answered the Executive Officer. "I don't see any flag—do you, sir?"

"No. I rather fancy I shall have to overhaul this yacht, and make her skipper give an account of her. There's a mysterious air about her that I don't half like."

But it was a good deal easier to talk about overhauling the cutter than it was to do it. The yacht's sails, which were made of some extremely light material, like Chinese silk in appearance, were drawing powerfully, and her electric motor—if it really was electric—was doing astounding work. The yacht flashed through the water like some great fish, and so fine were her lines that she left hardly a bubble in her wake. The Captain of the *Ajax III.* gave orders to increase the speed of the cruiser, and presently the quick throbbing of her engines and the vibrations of her hull told that she was tearing across the long swells at a 25-knot speed. But still the cutter-yacht flew along, and it was evident that she would pass across the cruiser's bow if both held their courses.

"We must stop her lively skipping," said Captain Dudley Fawkes, and he gave orders to sound the call to quarters. The bugle rang out, and the hearty British tars jumped to their stations.

"Cast loose and provide!" ordered Commander Bilton-Brooks.

The ammunition hoists slipped noiselessly upward bearing the steel-iridium shells for the 8-inch guns, and the electric chains hauled up the 70-pounders for the secondary battery. In forty-five seconds the ship was ready to fight, and the order was given to train all forward guns on the cutter and stand by for orders. Then the Captain and his Executive Officer turned their glasses once more on the cutter.

"What on earth is she up to now?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Taking in sail—and spars, too!" cried Commander Bilton-Brooks.

It was true. Not only had the strange cutter let all her thin sails run down, but she seemed to have folded up her mast, boom, gaff, and bowsprit in some strange way and stowed them out of sight.

"Has she shown any flag yet?" asked the Captain.

"None that I have seen," answered the Executive Officer.

"Then I'll wager a month's pay that she's some Yankee invention," declared Captain Dudley Fawkes.

"What in the world are they doing now?" said the Executive Officer.

A strange misshapen mass was rising above the bulwarks of the cutter with surprising swiftness.

"It's a balloon!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Hadn't we better open fire on her?" asked the Executive Officer.

"Not yet. I think we'd better get close enough to hail her first," answered the Captain. "She may not be anything more than a pleasure craft, you know."

The balloon was inflated by this time, and was tugging at the heavy steel hawsers by which it was attached to the cutter's hull. A cry of surprise broke from the crew of the British cruiser.

"Look! look! She's going up!"

The great balloon, inflated with the newly discovered gas, mercurite, the lightest and most powerful of all known gases, was lifting the cutter bodily into the air. Her curiously shaped hull, modelled after a shark's body, and equipped with a fin-keel for sailing on the wind, was now fully revealed. At the same instant a United States ensign was waved over her stern by a young man.

"Mr. Cortis," called the Captain, who had not thought it necessary yet to enter the conning-tower, "give him a taste of your metal."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the Lieutenant in command of the forward 8-inch guns.

The next instant there was a terrific concussion, and one of the big shells went screaming toward the cutter: but she was rising so fast that the projectile passed under her, and plunged foaming into the sea a mile away.

"More elevation, sir," cried the Executive Officer.

"Impossible!" answered Lieutenant Cortis: "we're too close to her, and the angle is too high."

"Look at her now!" exclaimed the Captain. "She's rushing toward us!"

"Sailing against the wind with a balloon!" cried Commander Bilton-Brooks.

The shark-bodied cutter, with her fin-keel below and her balloon above, was indeed now moving toward a position above the cruiser.

"Call away the riflemen!" cried the Captain.

The red-coated marines assembled on the superstructures, and began a rapid fire at the balloon, hoping to burst it. But their bullets simply glanced off the fine steel netting with which it was protected. Now the head of the young man once again appeared above the bulwarks of the strange machine, and he took a rapid glance at the British ship. The next instant a small port in the cutter's side opened, and from it dropped a glass globe about half the size of a football. The globe fell upon the forward deck of the cruiser. There was an appalling explosion, and the whole forecastle of the *Ajax III.* became a hopeless wreck. Another globe was hurled with such fatal accuracy that it fell down one of the smoke-stacks of the now helpless vessel. There was a roar as of thunder away down in her engine-room, and pale-faced men poured on deck.

"We're sinking! The ship's bottom is blown out!" they cried. There was a wild rush to lower away the boats. A few minutes later the *Ajax III.* sank out of sight under the fine waters of the Caribbean Sea, and Harry Borden, with his balloon stowed and his canvas spread again, was sailing away with a few survivors of the ill-fated cruiser in his strange invention in search of more British cruisers. A month later the war was over.

THE BILBERRY SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Simpsy Judkins was to "speak a piece," and Viola Treddick to read an original composition; there was to be a glee sung by picked voices from the first class—it was all about the deep blue sky, and "the sky, the sky, the sky," was repeated in a very thrilling and effective manner; and Tom Burtis was to display his powers as a lightning calculator. The exhibition was to be given in the new Town-hall, and not only would all Bilberry be there, but a crowd of people from the adjacent towns as well, to say nothing of teachers and pupils from the Normal School at Cocheco; for the Bilberry Hill School exhibitions had acquired a reputation.

In the Treddick family the girls had been obliged to take the family burden upon their shoulders. When Father Treddick died, somewhat less than a month after Mother Treddick, turning his face to the wall, and saying that she had been his backbone and his underpinning and he couldn't live without her (it sometimes happens that way in spite of Mother Nature), the rocks still had the upper hands on the little farm, and Amasa, the only boy, was but eleven. Lizette, who was fifteen, went to work in the stocking factory. Every one thought it was a pity, because Lizette was fond of books and had meant to be a teacher; she was slight and delicate, too, and work in the stocking factory was hard. But Lizette believed in doing "not what ye would, but what you may," with just as good a will as if it were the former. Some people said she had taken warning by her father's example; he had always been trying to invent something in his queer little workshop that was the wood-shed chamber; that was why the rocks had not been gotten out of the farm.

It was Viola who was now spoken of as a remarkably fine scholar, just as Lizette had been before she went into the factory; she was not yet sixteen, but she hoped to get the Pine Bank School to teach in September. There were several other candidates, all older than she, but Viola was at the head of her class, and that [Pg 1028] original composition which she was to read at the exhibition was expected to make an impression upon the committee-men. The teacher had said to several people that it was really a remarkable production for a girl of Viola's age, and they thought a great deal of literary gifts in Bilberry.

Lizette was very proud of Viola, and so, indeed, was Amasa, who was fourteen now, but whose name was not on the programme at all. To tell the painful truth at once, although Amasa keenly felt the especial need there was that he should be "smart," although he tried his best to be the man of the family in a satisfactory sense, yet he was at the very foot of his class; fractions floored him, and he had a hazy idea that Timbuctoo was out West, and that Captain John Smith discovered America. When it came to chopping wood, Amasa was pretty sure to cut his toe, and if he went fishing he tumbled into the pond. And he couldn't get "jobs," like Cosy Pringle, the boy in the next house, who had money in the bank.

Cosy Pringle boasted that he always "came out top of the heap"; but some people thought he was too "smart."

When the exhibition day came, although Simpsy Judkins had been announced to "speak a piece," it was Cosy Pringle who spoke it; there was a report that he had hired Simpsy to have a sore throat. Simpsy had oratorical gifts, but he did not feel the advantages of appearing in public and having his name in the paper, as Cosy did. Cosy held the second rank in declamation, so Simpsy's sore throat gave him an opportunity to be heard. He wasn't second in his class; he came sympathizingly near to Amasa there; but he had carefully weighed opinions—which he sometimes confided to Amasa—concerning the amount of study that "paid."

Mother Nature provided one of her loveliest days, as she is apt to do for school exhibitions in June. The girls, in fleecy muslin clouds, were so much in evidence that the boys, in the background, were only a little hampered by the embarrassment of full dress. Cosy Pringle wasn't hampered at all; he wore his grandfather's large gold chain and his sister Amanda's moonstone ring, and felt that he ought to attract as much attention as the girls.

Cosy's voice was a little thin and sharp, but he recited one of Macaulay's lays with a great deal of "r-r-rolling drum" very well indeed, having been thoroughly coached by his sister Amanda and the young minister to whom Amanda was going to be married.

But beyond a little mild clapping, the recitation received no attention whatever, while Viola Treddick's composition was, as the Bilberry *Beacon* reported, received with the greatest enthusiasm. It was on "School-girl Friendships," and there was some real fun in it; and once in a while it was pathetic, or, at all events, the audience laughed and cried, and they couldn't really do that, as Cosy averred they did, because they liked Viola. It closed with a verse of original poetry, and Bilberry began to feel sure that a great poet was to arise in its midst.

Lizette stopped and hugged Amasa behind a juniper-tree on the way home from the exhibition. Viola had staid to a spread that was given to the pupils and their friends; Lizette had to hurry back to her work in the factory; and Amasa had felt that he did not shine in society. Amasa could not remember ever to have seen Lizette cry for joy before; she was not one of the crying kind, anyway.

"She'll have a chance! Viola will have a chance! She'll get the Pine Bank School," she said, rapturously. "I've been so afraid she would have to go into the factory."

Amasa realized suddenly how hard life was for Lizette. Her delicate hands were calloused and knobby, and her shoulders bent; she looked wistfully at the library books, and never had time to read; she knew that she wasn't strong, and she was anxious about their future—Viola's and his.

It was the very next night, as Amasa was going to bed, that Cosy Pringle came under his window and called to him. Amasa went down and unfastened the door, and Cosy followed him up stairs.

He seemed excited and nervous, and kept saying "'Sh!" though there was no one stirring in the house. But it was like Cosy to have some mysterious scheme on foot. Amasa thought that he had at last discovered how Pember Tibbetts made his musk-rat traps, or guessed the conundrum in the *County Clarion*, for which intellectual feat a prize of five dollars was offered. Or perhaps he had secured the job of weeding Mr. Luke Mellon's onion bed and hoeing his string-beans; last year he was paid three dollars for the job, and hired Amasa to do the work for seventy-five cents. Amasa stoutly resolved not to be the victim of Cosy's sharp business methods this year.

But Cosy's shrewd gray eyes had a twinkle that meant more than onion-weeding or any "jobs."

"That was an awful nice composition that your sister wrote," he said, in an easy, complimentary manner.

Amasa nodded, brightening; it was more like Cosy to make a fellow feel small about his sisters and all his possessions.

"Folks are saying that she'll get the Pine Bank School, if Elkanah Rice, that's school committee, *does* want it for his niece. A good thing, too, for Lizette is pretty well worn out taking care of you all." Cosy wagged his head with great solemnity. "Aunt Lucretia said she shouldn't be surprised if she got consumptive, like her mother, if she worked too hard."

Amasa's heart seemed to stop beating, and a choking lump came into his throat.

"But Viola'll get the school fast enough," continued Cosy, "if—if folks don't find out that she copied the composition."

"Copied the composition!" Amasa's brows came together in a fierce scowl, and he arose from the side of the bed where he was sitting, and advanced upon Cosy with a threatening gesture.

"Now just look here before you go to making a turkey-cock of yourself," said Cosy, drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "I happened to go down to Gilead this afternoon to swap roosters with Uncle Hiram—made him throw in a pullet and a watering-pot because my rooster had a bigger top-knot than his. There was a pile of newspapers in the wood-shed, and I went to get one to wrap up some things that Aunt M'lissy was sendin' to mother, and I came across this. 'School-girl Friendships' caught my eye. See! it's signed 'Lilla Carryl.' Aunt M'lissy said she believed 'twas a girl over to Gilead Ridge. That paper is two years old now, and Gilead being ten miles away, I suppose Viola thought nobody would ever find her out!"

"She never did such a thing! Don't you dare say she did!" cried Amasa, hoarsely.

But there it was in black and white; there it was word for word. Amasa knew every word of Viola's composition, he had been so proud of it. Cosy whistled softly, with his hands in his pockets, as Amasa ran his eye over "School-girl Friendships."

"There's some mistake," faltered Amasa. "Viola is the honestest girl."

Cosy's whistling ended in a sharp, expressive, little crescendo squeak. "There's no telling what girls will do," he said, sagely. "When folks know it, why, Elkanah Rice's niece will be pretty apt to get the Pine Bank School, and I'm kind of 'fraid Viola'll have to take a back seat altogether. It'll come hard on Lizette."

Cosy folded the Gilead *Gleaner*, and thrust it firmly and impressively into his pocket. Amasa had been acquainted with Cosy Pringle since they were both in long clothes, and he understood that that paper had its price. If he could pay the price, why, even Lizette need never know!

"I suppose it's my duty to show this paper," said Cosy, with an air of unflinching virtue, "but still, amongst old friends, and if you'll do a little good turn for me that you can do as well as not, why, I'll just chuck the paper into the fire, and agree not to tell anybody, and we'll call it square. I ain't a mean feller."

Amasa's heart thrilled with hope. What was the good turn that he would not do for Cosy on those terms? He thought of his fan-tailed pigeons, and of his dog Trip on whom Cosy had always had his eye because he could do so many tricks; it would be an awful wrench to part with Trip, but to save Viola from disgrace he [Pg 1029]
would not hesitate.

"I only want to go into your wood-shed chamber for a few minutes. There's—there's something there that I want to see. If you'll let me, why, nobody shall ever know about Viola's cheating."

"It's father's old workshop; there's nothing there," Amasa said. "Nobody ever goes near it but Lizette."

Cosy hesitated a little, then he decided that it would be as well to be more frank; Amasa was so stupid. "She's up to something, Lizette is," he said, in an impressive whisper. "I've seen a light burning in that workshop half the night! She's trying to make an improvement on the knitting-machine that they use in the factory. Of course she can't do it—a girl!—but you'd better look out or it will kill her, just as it killed your father. How do I know what she's doing? She told Emily Norcross"—Emily Norcross was the daughter of the owner of the factory—"and Emily told Thad. Thad and I been trying too. We've got things fixed now so'st we expect to get a patent. What I want to see is whether she's got anything that's likely to interfere with us; of course she hasn't really, but then girls think they can."

Amasa felt desperately that this was too great a problem to suddenly confront a fellow like him whom every one knew to be stupid. It seemed a trifle, but Cosy Pringle would want nothing but a good bargain. Still, there was no other way; disgrace to Viola would mean heart-break to Lizette.

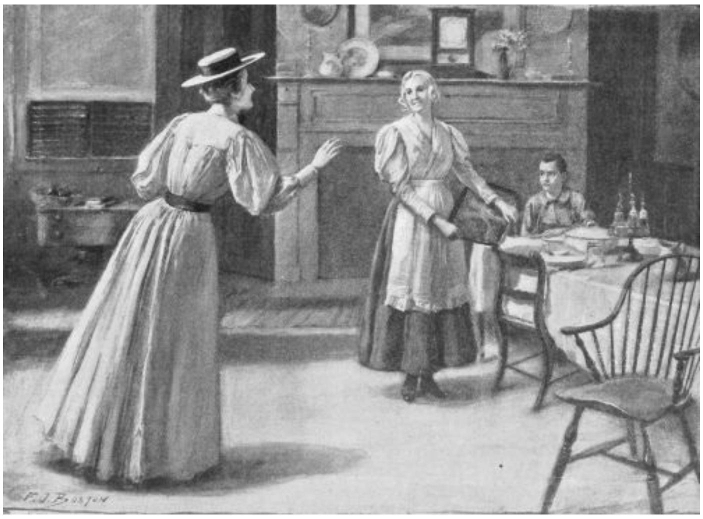
"Give me the paper," he said, gruffly, and thrusting it into his pocket, he led the way softly through the corridor to the wood-shed chamber.

Cosy was breathlessly eager over some queer bits of machinery which Amasa could not understand. He staid but a few minutes, as he had promised, but he stammered with excitement when he went away.

Amasa spent three miserable days, filling the wood-box so assiduously that Viola asked him if he thought she was going to bake for the County Conference, and hoeing the string-beans, until Lizette was tenderly sure that his back ached, and advised him to go fishing.

But a boy may have troubles of the mind which even fishing cannot cure.

Lizette came home from her work with a radiant face on the third day. "Amasa, how came you to let Cosy Pringle go into the workshop?" she exclaimed. "But I can't scold you, it has turned out so beautifully! I have been trying a little invention—oh, for a long time! I never thought it could really succeed!" Lizette looked as fresh and bright as if all the work and care had been a dream. "Cosy saw it and told Thad Norcross. It seems he and Thad had been trying to do the same sort of thing—mere boys' play, of course—and Thad told his father. Mr. Norcross will help me to get



"VIOLA! AMASA! HE SAYS IT MAY BE WORTH A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY!"

a patent! Viola! Amasa! He says it may be worth a great deal of money!"

Lizette and Viola were crying for joy; but Amasa could think only of the horror of Viola's disgrace, for now, of course, Cosy Pringle would tell.

"You won't think anything now of my little triumph," said Viola, when they had calmed down a little and sat down to supper. "'School-girl Friendships' is to be published in full in the Bilberry *Beacon* next Saturday, with my own name signed it—not Lilla Carryl, as I signed it two years ago, when I sent it to the Gilead *Gleaner*. Oh, what a flutter I was in then! and I never dared to let a soul know it! The editor of the *Beacon* made me write a foot-note, telling all about it."

"I'm an awful jackass," said Amasa, his voice gruff with joy and shame.

"You're the dearest boy in the world," said Lizette. "But I don't want you to associate with Cosy Pringle." [Pg 1030]

SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

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

CHAPTER V.

OVERBOARD GO THE RANGERS.

"Great Scott! Cal's overboard!" cried Will Rogers, as he caught a twinkling glimpse of a pair of rubber-boots disappearing over the sloop's bow. With the young Captain of the Rangers to think was also to act. Thus, even as he spoke he tore off his jacket, sprang to the vessel's side, and dove into the shining waters. He knew that Cal could swim a little, under ordinary circumstances, but he dreaded the dragging weight of those rubber boots, and also feared that the boy might be struck and injured by the vessel as she passed over him.

Apparently every other Ranger on board thought the same thoughts, and was actuated by the belief that it was his duty to rescue Cal Moody; for, even as Will Rogers sprang overboard, all of them but one followed him like a flock of sheep, and in another moment the river behind the now swiftly moving sloop was dotted with the heads of swimming boys. The one Ranger who had not leaped into the water was Abe Cruger, who, realizing the impossibility of swimming in his "Bill Bullseye" garments, contented himself with tumbling into the boat that towed astern and casting her loose. As this boat contained but a single long oar, being only fitted for sculling, and as Abe had never acquired that style of navigation, he found himself about as helpless in his new position as he would have been in the water, and could only shout impracticable advice to the swimmers about him.

All these things happened with such bewildering rapidity as to completely paralyze poor Captain Crotty, and the sloop shot ahead several hundred feet before he recovered his senses sufficiently to again throw her head into the wind, and thus check her progress. Young Jabe was below starting a fire in the galley stove, and knew nothing of what was taking place until summoned on deck by his father's shouts.

"Trim in the jib! Trim in quick! Now bear a hand with this mainsail! Haul her flat! There, steady!" ordered Captain Crotty, and as, close hauled on the wind, the sloop began slowly to work her way back toward the drifting boat, young Jabe for the first time realized that, save for his father and himself, there was not a soul aboard the vessel.

"What's happened?" he almost gasped.

"Don't ask me," replied the other, "for I don't know. All I do know is that them boys is stark raving lunatics every last one of 'em, and if I get 'em back here again I'll head 'em for their homes quick as ever the good Lord'll let me. I never knowed what a fool I could be till I undertook the managing of a passel of crazy boys off on a lark. Now I don't expect nothing else but that the half of 'em'll be drowned, and I'll be held responsible. Sarve me right too!"

By this time all the swimmers had collected about the boat containing Abe Cruger, and, holding on to its gunwales, were pushing it slowly in the direction of the sloop. Its sole occupant stood on a thwart, gazing anxiously over the rippling waters.

"Don't you see anything? Not a sign?" inquired one and another, anxiously.

"No, fellows; I can't make out so much as a bubble," was the hopeless reply.

"Oh, it's awful!" groaned Will Rogers. "Poor little Cal! And his mother! How can we tell her?"

As the boat drifted near the now anchored sloop Abe Cruger mechanically caught the line flung to him by young Jabe, and she was drawn alongside. One by one the swimmers were hauled up from the water by Captain Crotty's strong hands, and when at length they all stood on deck he inquired in a trembling voice, "How many's missing? Where's the little one?"

"I don't know," answered Will Rogers, with something very like a sob choking his speech. "He is the only one missing; but I'm awfully afraid we'll never see him alive again."

"Waal," said Captain Crotty, hoarsely, "I might have knowed something of the kind would happen, and I'm only thankful there's as many of you left as there is. Of course this ends the cruise, and I shall head back for Berks just as quick as I get a fair wind up the river. Till then we'll lie here and do what we can towards recovering the body. Now, you lads, go below, get out of your wet clothes, give 'em to Jabe to dry, tumble into your bunks and stay there. *Stay there*, d'ye hear, till I give you permission to leave 'em. Yes, you too," he added to Abe Cruger, who was beginning to explain that he had not been in the water. "I don't want to resk having one of ye on deck. Your supper'll be brought to you when it's ready, so there won't be no occasion to stir out of your bunks before morning."

The skipper so evidently meant what he said that the boys saw it would be useless to argue with him. Moreover they were too shocked by what had happened, and too heavy-hearted for the attempt. So they silently and sadly went below, and Captain Crotty followed them to see that his orders were obeyed to the letter. Not until every Ranger had deposited a little heap of wet clothing on the floor, and crawled in between the blankets of his bunk, did the skipper leave them. Then he returned to the deck for a soothing pipe-smoke and a quiet consideration of the situation. He had hardly got his old black brier-wood well alight before it dropped unheeded from his mouth, while the man stood pale and nervous, as though he had seen a ghost. Of course he had not; but he thought he heard one, which was almost the same thing. From somewhere, though he could not at first locate it, a voice was calling, and it sounded like that of the boy whom all on board were mourning as dead.

"Help! help! Will! Hal! help!" This cry had been repeated over and over again for some minutes; but, owing to the confusion on board, and the noise made by the boys, it had not been heard until now.

The skipper glanced along the deck, cast an eye aloft, and then over both sides of the vessel into the darkening waters. No one was to be seen, and the strong man began to tremble with superstitious fear. He made his way forward and peered over the bows, but saw nothing nor heard any thing, save the ripple of the current against the anchor chain. Walking aft he again heard the voice, and, as he leaned over the stern, it seemed to come from directly beneath him. It sounded so close that he instinctively started back.

The small boat had all this time been kept alongside where young Jabe had fastened it. Now hastening to it, filled with hope and dread, and at the same time almost beside himself with excitement, the skipper dropped astern, where he could look under the overhanging counter. There, from out the dark shadow where swung the ponderous rudder, a white face peered at him, and a weak voice uttered an exclamation of thankfulness.

Two minutes later Captain Crotty descended the companion-ladder and entered the sloop's hold. In his arms he bore the dripping, shivering, bareheaded, and barefooted form of little Cal Moody, the well-loved comrade whose tragic fate the Rangers were discussing in subdued tones.

The lad's face and hands were covered with scratches from which blood was oozing; but he could still smile, and still had voice enough to say, "I'm awfully sorry, Will, but the mermaid startled me so that—"

Just here the Rangers, who had been paralyzed into momentary silence, regained their senses, and realizing that he whom they had mourned as dead was restored to them alive and well, broke into such a storm of cheers, shouts, laughter, and questions, that young Jabe, with terrified face, came rushing in from the galley filled with the belief that they had gone sure enough crazy.

Regardless of appearances they leaped from their bunks and crowded forward, eager to shake Cal by the hand, or even to feel of him, and so assure themselves that he was real. [Pg 1031]

"Where did you find him?"

"Where has he been all this time?"

"How did he get so scratched up?"

"Oh, Cal, it's so good to see you!"

"Now we won't have to go home after all, will we?"

These were some of the questions and exclamations poured forth by the excited boys. But before Cal could reply to one of them, Captain Crotty, striving to conceal his joy beneath a stern exterior, roared out, "Let him alone, ye lubbers, and get back to your bunks afore I murder half a dozen of ye!" Then as the boys meekly obeyed this savage order, he began with clumsy but gentle fingers to strip little Cal of his wet clothing. Not until the lad was rubbed into a glow, and snugly tucked away between warm blankets, was he allowed to explain what had happened to him. Then he said:

"I was looking for mermaids, because the Captain told us to, you know, and, besides, I wanted awfully to see a real truly one. When it came, though, it jumped out of the water so kinder sudden that I tumbled right overboard almost into its arms, and didn't get a good look at it, either. I must have gone down a thousand feet before I got off my rubber boots and began to come up. First I struck something hard and scratchy—"

"Barnacles on the vessel's bottom," explained the skipper.

"Yes, and we never cleaned them off, as you told us to," said Cracker Bob Jones, remorsefully.

"Then," continued Cal, "I caught hold of something, and my head came out of water, and as soon as I could I began to holler. I guess I hollered more'n an hour before Captain Crotty came, and I was afraid nobody ever would come; but now it's all right, only I don't want to have anything more to do with mermaids—never!"

"I found the poor little chap sitting straddle of the rudder," commented the skipper, "and pretty nigh ready to drop off from exhaustion; but, thank God, I was in time."

"Oh!" cried Will Rogers. "Isn't it splendid to have him safe back again, and aren't we just the happiest fellows in the world at this minute? But I say, Captain, we won't have to go back to Berks, after all—that is, not until our cruise is finished—will we?"

"Humph!" answered the skipper, as he turned to go on deck; "I don't know about that."

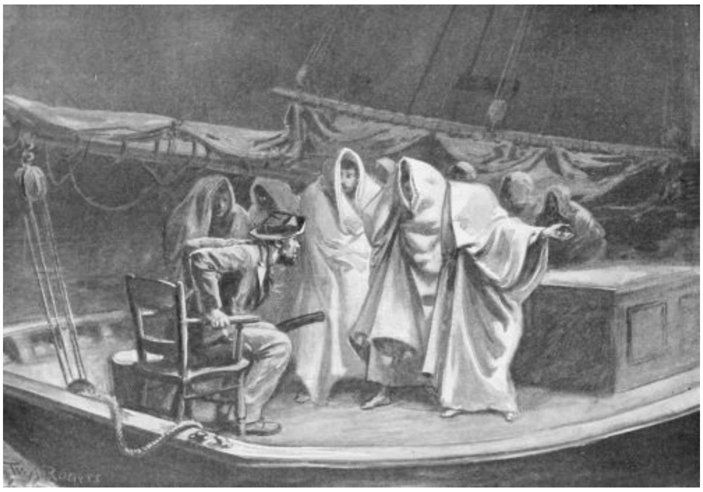
CHAPTER VI.

MUTINY AND SHIPWRECK.

The Rangers ate supper in their bunks, which they thought great fun, and then in their overflowing joy they skylarked and threw pillows at one another, until an unlucky shot brought the lantern down with a crash. As this disaster not only came near to setting the sloop on fire, but left them in total darkness, it also had the effect of so quieting them that several actually dropped asleep, while the others discussed their prospects in low tones, and wondered if they really would have to go back without finishing the cruise as planned.

By this time young Jabe, with a sailor's happy facility for taking a nap at any time, was sound asleep on deck forward, while the skipper sat aft in a big chair, leaning against the tiller, thoughtfully puffing at his pipe, and so affected by the soothing influences of the night that he was wondering if, after all, he should have the heart to disappoint the boys of their cruise.

Although a capital sailor and, under most conditions, a very sensible man, the skipper of the *Millgirl* was inclined to be superstitious. So when, a little later, by the swinging gleam of the sloop's riding light, he saw a dim white figure gliding noiselessly along the deck towards him, he gazed at it in speechless apprehension. To his dismay it was followed by another, and still others, until the deck seemed crowded with the phantom forms. All the stories of ghostly crews that he had ever heard flashed into the skipper's mind, and, as the formless figures silently approached him, his face was bathed in a cold perspiration. He sat motionless until they were about to surround him, when, with a mighty effort and a hoarse shout, he sprang to his feet.



THE GHOSTS OF THE "MILLGIRL."

At this the startled ghosts, who were only so many boys enveloped in white blankets, fell backward so precipitately that they tumbled over each other, and rolled on deck with stifled exclamations that at once proclaimed their humanity and identity.

"Oh, you villains!" roared the relieved skipper. "You young pirates! You, you—what do you mean by playing tricks like this on your grandfather, eh? Tell me that afore I murder ye."

"Please, sir, we didn't mean to play any trick," answered one of the blanketed figures meekly. "Only we thought, perhaps, you were asleep, and wouldn't like to be disturbed. You see, we were afraid you might sail back up the river to-night, and thought we'd better explain what we'd decided to do before it was too late; for, you see, we've talked it all over, and made up our minds not to go back until our cruise is finished."

"Oh, ye have, have you?" remarked the skipper, in an interested tone, at the same time throwing a protecting arm about Cal Moody, and drawing the little chap close to him for fear lest he should get cold.

"Yes, sir," answered the voice, which was now recognizable as that of Will Rogers; "but we don't want you to be blamed for anything that may happen, or to have any responsibility unless you want to."

"I don't exactly see how that is to be avoided so long as I'm in charge of the vessel," interposed the skipper.

"Oh, we've settled all that," replied Will, cheerfully. "We'll simply seize the sloop and sail her ourselves, and so take all the risk as well as all the responsibility."

"You'll simply seize the vessel," repeated the skipper, slowly, and in a bewildered tone, as though failing to comprehend what he had just heard. "In that case, what's to become of me?"

"Why, we'll put you in irons, or lock you into your state-room, or let you walk a plank, that is, if you know how walking a plank is done, or set you ashore on a desolate island, or perhaps let you go adrift in the small boat without oars or sail. Of course we'd give you plenty of provisions and water, and you'd probably be picked up, 'cause you know they always are. Anyhow, we'd let you take your choice of all those ways."

"Waal, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the skipper. "If these young pirates hain't planned out a regular high-sea mutiny, with all the fixin's and trimmings, then I'm a farmer."

"Of course," Will hastened to add, "we would rather have you choose to be put in irons, and so stay on board, because when we get to sea if we should strike a typhoon or anything we might want you to help navigate the ship."

"That's so," reflected the skipper, gravely. "And on the whole, I think I'd better stay aboard anyway. But now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you mutineers will turn in, and promise not to leave your bunks again before sunrise, I'll promise not to make any move toward going back before that time, and not even then till we've talked the whole matter over again by daylight."

This proposition seemed to the Rangers so satisfactory, and they were becoming so shivery in the chill night air, as well as sleepy, that it was promptly accepted; and, without further parley, the young mutineers left the deck and hastened below. Little Cal Moody, cuddling close to the big skipper, was already nodding, so the latter lifted him in his strong arms, and carrying him into the hold again, tucked him snugly into his bunk. Then, after bidding the mutineers a polite good-night, and promising to carefully consider their proposition, the skipper returned to the deck. Here for an hour or more he nearly choked with suppressed laughter, which refused to be stilled, and ever broke out afresh as he contemplated the novel aspects of the proposed mutiny.

"Bless their honest hearts," he finally said, half aloud, "I couldn't no more disappoint them boys by carrying of 'em back than a fish could swim on a railroad track. So I suppose I might as well make a virtue of necessity, and surrender at once." [Pg 1032]

Thus resolved, Captain Crotty turned in for a few hours' sleep; but he was on deck again by daylight, when, with young Jabe's assistance, he quietly got up the anchor, set the jib, and was merrily dropping down stream long before a single Ranger even thought of opening his eyes.

When the sleepers were at length awakened by young Jabe's lusty shout of "Breakfast!" they tumbled out of their bunks in a hurry, but sought in vain for their clothing. It was not in cabin, hold, or galley; but the mystery of its disappearance was speedily explained by Captain Crotty, who, thrusting his head down the hatch, informed them that the cook, learning of their mutiny, had inaugurated one of his own. "He says," continued the skipper, "that he's going to keep up his mutiny, which is for the purpose of hiding your clothes, just as long as you keep up yourn, but that as soon as you'll give in he'll give in. Now I'm going to set down to breakfast, and only wish you were properly dressed to set down with me, for it's an uncommon good one. I can tell you—corn muffins and flapjacks with maple syrup an—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a howl from the Rangers, who had just realized how very hungry they were, and how impossible it would be to carry on a mutiny unless properly clad for such an undertaking. Most of them were willing to give in at once, but several held out, until, overcome by a fragrant whiff of coffee that came floating in from the cabin, human nature could resist no longer; so an unconditional surrender was declared, and their clothing, all nicely dried, was restored to them by the grinning Jabe. Five minutes later the recent mutineers were gathered about the smoking breakfast table. As they satisfied their ravenous appetites they also found occasion to rejoice that their mutiny had effected its purpose, for they learned that the skipper had surrendered even before they did, and that the sloop was already headed toward their desired destination.

All that day they sailed down the beautiful river, and at night the sloop was anchored at its mouth, where they were cooled by a sea-breeze and rocked by a gentle swell rolling in from the Sound. The next day they crossed the Sound, and finally drew near the lonely island on which they anticipated such glorious times.

During these two days of sailing the skipper kept the boys from mischief by interesting them in various simple problems of seamanship. He gave them lessons in boxing the compass, splicing, tying knots, naming the various sails, spars, and ropes, and in steering, that caused them to realize with amazement the extent of their former ignorance concerning such matters. Will Rogers was especially interested in all this, and became so expert in steering that the skipper allowed him to hold the tiller for an hour at a time.

"I tell you what, fellows," he said to a group of his comrades, after being relieved from his trick at the helm, "we've learned such a lot on this trip that I feel ashamed to think how little we really knew when we started."

"Yes," replied Cracker Bob Jones, "but we know more now than we even thought we did when we left Berks."

Early in the afternoon the sloop reached the island, on which the excited boys had already distinguished the tops of tents and a number of gayly fluttering flags. There was a good harbor around a point, but the channel to it was very narrow, and so beset with reefs that the skipper was proceeding with unusual caution. Suddenly, as they were close to the point, a fleet of canoes, under full sail and evidently racing, swept out from behind it. So excited were their occupants that they took no notice of the on-coming sloop, and a collision was imminent. To avert it the skipper jammed his helm hard down. The sloop luffed sharply into the wind, and in another moment brought up with a crash that threw every Ranger to the deck. She heeled so far over that they thought she was surely going to capsize, then slowly slid off into deep water and righted. As she did so young Jabe rushed up from below and reported that a torrent of water was pouring into the hold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 1033]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

With dripping clothes and a sad heart Cynthia went up to the house after Neal had left her. She was bitterly disappointed and extremely uncomfortable. Her hair, never very securely fastened, had fallen down and lay in a wet mass about her face and neck; her hat felt heavy as lead, and water oozed from her shoes as she walked.

"Nothing will ever be right again," she thought, as she gave a depressed glance at all the familiar objects on the place. "I feel as if it were going to rain forever, and the sun would never shine again. It would have been so different if Neal had only come home!"

Mrs. Franklin was thankful to see her appear, and refrained from reproaching her until she had been thoroughly dried and warmed. Then all she said was:

"I thought you would never come, Cynthia! Was it worth while to go on the river such a morning as this?"

"No, mamma; but you will forgive me when you hear why I went," said Cynthia, setting down the cup of ginger tea which Mary Ann had made so hot and so strong that she could scarcely swallow it. "But tell me how Edith is, first."

"She is about the same. She seems anxious about something. She is restless and uneasy, but it is difficult for her to speak. Perhaps she wants you. I think that is it, for you know I do not satisfy her," added Mrs. Franklin, with a sigh.

Cynthia knelt beside her, and put her arms around her. "Dear mamma!" she said, lovingly.

Mrs. Franklin rested her head on her step-daughter's shoulder. "Cynthia darling, you are a great comfort to me! Are you sure you feel perfectly warm? You must not take cold."

"I'm as warm as toast. It won't hurt me a bit; you know I never take cold. But let me tell you something—the reason I went. You could never guess! I went to see some one."

Mrs. Franklin raised her head and looked at Cynthia.

"You can't mean—"

"Yes, I do. Neal!"

"Child, where is he? Is he here? Has he come back?"

"No, mamma," said Cynthia, shaking her head sadly, "he wouldn't come. I begged and implored him to, but he wouldn't."

"Oh, Cynthia, why didn't you tell me? I could have made him come; I would have gone down on my knees to him! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because he said I mustn't. He sent me a note yesterday. I knew he would never forgive me if I told."

"Yesterday! You knew he was coming yesterday? Cynthia, you ought to have told!"

"But, mamma, he told me not to, and I didn't have time to think it over, for we were so frightened with Edith's accident. It all came at once. But you could not have made him come."

"Where is he now?"

"He has gone to Pelham to take the train, and he is going to write to me, mamma. He says he—he is going to work."

"My poor boy!" said Mrs. Franklin, going to the window. "Tramping about the country such a day as this without a home! I wonder if he has any money, Cynthia?"

"I don't know, mamma."

Neither of them remembered that Neal had wilfully deserted his home, and that it was entirely his own fault if he had no money in his pockets. [Pg 1034]

"Cynthia," said Mrs. Franklin, turning abruptly and facing her daughter, "I want you to understand that I don't think Neal took that money. I cannot believe it. I am sure he got it in some other way. Why do you look so odd, Cynthia?"

There was no answer.

"I believe you know something about it. Tell me!"

Still no answer.

"Could you have helped him in any way? Where would you get it? Why, of course! How stupid we have all been! You had Aunt Betsey's present; you never spent it, you would not buy the watch. Cynthia, you cannot deny it; I have guessed it!"

The next moment Mrs. Franklin was enveloped in a vigorous hug.

"You dear darling, I'm *so* thankful you have! He wouldn't let me tell, but I said this morning I wouldn't deny it if you happened to guess."

"Oh, Cynthia, though I said I didn't believe the other, this has taken a thousand-pound weight from my heart!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of the nurse, who came to say that her patient was growing more uneasy, and she thought some one had better come to her. At the same moment Mr. Franklin arrived, so Cynthia went alone to her sister.

She found her perfectly conscious, with large, wide-open eyes, watching for her. Edith's head was bound up, and the pretty hands, of which she had always been somewhat vain, moved restlessly. Cynthia took one of them in her warm, firm grasp, and leaned over the bed.

"Dearest, you wanted me," she said, in a low voice; "I am going to stay with you now."

But Edith was not satisfied. She tried to say something, but in so faint a voice that Cynthia could not hear.

"I can't hear you," she said, in distress. "Don't try to speak; it will tire you."

But still Edith persisted. Cynthia put her ear close to her sister.

"Did you say 'mamma'?" she asked.

The great brown eyes said "Yes."

"Do you want her?"

No, that was not it. Cynthia thought a moment.

"Oh. I know!" she exclaimed. "You are sorry about the drive, Edith; is that it? You want mamma to forgive you?"

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU," SHE SAID. "DON'T TRY TO SPEAK."

"Yes."

Cynthia flew down stairs.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, scarcely heeding her father, whom she had not seen before, "come quickly! I have found out what Edith wants. She wants you to forgive her for going to drive, and you will, won't you?"

And in a few minutes, satisfied, Edith fell asleep with her hand in that of her mother's.

Many people came to inquire for Edith, for the news of her accident spread like wildfire. Cynthia was obliged to see them all, as Edith would scarcely let her mother go out of her sight. Now that her pride had given way, she showed how completely her step-mother had won her heart, entirely against her own will.

Among others came Gertrude Morgan.

"And how is your dear friend Tony Bronson?" asked Cynthia. "He nearly killed Edith; what did he do to himself?"

"Oh, he didn't get very much hurt—at least he didn't show it much. He went home right away. He thought he had better."

"Well, I should think he might have had the grace to come and inquire for Edith, after upsetting her in that style, and almost breaking her neck."

"He seemed to think he ought to get home. He thought he might be a good deal hurt, only it didn't come out just at first. He said there were inward bruises."

"Inward bruises!" repeated Cynthia, scornfully. "I guess the inward bruise was that he was ashamed of himself for letting the horse run away. Now don't you really think so, Gertrude? Don't you think yourself that it was outrageous of him not to find out more about Edith before he went?"

Gertrude was forced to acknowledge that she did think so; and, furthermore, she confessed that her brother Dennis was so enraged at Bronson's conduct that he declared he should never be asked there again.

"I'm glad of it!" declared Cynthia, emphatically. "It's about time you all found out what a cad that Bronson is. If you knew as much as I know about him you would have come to that conclusion long ago."

"Oh, of course you are prejudiced by Neal Gordon! I wouldn't take his word for anything. By-the-way, have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, very lately. He came out to Brenton the other day."

"Did he, really?" cried Gertrude, curiously. "I thought he was never coming back. The last story was that your father had turned him out-of-doors."

"How perfectly absurd! I should think *you* knew enough about us to contradict that, Gertrude! Will you please tell every one there is no truth in it, at all?"

"But where is he now? Is he here? Why has nobody seen him? Wasn't any of it true?"

"Dear me, Gertrude, you are nothing but a big interrogation point!" laughed Cynthia, who had no intention of replying to any of these questions; and Gertrude, baffled and somewhat ashamed of herself, soon took her departure without having learned anything beyond the fact that Neal had lately been in town and, as she supposed, at his sister's.

Aunt Betsey came from Wayborough as soon as she heard of what happened. It was her first visit there since the death of Silas Green, and naturally she was much affected.

"Cynthy, my dear," she said, after talking about him for some time to her nieces, "let me give you a word of warning: Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day! It is a good proverb, and worth remembrance. If I hadn't put off and put off, and been so unwilling to give up my view, I might have made Silas's last years happier. Perhaps he'd have been here yet if I'd been with him to take care of him. Oh, one has to give up—one has to give up in this world!"

They were in Edith's room, and Edith, listening, felt that Aunt Betsey was right. She, too, had learned—many, many years earlier in life than did her aunt—that one must learn to give up.

Miss Betsey did not look the same. The gay dress that she once wore was discarded, and she was soberly clad in black. She really was not unlike other people now, but her speech was as quaint as ever.

She brought Willy's present with her, and was shocked to find that Janet's had never been received.

"Well, now, I want to know!" she exclaimed, rocking violently. "I did it up with my own hands. I remember it exactly, for it was a few days after the funeral, and I was that flustered I could scarcely tie the cord or hold the pen. It was a large rag doll I had made for the child, just about life size, and a face as natural as a baby's. And I made a nice little satchel to hang at the side, and in the satchel was the money. Too bad she didn't get it! I remember I gave it to old Mr. Peters to mail. He was going down Tottenham way, and he said he'd take it to the post-office there. He'd stopped to see if there was anything he could do for me just as I was tying it up, so I let him take it along. He's half blind, and just as likely as not he went to the meeting-house instead of the post-office. He wouldn't know them apart. You may depend upon it, it warn't Government's fault you didn't get it. Of that I'm very sure."

And, true to her principles, the patriotic little lady rocked again. No one told her of the suspicion which had rested upon Neal. It would have distressed her too deeply, and nothing would be gained by it.

"And now, Jack, I must see those little orphans," she said to her great-nephew, when he came home that afternoon. "Poor little things, are they at all happy?"

Jack led her in triumph to the poultry-yard.

"Well, I want to know!" she exclaimed, throwing up her mitted hands when she saw six or seven hundred very contented-looking fowls of all sizes, kinds, and ages, each brood in its allotted habitation, pecking, running, crowing, and clucking, and enjoying life generally.

"You don't mean to say, Jackie, that not one of these hens ever had any mother but that heartless box in the cellar? Well, I want to know! They do look real contented. Do tell!"

Her nephew proudly assured her that they appeared to be exceedingly happy, and that he also was happy; for they paid well, and he would soon be able to return the money that he had borrowed of her.

And indeed in a few weeks Jack travelled out to Wayborough, and with his own hands gave back to his aunt the seventy-five dollars which she so kindly had advanced to him, and which he had earned with his own hard work.

The best part of it all was when his father spoke to him with unqualified praise.

"I am really proud of my son, Jack," he said. "You have done well. I have watched you carefully, and I saw the plucky way in which you met your discouragements. It makes me feel that I have a son worth having. Keep at it, my boy. If you put the same pluck and perseverance into everything you undertake you will make a name some day."

And when Jack remembered how his father had frowned down the idea of the incubator he felt more pleased than ever.

One day a letter came to Cynthia from Neal. It was the first they had received. Mr. Carpenter had written to Mrs. Franklin, telling her that Neal was with him, and that he had taken him into his office; and Hester wrote to her brother at once, but he answered neither that letter nor the many that followed. He was still obdurate. It was an exciting moment, therefore, when Cynthia recognized the bold, boyish handwriting on the envelope.

> "Dear Cynth [he wrote],—I promised to write to you, so here goes. I am living with Cousin William Carpenter, and probably shall for the rest of my days. He is in the lumber business, and lumber is awfully poky. However, I'm earning my living. Did you ever see a Quaker? They are a queer lot. It would not do for you to be one, for they never get excited. If the house got on fire Cousin William and Cousin Rachel would walk calmly about and 'thee' and 'thou' each other as quietly as ever. They don't say 'thou,' though. Cousin William says it has become obsolete.
>
> "I do nothing but measure boards and write down figures. Boards are tiresome things. I go to Quaker meeting sometimes, though I should say Friends' meeting. They call themselves Friends. All the men sit on one side and all the women on the other, and the men keep their hats on all through. Sometimes there isn't any sermon and sometimes there are five or six, just as it happens. The women preach too, if they feel like it. One day it was terribly still, and I was just beginning to think I should blow up and bust if somebody didn't say something—had serious thoughts of giving a sermon myself—when I heard a familiar voice, and I looked over, and there was Cousin Rachel preaching away for dear life. And a mighty good sermon it was, too—better than any of the men's.
>
> "Cousin William takes me to see the sights on Saturday (or, rather, Seventh day, as he would say) afternoon, and I have been about myself a good deal. I would like to get to know the people, but have no chance. I wish you would write to a fellow, Cynth. I would like to see you pretty awfully much. How you did give it to me that day on the river! You were a brick, though, to come. I have not forgotten what you said. I am going to show you I am no coward, though you said I was. I'll stick at the lumber trade until I die in the harness, and here's my hand and seal!
>
> "Yours,
> "Neal Gordon.
>
> "P.S.—Give my love to Hessie. I hope Edith is coming round all right."

It was better than nothing, though Mrs. Franklin wished that the letter had been to her. Still, it was far, far better than if it had not been written at all. And then he had sent his love to her. It was in a postscript, and was probably an after-thought, but she was glad he did it. He seemed well and moderately happy, and for that his sister was very grateful. Fortunately Hester could not read between the lines, and learn that the boy was eating his heart out with homesickness and a longing to see his only sister.

Neal found this quiet life, so far from his family and friends, very different from that to which he had been accustomed, and sometimes it seemed very dreary and hard to bear. Then, again, he was quite unused to steady occupation, and his cousin demanded unflagging attention to business. It was good for the boy, just what he needed; but that made it none the less irksome.

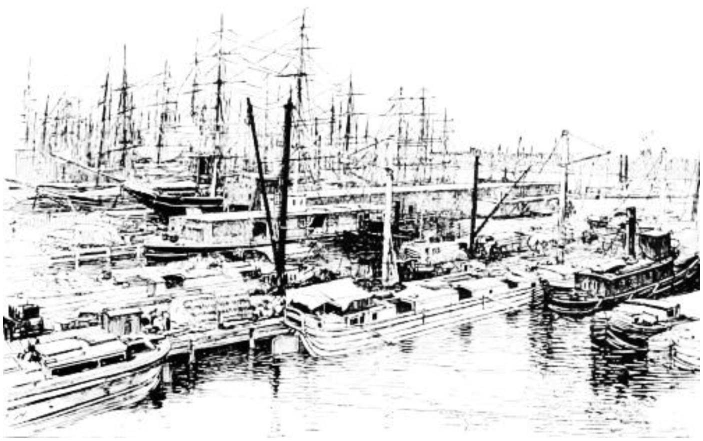
[to be continued.]

WATER LIFE AROUND NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

What an odd thing a boatman's dream of the water life around New York would be if all the vessels and craft of every kind should take to themselves grotesque shapes and characters, as familiar objects are apt to do in human dreams! We have had some great and notable water parades in our harbor—the last and greatest being that queer hooting and tooting procession of many kinds of craft that swept around the war-ships of ten or a dozen great nations at our Columbus celebration in the early summer of 1893. But the boatman's dream of which I was thinking would be far stranger than that, because the Columbian naval review included only the handy, easily manageable steam-craft of New York, like the steamships and steamboats and tugs and tow-boats. It left out all the really queer floating things that have such shapes as to almost turn a dream into a nightmare.

The dreaming boatman of whom I am thinking would see great water-giraffes, which would really be our floating grain-elevators; and a myriad sea-spiders transformed from our darting tug-boats, and great groaning mother-gulls dragging large coveys of helpless babies in their wake Those would be the tow-boats with their long trains of canal-boats. Turtles he would see by the score—huge flat, almost round turtles—some red, some white, some brown. Those would be the ferry-boats,-which really do look just like great sea-turtles when you are looking down upon their flat backs from a high place like the Brooklyn Bridge. Like fearful black ocean sharks would be the Atlantic steamers—long and thin—out of whose way every other moving thing flies when they approach. Our huge and towering palace boats of the Sound would turn into great white elephants, trumpeting as if they had all caught cold in their long snouts. And we shall see that many another animal and creature would easily appear to the troubled dreamer without greatly altering the shapes of the queer craft that have grown out of nearly three hundred years of needs and developments in the water-life around New York.



THE CANALLERS ON THE EAST RIVER.

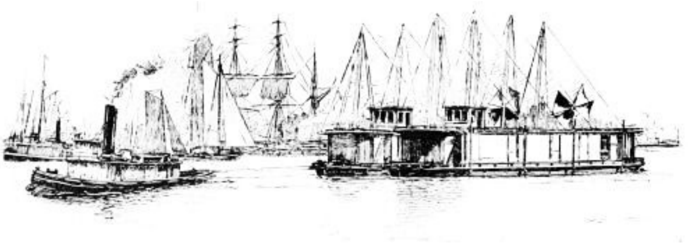
I suppose that the reader has heard that almost every Chinaman in this country comes from the water population near Canton. That must be a wonderful phase of life, where so many hundreds of thousands of persons are actually born upon the water, to live out their lives upon the water, and to die upon the water. They form a river population housed in boats that make up a city far more peculiar than Venice—a floating city of stores and work-shops, boarding-houses, amusement places, saloons, and all the rest. We have nothing of the sort around New York. The nearest approach to that condition is to be seen in the large docks on the East River near the Battery, and one at Communipaw on the New Jersey shore, where the canal-boats collect with the boatmen and their wives and children aboard them. There one sees by the kitchen smoke-stacks above the cabin roofs, by the lines of drying linen on the decks, by the sight of women sewing and knitting under cooling awnings, and by the views of children and cats and dogs playing upon the boats—by all these things one sees how truly the canal-boats are floating homes as well as merchant vessels. At night the sounds of singing and fiddling—sometimes the nasal notes of house organs—tell more of this strange water life. Some of the cabins of these canal-boats are quite attractive. They show dainty white lace curtains in the tiny square windows, carpets on the floors, boxes of flowers upon the cabin roofs, and cleanly, neatly clad mothers and little children. This is not the rule, however, and we see enough, whenever we visit the canallers, to show that there is at least some reason for their being generally regarded as a rude and rough class. [Pg 1036]

Yet, apart from these canallers, we have enough persons who live on the water to form what would be called a city out West. They are mainly men who sleep in bunks and eat in the cabins of tug-boats, steam passenger boats, freighters, and the like. A few women are among them—stewardesses of passenger boats and the wives of the captains of the other sorts of vessels. Of course I do not include here the men on the ships that sail the ocean. Their homes are really at sea. I only refer to the scores of thousands of persons who live upon boats that may be called the horses of the harbor, because they tie up regularly every night at certain piers, and every morning are sent to work, here and there, at this place or that, to carry goods or passengers, or to haul other boats. It is doubtful whether many children are born in these shifting homes, but there is no doubt that very many girls and boys sleep upon them, and are sent from them to the city's schools, and, later, to the factories and shops to earn their living.

Of all the uncommon forms that boats take, the newest, instead of being strange and complicated like most nineteenth-century inventions, are almost as simple as anything that floats. Only rafts of logs are more simple than what we call our "car-floats." They are the newest type of boats we know, and have come into being because New York city is on an island, with only a few railroads crossing to it from the mainland. The other great and little railways, which bring and take goods and people to and from New York, all stop on the opposite shores of our harbor, in New Jersey, Staten Island, and Long Island. Since the cars of one railroad often have to go past the city upon the other roads, these "floats" are used to transport them around our island, so that goods from Boston or Sag Harbor, for instance, can be sent around New York to the tracks of the roads that will carry them to San Francisco without unloading or reloading. The floats that carry these cars are merely boxes, the shape of great dominoes, with railroad tracks laid upon them. Some carry six freight-cars, some carry eight, and some carry ten cars. Tiny little propellers that we call "tug-boats" are warped or hitched alongside of these clumsy floating boxes, where they look as a little kitten would appear beside a big St. Bernard dog, or as a locomotive would look beside a house. But our queer, snorting, fussy little tug-boats march away with every floating thing to which they are hitched—even dragging huge Atlantic steamships at their sides—because they reach deep down into the water, where their big screws, driven by very powerful engines, obtain a mighty hold. Because our tug-boats are so small, and yet so strong, they are able to move swiftly when they have no burdens to carry. In the boatman's dream that I spoke of they would seem like those water-spiders that many of us have seen darting hither and thither on the top of placid pools. But there is one reason why they are not at all alike—that is, that the water-spiders are as silent as death, while the tug-boats are the most noisy, saucy, boisterous of make-believe animals—always gasping, and snorting, and whistling, and thrashing about as very little people are often apt to do.

FLOATING GRAIN ELEVATOR.

The "floats" that carry passengers around New York so that they can go to Boston from Philadelphia or Chicago without changing cars (and even without getting out of bed on the sleeping cars), are not floats at all. They are very powerful and large steamboats, with decks covered with iron plates, with car tracks on those decks, and with arrangements for locking the car wheels fast to the tracks, so that no matter how boisterous the water may be on stormy days, the cars cannot break loose and roll overboard. We have several queer sorts of boats and other floating objects that look like floating houses. Among them are what we call our floating baths, and our floating docks, and our cattle and ice barges. But there is one kind of floating building that looks like a tower or a steeple riding the waters and steering itself around. That strange thing—and we employ many such—is a floating grain-elevator. It is a tall four-sided tower built upon a squat snub-nosed boat. It has a great proboscis, that it sticks down into canal-boats full of grain, which it sucks or dips out so that it can load the grain into the holds of ships that are to carry it to Europe. Our floating baths are square one-story houses, hollow in the middle, where the bathers swim, with lattice-work or perforated boards under them to let in the water without letting out the bathers. They are decorated with little towers and flag-staffs, and look very strange indeed when they are being towed to the city in the early summer to be moored beside a wharf, or when, after the bathing season is over, they are dragged away to be laid up for the winter. Our floating docks, upon which all but the very large ships and steamboats are lifted out of the water to have their hulls painted, cleaned, or repaired, are made of many boxes joined together. These boxes sink when full of water, and thus it is possible to steer a vessel right over them. Then the water is pumped out of the boxes, and the dock (in reality a cradle rather than a dock) rises, and lifts the vessel up high and dry so that workmen can walk all around and under her to scrape off the barnacles that have grown fast to her, or to paint her bottom, or to sheathe it with copper.



ICE-BARGES IN TOW.

The barges for carrying cattle and those for carrying ice are just like the toys that are made for children and called "Noah's Arks." They are houses built upon strong boat hulls. The ice-barges are always white, and canvas windmill wheels are forever whirling above them, just as if they were some new kind of boats made to go by air propellers instead of wheels or screws in the water. The truth is, of course, that these canvas wheels work the pumps that pump out the water made by the constant melting of the ice. But of all the kinds of barges that work in the New York waters the hay-barges are surely the most interesting. They are very large, and the houses [Pg 1037] built upon their hulls are open at the sides, with only a railing where the walls should be. These are two-storied houses, and the floors that support hay in the winter are dancing platforms in the summer. These hay-barges are our picnic boats also. All winter long, or as long as the waters are unfrozen, they bring down hay from the Hudson River landings, but in the summer they go out of that business, and are hired out to Sunday-schools, political clubs, secret societies, church societies, and the like, to carry picnickers to what are called the excursion parks that are found along the Hudson River and the Sound at several hours' distance from the metropolis. Tug-boats drag these barges to the excursion parks, and the holiday crowds upon the two open decks of the barges dance all the time to the music of the band that they hire for the occasion. The stop at the excursion park is a short one—just long enough for luncheon and a little strolling under the trees, or bathing on the beach. Then the homeward journey is begun, and the dancing on the barge is recommenced and kept up until the city is reached, just before bedtime. Our great excursion steamboats, that run to Coney Island and Rockaway, are built on the same plan—wide open—and carry such great crowds of pleasure-seekers that they are black with passengers. These are sometimes hired by richer and more numerous bodies than those that hire the hay-barges, but I can assure my readers that the real jubilant fun is on the common barges, where the people are apt to be simple and democratic, and ready to surrender themselves to those pleasures of which they enjoy too little.

Our pilot-boats which go out to sea with many brave men, and leave them one by one on the steamships that they meet—in order that those great vessels may be safely steered into port—are very romantic boats, but they look like mere sail-boats or yachts. Some splendid yachts become pilot-boats when they grow too old-fashioned to keep pace with the faster and faster boats that we are forever building. Other such yachts become oyster-boats, and lie beside Fulton Fish Market in company with the tank-steamers that bring fish into New York. These tank-steamers go to Nantucket, or wherever the fishing-smacks are at work, and lie there while sail-boat after sail-boat fill up with fish and bring their loads to be kept in the refrigerated-tanks of the steamer, until she, also, is filled and ready to come to the city.

Of the "whalebacks," or cigar-shaped iron ships that were first made to traverse the great lakes, I will say very little, because they belong to no place in particular, and excite as much curiosity here as anywhere. Our floating pile-drivers, which look like ladders set upon boxes, are very curious-looking vessels, but are familiar at all ports. Perhaps our immigrant barges, which carry the immigrants from Ellis Island (where they are landed) to the wharves of the railways by which they are to seek homes in the West, are peculiar to New York, but they are mere hay-barges like the excursion boats I have already described. The busy craft that carry fresh drinking-water to the sailing-ships are usually very ordinary tug-boats, and are only peculiar because each one carries a great sign bearing the word "WATER" painted upon it. To see such a vessel all by itself upon a great expanse of salt water suggests Coleridge's line in *The Ancient Mariner*,

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

If it were not for those water-bearers—serving the same purpose as the camels laden with water-bags upon the desert of Sahara—there truly would not be a drop to drink.

I fancy that what we call our "lighters" are the only descendants that recall the old days of the Dutch on Manhattan Island. They are sail-boats that are used to carry goods from or to vessels that do not come to the wharves, but lie out in the open water. They are very old-fashioned and foreign-looking, built almost solidly of heavy wood, and of a shape very like a turtle and quite as clumsy. Each one carries a short thick mast that looks as if it had been broken off, and a little narrow sail, absurdly disproportioned to the vessel. Everything these lighters carry is put upon their decks, and they are so slow and so hard to steer and so strong that all other craft give them a wide berth. It is only a fancy of mine, yet I never see one without thinking that this style of boat surely descended to us from the Dutch. [Pg 1038]

A FREE ENTERTAINMENT IN THE SAHARA.

The learned Professor Ducardanoy, and his assistant, Bouchardy, had been toiling along the desert's edge all day. They had hoped to reach the Algerian settlement of Nouvelle Saar-Louis before night, but the sun was getting near the blank western horizon of yellow sand, and the low mountain upon which Nouvelle Saar-Louis was built, the last southern foot-hill of the Atlas, was still some twenty miles away to the east.

"We shall have to camp here in the sand, and push on in the morning," said the learned Ducardanoy, who was, as all his contemporaries knew, the most renowned living chiropodist.

"I fear we shall," said the assistant, Bouchardy, who was not, it must be understood, an assistant in Ducardanoy's surgery, but merely an unscientific fellow who managed the magic-lantern, ate wool, and breathed fire, and did the other things which constituted the grand free entertainment preceding Ducardanoy's evening lectures on the science of chiropody, in the course of which he was accustomed to perform a few gratuitous operations with Ducardanoy's Corn Cure to prove its efficacy. "I fear we shall," said Bouchardy; "but what is that building a mile or so to the south? Perhaps we had better go there."

"Ah! ha!" said Ducardanoy, looking through a field-glass; "it is an old Roman tower. Undoubtedly it is, for there is nothing Moorish about it, and the Romans and French are the only people who have erected anything more substantial than tents in this part of Algeria."

"I think we had better go there," said Bouchardy, "and go rapidly, too. Look behind you."

Away off to the west, galloping along in the track of the setting sun, was a cavalcade of horsemen.

"Spahis," said Ducardanoy, calmly.

"Perhaps so," said Bouchardy. "Perhaps French cavalry, and perhaps Arab robbers. Who knows? It is best to be prepared. If you choose you may stay here to sleep in the sand to-night, and perhaps for all the nights thereafter forever; but as for me, I am going to the Roman castle," and he spurred on his horse and arrived at the tower some minutes after the learned Ducardanoy, who was better mounted than he, and, moreover, was not burdened with a magic-lantern and other appliances used in the free entertainment. They found the tower to be nothing more than a plain round edifice with a single upper chamber in it, reached by a flight of narrow winding stairs ascending in a gentle incline. Up these stairs they led their horses, as the Roman frontier guards had done centuries before, and then looked out of the loop-holes for the approaching enemy.

"We can easily keep any of them from coming up the stairs," said Bouchardy.

"And they can easily keep us from coming down," said Ducardanoy. "But perhaps they have not seen us."

They were soon satisfied on that score, for the cavalcade of horsemen—thirty-five wild desert Arabs—halted before the tower, and in broken French commanded the chiropodist and his assistant to surrender. This command was not obeyed. The Arabs laughed and picketed their horses, and after a little a caravan of camels bearing tents and women and children arrived, and the Arabs went into camp for the night.

"If they kill us, the French government will wipe them from the face of the earth," said Ducardanoy, along toward the middle of the night.

"If the French government finds it out. But the death of those scoundrels will not bring me to life," said Bouchardy. "I think it will be well to make a sortie."

"They would hear us taking the horses down; and if we start on foot we can't get so far away before daylight that they could not soon discover us by making scouts into the desert. Besides, I imagine that the entrance to the tower is guarded."

"When morning comes, I will eat wool and breathe fire and scare them away," said Bouchardy.

"To do that you must show yourself," said Ducardanoy. "And they will fill you full of lead while you are filling yourself with wool. But if we can scare them, it will be the only way we can get rid of them."

"I have it," said Bouchardy.

A moment later the sentinel at the foot of the town gave an exclamation of surprise, for there, opposite him, against the white walls of the Sheik's tent, in the midst of a blaze of light, stood a French soldier bowing to him. Promptly he sighted his ancient flint-lock, and sent a bullet between the soldier's eyes.

"Mashallah," said the sentinel, for the soldier kept on bowing, and the hole in his head moved from his nose to the roots of his hair and back again as he did so.

"The devil himself," said the sentinel: and even before he finished saying it, the soldier had vanished, and there stood the devil—a huge black fellow grinning and bowing.

Bang! went the sentinel's gun again, and by this time the whole camp was aroused and staring at the Sheik's tent, muttering and moaning the while. The tent flap opened and the Sheik himself stepped out, and immediately there appeared on the white robes across his broad chest a great bloody splash, in the midst of which shone a hideous death's head. A cry of terror arose, and the Arabs began scurrying about in the darkness, saddling their horses and camels, the women and children screaming, and in the midst of the confusion there appeared in a loop-hole of the tower the face of a man illuminated by the glow of the fire he was breathing. Picket-ropes and saddle-girths were dropped, and those who were not already mounted rushed away on foot.

"We took in more money from that entertainment than we ever did in a year from the sales of corn medicine after our ordinary entertainments," said Bouchardy. "They have left behind them forty camels, ten horses, twelve Damascus swords, six silver pipes, eighteen bales of silk, thirty-five gold bracelets, six dozen rings, eight gold inlaid bridles, and we haven't looked in the Sheik's treasure-chest yet. Let us abandon the profession of chiropody, and buy estates at Nouvelle Saar-Louis. It is a pleasant place to live in, and will be convenient for us in case we start out on other expeditions to be robbed by Arab tribes."

W. A. Curtis.

KENNIBOY'S CIRCUS.

I'd like to own a circus show. A splendid one 'twould be;
Unlike the circus shows that in these days boys go to see.
I wouldn't have a leopard or a lion in the place,
Nor would I let a monkey show his ugly little face.

But I would fill it up with things like fairies, elves, and gnomes,
Such as we read about in books of fairy tales and "pomes."
I'd have a big volcano throwing flames up to the sky,
And real cold icy icebergs, with great whales a-swimming by.

And in a little side-show I would have a burning lake,
And in another there would be a fearful big earthquake.
And 'stead o' camels, 'rang-o-tangs, and other stupid things,
I'd have a lot o' cages chock up full o' Queens and Kings.

And then I'd have a pair o' huge big ogres with one eye,
And four-and-twenty puppy-dogs all baked into a pie,
For them to eat at show-time, so that little boys could see
How really awful terrible those ogre-men can be.

I'd have a hen to lay gold eggs, and harps that play themselves,
And bags and bags o' bean-stalk beans a-climbing over shelves;
And Jacks and Hopmythumbs to fight the giants every day,
Just as those splendid fairy-story books of mine all say.

I wouldn't charge a penny for admittance to my show.
Of course, 'twould be a most expensive thing to run, I know.
But I could well afford it. I could make that circus pay
By selling off the golden eggs the gold egg hen would lay.

John Kendrick Bangs.

JOAN OF ARC.

Every one knows the story of Joan of Arc, and it never fails to be interesting from whatever point you look at it or study it. But a good many boys and girls think of the story, as they do of many another read in school histories, as being nothing more than one of many lessons learned and to be learned. There is a great deal in the history of Joan's short life that is interesting as a practical story, to say nothing of any other interest.

The little Joan of Arc was born in the southern central part of France, in a little village called Domremy, partly in Lorraine and partly in Champagne, 484 years ago, and though she led armies in some of the most famous battles ever fought in France, and crowned a king, she never reached the age of twenty, and never learned to read or write. Her father and mother were peasants in Domremy and were poor, as peasants in France always have been—so poor that little Joan had to begin early to do her part of the work, which meant three meals a day to the family.

When she was old enough her father used to send her to watch over the sheep all day long in the fields and woods near their home, and all through these long hours, in the heat of summer or the cold of fall or spring, she had nothing to do but think and watch sheep grazing. It was a strange age in France four centuries and a half ago. People generally believed in visions, in miracles, in supernatural powers, and were easily influenced by fanaticism and enthusiasm in religious and every-day matters. A huge crowd of men, women, and children would become possessed with some idea, and would leave their daily work, their shops, their house-keeping, and their games, and rush to market-place or field to carry out this idea. In many towns the whole inhabitants would give their labor to build an enormous cathedral. Hundreds of people would catch hold of a long rope, and drag one of the big blocks of stone through a city's streets to be placed on the cathedral walls, and hundreds of unfortunate people and children were killed by different kinds of accidents while working in this fanatical way.

Then it was common, too, for some one to say that he or she was inspired by visions and voices to do or say one thing or another, and the people would rush after the inspired one to hear or to do whatever was ordered, or to try and be healed by touching the inspired person. Some were rank fakirs, who every now and then grew rich before they were discovered. Others really believed in all they said and did, and their confidence in themselves made hundreds of people follow them.

It is a mistake to think this is all gone by nowadays, for as a matter of fact it is not. Only a few years ago hundreds of people in all the stages of consumption travelled to Berlin to be treated by Dr. Koch, because he gave out, and no doubt, believed, that he had found a cure for it. At Lourdes, a city in France, there is to-day a grotto where people go for miles and miles around to be cured of all sorts of incurable diseases. And if these things attract people to-day, when nobody really believes much in such matters, you can begin to realize what fearful enthusiasm there must have been in a day when every one was only too glad to believe such things, and when most persons felt more or less strongly that they were some day going to have visions or missions of some kind.

It is not so surprising, then, that Joan, after spending several years day after day alone in the fields, occasionally hearing about all the troubles and wars in France, and having hours and hours when she could do nothing but think, should have thought she was inspired with a mission to save her country from the English invaders, and that, once perfectly persuaded of this, she should have quickly had a lot of people running after her and spreading her fame abroad.

Another thing was not so unusual as it seems to-day. Joan, when she finally saw Charles VII. of France, and persuaded him that he was the real King of France, and that all they had to do was to march to Rheims and crown him—Joan wore a suit of man's armor. She was only eighteen years old, and a delicate girl of middle height. It was unusual, of course, for so young a girl to go to war, but in those days women led bodies of men, and some of them wore armor. Women, who by birth and the absence of male relatives had been left in charge of large feudal estates, had to keep little armies to protect their lands and fields from attack, and when such attacks did come they had to go out in many cases and lead their men themselves.

So that while her visions, her calm confidence, and her male dress were enough to attract attention, they did not seem so impossible to the people of her time by a great deal as they would to the people of to-day. And then, also, everybody was ready to follow any "inspired" person who foretold anything which really happened, or who carried out what he or she started to do. Joan, after going to the King and telling him that if he followed her he would become the crowned King of France, began to find everyone following her, believing in her just as calmly as she believed in herself. The Englishmen had invaded the north of France and held the city of Paris, and the great Duke of Burgundy was in league with them. They wanted to crown Henry VI. of England, King of France also, and they marched southward and captured Orleans, which practically opened southern France to them.

Joan told King Charles VII. that she could recapture Orleans, and crown him King at Rheims, and in a little while he gave her five or six thousand men. Mounted on her white horse, in full armor, she led these men on, and by her confidence and vigor and good common-sense, persuaded the generals to attack Orleans in a certain way. Half a dozen times the besiegers were practically defeated, and would have gone back, but Joan staid before the city gates, and no one could make her turn back. Such perfectly fearless conduct acted just as it has always acted, just as it acted a thousand times in the civil war, in the Revolution, and everywhere else. The men grew crazy with enthusiasm, and rushed again and again after Joan at the defences of the city, with the result that they finally captured it.

Then any one was ready to follow the young girl, except her enemies at court; and when she ordered King, court, army, and all to go quickly northward into the part of France within the English control, they followed. The result was that Charles VII. was crowned King, and the first man crowned meant a great deal then. It was all done by a combination of shrewd common-sense, and the extraordinary willingness to believe absolutely in inspired people and follow them with religious enthusiasm, which always has been in history an irresistible force.

Afterward Paris was attacked, but as soon as Joan was wounded the attack was dropped. Experienced generals could not make men fight the way this girl could, though she knew nothing of military tactics, and had never led anything but sheep before.

All this time the English were trying to capture Joan, and then prove her to be a sorceress, in order to show that any person crowned through her agency must of course be the wrong man. Hence Henry VI. could be crowned and recognized as the real King of France. They did finally buy her of one of the Duke of Burgundy's vassals; and then began a bogus trial to prove she was a sorceress, since merely putting her to death without proving some evil agency in her work would only make her a martyr. Charles VII., once being King, did not know exactly what to do with Joan, so he took no steps to rescue her from the English, and they spent many weary days in trying to make her say something which could be used to prove she was a sorceress. Failing in this, for she believed too strongly in herself and in her visions to alter her statements, they killed her by burning her alive in the streets of Rouen, in 1431, with the result that she became a martyr at once, and her work for France became the sacred belief of all French people. And in all the sad and fascinating story, the most interesting and wonderful point is the courage, the bravery, and the wonderful brain which a young girl of nineteen or twenty had to sway men and capture cities and crown Kings.

THE LITTLE JOAN.

See "Joan of Arc," Page 1039.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

Two important matters were attended to at the meeting of the New York Interscholastic Athletic Association last Tuesday. One was the question which football rules shall govern the contests held under the supervision of the association this fall, and the other was in regard to the formation of a National Interscholastic Amateur Athletic Association.

There was so much business of immediate local importance for the association to transact that it was not until late in the afternoon that the question of organizing the National I.S.A.A.A. could be brought up. But when it was brought up the representatives of the schools were unanimous in their opinion that the scheme should be put through, and it was immediately voted that the matter be taken up by the association, sitting as a committee of the whole, at their next meeting. The first step in the matter has now been taken, and we may consequently look forward confidently to a new and brilliant era in the history of school sports.

As to the football rules, but little discussion was necessary. The constitution of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. specifies that all games of the N.Y.I.S.F.B.A. shall be played under the rules of the Inter-collegiate F.B.A., and as that association this year consists merely of Yale and Princeton, the New York school games will be conducted according to the newly made Yale-Princeton or Inter-collegiate regulations. As this code is, beyond any doubt, the best one of the three at present in use, it is fortunate that the constitution of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. was so worded as to provide for their adoption.

There is no doubt that if a National Interscholastic A.A.A. be formed, a team of athletes from the Oakland High-School in California will come on to compete at the first meeting. They are thoroughly in earnest out there. A couple of weeks ago I quoted from the San Francisco papers, which contained more or less accurate reports of these young sportsmen's intentions, but since then I have received a copy of the *High-School Ægis*, Oakland High-School's paper in which there is an article entitled "The Prospective Eastern Trip." It is too long to quote entire in these columns, but a few paragraphs from it cannot fail to be of interest. The article begins by saying that,

> "Through the efforts of Harper's Round Table, a United States Interscholastic Athletic Association bids fair to be formed, and if the consolidation takes place, the first field day will be held at New York city in June, 1896. The association will consist of all academies, preparatory and high schools in the United States which are of enough prominence in athletics to be eligible. It will be a far greater organization in point of numbers than the Inter-collegiate Association. New England will have thirty schools represented, New York eighteen, Long Island five, and Pennsylvania twelve, besides many other schools in different parts of the country."

The *Ægis* is certainly correct in saying that, in point of numbers, the National I.S.A.A.A. would be greater than the I.C.A.A.A. New England would certainly have more than thirty schools represented, for there are thirty schools in the N.E.I.S.A.A. alone, and many important institutions outside the organization that would certainly join. There are also the Maine, the Connecticut, the Western Massachusetts, the New York State, the Pittsburg, the Cook County (Illinois), the Dartmouth, and many other associations, which, by joining, would bring the membership, reckoned in schools, up to the hundreds.

In view of such a representative gathering of the schools of this country, the *Ægis* is perfectly justified in remarking that "the school which wins the meet at Mott Haven next June will be the champion academic school of the world; truly a great distinction." And continuing, it asks: "Why should not the Oakland High-School be this school? We have good athletes, who are capable of upholding the honor of the school in any kind of company and on any field." With such a spirit as this the Oakland athletes cannot fail to be prominent in any contest they may enter.

The general plan of the trip East, to be made by the O.H.-S. team, is to come directly to New York viâ Denver and Chicago. The present idea is to reach here early in June, and to arrange a series of dual games with some of the larger schools. Says the *Ægis*:

> "The crack schools of the East, with which the O.H.-S. team would compete, are Andover and Worcester academies in New England, and Barnard School of New York. A comparison of their records with the records of those athletes now in school, in addition to the probable records of the next field day, shows that we do not suffer by the contrast. The fact must be also taken into consideration, that we have nearly a year to improve in, which the Eastern schools do not have, their track athletics ending with the spring term, while ours continue into winter. The time in the 220-yard dash and 220-yard hurdle race is made straightaway, while our records are made on a curved track, and a very poor one at that. The difference in time is nearly a second and a half, which brings our record in the 220-yard dash down to about 23-4/5 seconds, which is very good."

The return trip might be made over the Northern route, if the O.H.-S. team can arrange for games with the Multnomah A.C. of Portland, Oregon.

The amount of money necessary to defray all the expenses that would be incurred in coming East is estimated by the California athletes at $2500. They propose to collect this sum from the members and *alumni* of the school, from an entertainment to be given, and from contributions by the business men of Oakland. They also count on making some profit from their share of the gate receipts at the various games in which the team will compete. Again, I cannot urge too strongly upon the leaders of athletics in our Eastern schools the desirability and advisability of encouraging these California sportsmen to come East. It will give interscholastic sport a great boom in every way, and raise the standard and importance of school contests. I have no doubt whatever that, as soon as the Eastern trip of the O.H.-S. team is definitely decided upon, Andover, Worcester, Hartford H.-S., Barnard, Cutler, and many other schools will be eager to arrange dates for dual games.

There is such a great number of school football teams in and about Boston, that it is impossible, of course, to include them all in one association. Even the original I.S.F.B.A. has found it necessary to divide itself into a Senior and a Junior League, so great was its membership. And so, as rapidly as new teams crop up and find there is no room for them in existing associations, they will form new organizations themselves, and eventually, no doubt, the great scholastic games of the year will be between the winning elevens of different associations, just as the principal scholastic football game hereabouts is that between the teams representing the New York I.S.F.B.A. and the Long Island I.S.F.B.A. [Pg 1042]

The Suburban High-School League is second in importance, in the neighborhood of Boston, only to the old association made up of the Boston and Cambridge schools. It is only a year old, but it is in a thriving condition, the principal schools of its membership being the Medford, Malden, Melrose, and Winchester High-Schools. The championship last year, the first of the League's existence, was won by Malden H.-S., whose team defeated Medford H.-S., 10-0, in the final game of the season. This fall the Suburban League teams will start playing their championship games on November 2d, when Medford and Winchester meet at Medford, and Malden and Melrose come together at Melrose. The two winning teams will decide the championship on the 9th.

The Malden H.-S. team is in better condition at this early date than any of its rivals in the League. Captain Flanders, who has been a member of the team for three years, is putting his men through a course of training that is developing all there is in them. He is a capable player himself, having held almost every position on the team. In his first year he was used in the rush line, and finally occupied one end. The next year he went in at right half-back, and this season he will play full-back. He is a strong runner, and is better at half than anywhere else; although at full he will probably do a good deal of running with the ball, and play close up as a sort of third half-back most of the time. Swain at left guard has also played three years on the team. He is the heaviest man in the aggregation, and there is no better man in the League at breaking through or making holes. Priest will leave end and go to right half-back, and Atwood will be taken from the line, too, to go in as Priest's partner. Both men will require considerable coaching, but Atwood is a fast sprinter, and ought to turn out well in his new position.

The Medford H.-S. team is made up mostly of new men, but it is full of good material. Captain McPherson has had experience on the team for two years, and will have good control over his men, his position being at quarter. But he has a hard row to hoe, and will deserve no end of credit if he moulds all this awkward and green energy into a team of players by November 2d. At Melrose the prospects are but little better. The new men are light, and most of them are inexperienced, only two ever having played on school teams before. These two, Harris and Libby, will no doubt take care of the ends, as they seem best fitted for those positions. If necessary, Libby can go in at quarter. The material back of the line is unusually light, even for a school team. Bemis, however, is a hard runner, and tackles well, and will no doubt be the regular full-back. The other candidates are a little slow in their work, and are much in need of vigorous coaching. They could well spend an hour of every morning in passing and falling on the ball.

There is good material at Winchester, although only three of last year's eleven are again in school. The lack of old players, however, is amply compensated for by the enthusiasm of the new, and I shall expect to see Winchester well up toward the top of the ladder at the end of the season. Ordway, the Captain and full-back, has played on the team two years, and is a good man to give the ball to. He gets around the ends in good style, and is not afraid of bucking the centre. Thus far the candidates are playing well together, although they are a little slow at breaking up interference, and sometimes fail to follow the ball as closely as they should. In a word, their aggressive play is better than their defensive work. The latter should receive attention.

Andover's play in the recent game against Boston College was quick and snappy, and of a kind that may well give Lawrenceville some anxiety. P. A. rolled up 22 points in two fifteen-minute halves, and came pretty near scoring four more as time was called. The Boston men were heavier, but lacked the training which clearly characterized Andover's work. Douglass was put in at half in place of Goodwin, who is temporarily laid up, and made the star play of the game. It occurred at the opening of the second half. Andover kicked off, and Boston returned it. Douglass caught the ball about in the centre of the field, and ran. He dodged half the Boston team, and crossed the line for a touch-down. Butterfield did good work likewise, making several gains through the line. The Andover men seemed to have no trouble in making holes in the Boston College line, and after each play the forwards were noticeably quick in lining up. Andover is going to have a good team.

The Exeter eleven is pretty well knocked out. Half the men who were in good shape two weeks ago are more or less seriously injured now, and it is probable that the P.E.A. team this year will be as poor a one as has represented the school for some time. This condition of affairs is due not so much to poor material as to bad judgment on the part of the captain and the manager. Before the team was in any condition to perform such hard work, games were arranged with Tufts College, Boston A.A., M.I.T., and Dartmouth. Each one of these teams was heavier than the Exeter eleven, and as a result several P.E.A. men are limping about the Academy grounds, and one or two men will not play football again this fall. The game against Dartmouth, especially, was hard for Exeter. In bucking the Hanover rush-line five of P.E.A.'s best men were hurt.

The most serious loss was Hawkins, the quarter-back. The other men behind the line had come to depend considerably upon him, and when Martin was put in his place they went to pieces. Perhaps they should be not too severely blamed for this, for Martin is a wretched player and ought never to be allowed at quarter-back again until he learns a good deal more about the game. In the Tufts game Martin passed the ball on more than one occasion to his opponents. When Thomas took his place in the second half there was a slight recovery from the previous demoralization, but P.E.A. did no scoring. If Exeter had arranged her games against lighter and weaker teams in the early part of the season, and had fixed the dates with these older men for now and the following weeks, her players would have been better able to stand the hard work required of them.

It is just this sort of thing that brings football into disrepute with people who don't know anything about the game. They see in the papers that Brown, Jones, and Robinson are hurt as a result of playing football. They do not stop to reflect that possibly Brown, Jones, and Robinson had no business playing the game, but at once decry football. Possibly if Brown, Jones, and Robinson had been put on horseback and trotted around a field they would have been much lamer, and certainly they would have been much more liable to get their necks broken. Take two elevens in training and let them play a game; there will be no one hurt in all probability. Take twenty-two men who are not in any kind of training and set them loose on a gridiron for two fifteen-minute halves and see how many doctors you will need at the end of the game. That's the secret of most of the outcry against football. Half the men who get hurt would not have gotten hurt if they had gone at it properly, and it is almost always of these fellows that the general public gets reports. There is a good deal for the general public to learn about football.

There is one good thing I notice in the methods of the Chicago High-School teams. They play only fifteen-minute halves in their football matches, and that is a very proper arrangement for the early part of the season. Young players cannot stand the strain of full-time play at first, and it is the height of folly to try to play two thirty-five-minute halves at present. Even the big college teams do not attempt such severe work, playing usually twenty or twenty-five minute halves until the 1st of November, by which time the men have become seasoned, and are able to stand the exertion of full-time play. School teams should begin by playing short halves, gradually lengthening them until the full time is reached two or three weeks before the [Pg 1043] important game. At first it is even better to play three periods of ten minutes, with a short rest between each, than two fifteen-minute halves with only one rest. It all depends on the size and strength of the men who are playing, and the Captain must be the judge in these matters. His idea should be to get the greatest development with the smallest possible strain on his men.

The Junior League schedule of the New England F.B.A. has been arranged, and several matches have already been played. The dates are as follows:

> Roxbury High—October 11th, Newton High at Newton; October 19th, Chelsea at Franklin Park; November 2d, Roxbury Latin at South End Grounds; November 9th, Dedham at Dedham; November 20th, Somerville at Somerville; November 23d, Hyde Park at Franklin Park.
>
> Chelsea High—October 19th, Roxbury High at Franklin Park; October 23d, Somerville at Somerville; October 26th, Roxbury Latin at Brookline Common; November 1st, Newton at Chelsea; November 7th, Hyde Park at Chelsea; November 16th, Dedham at Dedham.
>
> Roxbury Latin—October 18th, Hyde Park at Hyde Park; October 26th, Chelsea High at Brookline Common; October 30th, Somerville High at Somerville; November 2d, Roxbury High at South End; November 8th, Newton High at Newton; November 13th, Dedham High at Dedham.
>
> Dedham High—October 14th, Somerville at Somerville; October 25th, Newton at Newton; November 1st, Hyde Park at Dedham; November 9th, Roxbury High at Dedham; November 13th, Roxbury Latin at Dedham; November 16th, Chelsea at Dedham.
>
> Somerville High—October 14th, Dedham at Somerville; October 23d, Chelsea; October 30th, Roxbury Latin; November 12th, Hyde Park; November 20th, Roxbury High; November 22d, Newton High.
>
> Hyde Park High—October 18th, Roxbury Latin at Hyde Park; November 1st, Dedham High at Dedham; November 7th, Chelsea High at Chelsea; November 12th, Somerville High at Somerville; November 15th, Newton High at Newton; November 23d, Roxbury High at Franklin Park.

Newton High—October 11th, Roxbury High at Newton; October 25th, Dedham High at Newton; November 1st, Chelsea High at Chelsea; November 8th, Roxbury Latin at Newton; November 15th, Hyde Park at Newton; November 22d, Somerville High at Somerville.

The winner of the series meets the tail-ender of the Senior League to determine whether or not they shall exchange places next season.

The Graduate.

STAMPS

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

The dull season just ended has been extremely interesting from the fact that a large number of stamps have been advancing in value by leaps and bounds. So many new collectors have come into the field that the supply of scarce and rare stamps has been much smaller than the demand. This has been the case especially in unused U.S. stamps to such a degree that dealers have refused to sell, calculating that they would make more money by holding off. The Department stamps have scored the greatest advance. The Executives, sold a few years ago for $4 or $5 per set, command $25 to $30 to-day. The Justice set, which could be bought for $8 or $10 a set, are difficult to find at $80 or $90. Even the despised Interior, worth formerly 75c. to $1 per set, now bring $5 to $6. A fine set of State formerly owned by the writer, and sold for $40 in 1891, changed hands the other day at $250.

In a word collectors with money—bankers, merchants, noblemen, and even royalties—have greatly increased in numbers during the past three years, whereas there are no more unused U.S. stamps to-day than formerly. Indeed, there are fewer stamps on the market, as there is a constant destruction of old albums and collections, through fire, water, and carelessness.

Used stamps are not appreciated to as great an extent as unused, as the great demand has led to the looking over of every lot of old letters within the reach and knowledge of collectors. Consequently the common varieties of U.S. stamps and envelopes are somewhat of a drug in the market, and are bought by dealers to-day chiefly on the chance of finding one or more of the scarcer kinds in the lot of "cheap trash."

I was mistaken in my opinion that the recent find of a big lot of St. Louis stamps would bring down their price. The exact contrary has been the effect. Two or three of our largest collectors are ready to buy these stamps at an increased valuation, as they are now "plating." That is, they are making up sheets of these stamps as originally issued. As there were two papers and three plates, and each plate contained six stamps, to make up a complete set would require thirty-six stamps in all. The cost of such a set of six plates of six stamps each would probably be at least $15,000, possibly $20,000.

The new catalogues are appearing. The first in the field was Seuf's, then Stanley Gibbon's; the next to appear will probably be Scott's. Meanwhile J. W. Scott has issued a circular of the new prices of the U. S. issues, and probably will soon issue a new edition of "Our Catalogue," which was the first ever made in the handy pocket form.

Miss C. A.—The New Jersey cents are worth from 25c. to $3 each, according to condition, etc.

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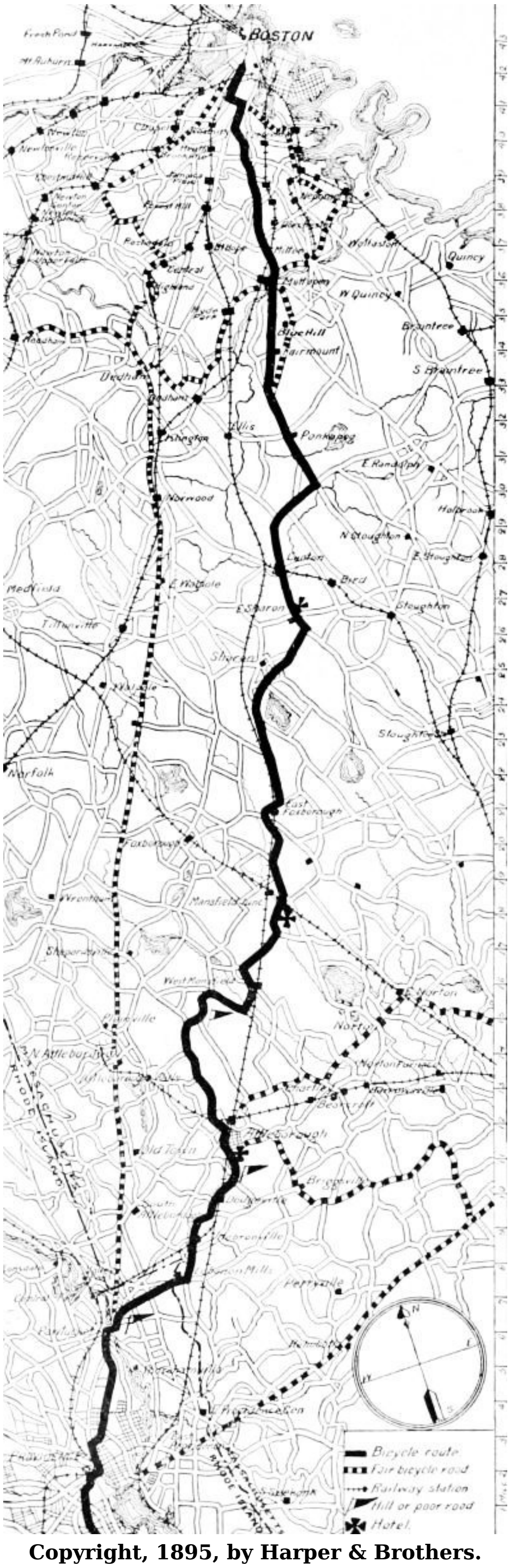
[Pg 1044]

BICYCLING

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

From Benefit Street and Olney Street, Providence, to the Boston Common is forty-seven miles, and this is the distance to be run on the sixth and last stage of the two-Hundred-and-Fifty-eight-mile trip from New York to Boston. Wherever you may put up in Providence, it is well to make for Benefit Street first on starting for Boston. Thence proceed, and turn into Olney Street, following this to East Avenue, when the run to Pawtucket is direct, and it is a capital four-mile run at that. The rider will do well, after crossing the river, to bear to the right, and, crossing the Massachusetts border, run into Lebanon Mills, just on the Massachusetts side. Or to be more explicit, after leaving Pawtucket turn to the left, cross a stone bridge, bear to the left immediately after crossing, then take the next left fork, and finally bear to the right at the third fork, and make for Lebanon Mills direct. Take Cottage Street out of Lebanon, and turn to the right at the cemetery, and follow the main road to Hebronville. Thence the road is clear through Dodgeville across the track to Attleborough. From Attleborough, crossing the river, you take the left turn at Fourth Street, and run direct, though by a somewhat roundabout road, to West Mansfield, which is a good twenty miles from Providence. From West Mansfield run northward, keep to the right, cross the track, and run into Mansfield Junction. Crossing tracks, run on to East Foxborough, and thence leaving Sharon on the westward, proceed to East Sharon. The rider should take care to turn to the right at the railroad round-house near Massapoag Pond, and avoid running on into Sharon. From Cobb's Tavern at East Sharon the run to Canton is direct and very good, as is also the road from Canton to Ponkapog, though you should take care to take the right fork a mile and a half out from Cobb's Tavern, and a mile and a half further on to turn sharp left at a crossroads. From Ponkapog the rider runs on by Blue Hill on Blue Hill Avenue, passing down through Mattapan to Warren Street, and on this to Harrison Avenue, to Chester Park, to Columbus, to Boston Common. The following are the directions by the road from Boston. The reverse trip to Providence is given, because it is one of the good runs out of Boston.



Starting at Copley Square, leave Public Library on the right, and go out Huntington Avenue to Parker Street; there turn to the left, following Parker to Tremont, there turn to the left onto Tremont, and at New Heath Street turn to right, at Parker Street turn to left, and follow it to Centre Street, turn to right onto Centre, and take direct road to Jamaica Plain, continue till monument is reached, then take South Street to the left of monument, and on reaching water-trough turn to the left, cross over the railroad tracks, and turn to the right onto Walkhill Street to the fork, where keep to right onto Hyde Park Avenue, which follow till it joins Central Park Avenue. Continue on last-named avenue to River Street, and then turn to right. Ride across the square, and go, viâ Centre Street and River Street, to Milton Street, turn to the right. Turn to left at High Street, on reaching Washington Street take that past Memorial Hall, Dedham, to Norwood, past Public Library, and at fork of roads keep to right into Walpole, where, at the Common near Town Hall, turn to the left, and after a run of a quarter of a mile turn to the right, and from the turnpike-road turn to the right to South Walpole. In leaving this village keep to left, and take East Foxborough road, but on reaching Common bear to right, and turn to right into South Street, and go to forks, where take the left fork to the turn of the road, then turn to the right and cross Wading River, and after passing reservoir you reach forks, take left one to end, then turn to right onto Pleasant Street, which follow to Park Street. Turn to right and cross railroad, [Pg 1045] continuing to fountain, turn to left onto South Main Street to car track, and follow car track to Hebronville, cross Lebanon Bridge, keep straight road viâ Central Avenue, following car tracks to Six Corners, there take left fork with car tracks and Cottage Street to junction of car tracks. In Pawtucket turn to left on Summit Street, take first right, Main Street, keeping to left at the forks, then first left onto School Street, and bear to right at forks to the first cross street, turn to right onto Division Street, and cross the river, turn to left onto Pleasant Street, the continuation of which is Seven Point Road, take first left beyond cemetery, then follow Blackstone Boulevard to the end, and continue viâ of Butler Avenue, following car tracks, and turning to right at Angell Street, pass the asylum wall, take third street to left, follow Cook Street, turn to right onto Benevolent Street, right onto Benefit Street, turn to left onto College Street, and down hill into Market Square.

Note.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818, Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in 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; Fifth Stage in No. 832.

THE CAMERA CLUB

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.

MOUNTING PICTURES FOR THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

Although directions for mounting prints have been given in this column, still a few extra hints may not come amiss to our competitors.

The mounting of pictures has a great deal to do with their artistic finish, and as technical excellence is one of the points on which the prize pictures are to be marked, of course the mounting of the pictures is included in this term.

There are many styles of card-mounts, and in selecting a mount be sure that the color of the card harmonizes with the color of the print. Do not use a gray mount for pictures with warm brown tones. A creamy-white is the color that is best adapted to most prints. A very attractive card-mount is what is called a "plate-sunk" mount. The card has a depression in the centre a little larger than the print to be mounted, and has the effect of a frame. This card is of heavy board and rather expensive, yet it pays to buy a good card-mount for prize competition pictures.

Never mount a print on a card only a trifle larger than the print. The picture should have at least an inch-wide margin all round. A 4 x 5 print should be mounted on a 6 x 8 card, and larger prints on correspondingly larger cards. Do not use what is called a 4 x 5 card-mount for a 4 x 5 picture. If you have never used a larger mount than one which just fits the picture try an unmounted print on a large sheet of plain paper, and see how much the picture gains in beauty by having a wider margin to the mount.

A nice way to mount prints for exhibition is to first mount the print on a plain card, and then place a mat over it of rough water-color paper, or such paper as is used to mat pictures. In using a mat do not trim the photograph; mount it in the centre of the card, and then place the mat over it.

Mount your pictures in as neat and attractive manner as possible, and see if it does not raise your standard of "technical excellence."

Sir Knight Fred. P. Moore asks if there is any way to fix a defective plate that has holes or scratches on the film; if chemicals can be bought at drug stores, and are they cheaper or dearer than those bought of the photograph dealers; and would also like the formula for paste given over again. A negative that has scratches in the film can have the holes or scratches filled up in this way: apply retouching fluid to the spots in manner directed on bottle. When it is dry take a soft lead-pencil and mark or pencil out the spots, filling them with the soft lead. Be careful not to mark any place except where the holes and scratches are, as all such marks will show in the print. It is best to experiment with a spoiled negative first before attempting to retouch a good plate. A little practice and a steady hand will soon enable an amateur to retouch the spots in his negatives so that the print will show a perfect picture. It is much cheaper to buy photographic chemicals at the regular dealers; for instance, I bought 5 grs. of ferricyanide of potassium at the druggist last week for which I paid ten cents, and a few days later bought an ounce at the dealers in photographic goods for which I paid ten cents. Druggists keep good chemicals, but they charge more for them. The formula for paste is as follows: 1 oz. best arrowroot, 40 grs. sheet gelatine, 1/2 oz. methylated spirits, 3 drops of carbolic acid. Mix the arrowroot with 1 oz. of water, then add

7 oz. of water and the gelatine broken in bits. Boil for five minutes, stirring all the time, and when nearly cold stir in the spirits slowly, and then the acid. Keep tightly corked, and when wanted for use take out a little and rub smooth with a knife.

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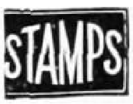

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Conditions for the "Word Hunt."

Following is a list of answers to some questions which have been put to us concerning the $50 "Word Hunt." Many asked the same questions, but we endeavor to answer all the different ones in the following:

No other authorities than Webster or Worcester may be used. Words that are marked "obsolete" in the Dictionary may not be used, neither may compound words. One letter may not be used twice unless it appears twice in the Puzzle Words. The letter "a" is a word. By proper names is meant not only given names of persons, but any words that must be commenced with a capital letter.

Prefixes and suffixes may not be used except when they form part of a simple word. Words of the same meaning but spelled differently are allowable, but words of different meanings and spelled alike are not. The possessive case, diphthongs, slang words, abbreviations, and contractions are not allowable. Degrees of comparison, the different forms of the verb, and plurals that are formed otherwise than by adding "s" are allowable, also words in the Appendix.

Words derived from the Latin or Greek may be used, but words commonly used, yet purely foreign, may not. All the letters contained in the Puzzle Words need not be used; each word may contain any number of letters, no matter how few, so long as they form a word. One person may try for only one prize—senior or junior.

All are invited to compete, whether subscribers or not. If you are not a member of the Order of the Round Table, write to the publishers for a Membership Patent. We request that answers be written on one side of the paper only, and that each word be numbered. Write the words in alphabetical order, as far as possible, and do not roll the sheets, but send them either *flat* or *folded*.

A Delightful Morsel from South Africa.

Winter is almost over. We have had a very warm one. Spring is not supposed to come until September, but already the trees are getting quite green, and birds and butterflies are coming back. We very seldom see snow at Roydon, and have had none this winter, but we are having a fearful drought. It is over a year since we had rain. The farmers are looking very anxious about their crops.

In October the "shearing" begins. You meet everywhere bands of Kafirs in their red blankets, knob-herries (sticks with a huge knob at one end, usually carried by natives) in their hands, and a bundle containing a pot, tin beaker, shears, and sometimes boots, slung over their shoulders; these are "shearers." The farmers hire them at the rate of about sixpence (twelve cents) for ten sheep. Not much, is it? but the Kafirs are easily satisfied.

The sheep are put into an enclosure. Each Kafir, stripped to the waist, seizes one and commences to shear the wool off. Sometimes they are careless and cut the flesh. Then a man standing by dips a brush in tar and rubs the place over. This not only heals it, but keeps the flies off. As soon as a shearer has finished a sheep he receives a "loikee" (bean or something of that sort). At the end of the day he receives payment according to the amount of loikees in his possession.

The wool is packed into large bales and is sold by the pound. Dealers send the bales by rail to the seaports, where they are shipped to England, and come back to us in the shape of clothes. It is just as well to keep to windward of the shearing-house. Not being addicted to water, the Kafirs have an odor peculiarly their own. As I once heard it remarked, "it is enough to knock a fellow down," if you go too near.

We sell a great deal of fruit in the summer. Our fruit ripens then, not in autumn. Early in the morning the men begin to pick and pack the fruit. In 1893 we sold 9100 apricots, 10,718 plums—which includes New Orleans, Golden Drop, Magnum Bosum, Damsons, Greengages, and the common blue plum—and 16,243 peaches and nectarines, besides hundreds of apples, pears, and figs. In the winter we have oranges, lemons, shaddocks, and citrons. Our winter fruit was a failure this year on account of the drought.

We send most of our fruit to East London, where it has a ready sale. In their season we have loquats, granadillas, and walnuts. We almost live on fruit in the summer. The weather is unbearably hot. Last Christmas day was very hot, and all we felt inclined to do was to lie about in the shade and drink cooling drinks. As evening approaches we get merry again. It is cool almost as soon as the sun sets. We have no twilight to speak of. It is lovely out-of-doors in the evening. We promenade up and down and watch the stars.

My friend, Douglas Ritchie, who is thirteen years of age, has started a stamp collection. He would like to exchange South African stamps for those of other countries. He is also very anxious to join the Round Table. Will you send him a Patent, please? His address is The Manse, Queenstown, Cape Colony, South Africa. My letter is getting so long that I must conclude. Will you please give my love to dear Mrs. Sangster, and tell her I do enjoy the "Pudding Stick" so much.

ISMA FINCHAM, R.T.L.
ROYDON, QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA.

Of course we'll send the Patent. Mrs. Sangster thanks you warmly, and is much gratified to learn that you so greatly enjoy her Pudding Stick. She gives you, her distant but not less dear reader, her most cordial greeting. Won't you write another just as good morsel as this one?

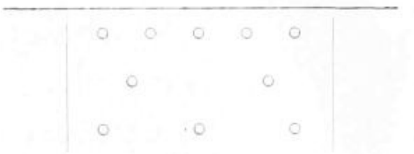
Directions for Playing "Newcomb."

I have had so much fun from the following game that I am induced to give it to the Table. We boys of Trinity School, N. Y., were the first to play it in this vicinity. I think it was originated by a lady gymnastic teacher in New Orleans, who wished to devise some good healthful game requiring not too much exertion.

Two lines are drawn, one on each side of the gymnasium, about ten or twelve feet from the wall. Two sides are chosen. Each takes its place inside the line. A referee and score-keeper are appointed. The referee tosses a football (a Rugby is the best) to one of the teams. The man on the team receiving the ball throws it to the opposing team, his object being to throw the ball so that it will fall behind the other team's line. If he scores a touch-down—that is, if it goes inside the line, it counts three points to the side throwing the ball. If the ball does not fall inside, but outside the line, it counts a foul, and scores a point against the side throwing it.

If a member of either team, whether he is receiving or throwing the ball, steps over or on the line, it constitutes a foul, and scores one point against his side. Of course the swifter the ball is thrown the more unlikely any member of the opposing team is to catch it. A certain length of time to play had better be agreed upon. I nearly forgot to mention that two lines must be drawn at right angles to the principal ones—that is, a line at each end. Should the ball go outside these lines it is a foul. These rules can be perfected and enlarged according to any one's desire.

I give a diagram showing how the lines should be drawn, and how the men could be arranged, if desired. This diagram is for a team of ten men. The game is called Newcomb.



ROI C. MEGRUE, R.T.K.
NEW YORK.

Entertainments for the Fund.

Not a few fairs and entertainments are planned for the near future in aid of the School Fund. There are to be fairs at Newton, N. J.; Upper Nyack, N. Y.; and Edgecombe Road, New York city; and stereopticon entertainments in Washington, Louisville, Dayton, and Piqua, O.; Easton, Pa.; Somerville, Perth Amboy, and East Orange, N. J.; Brooklyn and Utica, N. Y.; Newport, R. I.; and, a little later on, Cincinnati, O. Besides, Mr. Kirk Munroe is to give a reading and reception in New York city.

Why may not there be held, at or near the holidays this year, say early in December, a great number of fairs? Mr. Munroe's letter describing his visit to Good Will Farm has aroused much interest. It explains all about the work there. If you are interested, send to us for a copy. It will be sent you free. Write us about any proposed effort in your town. Suppose we hear from three or four persons in one town? We immediately bring you together and there is a working force all ready to hand. Besides, we can help you with suggestions—possibly with an entertainment all ready to your hand. How many can we hear from?

The Helping Hand.

The truth of the Table's adage that "everything comes to those who try" was strikingly illustrated recently. Some Ladies of Newton, N. J., planned a fair in aid of the School Fund. Of course it was a delightful occasion. There was much hard work, and there were some disappointments, but the splendid sum of $30 was netted. Those who had the great pleasure of giving this amount to the Fund were:

Helen Leyton, Mabel T. Roof, Eleanor Hayward, Mollie Morford, Katherine Atwood, Emma Howard, Edna L. Roof, Mary S. Roof, Harry Howard, Waldemar Howard, Louis Layton, Harry Lubbs, Clarence Howard, Thomas S. Woodruff.

At about the same time some other Ladies in the upper part of New York city held a fair. They, too, had hard work and some discouragements, but then, like the Ladies of Newton, they enjoyed a great deal of satisfaction in the end, for they were able to send to the Fund $71.50. The Table most heartily thanks all who helped at these two fairs. It also urges other Ladies, Chapters, and all readers to try to hold fairs for the same purpose. Let us have one hundred fairs and entertainments this autumn and winter. Then we shall surely lay the corner-stone of the building early in the spring. Write the Table for suggestions, or see the Handy Book.

More Chutes to Shoot.

An interesting article appeared in the Round Table on "Shooting the Chutes." The writer mentioned that there were four "Chutes" in different parts of the country. There are two more, which have probably been erected since the article was written, one at Washington Park, Philadelphia, and the other at Atlantic City. They were both erected this year. The one at Atlantic City was the attraction of the season and a wonderful financial success. It earned the whole cost of its construction, $35,000. There will doubtless be another one next year, for people do not seem to tire of the exhilarating sport.

Irwin Shupp, Jun., R.T.K.
Atlantic City.

An Appeal from Australia.

We live on Red Hill, a suburb of Brisbane. We have a very nice view from our place, and in summer a nice breeze springs up which mitigates the intense heat of the day, while in winter it is rather cold. We go to a state school, called the "Normal." We would like to correspond with some girl of our own age (thirteen years) from any foreign country. Here is the address for any girl who would like to write, Venie Lawson and Annette Wilson, Normal School, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

Let's have Some Explanations.

After Jotaphat had been captured by the Romans, Josephus, the historian, fled to a cavern with forty other Jews. His companions resolved to kill each other rather than surrender. Josephus pretended to agree, but claimed that, being leader, it was his privilege to arrange them in good order for death, and that, beginning to count from one end to a certain number, they should put to death the person on whom that number should fall, until only one man should remain, who should kill himself. The men agreed, and Josephus so arranged himself and the forty others that at the end of the slaughter he remained, with one other, whom he persuaded to live. How did Josephus arrange his men? [Pg 1047]

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

I take it for granted that it is a class prophecy which my correspondent, who is puzzled on this score, asks for. Here is one way which she may like. Write your prophecy as though seen by the Lady of Shalott, and illustrate by tableaux-vivants. The prophet costumes herself like the Lady of Shalott. She should wear a gauzy white gown, and have a netting wound around her, assimilating a spider's web. Her hair should flow loosely about the shoulders, and she should be seated before a spinning-wheel.

"And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she."

Arrange the platform to represent a prettily furnished room, and on the wall hang conspicuously a large mirror.

"And moving thro' a minor clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear."

The Lady of Shalott as she weaves recites in slow, distinct tones the prophecy, and as the destiny of each one is told, have the person referred to pass across the stage before the mirror, and so on, out of sight. The person will be costumed and will act exactly as the prophecy foretells. The awesome effect will be heightened by an accompaniment of slow music.

A very little girl asks what easy thing she may find to do for her mother's birthday. Make a set of table-mats, dear, of coarse white cotton, crocheting them in simple close work, and finishing with a scalloped edge. I saw a very pretty set the other day, and the lady who owned them was proud that her youngest daughter, aged eight, had made them herself.

What do you think of this as a hint for a useful little gift? A Portia pen-wiper is practical, unique, new, and easy of construction. Buy a china doll—one that stands firmly. Make for her several chamois-skin skirts of different lengths, putting on the shortest one first. Pink the edges. The costume should be a red or black student's gown and cap, and put a tiny roll of parchment in her hand. If you have to tie the roll in the hand, use fine silk of the same color as the parchment, and it will scarcely show. The gown should be long and full. The material may be silk, velvet, or cashmere. The cap should have a square top, fastened to a narrow band fitting close to the head. The doll should have the appearance of stateliness. Whenever the chamois is soiled, replace the skirts, and thus the pen-wiper is always clean.

No, Susie and Rowana. I do not care for crystallized grasses. They are old-fashioned, and not in the least pretty. Do not put anything in your vases which simply gathers dust, and is not a thing of beauty. A few growing plants are a great attraction in the house, and you can have geraniums and mignonette all winter if you will begin to care for them now.

Margaret Sangster.

[Pg 1048]

PRYING MARY.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

Oh, curious, prying Mary,
   Why was it you would try
To peep in every bundle,
   In every box to pry?

Mamma had often warned her,
   But still she pried about,
And nothing could be hidden
   But Mary found it out.

It chanced mamma from shopping
   Brought in some things one day.
"Pray do not touch them, Mary," she said,
   "While I'm away."

But scarce mamma had left her,
   She scarce had closed the door,
Ere Mary stole on tiptoes
   With haste across the floor.

She tears the paper open,
   And stoops with eager eyes.
Puff! In her mouth and up her nose
   The biting pepper flies.

"Hatchew! hatchew!" she sneezes;
   The tears stream from her eyes.
"Who would have thought the bundle
   Was pepper!" Mary cries.

"Hatchew! hatchew!" she sneezes,
The tears drip from her chin,
And while she still is sneezing
Mamma comes softly in.

She lifts her hands in wonder,
And Mary hears her cry,
"Some ill-luck always happens
To children who will pry."

A PROMOTION.

"How are you getting on with your music lessons, Harold?"

"Bin promoted."

"Indeed?"

"Yeth; I play three-finger exercises now, 'stead o' two."

EXACTLY IT.

"Well, Jack, I suppose you keep your desk in apple-pie order."

"Yes. That's just about it: everything's all tumbled up together inside of it just like the inside of a pie."

"Hullo, Fatty," said the Copy-book to the Dictionary.

"Hullo, Thinny!" retorted the Dictionary.

"You're a wordy person, Fatty," said the Copy-book.

"You're an empty thing, Thinny," said the Dictionary.

"Bound to have the last word, eh, Fatty!" sneered the Copy-book.

"Need it in my business, Thinny," said the Dictionary, and the Umbrella in the library corner laughed so hard that it bent one of its ribs.

NOT A WEATHER INDICATOR.

An amusing story is told by a sea-captain in relation to the ignorance of his steward, whom he had directed to wind the chronometer in the cabin every morning regularly during his contemplated absence from the ship.

Now a chronometer is nothing but a finely regulated timepiece used by navigators. On its face is a small circle having a hand, and at two points on this circle are the words "Up" and "Wind." When the instrument is wound the little arrow-band points to "Up," and after the chronometer has run twenty-four hours the arrow stands against "Wind," meaning that it is time for it to be wound.

When the Captain returned to his ship, the steward reported to him that he had obeyed orders, and wound the chronometer faithfully every day, and then added that he, personally, did not think much of its ability to foretell weather.

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled Captain. "What has a chronometer got to do with the weather?"

"Why," replied the manipulator of sailors' hash and plum-duff, "every morning the arrow would say that we were going to have wind, and half the time it was a flat calm."

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

"I don't yike you, Aunt Jennie," said Wilbur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in mind. "An' if you don't let me alone I'll save up my pottet-money an' buy a tapir."

"A what?" asked his aunt.

"A tapir," said Wilbur. "An' tapirs *they eats ants*!"

JUST THE OTHER WAY.

Jimmieboy has a very unbreakable habit of getting up at night and running in to his father's room and jumping into bed with him. He was once chided for this.

"I'm glad to have you come in the morning, but don't come too early," was the end of the lecture. The next night, however, Jimmieboy came bouncing in at one o'clock.

"Didn't I tell you not to do this, Jimmieboy?" he was asked.

"No," replied Jimmieboy. "You told me not to come early. This isn't early—it's awful late. After one o'clock."

A MISTAKE.

"It's a great mistake," said Bobbie Tompkins, "to say that we Americans are born free."

"Why, Bobbie?"

"Look at that baby of ours. Was he born free? I guess not. He ain't allowed to do nothin' he wants ter."

"That was a great game of ball the Nomeals and Hungerfoods played the other day."

"Was it? What was the score?"

"Nothing to eight."

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