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[Pg 1]

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FOR KING OR COUNTRY.

A Story of the Revolution.

BY JAMES BARNES.

CHAPTER I.

AT STANHAM MILLS.

It was the first day of June. The air was balmy with sweet odors, the sky was clear and blue, and everything that could sing or make a noise was endeavoring to rejoice. And this was his Britannic Majesty's colony of New Jersey in the year of grace 1772.

Out of a little valley that separated two lines of thickly wooded hills, whose sides still gleamed with the fast departing blossoms, ran a leaping brook. It swirled about the smooth brown stones at the head of a waterfall, and rushed down into the deep clear pools at the bottom. Then it did the same thing over and over again, until it slid into the meadow and beneath a great rough bridge, where it spread out into a goodly sized pond, on whose farther shore rose the timbers of a well-built dam. A water-gate and a sluiceway were at one end, and above the trees, a short distance off to the left, across the meadow, in which some sheep were feeding, rose a big stone chimney. Out of this chimney the smoke was pouring and drifting slowly upwards in the still, sunny air.

Now and then a grinding, rumbling noise echoed through the hills to the southward, which, sad to relate, unlike those to the north, were swept almost bare of trees, and were dotted with the huts of charcoal-burners. But the underbrush was doing its best to cover these bare spots with young green leaves, and the charcoal ovens were still and cold.

Up the brook, just at the verge of the meadow, was the last one of the deep clear pools, and mingling with the waterfall was the sound of children's voices. They seemed to be talking all at once, for they could be heard plainly from the old gray bridge. The bank of the last pool shelved [Pg 2] gently on one side, and on the other ran down into a little cliff, at the bottom of which the brook scarcely moved, so deep was the water above the pebbly bottom.

Half-way up the shelving right-hand bank sat a little girl of eleven. She was making long garlands of oak leaves, pinning them carefully together with the stems. Her dress was white and trimmed with tattered lace. She looked as though she had run away from some birthday party, for no mother (or aunt, for that matter) would allow any little girl to go out into the woods in such thin slippers. One of her stockings had fallen down, and was tucked in the ribbons that crossed her ankles, and held the small slippers from coming off entirely. She had no hat on her curly head, and her bare arms were sunburned and brown.

Seated at her feet was a boy of thirteen years or there-abouts. He was hugging his knees and digging his heels at the same time into the soft earth. He also looked as if he had escaped from a party, like the little girl, for his short breeches were of sky-blue silk, with great knee-buckles, and

his hair was done up like a little wig and tied with a big black ribbon. There was a rip in the sleeve of his blue velvet coat, and the lace about his neck had become twisted and was hanging over one shoulder.

"I wonder what Uncle Daniel will look like? I trust he will bring us something fine from England," said the boy. "I'd like to go back there with him, if he'd take us all."

"Yes, if he'd take us all, and we might get in to the army—eh?" came a voice from the top of the steep bank opposite.

It was quite startling, the reply was exactly like an echo; but that was not the strangest part. Flat on the ground lay another boy of thirteen. If the first had been copied by a maker of wax-works, line for line and color for color, the two could not have been more alike. In fact, the only difference was that the second had on pink silk breeches, which were very much muddied at the knees. He held in his extended hand a roughly trimmed fishing-pole.

"I feel another nibble," said the boy who had last spoken, leaning further over the water.

"Yes, there, there!" exclaimed the other on the lower bank. "Now we've got him!"

There was a swish, and a trout came plashing and twisting into the sunlight. He had not been very firmly hooked, however, for, after a short flight through the air, he tumbled almost into the lap of the little girl.

She gave a laugh, and, dropping her garland, managed to secure the gasping little fish, together with a handful of grass and leaves.

"Do put him back, William," she said, leaning forward. "He's much too small. I pray you put him back."

The boy took the trout, and, crawling to the water's edge, set him free, and laughed as he darted off and hid, wriggling himself under a sunken log.

At this minute the bushes were parted just behind where the two had been seated, and a strange figure came into sight.

It was an old colored man. He had on a three-cornered hat, much too large for his woolly head, and under his arm he carried a bundle of freshly cut switches. He wore also an old flowered waistcoat that reached almost to his knees, and hung loosely about his thin figure. The waistcoat was still quite gaudy, and showed patches here and there of worn gold lace.

"Mars Willem, I's jes done de bes' I could," said the old darky, with a bow.

The boy looked over the bundle of rods and picked out two of them.

"Cato," he said in an authoritative manner that showed no ill-humor, "you are a lazy rascal, sir; go back and get me one just as long as this and just as thin as this one, and straight, too, mark ye."

The old man bowed again, turned around to hide a grin, and went back into the deep shadows of the trees. When he had gone a little way he stopped.

"Said dat jes like his father, Mars David, would hev spoke. 'Cato, you're a lazy rascal, sir.'" Here the old darky laughed. "I jes wondered if he'd take one of dem crooked ones; I jes did so. Dem boys is Frothin'hams plum fro'—hyar me talkin'."

He drew out of his pocket a huge clasp-knife, and, looking carefully to right and left, went deeper into the wood.

But before going on further with the story, or taking up the immediate history of the twin Frothinghams, it is best, perhaps, to go back and tell a little about their family connections, and explain also something about Stanham Mills, where our story opens on this bright June day.

During the reign of George II. some members of the London Company and a certain wealthy Lord Stanham had purchased a large tract of land in New Jersey, just south of the New York boundary-line. It was supposed that a fortune lay hidden there in the unworked iron-mines.

Looking about for an agent or some persons to represent their interests, and to take charge of the property, the company's choice had fallen upon two members of an influential family in England that had colonial connections—David and Nathaniel Frothingham.

There were three Frothingham brothers in the firm of that name, a firm that had long been interested in many financial ventures in the Colonies, and the two younger partners had had some experience in mining and the handling of large bodies of men.

Upon receiving their appointment to the position of Company managers, Nathaniel and David had left for America, leaving Daniel, the eldest, to look after their family interests at the counting-house in London.

This was some fourteen or fifteen years before our story opened.

Both of the younger brothers were married, and brought their wives with them to share their fortunes in the far-off country. Immediately upon their arrival they had opened the large Manor-house, that had been erected for them in a manner regardless of expense upon the Stanham property, even before a shaft had been sunk in the surrounding hills.

Unfortunately the two ladies of the Manor did not agree at all, and David and his wife lived in one

wing and Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel in the other.

When the twins came upon the scene, which happened not long after the arrival in America, there had been great rejoicing; and Mrs. Nathaniel Frothingham's heart had softened somewhat toward her husband's brother's wife. She had no children of her own; and she unbent a little from the position of proud superiority she had assumed, for the aristocratic Clarissa was the grand-niece of an English earl, and had held her heart high accordingly. Mrs. David, the young mother, was but the daughter of a Liverpool merchant. The Frothinghams spent the money that came to them from England with a lavish but an honest hand. However, up to the time this story begins there had been no large returns to encourage future expenditures.

Bounding Stanham Mills to the east and south lay another estate, owned by four or five wealthy dwellers in the Colonies; it was known as the Hewes property. Here also had been opened mines, and a foundry even larger than the Frothingham's was in process of completion.

The eastern boundary-line, as first surveyed by the King's surveyors, ran close to the entrance of the shaft on Tumble Ridge, the big hill to the north; so close indeed in some places that the sound of the picks of the Hewes men could be often heard at work, for the entrance to the rival shaft was just out of sight across the hill crest, and the underground works were nearing every day.

It was claimed by the Hewes people that the Frothinghams had already crossed the boundary-line. Disputes had arisen time and again, and a feeling of intense dislike had grown up between the neighbors.

One eventful morning, when the twins were but two years old and their sister Grace a baby, their father had gone down with some workmen in the rough bucket to the bottom of the largest mine, when a mass of heavy stone near the top became detached and fell, carrying death and sorrow into the family at the big white house. Mrs. David had not long survived her husband, and so the twins and their little sister were suddenly left orphans. [Pg 3]

The children were too young to remember much of their father or their mother, and under the care of their Aunt Clarissa and Uncle Nathan they had been allowed to grow up like young wild flowers—much as they pleased.

There were no children near them with whom they were allowed to associate, for the coldness that had existed between the Hewes family and the Frothinghams had, on the latter's part, grown to the verge of hatred, and the two mansions were seven miles apart.

Insensibly the boys had imbibed some of the mannerisms of their stern, hot-tempered uncle, and had been influenced by the airs and affectations of the proud and haughty Mrs. Frothingham. But their devotion and love for one another it was almost pathetic to have seen.

If William, who was the elder, thought anything, George seemed to appreciate it without an expression from his brother, and both fairly worshipped their little sister Grace. She accompanied them in all but their longer rambles, and was their comrade in many of their adventures and misfortunes.

Since they were babies they had been placed more or less under the care and tutelage of the old colored man, Cato Sloper, and his wife, Polly Ann. The children loved their aunt and uncle in a certain indefinite way, but their real affections went out toward their foster-mother and their faithful black adherent.

With this short excursion into the history of the Frothinghams, we come back again to the banks of the clear deep pool.

After Cato, the old colored man, had departed, the boy in the blue breeches called across to the other, who had baited his hook afresh: "George," he said, "we ought not to have taken Gracie with us this morning. Aunt Clarissa will be angrier than an old wet hen."

"Won't she? Just fancy!" said the young lady in white, quite demurely. Then she laughed, quite in tune with the waterfall.

"I dare say Uncle Nathan will give one of us a good licking," said the boy on the high bank. "And it's my turn, too," he added, dolefully.

"No, 'tisn't," replied the other. "You took mine last time."

"Truly, you're right," returned the boy in pink. "What was it for? I have forgotten."

"He found we had some of the blasting powder," said William. "We'll need some more soon, I'm thinking," he added.

What further developments might have occurred just then it is hard to say, for the young lady in the white dress suddenly suggested a new train of thought, and the twins took it up at once.

"I'm hungry," she said, "and I don't think Mr. Wyeth and Uncle Daniel will come along at all. Let's go back to the house. Perhaps Aunt Clarissa hasn't found out we are gone away yet."

"Not found out!" exclaimed William, in derision. "Bless my stars, and we in our best clothes!"

"Mr. Wyeth will be along soon, I'll warrant," said his double, from the bank, "and we will all go up to the house as if nothing were the matter. Uncle Nathan won't do anything at all until Mr. Wyeth goes, which may not be for two or three days. Harkee! with Uncle Daniel here, he may forget. Haven't you noticed how forgetful he has been lately?"

"He never forgets," replied William, thoughtfully; "at least he never does if Aunt Clarissa is about."

From where the children were they could see the road, and follow it after it crossed the bridge and commenced to climb the hill. Here and there it showed very plainly through the trees, and even if a horseman should escape their observation, the sound of hoofs on the bridge they could not have missed hearing.

Twice a year Mr. Josiah Wyeth, a New York merchant, rode out on horseback from Elizabethport to visit Mr. Nathaniel Frothingham.

There was no regular stage line to Stanham Mills, and most of the purchasing for the estate was done at the town of Paterson, a half-day's journey. But, rain or shine, the 1st of June found Mr. Josiah Wyeth a guest at Stanham Manor, and the first of that month and the 1st of September found the young Frothinghams, all in their best attire, ready to meet him. Now that the uncle from London, whom they had never seen, had arrived in New York and was going to accompany Mr. Wyeth, the excitement was more than doubled.

During the merchant's stay the children were supposed to be on their best behavior, which really meant that they were allowed to do as they pleased, provided they kept out of sight and hearing. These visits, therefore, were quite looked-for events, and, besides, Mr. Wyeth brought out little trinkets, fish-hooks, sugar-balls, lollipops, and various attractive sweets in his capacious saddle-bags. He was quite as punctual as if he only lived next door.

The little girl had resumed her garland-making once more. William had spread himself out upon the bank, and was watching a busy aimless ant dodging about the roots of the ferns, and George, with the patience of the born sportsman, was supporting one hand with the other, and leaning out again over the water.

For some time no one had spoken. Suddenly there was a deep, rumbling report.

"Hillo!" said William, starting up. "They're blasting in the shaft on Tumble Ridge."

"That's so," said George. "I heard Uncle Nathan say that they were getting pretty close to the Hewes boundary-line."

"There'll be a fine row there some day," said William.

"My! but doesn't Uncle Nathan hate that Mr. Hewes? He says if he was in England they could hang him for treason, because he talks against the King."

George laughed. "I'd like to see 'em fight," he answered.

"So should I," said William; "and you and I together could lick Carter Hewes, if he is bigger than either of us. I suppose he's a rebel too."

Just here there came an interruption, for the waterfall had drawn the hook under a big flat stone, and there it caught.

"Crickey!" said the boy in the pink breeches. "I'm fast on the bottom." He stretched out with both hands, and gave a sharp pull on the line.

It all came so suddenly that not one of the three could have foretold what was going to happen. But the bank gave way, and Master Frothingham went down head over heels into the deep hole.

Now, strange as it may seem, owing to Aunt Clarissa's fostering care, neither one of the twins had learned to swim.

The water was very deep, and the fall was eight feet, if an inch, but, nevertheless, in a moment George's frightened face appeared. He tried to grasp the bank, but so steep was it his fingers slipped off the smooth rock, and he sank again, gasping and trying to shriek aloud.

The little girl jumped to her feet, and ran in among the trees, crying for help with all her little voice. William did not pause for half a breath. He leaped out from the bank and dashed through the shallow water towards where one of his brother's arms was waving upon the surface.

Suddenly he went over his own depth, and the tails of his blue velvet coat were all that could be seen. But he managed to struggle on, fighting to keep afloat, with all his might, until he caught the arm at last. George's head once more showed clearly above the water, and then both boys sank.

Gracie's cries by this time had startled all the echoes up the hill-sides.

"Cato! oh, Cato!" she shrieked. "They're drowning! they're drowning! Help! help! Oh, help!"

Once more the two heads came up to the air, and one small hand, extended in a wild grasp toward the bank, caught an overhanging bough and clung there desperately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BICYCLING FOR GIRLS.

[Pg 4]

Some weeks ago we published an article on bicycle-riding, and at that time promised to say something regarding bicycling for girls, which is so different a question from bicycling for boys

that it requires a separate article.

There has been a discussion going on for some time as to whether it was a healthy exercise for girls and young women to take up, and many doctors have given it as their opinion that it was not, on the whole, advisable. But the practice has become general now, and it is likely that many more girls will ride this fall and next year than ever before. Consequently it is useless to advise people not to ride. If any girl finds that riding is making her feel enervated and tired all the time, or if in any other way she notices any kind of unpleasant results from her riding, common-sense and her doctor will tell her to stop; but there is no reason why a healthy girl, if she begins gradually, should not learn to ride, and ride well, to the great benefit of her health and happiness.

It is only required that she shall observe two or three simple rules—rules which every athlete who trains theoretically obeys. For instance, she should remember that, as is the case with most girls in cities, and often in the country as well, she has not been accustomed to severe physical exercise, that she would not start out at once to run five miles without stopping, and in like manner she should not ride ten miles on a wheel neither the first time nor the thirtieth time. This seems very simple to read in type, but the fact is that most girls want to ride fifteen miles as soon as they can get along on a road by themselves.

The difficult thing is to stop just *before* you begin to feel the slightest sensation of weariness. In these fall days any one can ride along through the country, and while moving feel invigorated by the force of the breeze which the movement of the wheel creates. But when she does stop, the girl suddenly feels "worn out," perhaps a little dizzy, or at least tired, and rather inclined to get into a car and ride home, while some one else pushes her wheel along for her. Any girl of spirit in such a situation immediately makes up her mind that she will not give in to this feeling of weariness, and that she will ride home whether she feels tired or not. The result is a bad headache, a doctor, and perhaps an injunction from her parents not to ride a bicycle again.

POSITION JUST BEFORE STARTING TO MOUNT.

There are girls who can ride twenty, forty, or sixty miles in a day, but this is because they have begun gradually, and increased their distances by degrees as their bodies got into what is called "good condition." Let us set down a rule, then, on this subject, and say that the average girl of fifteen ought not to ride more than five miles, by cyclometer, in any one day, until she has taken thirty rides within two months—that is to say, until she has ridden at least once in every two days. Then she should not exceed ten miles in a day, or at one time, until she has ridden a bicycle half a year. After this she can estimate about what she can do without tiring herself, and she can gradually work up to twenty miles at a time without ever having that fagged feeling which is a sure sign that the thing has been overdone. So much for the distance.

Now a word as to costume. We are just in the midst of a change in ideas as to girls' bicycle costumes. No one who has ridden ten times fails to complain of skirts, be they never so well made. They catch in the rear wheel. They make a sail to catch all the wind when the wind is blowing against you, and only a bicyclist knows what a head wind really means. And finally they are continually in the way.

On the other hand, trousers do not seem just the thing for girls to wear. Some time we may all come to the regulation knickerbockers for a bicycle costume, but just at present a girl who wears them appears to be immodest. As a matter of fact, however, modesty and ladylike behavior do not depend on the costume, but on the bearing and character of the young lady herself, and it is only necessary for us to become accustomed to seeing ladies wearing any kind of a bicycle costume to think it the proper thing, and probably some kind of bloomers or divided skirt is more unnoticeable and modest than a skirt which flies about as you ride along the road. The best thing for a girl then is a divided skirt which is close fitting, which cannot catch in either wheel or in the gearing of the bicycle, or the ordinary gymnasium bloomers. Either of these, especially the latter, is much better from a health point of view, since a great deal of the strain of forcing the machine ahead is saved by them. But in time we shall probably have a regular woman's bicycle costume, which will be a combination of knickerbockers and bloomers, and then when people once become accustomed to it, they will wonder how under the sun women ever rode with long skirts.

With the question of the distance you shall ride in a day and the question of costume settled, it then becomes necessary to discuss the details of riding. A great many girls and women learn to ride in-doors in some hall, and the usual method employed is to place a belt with a handle at each side around the girl's waist. A man walks on either side of her, and steadies her by grasping either handle on the belt, and she then struggles on, until, after a number of lessons, she can ride alone. In the city this may be a good plan, but it is inevitably the result that after a girl has learned to ride in-doors it becomes practically necessary for her to learn over again when she first tries the road. The best method, therefore, if the surroundings admit of it, is to get some strong person to grasp the rear part of the saddle, and to then steady you as you move along a smooth road. If this is done half an hour a day three times on alternate days, any average girl should be able to ride alone for a short distance. [Pg 5]

She will do well not to try to learn to mount until she has become somewhat proficient in riding, so that she can ride four or five miles at a time over an average country road. Mounting will then come easy, whereas at the beginning it is extremely difficult. When sitting on a bicycle a girl should be in an upright position, practically as when walking. The saddle should be broad and flat, and, while most of the weight of her body rests upon the saddle, it is nevertheless true that she should put as much of her weight upon the pedals as possible: it not only makes riding and balancing easier, but it distributes her weight over the machine, both to her own comfort and to the safety of the wheel. Sitting perfectly upright, she should be able to place the instep or hollow of her foot between the heel and ball squarely on the pedal when it is at its lowest point in the arc, and in that position her knee should be practically unbent, although, as a matter of fact, it is better if the knee is what might be called "sprung" a little. At all events, the body should not sag from one side to the other as the pedals turn, and when the rider is forcing the wheel ahead with the ball of the foot on the pedal, the knee would never be straightened actually if this rule was followed.

POSITION JUST AFTER STARTING TO MOUNT.

CORRECT POSITION FOR WOMAN BICYCLIST.

There is no advantage whatsoever in trying to secure a long reach; it does not help you in any way, and it makes it more difficult to send the machine ahead either faster or slower. This is particularly noticeable in going up a hill. Women, as a rule, do not have the fault which many men have of leaning forward far over the handle. They are more apt to sit upright than most men; but they have one fault which should be corrected, and that is the position which the handles occupy in relation to their bodies. A girl should sit upright, as has been said, and in that position, when she places her hands on the cork handles, her arms should be slightly bent at the elbow. It is very common, however, to see the arms so much bent that the forearm forms almost a right angle to the upper arm. This is not only uncomfortable, but it deprives her of the purchase which she needs when forcing the machine ahead or going up a hill. In other words, it is much more difficult to "pull" on the handles when the arms are bent to a right angle than when they are practically straight. On the other hand, the fault of leaning the weight of the body on the handle-bars should be avoided with the utmost care, as that forces the shoulders back and the chin forward on the chest, and in time distorts the whole symmetry of the upper part of a person's body.

Mounting and dismounting, especially the former, as has been said, should not be tried until the bicyclist has learned to keep her balance easily while riding. Then mounting will come more or less naturally, since the difficulty in this operation is not so much to get on the machine, as to start the wheel soon enough after gaining the seat to avoid falling off. To begin with, the girl [Pg 6] should grasp both handle-bars firmly, facing forward, of course. By means of the hands the bicycle should be held absolutely perpendicular, neither leaning towards her person nor away from it. Then standing on the left of the machine, she should step over the gearing with her right foot and place it on the right pedal, which is moved just forward of its highest point in the arc; in other words, so that the first pressure which comes on that right pedal will force the machine ahead as fast as possible.

Having placed her right foot on this pedal, without bearing any weight on it, she then steps into the position over the gearing which will bring her weight as nearly as possible immediately over the centre of gravity of the machine. Having arranged her skirt so that it will be symmetrical when she mounts, she merely rises by stepping up on the right-hand pedal, and sits into the saddle by a slow, easy movement. Her weight on the right-hand pedal starts the machine forward, pulls the saddle in under her, and gives the velocity to the bicycle which she needs in order to keep her balance.

One of the most important things about women's bicycle-riding is the ability to dismount not only gracefully, but at once in case of necessity. In this, as in mounting, there is no jump anywhere. The rider simply

CORRECT METHOD OF DISMOUNTING.

PROPER ARRANGEMENT OF THE DRESS.

catches the left pedal as it begins to rise from the lowest point in the arc, and, bearing her weight on that pedal, allows herself to be forced upward out of the saddle. This not only brings her into a position to step out of the machine, but also brings the machine to a standstill, or practically so, unless she is going at a high rate of speed. When the pedal has nearly reached the top, and the machine is as near a standstill as possible, she steps, still bearing her weight on this left-hand pedal, out on the left side of the machine, putting her right foot over the left foot, and letting the right foot strike the ground first. Both mounting and dismounting are slow, even movements; there is no quick jump about them, and the motions are all gradual. As soon as you attempt to leap into the saddle, or leap out of it, you are almost certain to disturb the equilibrium of the bicycle itself, and then catastrophe is the result.

It only remains to say a word about riding with men and boys. Boys, as a usual thing, are in better physical condition for such exercise as bicycle-riding than girls. They can consequently ride farther and faster than girls; and as any girl of spirit will try to keep up with whomever she is riding, she is likely to strain herself. It is wise, therefore, for the girl to always insist on leading, or, as it is called, on "setting the pace," and it is also wise for her to make up her mind just where she is going to ride before she stops. The distance is then settled before the journey begins, and there is no question of riding farther than she thought she would at the start. If a girl sets out for a bicycle ride without any definite point in view, she is likely to ride away from home until she becomes tired, and then there is the whole distance of the return to be covered in a more or less wearied condition; and it is this kind of bicycle-riding which does the injury to women and girls.

WHAT MARJORIE COULD DO.

BY H. G. PAINE.

I.

"Fire! Fire!"

Marjorie Mason woke up with a start.

"Clang! clang!" went the fire-engine from around the corner.

"Whoa!" shouted the driver.

"Dear me!" thought Marjorie; "it must be very near here," and she jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The engine was already connected with the hydrant across the street, and the firemen were attaching the hose and bringing it—what? yes; right up the front steps of the Masons' house! One fireman was ringing violently at the front-door bell; and Marjorie wondered why her father did not go down to open the door. Perhaps the house next door was on fire, and they wanted to take the hose up on the roof. Still the bell rang, and now Marjorie could hear the firemen from the hook-and-ladder truck that had just come up breaking in the parlor windows with their axes.

"Why doesn't somebody go to the door?" she said to herself. "It will never do to have that dirty hose dragged through the parlor and over the new carpet!" and she jumped to the door of her room to run down and let the firemen in; but, as she opened it, a rush of hot air and stifling smoke blew into her face, choking and gagging her, and filling her eyes with tears. Then she realized for the first time that the fire was in her own house. She shut the door with a bang, and ran to the window, opened it, and looked out. As she did so a tongue of flame shot up in front of her from the window of the library, just underneath her own room. Her father's and mother's room was in the back part of the house on the same floor as the library. "Was it on fire, too?" Marjorie shuddered as she thought of it.

"And Jack!" Her brother Jack slept in the back room on the same floor as Marjorie, but the rooms did not connect. "Perhaps the fire is only in the front part of the house," she thought, "and the others don't know anything about it." She determined to arouse them.

Marjorie opened the door again. The smoke and heat were stifling, but there was no flame that she could see. Then she shut her eyes, closed the door behind her, and rushed down the hall to Jack's room. She had been to it so often that she could not miss the door-knob, even in her excitement. Fortunately the door was unlocked. She opened it quickly, and shut it behind her, gasping for breath. Oblivious alike of the danger and the noise Jack was still fast asleep, but she soon woke him up, and together they rushed to the back window. Looking down they saw their father helping their mother out upon the sloping roof of the back piazza.

At the sight of her poor mother, who was very ill, in so perilous a plight, Marjorie forgot all about her own danger, and shouting, "Hold on tight—I'll tell the firemen!" before her brother could stop her she had run back fearlessly to her own room despite the fact that the stairway was now all in a blaze. As she opened her eyes she saw the glazed helmet of a fireman at the window.

"GO BACK AND LOOK AFTER FATHER AND MOTHER!"

"Go back!" she cried; "go back quick and look after father and mother; they are on the roof of the back piazza!"

Then a strange feeling of dizziness came over her. She felt a strong arm around her waist. She dimly saw a kind face near to hers, and was conscious of being carried down, down, down, so far, so far, and of hearing people cheering a great way off.

II.

It was a very different house, the one that Marjorie went to live in after the fire, not nearly so nice as the dear old home where she and Jack had been born. In the first place, it was in a distant and different part of the city. The rooms were all differently arranged, and the furniture and everything in them were different. It seemed to Marjorie as if nothing had been saved from the old house. Even the clothes they all wore were different—very different, indeed; for they were black.

That was a sign of the greatest and saddest difference. Though the firemen had quickly gone through the basement and rescued Marjorie's father and mother and Jack and the servants, the dear mother had not long survived the shock and the exposure: and Hetty, the waitress, who now attended to the housekeeping and looked after Marjorie, did things very differently from her.

All these circumstances combined to make great changes in Marjorie's life. She went to another school now, near by; but she did not make friends easily with the pupils there, and so she spent most of her afternoons at home with Hetty instead of associating with girls of her own age. And very lonely she was much of the time.

Hetty was a good waitress, who had been with the family for several years, and she knew just what Mr. Mason liked, and how he liked to have things done about the house; but she was an ignorant silly girl, and not at all a good companion for Marjorie. [Pg 7]

Jack was two years older than his sister. He was sixteen, and preparing for college, and his father thought best that he should not change schools. So he had to make an early start every day, and very rarely came back until dinner-time, and then had to study hard all the evening.

Now and then, when he did come home early on a rainy day, Marjorie and he would have great fun, like the old times; so at last she came to wish for bad weather with as much eagerness as she had used to look for sunshine.

Since her mother's death her father had seemed very much preoccupied and indifferent to what

she and Jack did. And, as time went on, he was more and more away from home. He changed the dinner hour from six until seven, and was often late at that. Then right afterward he would generally go out, and not come back until after Jack and Marjorie were in bed.

Marjorie especially missed her father's presence and companionship; and one "dull, sunshiny afternoon," as Marjorie called it, in default of any other sympathizer, she confided her grief to Hetty, who seemed in a pleasanter mood than usual.

"I wonder what it is that takes so much of father's time?" she said.

"Oh, it's coortin' he is, av coorse, ye may belave," replied Hetty.

"Oh no, you don't mean—that, do you?" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Sure 'n' why not?" said Hetty, with a smirk. "Widowers generally does. But I can tell you that I for wan will not shtay wan minute, no, nor wan sicond, av he brings a new mistress into this house!"

III.

Marjorie was very much worried at what Hetty had said. It hardly seemed possible to her that the girl could be right, and that her father could be contemplating such a step as she suggested. Yet there was no doubt that he seemed very much changed since his wife's death, and Marjorie sought in vain for any satisfactory explanation of his frequent absences from home.

She lay awake a long time that night—thinking. And the less able she was to find a reason that would account for the difference in her father's manner and habits, the more readily she brought herself to believe that Hetty was right in her supposition.

"It's my fault, it's my fault," she sobbed to herself, as she buried her head in the pillow. "I haven't tried to take dear mother's place, and to look after the house, and to do the things she used to do for father's comfort. I've just acted like a silly, helpless little girl, and shirked my responsibilities, and left everything to Hetty, and I think she's—she's just hateful."

Then, when Marjorie realized how short a time had passed since the fire, and the funeral, and the moving, it seemed to her that perhaps it was not too late now for her to begin to take the place in the household that she had mapped out for herself. This thought gave her new comfort, and with an earnest prayer that she might be given strength to carry out her plans she fell asleep.

Next morning, when Hetty brought in the breakfast, she found that Marjorie had changed her seat at the table to the place opposite her father, that had been vacant ever since they moved into the new house, and was pouring out the coffee for him and Jack, as her mother used to do.

Marjorie watched her father closely to see if he noticed the change. At first he appeared oblivious to any difference in the usual arrangement, and, turning to Hetty, after tasting his coffee, he said,

"Hetty, haven't you forgotten the sugar?"

Marjorie's face grew crimson with mortification, and, as she caught Jack's wink, and marked the appreciating smack of his lips, she realized that in her excitement she had put her father's sugar in Jack's cup.

"Sure 'n' Miss Marjorie's pouring the coffee this morning; I dunno," replied Hetty.

Mr. Mason looked up, with a smile, and said, "Well, take this cup to her, and see if she isn't putting sugar in, too."

Hetty did his bidding with a self-satisfied air, and Marjorie meekly dropped in the missing lumps.

"Very nice indeed," was Mr. Mason's comment, as he tasted his coffee again, "even if it was prepared on the instalment plan."

And Marjorie felt that her first effort had not been altogether a failure after all.

That evening when he came home and went to his room he found his frock-coat neatly brushed and laid on the bed. In an absent-minded manner he hung it up in the closet, and went down to dinner in his business suit. Marjorie sat opposite him and served the soup. Presently Mr. Mason took an evening paper out of his pocket and began reading.

Marjorie addressed one or two questions to her father; but though he looked up brightly for a moment and answered her, he soon turned again to his paper, and appeared to be absorbed in its contents.

"What are you reading about, father?" she finally ventured to ask.

But his reply was not conducive to further conversation, "Silver."

"Silence is golden," said Jack to his sister, in an undertone.

Next evening when Mr. Mason came home Marjorie asked him if he would let her see the evening paper. Her father seemed a little surprised, and handed it to her. Then he went up stairs before dinner and saw his coat laid out again, and smiled, and put it on. They had scarcely sat down when Jack produced a newspaper and began to read it.

"Jack," said Marjorie, "don't read the paper at the table; it isn't polite."

Jack put the paper away, and Marjorie began to ask her father questions about what sort of a day he had had downtown, and told him how Jack had been selected to play on the school football team, and asked him to explain some points in her history lesson that were not quite clear in her

mind. Marjorie was pleased to see that her father took a great deal more interest in what she and Jack were doing, and after that the dinner hour was the brightest and happiest in the day for Marjorie.

But Mr. Mason, though he recognized Marjorie's efforts to make this hour what it had been in the old house, and had begun to take a renewed interest in what interested Jack and Marjorie, still spent the most of his evenings away from home, and seemed often so preoccupied that with difficulty he aroused himself in response to Marjorie's efforts at polite conversation.

Those were anxious and sad days for Marjorie—Hetty's silly, thoughtless words had made a deep impression on her mind, and she knew that if they were true it must be because he missed the presence and companionship of her dear mother, and the home atmosphere with which she had surrounded their lives.

It seemed to her that the task she had undertaken would not have been so hopeless amid the familiar surroundings of their old home. But in this strange and unaccustomed place it seemed as though her efforts must be in vain. She studied to see if by some rearrangement of the furniture she could not give a more attractive and homelike air to the stiff and formal drawing-room.

Hetty laughed at her suggestions, and would not help her. So she set to work to do it herself. At first she resolved to banish a hideous vase on the top of a tall cabinet, but when, standing on the top of the little step-ladder, she tried to move it, it proved heavier than she supposed and slipped from her grasp. In her attempt to save it she lost her balance and fell with it to the floor, striking her head on a corner of the cabinet.

The next thing that Marjorie knew she was lying in bed, feeling very weak and queer. She opened her eyes, and then shut them again suddenly very tight, and lay still for a long while, trying to remember what had happened; because she thought she had seen in that brief glance that she was back in her old room at home, and the impression was so pleasant and restful, and made her feel so happy, that she did not want to open her eyes and dispel the illusion. Then she thought she heard a clock strike—one, two three, four—her clock! she would have known that sound anywhere. She could not resist the temptation to look, and slowly unclosed one eye. [Pg 8]

Yes, that was her very own clock that Jack had given her on the mantel-piece, there could be no mistake about that, nor about the mantel-piece either, for that matter, nor about the pictures over it, nor about the paper on the wall—both eyes were wide open now—nor about the rugs on the floor, nor the sofa, nor the chairs, nor the pretty, white bedstead. It was all a beautiful mystery, and she did not try to solve it. She simply gave a happy little sigh and fell into a deep and quiet sleep.

When she awoke again she felt better and stronger, and lay for several minutes feasting her eyes upon the familiar features of her old room at home.

Then the door opened quietly, and a sweet-faced woman in a wash-dress and white cap and apron entered.

"Oh, tell me," asked Marjorie, eagerly, "am I dreaming, or have I been dreaming? Is this really my room, and if it is, wasn't there any fire, and if there was, how—"

"There, there, my dear," answered a soft pleasant voice, "you are very wide-awake again, I am glad to see, and this is your own home, and there was a fire; and if you will lie very quiet, and not ask any more questions, you can see your brother Jack in a little while, and a little later your father, when he comes home."

"And—and are you—are you—" faltered Marjorie.

"Oh, I am Miss Farley, the hospital nurse. Now lie still, dear, and don't bother your head about anything."

"I won't," responded Marjorie, with a contented smile. "I thought maybe you were a step-mother."

In the afternoon Marjorie was so much better that Miss Farley let Jack spend quite a while by her bedside, while he told everything that had happened.

"My eye!" said he, "you must have given your head a terrible crack when you fell from the steps. I can tell you father and I and Hetty were scared. That was three weeks ago. Just think of that. You've had brain-fever, and all sorts of things. But Dr. Scott and Miss Farley pulled you through in great shape. The best thing was that father could have you put right into an ambulance and brought here. Say, what do you suppose he has been up to all these months? Why, he's been having this dear old house rebuilt just exactly as it was before the fire; and there was a lot more furniture and things saved than you and I thought, and he has had it all put back in the old places, and he has bought everything he could get exactly like what was burned, and what he couldn't buy he has had made so that you'd think it was the same identical thing. He used to come here afternoons and boss the workmen about, and in the evening he'd come here alone and arrange things in the old places. Say, isn't it just fine! and he never said a word about it, so that he could have it for a surprise for you on your birthday. It was all ready the day you got hurt, so he had you brought right here, and yesterday was your birthday, so that it came out just as he had hoped, after all."

"Where's Hetty?" asked Marjorie, after a short pause.

"Hetty? Oh, she married the milkman, and left without warning the day we moved in here," said Jack.

"Papa," said Marjorie, as she lay holding his hand as he sat beside her that afternoon, after she

had thanked him for his beautiful birthday present, "papa, you're not going to bring anybody here to take mamma's place, are you?"

"No, my pet," replied Mr. Mason, as he bent and kissed her cheek. "Nobody in the world can ever do that; but nobody in the world can come so near it as her dear little daughter."

LAURIE VANE, BRAKEMAN.

[Pg 9]

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

Mudhole Junction was a desolate place enough, especially on winter nights, when the wind roared through the mountain gorges, and an occasional fierce, despairing shriek from a passing locomotive waked the wild echoes among the granite peaks. But Blundon, the station-master, and Laurie Vane, the bright-eyed young fellow from the East, who lived in the little shanty a quarter of a mile off had a soft spot in their hearts for Mudhole Junction, and with reason. Both of them had found health and strength in the high, pure altitude, and each had also found a friend in the other. Blundon often wondered why a young fellow of nineteen should be living up there, apparently as much cut off from the human species, other than the Mudhole Junctionites, as though he belonged to another planet. But seeing the boy was perfectly correct in every way, and Blundon himself having the soul of a gentleman, and above asking questions, Laurie Vane was not bothered to give explanations.

One autumn night, about a year after Laurie's advent, he and the station-master were spending quite a hilarious evening together in the little station-house. A fire roared on the hearth, and some malodorous cheese, a plate of crackers, and a pitcher of eider were on the table. On one side of the fire sat Blundon, grizzled and round-shouldered, but with a world of good sense in his well-marked face; on the other side sat Laurie, a red fez set sideways on his curly head, and his guitar across his knees.

"Talk about your spectacular shows," said Laurie, softly thrumming "In Old Madrid," on the guitar, "I don't know anything quite up to that ten-o'clock express on a wild night like this. When she rushes out of the black mouth of the tunnel for that straight stretch of three miles down here, and flies past, hissing and screaming, with one great glaring eye blazing in the darkness, she looks more like one of the dragons of hell than anything I can imagine. It's worth more than many a show I've paid two dollars and a half to see."

Blundon smiled at this as he answered:

"And I can see it every night in the year for nothing. People call it lonesome up here, but I guess mighty few folks know how much company an old railroad man like me can get out of passing ingines and slow freights, and even out of the rails and ties. Anybody would think I was a paid section-boss the way I watch the road-bed about here."

"How long were you a railroad man?" asked Laurie, stopping in his thrumming.

"About twenty years," said Blundon. "But it was in the East, where railroading ain't the same as it is out here. I was in the caboose of a train that made two hundred and twenty miles, year in and year out, in four hours and forty minutes, including three stops. It was a solid train of Pullmans, and the road-bed was as smooth as a ballroom floor. I had an eighteen-thousand-dollar ingine—the Lively Sally—and when I pulled the throttle out she was just like a race-horse when he hears the starter shout 'Go!' I don't believe I ever could have quit the railroad business if the Lively Sally hadn't come to grief. But it wasn't when I was a-drivin' her. I was laid off sick, and they gave her to another man—a good enough fellow, but you can't learn the ways of an ingine in a day nor a week, any more than you can learn the ways of a woman in a day or a week. Sally used to get balky, once a year reg'lar. For about a week she'd have the jim-jams—seemed like she got tired of working, and wanted a spell of rest in the round-house. Well, the new man didn't know this, and instead of letting her have her own way, he tried to drive her, and Sally just blew her cylinder-head out for spite. And when she was helpless on the siding a long freight came along, and the switchman lost his wits, and set the switch wrong, and that eighteen-thousand-dollar beauty was crippled so she never was worth much afterward. And about that time my lungs gave out, and I had to come up here. I never cared much about an ingine after Sally. I dare say I might get a place again to run a passenger train, but I think about poor Sally, and I don't feel like going back on the old girl; so here I am, side-tracked for life at Mudhole Junction."

[Pg 10]

"It was all on account of a patent air-brake that I'm here," remarked Laurie.

"It's coming," thought Blundon.

"I am an only child," said Laurie, after a little pause, "and I had the best daddy in the world, except that he was so obstinate."

"*You* weren't obstinate, young feller," Blundon gravely interjected. "You were just firm. It's the other feller that's pig-headed always. Go on."

Laurie glanced up quickly, and grinned at Blundon for a moment.

"Well, perhaps I was a little obstinate too—a chip of the old block. As long as my mother lived, God bless her!"—here Laurie raised his cap reverently—"she could always make peace between us. But when she went to heaven there was nobody to do this. The first serious falling out we had

was when I went to college. I took the scientific course, and apparently I didn't do much at it. But I was working like a beaver at an air-brake, and when I wasn't in the class-rooms I was down at the railroad shops studying brakes. I found out a lot about them, and I also found out that my wonderful invention wasn't any invention at all. It had been tried and discarded. My father, though, thought I was idling, and wrote me a riproaring letter. One word brought on another, until at last I walked myself out of the house after our last interview, and told my father I would never take another cent from him as long as I lived. I had a little money that my mother left me. My father said I'd come back as soon as I'd run through with what I had, and that made me mad. I knew my lungs weren't in good shape, and the doctors told me to come up here and try living in a shanty for a year. I've done it, and I'm cured, and my feelings have softened toward my father—he was a kind old dad when he had his own way—but I can't—I *can't* make the first advance to him."

Blundon's usual address to Laurie was, "Young feller," but on serious occasions he called him "Mr. Vane, sir."

"Mr. Vane, sir," he said, "do you know the meaning of the word courage?"

"Yes," answered Laurie, promptly.

"And sense—good, hard, barnyard sense, Mr. Vane, sir?"

"Yes," again replied Laurie.

"And, Mr. Vane, sir, do you think you're treatin' your father right?"

"N-n-no," said Laurie, not at all promptly.

"Well, Mr. Vane, sir," continued Blundon, rising, and getting his lantern, "I don't think you can lay any extravagant claims to either sense or courage as long as you don't know how to make the first advance toward your own father, when you know you ain't treatin' him right. There's the express going in the tunnel."

Laurie rose too with a grave face. Blundon's words were few, but Laurie had learned to know the man, and to respect him deeply; and Laurie knew that Blundon's words were a strong condemnation.

The two went out upon the little platform to see the express pass. The night was very dark, without moon or stars. In a minute or two the train, a blaze of light from end to end, dashed out of the tunnel, and with one wild scream took the three-mile straight stretch down-grade like a streak of lightning. Not half the distance had been covered, when Blundon, almost dropping the lantern in his surprise, shouted, "She's slowing up to stop!"

Almost by the time the words were out of his mouth the locomotive was within fifty yards of them, and with a clang, a bang, and a snort it came to a full stop. The conductor had jumped off while the train was still moving, and he ran up to Blundon and Laurie.

"What's the matter?" asked Blundon, holding up the lantern in the conductor's face.

"Matter enough," answered the conductor. "The engineer slipped on the floor of the cab, about ten miles back, and wrenched his arm, so he is perfectly helpless, and almost wild with pain; the negro fireman brought us the last ten miles, but he couldn't take us over the mountain."

"I reckon *I* can," said Blundon, coolly. "You know my record."

"Yes; and that's why I stopped," answered the conductor. "But look here."

He handed out a piece of paper, on which was written clearly:

> "Pay no attention to a red light on the trestle. It means a hold up at the end of the trestle. The men know what is in the express car, and they have dynamite.
>
> "A Friend."

"Maybe it's a hoax," said Blundon.

"And maybe it ain't a hoax," said the conductor.

Blundon, the conductor, and Laurie had been standing close together during this short and half-whispered colloquy, but the negro fireman had slipped up behind them, and had seen the note by the lantern's glimmer.

"Good Lawd A'mighty!" he yelled. "De train robbers is arter dis heah train! Well, dey ain' gwi git no chance fur to blow dis nigger up wid dynamite." And without another word he took to his heels, and immediately was lost in the darkness.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Never you mind," said Blundon, with a grim smile; "this young feller will be my fireman, and I'll agree to take the train across the mountain, hold up or no hold up. I'm off duty now until six o'clock to-morrow morning, and I can get back by that time."

"All right," answered the conductor, going toward the cab, where they found the engineer groaning with pain.

"Just groan through the telephone, old man," said Blundon, as they helped him out, "and you'll get a doctor from the house over yonder, and he'll set your arm in a jiffy."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said Laurie, diffidently, "if the engineer telephoned to Stoneville that if the train is delayed to send a posse to the Stoneville end of the trestle! This is the night the

Stoneville Light Infantry meet to drill, and they'd be handy in case of a hold up."

The conductor hesitated a moment, then went over to the express car, and came back.

"The express messenger says to telephone to the soldier boys, and if it is a hoax, he can stand the racket, and if it ain't—well, he has got near ninety thousand dollars in the safe, and he ain't a-going to give it away."

In another moment the injured engineer was ringing the telephone bell. Two or three passengers then appeared on the platform of the smoker.

"Hello!" cried one of them, in a voice singularly like Laurie's. "What's up?"

"Stopping for a new fireman, sir," answered the conductor, airily. "All aboard!"

As Laurie took his seat, in the cab beside Blundon, he said, with a pale face, "That was my father who spoke."

"Glad of it," bawled Blundon, over the roar of the train. "I hope he's got a gun."

Laurie had often heard that one never could judge of a man until he had been seen engaged in his own especial vocation, and he found it true as regarded Blundon. The old engineer was usually round-shouldered, and had a leisurely, not to say lazy, way of moving about. But the instant his hand touched the throttle of the engine he became alert and keen-eyed, his figure straightened, and the power he possessed intrinsically became visible.

The train sped on for an hour before entering a deep cut, at the end of which they would have to cross a great ravine over a long trestle. A mile or two beyond the trestle was the little manufacturing town of Stoneville. As they entered the cut darkness became blackness, and the train began to slow up a little before going on the trestle. [Pg 11]

Laurie shouted in Blundon's ear, "This is a mighty good place for a train robbery!"

Blundon nodded, and Laurie, turning to the window, strained his eyes toward the ravine that showed like a huge black shadow before them. And in the middle of the trestle a red danger signal burned steadily.

"It's there," cried Laurie to Blundon.

By the time the words were out of his mouth a fusillade of shots rattled against the side of the cab.

"Lie down! lie down!" cried Blundon, throwing himself flat on the floor, and Laurie promptly followed suit. Then three ghostly figures leaped on the train, and two of them catching Blundon and Laurie, held them fast, while the third brought the train to a stop.

"Get up," said the first robber to Blundon, who scrambled to a sitting posture with a pistol at his ear. The second robber had likewise established close connections between Laurie's ear and another pistol, but allowed him also to sit up on the floor. The third robber jumped off, and presently the crash of dynamite showed that the express car was broken into. Then there was a wait of ten minutes, while the robbers, of whom there were several, rifled the safe.

During this time Blundon showed such perfect coolness that it calmed Laurie's natural excitement, and won the admiration of the highwaymen.

"Euchred, Mr. Vane, sir!" was Blundon's only exclamation, as he sat cross-legged, looking at Laurie.

To this Laurie replied, "I told you it was a good place for a train robbery."

"Young man," remarked the gentleman who covered Laurie with his pistol, "I am afraid you haven't had the advantages of good society, like me and my pal there. You hadn't oughter call names, especially on a social occasion like this."

"Perhaps I oughtn't," meekly answered Laurie.

"We are gentlemen, we are," continued this facetious bandit. "We don't go in for robbin' ladies of their handbags—we don't want your little silver watch, sonny. We are opposed to the bloated corporations that rule this country, and we are doing our best to maintain the rights of individuals against them by cleaning out their safes."

Laurie, without arguing this important question, remarked, "If you have so much regard for the rights of individuals, I wish you'd let me scratch my eye."

"I will do it for you with pleasure," amiably remarked the bandit, and with the cold muzzle of the loaded pistol he gently scratched Laurie's eye, to that young gentleman's intense discomfort.

In a few minutes more several of the gang who had gone through with the safe came to the cab.

"Bring one of those gents out here," said the man who seemed to be the leader. "We have got the express car and the engine disconnected from the rest of the train, but we don't exactly understand the brakes, and we want them set."

A gleam of intelligence passed between Blundon and Laurie which served the purpose of words.

"That young feller," said Blundon, indicating Laurie, "is a famous brakeman. He invented an air-brake once, only it wouldn't work."

BEFORE A WORD WAS SPOKEN, MR. VANE RECOGNIZED LAURIE.

Laurie, still covered by the pistol in the hands of his friends, got out of the cab, and soon the sound of hammering and knocking reverberated, showing he was working with the brakes. In a little while he was brought back, and Blundon and himself were then marched to the passenger car, hustled in, and the door locked on them. The first person Laurie's eyes rested on was his father. The excited passengers gathered around the two, but before a word was spoken Mr. Vane recognized Laurie. In another minute the two were in each other's arms. Laurie's first words were: "Daddy, I was wrong. I beg you will forgive me—"

But his father could only say, brokenly, "My boy—my boy!"

Blundon, after a few moments, raised his hand for silence, and then, in a low voice, but perfectly distinct to the earnest listeners, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, them train-robbers have bitten off more than they can chew. We had warning of this at Mudhole Junction, and the reg'lar engineer—I'm only a substitute—telephoned an hour ago to the Stoneville Light Infantry to be here if the train wasn't on time, and no doubt the soldiers ain't half a mile away. I've got a young amatoor fireman here—Mr. Laurie Vane—who invented an air-brake—"

"That wouldn't work," added Laurie, *sotto voce*.

"—And the robbers took him to set the brakes so they could run away with the ingine and express car. But this smart young gentleman disconnected the coil of the brakes, and everything about this train is just the same as if it was nailed to the tracks. The ingine can spit sparks, but she can't turn a wheel, and I'm thinkin' they'll be monkeyin' with her until the Stoneville Light Infantry comes along and bags 'em every one!"

A silent hand-clapping greeted this; then all the passengers, keeping perfectly still, waited for their rescuers to arrive. Meanwhile a great noise and whacking went on outside, as the robbers vainly struggled to make the engine move. Laurie sat, his arm about his father's neck, and although he said but little, every glance was an appeal for forgiveness. Blundon had made him out something of a hero in resource, and his father's proud recognition of it was plain to all. After fifteen minutes' waiting, under high tension, Blundon, peering closely into the surrounding darkness, uttered a suppressed chuckle.

"They're comin'," he said. "The robbers don't see 'em; they are too busy with the ingine."

A pause followed, unbroken by a word; then a yell, as the robbers realized they were surrounded. The passengers locked up in the drawing-room car could see little of the scuffle, but they heard it, and in a few minutes the door was wrenched open, and an officer in uniform announced that the robbers were captured, and called for the engineer to come and take charge of the engine.

Laurie and Blundon both wear watches with inscriptions on them—gifts from the railway company. Laurie is living in his father's house, and has altogether given up his dream of inventing a new brake, and is reading law very hard, much to his father's delight; and people say, "Did you ever see a father and son so fond of one another as Mr. Vane and that boy of his?"

And Laurie has several times asked his father, dryly, if he was really sorry that his only son had studied up the subject of air-brakes when he ought to have been in the class-room. Laurie has promised Blundon that once in two years at least he will go to Mudhole Junction. They have had but one meeting as yet, since Laurie left, when Blundon sagely remarked:

"Mr. Vane, sir, I think you did a sight better in holding that train down to the track with them ordinary brakes than you ever will with any of your own. But the best thing you did, after all, was to ask your father's pardon, and you ought to have done it a year before, Mr. Vane, sir."

A NEW USE FOR APES.

Here's a great note about two very interesting things—golf and monkeys. According to an English paper, lately received, while pets are mostly kept for the purpose of merely being petted, now and then they are taught to make themselves useful. The latest instance of the useful pet, the journal states, is in the case of certain apes which have been trained to act as caddies in the now fashionable game of golf. The caddie is indispensable to a golf player, and a Miss Dent, whose brother, Lieutenant Dent, of the United States Navy, has recently returned to America from the China station, has two Formosa apes which he brought here, and which they have trained to the business of caddies. They wear liveries of white duck, and each has a Turkish fez.

THE BOY SOLDIER IN CAMP.

[Pg 12]

BY RICHARD BARRY.

In every boy's heart—I am sure in every American boy's heart—there lies a love for martial things. The sound of a fife and drum, the sight of a soldier's uniform, stir him and set his blood a-tingling. Does there exist anywhere a boy or a man who has not "played soldier" at some time in his life? No; I judge not in this country.

Everyone who witnessed the Columbian parades in New York remembers the march of the city school-boys. With shoulders and heads erect they kept their well-formed lines; their young officers knew what they were about, and gave their orders sharp and clear.

These boys had been drilled every week on the playground, the street, or in one of the regimental armories, and they had caught the spirit of the thing.

Some people have been foolish enough to decry military training in our public schools. Have they ever thought that these boys will soon be large enough to carry real muskets if it should be necessary? The big majority of our soldiers in the last great war were under the age of twenty-four. But there are other things to be considered.

The writer has for some years past been interested in one of the largest boys' clubs in the city of New York. It has grown from a rather unruly mob of youngsters, gathered from the streets and tenements of the great East Side, to an orderly, well-governed body of over three hundred boys, who can be trusted to preserve their own decorum in the club-rooms, and who do not need a policeman to make them toe the proper mark. A military formation has accomplished this. A large drum-and-fife corps keeps up the interest, and the officers and most of the governors of the club are chosen from among the boys themselves. A military training promotes a respect for proper authority, which is the foundation of all thoroughly good citizenship.

But as this is not a lecture on the advantages of the system, we must come to the point—the boy soldier in camp. No doubt the most pleasant as well as the most useful part of the drill life of our militia regiments is the week's encampment at Peekskill. The men come back brown and healthy, and with the satisfaction of having learned something. An encampment of boys can accomplish the same results.

At Orrs Mills, Cornwall-on-Hudson, an experiment has been tried with great success during the past summer. A camp of instruction and recreation was established, and the results should encourage other attempts in the same direction.

The life of the soldier boys was a combination of duty, which might be called pleasant work, and play. The routine of a regular encampment was followed, and as one regiment or brigade left, another took its place, the same as at Peekskill.

These boys belonged to a Baptist military organization; they were all in charge of an instructor who ranked as Colonel, but the Majors, Adjutants, Captains, Lieutenants, and non-commissioned officers were boys of from twelve to fourteen.

GUARD MOUNT.

In the early morning the boy bugler turned the camp out at reveille, and the sergeants called the first roll; then the companies marched to breakfast in the mess-tent, where plain wholesome food was provided in plenty. After the meal came guard-mount, a ceremony requiring considerable knowledge, and one of the most importance. The old guard was relieved and dismissed, and the new one took its place; sentries were posted, and the day of the soldier began. Drills and squad details followed. Excursions into the neighboring hills, plunges into the swimming-pool, and target practice kept the time from dragging, and at dress parade in the evening buttons and arms were brightened, the regiment took its position on the meadow near the camp, and the companies were accounted for. Then the Adjutant read the orders for the following day, and the Colonel took command; the drums rolled, the fifes shrilled, and as the last note sounded, the cannon roared out sunset, and down came the flag. The soldier's day was over. "Taps" set the echoes going at nine o'clock, and tired and happy, the boys fell asleep in their cots and blankets.

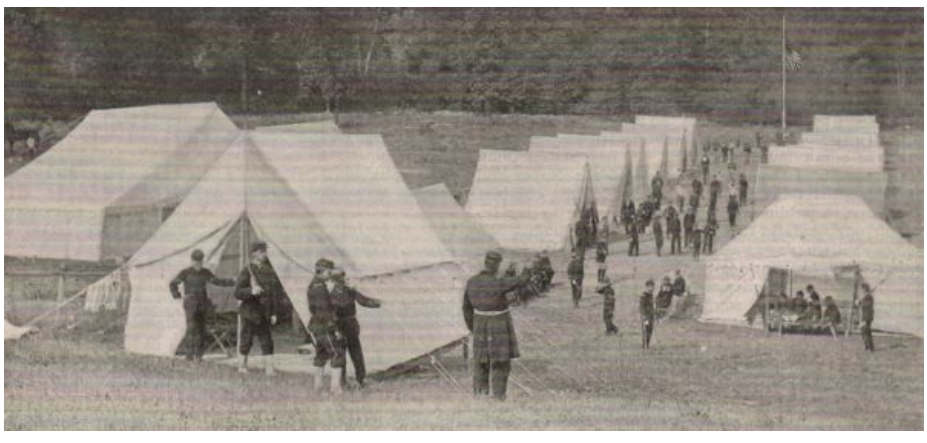
There is no use saying that this does not pay. It is the thing the boys like. Tell a boy that a thing is "good for him," and he generally dislikes it, but in this case the boys do not have to be told. They take to it naturally.

A word as to the starting of a boys' military company might come in well here, and might be of interest. It is an easy thing to *start* one, the trouble being to hold it together; and this all depends upon the way one goes about it.

All that is necessary at first is to get the boys and find a person who is capable and willing to assist them in learning the manual of arms and the school of the soldier. Almost any State regiment or separate company will supply a man who will take interest enough to attend all drills, and give up a fair amount of time for sheer love of soldiering.

There must be one thing kept in mind: there must be no half-way interest, and there must be no foolishness; the more serious one is at first, the more successful the latter work. It will not take long for a boy Lieutenant to be able to take command if he studies; he must enforce attention, and be *sure* in his orders. Once let the others find out that he knows well what he is talking about, and they will respect him and obey him as eagerly as if he were forty years old and six feet tall.

Arms and uniforms are absolutely necessary, and of course cost money; but it is quite surprising at what comparatively small expense a company of boys can be outfitted. Drill muskets of wood are the cheapest, and can be procured with detachable bayonets, but the best of all is the old Springfield smooth bore cut down and reduced to about five pounds in weight. A company of boys thirty in number can be equipped with these strong pieces at the cost of about sixty dollars. A good uniform costs much more; but serviceable fatigue-caps can be purchased for less than a dollar, and a uniform made out of good strong blue cloth for five or six dollars. Good drums can be procured at about the same expense as the uniforms, but it does not pay to get a very cheap drum. By enlisting the interest of parents, uncles, and the family in general, an eager boy will [Pg 13] accomplish wonders in outfitting himself, and a fair or an entertainment well worked up will draw funds from unexpected sources.



THE CAMP.

Supposing, however, that a company of lads connected with a school, a society, or perhaps entirely independent, wishes to reap the benefits of faithful drilling and go into camp. The first thing to be done is to get the older heads to agree in helping out the venture, then to find a suitable locality, and one not remote from home.

THE MESS TENT.

Good drinking-water, and plenty of it, is a *sine qua non* (this for our Latin scholars). The ground should be dry and hard, and in as much of a sheltered position as possible, and there should be a wide open field devoid of stumps and muddy places for a drill and play ground. One of the first difficulties will be the procuring of tents, and here, of course, will come a rub. There are, however, many places where they can be rented for the purpose in the big cities, and no make-shift wigwams should be attempted. In some States the military authorities, approached through the proper channels, may be able to loan tents for the purpose, and a letter to the Adjutant-General will procure all the information upon the subject. But even if tents are not to be had, the idea of a military outing need not be given up. A hay-mow is far from a bad place to sleep in, and a fair-sized barn will accommodate a large number of boys who do not object to roughing it. The cooking could be done camp fashion, outside; and that brings us to one of the most important points—food, what it costs and how to get it. A cook should be hired, and one man can cook for a large number if he has a detail of young soldiers to help him with the mess-gear. Every boy should bring, besides his blankets, a knife, fork, and spoon, and a tin plate and cup. It will cost to feed a healthy boy in camp at least forty cents a day; the thing to avoid is waste.

In such a short article as this it is out of the question to go into general detail, and of course without the help of older people and without funds it is impossible to do anything.

A boys' encampment should be managed by the boys themselves so far as the duties are concerned. They should be responsible for their own order and behavior, but of course it is necessary to have some one with experience at the very head, and a doctor or a surgeon must be enlisted for the time. This is most important. Any militia regiment would provide a volunteer for the position of Colonel or post commander, and care should be taken that he is a man who is well fitted to instruct and versed in the usages of camp life.

Three or four things the boys must have constantly in mind. While they are supposed to have all the enjoyment they can, they must remember that they are soldiers, and that duty is first. Once looked at seriously in this light, it is wonderfully surprising how quickly a boy will learn. Another thing to remember is that every one of them may be an officer some day, and that his companions recognize merit as quickly as men do, and that he must listen. To a young officer a good word of advice is, "make your men listen"; and that can be accomplished by speaking distinctly and evenly, and not pompously or in a shambling, careless manner.

They say that a week in camp is worth a winter's drill; and if the advantages are so great for our grown-up soldiers, they will of course work the same way with the boys.

During the war of the rebellion a military school in Virginia turned out into active service on the Confederate side. They actually met and fought grown men, and stood their ground bravely. Discipline made men of them, and a pride in their organization put years on their shoulders. Of course it is not expected that our boy companies will be called upon to fight nowadays, but as the strength of a nation often depends on the striplings in the ranks, it can work no possible harm to begin early. We trust that in the next year there will be many new encampments, many new companies formed, and that the various State governments will give all encouragement to the boy soldiers who in a few years may serve them well in the National Guard in case of riot or of trouble.

SOME CLEVER CHILDREN.

The children of the town of Clitheroe, in England, are not afraid to ask for what they want. According to an item in the Lancashire *Daily Post* a meeting of the children of Clitheroe was recently held in the market-place to petition the Town Council to provide them with play-grounds. There was a fair number present. A boy named John Yates presided. It was decided to send the Mayor and Corporation the following memorial: "We, the children of Clitheroe, in public meeting assembled, beg to lay before you our needs in the matter of play-grounds. We have none; if we play at all, we are forced to play in the streets. Then, by your instructions, we are liable to be pounced upon by the police and prosecuted. Such a state of things, we venture to suggest, is very unfair to us, and seeing that you are elected to your positions by our fathers and mothers, and as we are sure they would not object to pay a little extra in taxes for our benefit—we are perfectly aware that to provide play-grounds would incur expense—we beg of you to take this matter into your serious consideration, and do honor to yourselves by recognizing our needs and providing us with play-grounds."

It would seem as if it ought to prove very difficult to the authorities to refuse to yield to so reasonable and respectfully framed a request as this. Certainly the future of the town of Clitheroe should be an interesting one, seeing what style of citizens it is likely to have when these brave little boys and girls grow up and "run things" to suit themselves.

A FAIR EXPLANATION.

There are some men who are never at a loss to give an explanation of any thing they are asked about, and often they do not go so far wrong even when they have no actual knowledge in the matter. Among these, according to a story lately encountered, is a boatswain of one of the large transatlantic steamers. A little time ago, as the story has it, one of the crew of this steamer (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and seeing on the top "Table d'hote," inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it.

"What does this 'ere mean, Joe?"

Joe, taking the menu, gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head, and said: "I can't make nothing out of it. Let's go to old Coffin; he's a scholard, and sure to know."

On giving the menu to the boatswain, he thoughtfully stroked his chin, and said: "Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this, and a bit of that, and a hit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We haves 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew."

GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURES.

KIDNAPPING POOR COOLIES.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

The rain was sweeping a musical tattoo against the windows of the room in which Ralph Pell was devouring an ancient volume of sea-yarns, discovered by him that morning among other old books in the attic chest, and which collection represented the little ship's library that had been carried by Grandfather Sterling's vessel on many long and venturesome voyages to all quarters of the globe. In a sleepy-hollow chair near the window that overlooked a sweep of sodden meadow-land sat the old sailor, his eyes closed, and his head nodding over a long-stemmed pipe in which the fire had gone out some time before, but whose mouth-piece he held between his lips with something like the tenacity of a bull-dog's grip.

As Ralph ran his eyes along the line of type that marked the ending of the last story, he gave expression to a sigh in which enjoyment and regret were equally divided, and turned the leaves of the book through his fingers idly, as though reluctant to realize that he had parted company with its sea heroes, buccaneers, beautiful captive maidens, and other characters who had played their several parts against backgrounds of tempest, fire, and piracy.

"Grandpop!" he called, gently, and the old man slept on. "Oh, grandpop!" he said, in a louder voice; but the grizzled seaman responded only by a little deeper snore and a tighter hold upon the stem of his pipe. A mischievous look stole into Ralph's eyes. Suddenly he called out strong, "There goes flukes!"

"Where away?" shouted Grandfather Sterling, dropping his pipe and jumping excitedly to his feet, imagining that he was on board of a whaling-ship, and that the lookout had reported a school of whales in sight.

At this Ralph threw himself back in his chair, laughing heartily, and did not observe the old sailor's look of bewilderment change to that of comprehension and fun-making. Grandfather

quietly laid hold of the fire-bellows hanging on the chimney front, stole across the room to Ralph's chair, and just as its occupant was indulging in a renewed burst of mirth the nozzle of the bellows found its way into his generously open mouth, and a strong and unexpected rush of air sent his head bumping against the back cushion.

"There she blows! There she blows!" yelled Grandfather Sterling, as he worked the bellows handles energetically.

After the merriment had ended, and the Captain's pipe had been recovered and lit, Ralph said:

"Grandpop, there's a story in that old book of yours about the way that the poor coolies were deceived in the East Indies and taken to other countries to work as slaves. Do you know any stories about them?"

The old sailor nodded an affirmative. Ralph was all excitement in a moment.

"Oh, tell the story, grandpop, please! When did it happen, and what is it about?"

Captain Sterling allowed a cloud of smoke to float slowly upward in front of him in order to screen the look of mischief in his gray eyes, then answered,

"It happened a good many years ago, Ralph, and it is about a ship that I was an officer on when she was in the coolie trade."

Ralph jumped to his feet in amazement.

"Grandfather," he said, with a break in his voice, "you don't mean that *you* were once little better than a negro-slaver? It can't be true. You're only fooling; now tell the truth, grandpop."

The ashes in the bowl of his pipe seemed to require all of the Captain's attention as he replied, quite meekly,

"Yes, Ralph, it's kinder tough to admit it, but the truth is I was once a member of the crew of the most noted 'coolie packet' in the business."

Seeing the grieved, reproachful look on Ralph's face, the Captain added:

"Of course it may make you think a little better of your grandfather when I tell you that I would not have joined such a vessel willingly, and that I did not know her character until I was on board."

Ralph hurried to his grandfather's side, passed his arm affectionately around the old man's neck, and said, in a relieved way:

"I'm so glad you said that, grandpop, because I wouldn't want to know that my grandfather had ever been a coolie-stealer. And now, after scaring a fellow so badly, the least you can do to make things square is to tell the story in your best style, which you would call 'ship-shape and Bristol fashion.'"

"All right, my boy, I'll do penance in that way; and now to begin:

"I had gone out to China as second mate of the ship *White Cloud*. She was an old vessel, and in a typhoon that we made acquaintance with had been so badly strained and damaged that we just managed to reach port by keeping all hands at the pumps day and night for more than a week. A [Pg 15] board of survey condemned the ship, pronouncing her unfit for further service, so all hands were paid off, and we then cast about for other berths. I was offered several chances to go before the mast, but having been an officer, I disliked to again enter the forecastle. I had considerable money, so held back, waiting for something better to turn up. At last I was told by one of the shipping-masters that a big English vessel had dropped anchor in the harbor to send her second mate to the hospital, as he was suffering with the fever peculiar to that coast, and that I could get the vacant office by applying to the British Consul. I at once made my way to the consulate, saw the Captain of the *Irving Castle*, hurriedly signed articles to serve as her second officer, and an hour from that time was on board the ship. As soon as I stepped over the rail I saw that she was a 'coolie-runner,' and would have backed out if possible; but it was too late, so I was forced to make the best of a bad bargain.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the horrors of that voyage—how we ran out of water owing to calms and head-winds, and how sickness ravaged among the wretched creatures packed like pigs in the hold of the ship. You may get an idea of that fearful time when I tell you that out of the eight hundred coolies that we had on board at the time of sailing, only one hundred and fifty lived to reach the port where the full measure of their deception and betrayal was realized. The poor ignorant fellows had understood that the contract signed by them was simply an agreement to work on a plantation at good wages, and that they were to be free agents to remain or to be returned to their country after a short time, when the expense of their passage had been worked out. Instead of that they discovered that such an exorbitant rate was charged for their transportation that it would require several years' labor to clear them of debt, and a like number more before they would be entitled to the return voyage. Protest availed them nothing, and they were led away as so many slaves to begin their weary servitude.

"I was heart-sick of the trade, and a little ashamed, too, of sailing under a foreign flag, so I left the *Irving Castle* at the first opportunity. I know that all hands were glad to see the 'Yankee' go, for I had held up the honor of my own country in a rather forcible way on several occasions when the discussion as to the wars of 1776 and 1812 had waxed warm beyond the limits of what might be called gentlemanly argument.

"And now, my boy, you know how it was that I came to serve on a 'coolie-slaver' under the British

flag."

THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I.—JIMMIEBOY MAKES HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

The telephone was ringing, of that there was no doubt, and yet no one went to see what was wanted, which was rather strange. The cook had a great way of rushing up from the kitchen to where the 'phone stood in the back hall whenever she heard its sounding bells, because a great many of her friends were in the habit of communicating with her over the wire, and she didn't like to lose the opportunity to hear all that was going on in the neighborhood. And then, too, Jimmieboy's papa was at work in the library not twenty feet away, and surely one would hardly suppose that he would let it ring as often as Jimmieboy had heard it this time—I think there were as many as six distinct rings—without going to ask the person at the other end what on earth he was making all that noise about. So it was altogether queer that after sounding six times the bell should fail to summon any one to see what was wanted. Finally it rang loud and strong for a seventh time, and, although he wasn't exactly sure about it, Jimmieboy thought he heard a whisper repeated over and over again, which said, "Hullo, Jimmieboy! Jimmieboy, Hullo! Come to the telephone a moment, for I want to speak to you."

Whether there really was any such whisper as that or not, Jimmieboy did not delay an instant in rushing out into the back hall and climbing upon a chair that stood there to answer whoever it was that was so anxious to speak to somebody.

"Hullo, you!" he said, as he got his little mouth over the receiver.

"Hullo!" came the whisper he thought he had heard before. "Is that you, Jimmieboy?"

"Yes. It's me," returned Jimmieboy. "Who are you?"

"I'm me, too," answered the whisper with a chuckle. "Some people call me Hello Hithere Whoareyou, but my real name is Impy. I am the Imp of the Telephone, and I live up here in this little box right over where your mouth is."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Jimmieboy in pleased surprise. "I didn't know anybody ever lived in that funny little closet, though I had noticed it had a door with a key-hole in it."

"Yes, I can see you now through the key-hole, but you can't see me," said the Imp, "and I'm real sorry you can't, for I am ever so pretty. I have beautiful mauve-colored eyes with eyelashes of pink, long and fine as silk. My eyebrows are sort of green like the lawn gets after a sun shower in the late spring. My hair, which is hardly thicker than the fuzzy down or the downy fuzz—as you prefer it—of a peach, is colored like the lilac, and my clothes are a bright red, and I have a pair of gossamer wings to fly with."

"Isn't there any chance of my ever seeing you?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Why, of course," said the Imp. "Just the best chance in all the world. Do you remember the little key your papa uses to lock his new cigar box with?"

"The little silver key he carries on the end of his watch chain?" queried Jimmieboy, eagerly.

"The very same," said the Imp, "That key is the only key in this house that will fit this lock. If you can get it and will open the door you can see me, and if you will eat a small apple I give you when we do meet, you will smallen up until you are big enough to get into my room here and see what a wonderful place it is. Do you think you can get the key?"

"I don't know," Jimmieboy answered. "I asked papa to let me have it several times already, but he has always said no."

"It looks hopeless, doesn't it?" returned the Imp. "But I'll tell you how I used to do with my dear old father when he wouldn't let me have things I wanted. I'd just ask him the same old question over and over again in thirteen different ways, and if I didn't get a yes in answer to one of 'em, why, I'd know it was useless; but the thirteenth generally brought me the answer I wanted."

"I suppose that would be a good way," said Jimmieboy, "but I really don't see how I could ask for the key in thirteen different ways."

"You don't, eh?" said the Imp, in a tone of disappointment. "Well, I *am* surprised. You are the first little boy I have had anything to do with who couldn't ask for a thing, no matter what it was, in thirteen different ways. Why, it's as easy as falling up stairs."

"Tell me a few ways," suggested Jimmieboy.

"Well, first there is the direct way," returned the Imp, "You say just as plainly as can be, 'Daddy, I want the key to your cigar box.' He will reply, 'No, you are too young to smoke,' and that will make your mamma laugh, which will be a good thing in case your papa is feeling a little cross when you ask him. There is nothing that puts a man in a good humor so quickly as laughing at his jokes. That's way number one," continued the Imp. "You wait five minutes before you try the second way, which is, briefly, to climb upon your father's knee and say, 'There are two ends to

your watch chain, aren't there, papa?' He'll say, 'Yes; everything has two ends except circles, which haven't any'; then you laugh, because he may think that's funny, and then you say, 'You have a watch at one end, haven't you?' His answer will be, 'Yes; it has been there fifteen years, and although it has been going all that time it hasn't gone yet.' You must roar with laughter at that, and then ask him what he has at the other end, and he'll say, 'The key to my cigar box,' to which you must immediately reply, 'Give it to me, won't you?' And so you go on, leading up to that key in everything you do or say for the whole day, if it takes that long to ask for it thirteen times. If he doesn't give it to you then, you might as well give up, for you'll never get it. It always worked when I was little, but it may have been because I put the thirteenth question in rhyme every time. If I wanted a cream cake, I'd ask for it and ask for it, and if at the twelfth time of asking I hadn't got it, I'd put it to him finally this way— [Pg 16]

"'*I used to think that you could do*
Most everything; but now I see
You can't, for it appears that you
Can't give a creamy cake to me.'"

"But I can't write poetry," said Jimmieboy.

"Oh, yes you can!" laughed the Imp. "Anybody can. I've written lots of it. I wrote a poem to my papa once which pleased him very much, though he said he was sorry I had discovered what he called his secret."

"Have you got it with you?" asked Jimmieboy, very much interested in what the Imp was saying, because he had often thought, as he reflected about the world, that of all the men in it his papa seemed to him to be the very finest, and it was his great wish to grow up to be as like him as possible; and surely if any little boy could, as the Imp had said, write some kind of poetry, he might, after all, follow in the footsteps of his father, whose every production, Jimmieboy's mamma said, was just as nice as it could be.

"Yes. I have it here, where I keep everything, in my head. Just glue your ear as tightly as you can to the 'phone and I'll recite it for you. This is it:

"*I've watched you, papa, many a day.*
And think I know you pretty well;
You've been my chum—at work, at play—
You've taught me how to romp and spell.

"*You've taught me how to sing sweet songs;*
You've taught me how to listen, too;
You've taught me rights; you've shown me wrongs;
You've made me love the good and true.

"*Sometimes you've punished me, and I*
Sometimes have wept most grievously
That yours should lie the hand whereby
The things I wished were kept from me.

"*Sometimes I've thought that you were stern;*
Sometimes I could not understand
Why you should make my poor heart burn
By scoldings and by reprimand.

"*Yet as it all comes back, I see*
My sorrows, though indeed most sore
In those dear days they seemed to me,
Grieved you at heart by far the more.

"*The frowns that wrinkled up your brow,*
That grieved your little son erstwhile,
As I reflect upon them now,
Were always softened by a smile.

"*That shone, dear father, in your eyes;*
A smile that was but ill concealed,
By which the love that in you lies
For me, your boy, was e'er revealed."

Here the Imp stopped.

"Go on," said Jimmieboy, softly. "Tell me some more."

"There isn't any more," replied the Imp. "When I got that far I couldn't write any more, because I kind of got running over. I didn't seem to fit myself exactly. Myself was too big for myself, and so I had to stop and sort of settle down again."

"Your papa must have been very much pleased," suggested Jimmieboy.

"Yes, he was," said the Imp; "although I noticed a big tear in his eye when I read it to him; but he gave me a great big hug for the poem, and I was glad I'd written it. But you must run along and get that key, for my time is very short, and if we are to see Magnetville and all the wire country

we must be off."

"Perhaps if the rhyme always brings about the answer you want, it would be better for me to ask the question that way first, and not bother him with the other twelve ways," suggested Jimmieboy.

"That's very thoughtful of you," said the Imp. "I think very likely it would be better to do it that way. Just you tiptoe softly up to him and say,

"*If you loved me as I love you,*
And I were you and you were me,
What you asked me I'd surely do,
And let you have that silver key."

"I think that's just the way," said Jimmieboy, repeating the verse over and over again so as not to forget it. "I'll go to him at once."

And he did go. He tiptoed into the library, at one end of which his papa was sitting writing; he kissed him on his cheek, and whispered the verse softly in his ear.

"Why certainly," said his papa, when he had finished. "Here it is," taking the key from the end of his chain. "Don't lose it, Jimmieboy."

"No, I'll not lose it. I've got too much use for it to lose it," replied Jimmieboy, gleefully, and then, sliding down from his papa's lap, he ran headlong into the back hall to where the telephone stood, inserted the key in the key-hole of the little door over the receiver and turned it. The door flew open, and before him stood the Imp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEFORE HIM STOOD THE IMP.

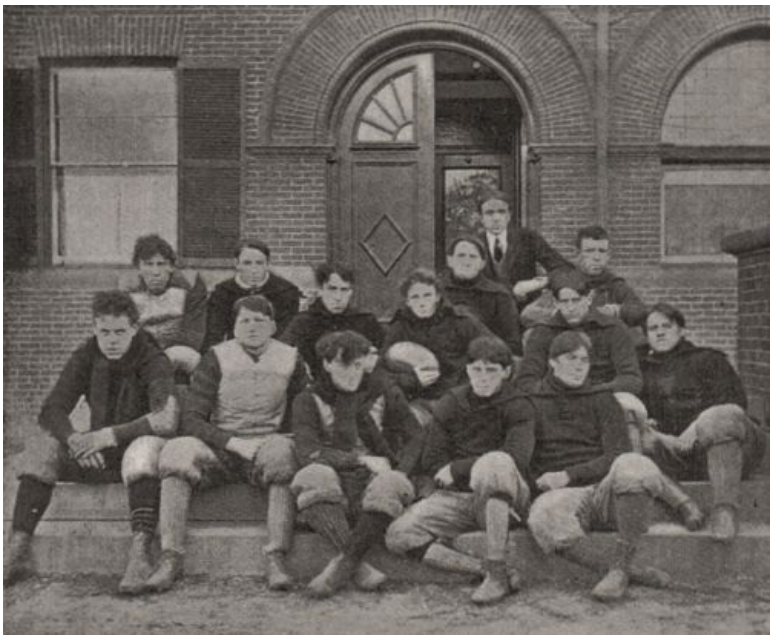
Two weeks ago, in commenting upon the Spirit displayed by a certain class of scholastic athletes —they cannot properly be called sportsmen—I remarked that should ribbons be offered as prizes at future interscholastic track-athletic games, I feared five-eighths of those who enter under existing conditions would take no further interest in the sports. I feared at the time this might be a slight exaggeration, and I hope it is: but that my assumption was well grounded there is no doubt. I heard of one young man, who proudly canters about the cinder track in the spring-time, and claims to be a sportsman, who upon reading the paragraph in question exclaimed: "Ribbons? Well, I guess not. You can bet that if they had ribbons for prizes, *I* would be one of the five-eighths that would drop out!"

If the awarding of ribbons as prizes could purge the ranks of school athletics of such cup-hunting, medal-seeking mercenaries as that young man frankly admits he is, I devoutly hope and pray the expedient may be adopted. In chemistry there is a way of testing fluids for impurities by applying certain acids. If some good genie would only come up out of the earth and apply the ribbon test to interscholastic sport as conducted in New York city, I can assure him he would get a response

that would startle him. But I don't suppose there is any use of advocating the ribbon scheme. I know, as well as the next man, that it would be impracticable. The custom of awarding prizes of value has become too general for us to be able to do away with it, even in behalf of such a holy cause as the purification of sport. Such a step, too, would injure the clean as well as the unclean, and although there is no doubt the former would be quite willing to suffer temporarily for the sake of redeeming or of getting rid of the latter, the suggestion is too radical, I am well aware, to be put into execution. We shall have to look for some other method of routing these Tammanyites of interscholastic sport.

A great many of these mercenary medal-hunters, like the young man I have quoted, will probably sneer at what I am now saying, and will perhaps consider me a crank. But a few years from now, if they still remain in the field of athletics (if they have not been chased out of it by ribbons or some other purifying element), they will see that I am right, and that this Department is none too severe in its arraignment of this class of sports. For they are "sports." They are not "sportsmen." There is a big difference between a "sport" and a "sportsman." A true "sportsman" is always a gentleman by instinct, if not by birth and education, and he engages in sport for sport's sake only. He does by others as he would be done by. A "sport" enters contests for mercenary motives, and as a rule prefers to do others.

Young men who are just entering athletics, who are going into contests with other amateurs, and hope to continue to engage in sports through their school days and college days, and even after that time during hours not devoted to the serious work of life, cannot too soon become convinced of the fact and imbued with the idea that true sportsmanship lies in playing for the sake of the game, and not for the sake of the victory or for the prize that victory may bring. "Sport for sport's sake" should be the motto of every scholastic athletic association in the country, and of every boy who takes part in any game—from marbles up.



Argensinger, m'g'r.
Edwards, r. g. Kafer, f.-b.
Righter, l. e. Noble, sub. Powell, q.-b. Dibble, l. h.-b.
and Capt. Arrott, sub. Emerson, r. t.
Cadwalader, l. t. Richards, l. g. Davis r. h.-b Eddy, r. e.
Simons, c.

THE LAWRENCEVILLE FOOTBALL TEAM.

In all justice, however, to these young men whom I am addressing as they probably never have been addressed before, let me say that their "sporting" spirit (and I use this word here in the sense of a bad mercenary spirit in matters of sport) is largely due to the attitude adopted by some of the principals of the New York schools. I do not hesitate a moment to put a large part of the blame on these principals, because they deserve it, and are directly responsible for a great deal of the unsportsmanlike conduct of the boys who attend their schools. If they chose, they could easily prevent a great deal of the evil that is done to the true spirit of sportsmanship. But they do not look at it in that way. Their idea is to encourage sport for the sake of the medals to be won, and they look upon a championship as one of the best of advertisements for their school. Medals, medals, and more medals; and let sport take care of itself! There was a rumor last spring that one of the New York principals made one of his pupils sign an agreement to the effect that he would only enter in certain events at the interscholastic games. The young man was after medals, and wanted to grab for several; but the older "sport" was wiser, and he knew there was a better chance for gold or silver disks if the energy was concentrated on certain ones. All this may be idle talk and without the slightest foundation. I hope it is; but it was a good healthy rumor, at any rate, last spring. [Pg 18]

The managers of the New York Football Association are having considerable difficulty in securing the services of college graduates to act as umpires and referees at interscholastic championship

games. It is easy to see that this might very well be a hard task, for the games are played at Williamsbridge, and it means a whole afternoon devoted to the purpose for a college graduate—in all probability in business—to accept an invitation to act as an official on these occasions. Nevertheless, in this great city of New York there ought to be a sufficient number of graduates of the local schools, likewise graduates of colleges, familiar enough with the game to be efficient, and willing to devote at least one or two afternoons of the season to the good work of advancing the interests of football in the schools.

It is not right to expect the players to do everything. They deserve some encouragement from their elders; and it certainly is discouraging for two teams to appear on the field, and find that there are no officials to conduct the play. It is not advisable to have officers of the N.Y.I.S.F.B.A., or other students or tutors of the schools, act as officials, because disputes are more liable to occur under these circumstances. And yet if there is no one else at hand or available, it is better to take such men for officials than to call the game off. But I believe that by using forethought and energy enough college men can be found to act as umpires and referees for the remaining games this season. Students of the schools are perfectly competent to serve as linesmen.

An example of the undesirability of student officials was the recent game between Cheshire and the Hopkins Grammar School. The reports of that contest as given by the newspapers are something appalling to contemplate. If we could believe them we should almost feel like giving up our faith in the sportsmanship of that region. Aside from other misdeeds, which have nothing to do with sport, credited to them, the Hopkins Grammar lads are accused of having played one or more Yale medical students on their team. On the other hand, the New Haven players accuse their opponents of playing several teachers. (If this be true I commend last week's Interscholastic Sport columns to the Cheshire scholars.) But whatever the rights and the wrongs of the case may be, it is a disgraceful state of affairs, and one that we can well afford to pass over in silence as far as the details are concerned.

The point I was leading up to is that the disabled Captain of the Hopkins team is reported to have acted as umpire, his place on the field being taken by a player named Jewett. The report of the game as printed in a New Haven paper goes on to say: "Neither side scored until just before the whistle was blown for the end of the first half, when Acting Captain Jewett of Hopkins secured the ball and rushed over the line. Cheshire claimed time was up, and, according to their version, they were supported by the Hopkins Captain as umpire. Acting Captain Jewett, however, decided to quit, and the game stopped. Then followed trouble." There it is in a nutshell. Jewett decided to quit, because he was not satisfied with the umpire's decision. And the umpire was the actual Captain of the team which Jewett had charge of and which proved a "quitter." If there is anything a sportsman justly despises it is a "quitter."

But the Hopkins Grammar players are not the only ones subject to the edifying affection commonly called sulks. Last week the French-American College and the High-School teams of Springfield, Massachusetts, met in a "friendly contest." They were going to play for "sport," of course. (Sport for sport's sake, you remember.) Well, it seems that two instructors, Mr. Turner and Mr. McGregor, officiated as referee and umpire. There was an off-side play, and both officials so agreed and decided. Then the College team refused to play any further, and became quitters. What I cannot understand in all this is why any team of presumably sensible young men, after having agreed to abide by the decisions of gentlemen in whom at the time they must have had confidence, should refuse to abide by a decision as soon as one is made against them. I have said so many times in the few lines that I have written this week that this or that was unsportsmanlike, that I think we had better drop this painful subject now and turn to something more cheerful.

It would seem from the score of the recent game between Hartford High and Hillhouse High, that the former had had a hard time of it. In reality, the victory was an easy one. Hartford caught the ball at the kick-off, and by a series of carefully planned plays forced it down the field and over Hillhouse's line for a touch-down. These were the only points scored, although the ball was in Hillhouse's territory during most of the game. Play was carried on in a pouring rain, which made runs around the end almost impossible. Most of the gains on both sides were obtained by sending the runners between guard and centre or guard and tackle. New Haven's team was as good as could be gotten out of the school, but it was considerably inferior in ability and weight to Hartford's. Smith and Erickson were weak at the end positions, but not much worse than their opponents; but the tackles, Collet and Russell, were strong.

The Hartford centre was superior to that of the New Haven team, and had little trouble in making holes for the backs to plunge through. McQuade at full-back did fully as well as Hartford's man Luce, who is looked upon as the crack player in his position in the league, and he was responsible for a number of the advances made by his side. On the whole, the weather conditions were such as to make a just criticism of the work of either team impossible, because no doubt most of the fumbling and poor tackling was due to the slippery condition of things in general. There was a good deal of ragged playing, however, that cannot be excused even on the ground of rain and mud, and Hillhouse especially needs to brace up and give attention to interference, and to the breaking up of interference.

Hartford put up a good game a few days later against the Yale Freshmen, who defeated the school team 20 to 0. There was no scoring done in the first half except a safety by Hartford. In the second the Yale men sent eight fresh players into the field, and from then on Hartford had little show of winning. I think if the same teams had played from start to finish, there would have been a different story to tell at the end of the game.

Parental interference in boys' sports is always to be regretted, especially if the sport is being

carried on under rules and conditions which experience has shown to be good ones, and under the supervision of older persons, who are, as trainers and coaches, just as anxious for the young player's health and condition as the most nervous mother could be. If a boy is sent to a private school it is fair to presume that his parents have confidence in the judgment and integrity of the principal and instructors, regardless of their intellectual and scholarly attainments or of their pedagogical talents. Therefore, if these professors, in whom the parents have expressed their confidence by confiding their sons to their care, approve of athletic sports in general, and of football at this season in particular, the parents, being less able to judge of the merits of the question, should allow their boys to take part in these sports until they have good reason to discredit the instructor's judgment. Parents, as I have frequently said before, are too often influenced by exaggerated reports of football accidents occurring to untrained players taking part in unscientific contests.

There is no danger to a healthy boy who plays football under the supervision of a competent coach. For this reason it is my opinion—and I am sure the opinion of all lovers of football—that [Pg 19] the parents of the Barnard School boys who forbade their sons to take part in the game, have made a mistake which they will doubtless recognize when they become more familiar with the sport. The action of these parents has resulted in the disbanding of the first team at Barnard. This eleven had already won several victories, and the players were looking forward to earning a creditable position in the league, but now all this has been given up.

But the true spirit of sportsmanship has not by any means been extinguished in the school. The players with the objecting parents have retired, and the first team has fallen to pieces, but the fragments have been collected by an energetic captain, and new men have been found who practise on the gridiron daily; not with the view of getting into shape for this season, but to train players for next year. This is true sportsmanship. These boys are going into sport for sport's sake, and should be encouraged. They are of the stuff that winning teams are made of.

W. L. Dubois, Urbana, Ohio.—You might lighten your racket by scraping it with glass or sand-paper, or by hollowing out the handle. Don't soak it. You will find it more satisfactory in the end to buy another, or to trade your own off for a lighter one.

K. M. Towner, Asbury Park, New Jersey.—A correct diagram of *Defender* is not to be had. Some of the yachting papers published approximately correct diagrams at the time of the recent races. There will be an article on the construction of model yachts in the volume of Harper's Round Table, which begins with this issue.

The Graduate.

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.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.

Our prize offer has brought many queries in regard to the rules of the competition, the printing, mounting, and marking of the pictures, the style of picture required, etc. Though the rules and requirements were made as plain and concise as possible, we are quite willing to go more into detail and to answer any question which will aid our Camera Club to make this competition the best we have yet conducted.

The competition "open to all amateurs" seems to call forth the most queries. "Can any one under eighteen take part in it?" "Can an amateur under eighteen send pictures to both contests?" "Must an adult amateur be a member of the Order?" "May an amateur under eighteen who wishes to take part in both competitions send the same picture to each?" are some of the questions asked.

The prize offer "open to all amateurs" is, as stated in the circular, open to all amateurs who desire to take part in it, *without regard to age limit*. This, of course, admits any member of the club under eighteen, and any member under eighteen may take part in both competitions. Any adult amateur who wishes to enter the competition may become a "Patron" of the Order by simply sending name and address on a postal to Harper's Round Table. While there is no condition which would prevent an amateur sending the same picture to both competitions, it is expected that he or she will not do so, as it would be hardly fair to allow a picture to win a prize in both competitions, provided it was the best of its class, for both are, of course, under the same rules, and have the same classes.

One correspondent wishes to know if he may send bromide prints. Referring to Rule V, he will see

that any printing process may be used, with the exception of the blue-print. This is no reflection on the blue-print process, which is sometimes preferable for some pictures; but blue prints are usually excluded from photographic competitions, as it is harder to judge the real merits of a picture from a blue print, and they do not reproduce as well as those in black and white.

The date for receiving marine pictures has already closed, but landscape pictures will be received until November 18th. It is not too late in the season to make landscape pictures, and photographs taken when the trees are partly stripped of leaves are sometimes finer than those taken when the foliage is in its prime. "Wood interiors" can only be made either in the autumn or early spring.

In making landscape do not try to include too much in the picture. Landscape artists seldom make a picture which includes extended view. They select some picturesque spot, with a clump of bushes and bit of stream, perhaps, and make a picture which is a thing of beauty, which could not be done if they climbed some lofty hill, and made a picture of the wide stretch of landscape before them. A picture answering this latter description is entirely out of proportion to the small 4 x 5 plate into which it is compressed, and can only be used with success in a lantern-slide.

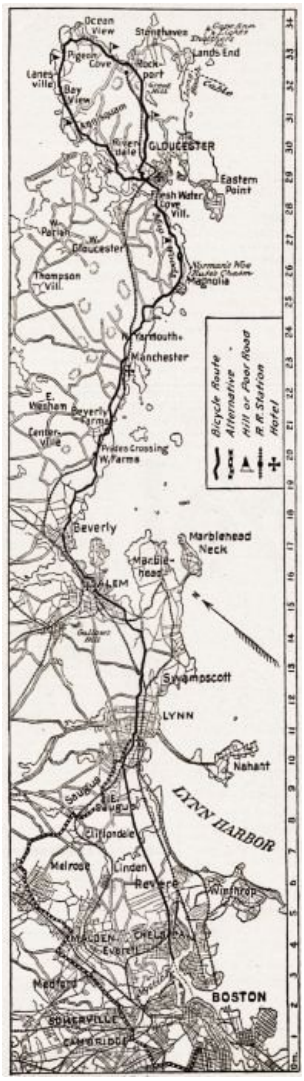
Take special pains with the finishing and mounting of the pictures. Do not use a 4 x 5 card-mount for a 4 x 5 picture. Use at least a card 6 x 8 in size. See recent numbers for hints on mounting pictures.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BICYCLING

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

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



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Perhaps the most interesting trip out of Boston, except the one through the historic towns of Concord and Lexington, is out along the Massachusetts coast to Cape Ann and return. The first part of the run is not as interesting as it might be, but after passing Lynn, ten or twelve miles out from the city, you reach a good road and pleasant scenery, which keep up all the way to the Cape. Perhaps the best plan is to ride to Gloucester, have dinner there, then take the ride around the Cape back to Gloucester, and come back to Boston by train, or stay overnight at Gloucester, and ride home next day. The trip in detail is as follows:

Leave Boston by Chelsea Ferry to Winnisimmet Street and Chelsea by Broadway, direct road to Lynn, level and good riding (or as a choice route to Lynn run out through Nahant). At Common Street bear to right by Lynn Common, then turn to the left at City Hall, taking Essex Street, which follow through Upper Swampscott, and bear to left on entering South Salem, thus following Lafayette Street, which takes you across bridge into Salem. (Good road, with pavement in Salem.) Take Central Street, and turn to right to Essex House. Points of interest: Gallows Hill at head of Hanson Street, where witches were executed. At corner of Essex and North Streets, oldest house in Salem, erected by Roger Williams; 27 Union Street, birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Foot of Turner Street is the house of the seven gables. Leaving Salem, Essex House, take Church Street, and turn to right in Brown Street to Washington Square. Then turn to left to Winter Street, and turn to right into Bridge Street, which crosses Beverly Harbor to Beverly. Small hills follow, but good gravel road. Take Rantoul Street, and turn to right at Bow Street, riding as far as Soldiers' Monument, then bear to the right onto Hale Street to Prides Crossing. Keep on Hale Street direct to Beverly Farms; fine road along the shore. The road twists and turns, but keep bearing to right, and it will bring one through West Manchester to Manchester. From hotel on Central Street turn to right at Union Street, turn to right onto Washington Street, and turn to left at Summer Street. After a run of three miles, turn to right and follow telegraph poles into Magnolia. Points of interest: Norman's Woe and Rufe's Chasm. Take road through Magnolia Woods, an exceptionally pretty ride, up grade, and coasts, winding road. Mason House, Gloucester, is wheelmen's resort. Distance to Gloucester, forty miles.

From here there is a fine fifteen-mile circuit ride around Cape Ann *viá* Washington Street, through Riverdale to Annisquam, thence by direct road past Bay View, and through Lanesville to Ocean View. Here turn to right, and return by Granite Street, through Pigeon Cove, along shore to Rockport. Turn to left at Broadway, and to right at Main Street, and over Great Hill. The road in sight of ocean about all the way around Cape. The way is hilly, with fair surface most of the distance. By leaving Boston early in the A.M., the trip to Gloucester and around the Cape—a distance of about fifty-five miles—can be done in season to take the steamer at 2 P.M., and enjoy a fine refreshing sail to Boston; single fare fifty cents. The return trip awheel cannot be varied much without considerably increasing the distance. The landing-place of the Bennett-Mackay cable is near the route around the Cape, and worth a visit. Side trip to it can be taken by way of Main Street and Mount Pleasant Avenue and over the hill to Turk's Head Inn. One gets on the ride a fine view of Thatcher's Island, Twin Light-houses, and Long Beach.

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 No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827. Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829; Third Stage in No. 830; Fourth Stage in No. 831; Fifth Stage in No. 832; Sixth Stage in No. 833. Boston to Concord in No. 834. Boston in No. 835.

DEGREES OF BOILING.

[Pg 21]

To make candy intelligently it is necessary to know how to boil sugar. There are seven essential degrees to be understood in boiling. The first degree, called the small thread, is recognized when

the syrup will spin a fine thread as it drops from a fork or spoon. The second degree, the pearl, is when the sugar is oily in consistency, and spins a long thread when tested.

Dip a skimmer into the syrup, and then blow upon it. If the bubbles come through the skimmer on the under side it has reached the degree—the blow. If, on throwing the syrup with a jerk, while still on the skimmer, from you, the sugar separates into fine strings, it is the feather degree. The next degree is the soft ball, which you have seen many times in making fondant candies.

The crack degree comes quickly after this, and is when the syrup forms a clear, brittle candy that will not stick to the teeth. The seventh degree is the caramel, which quickly follows the crack degree. Take the saucepan hastily from the fire and dip the bottom in a pail of cold water, or it will become dark brown in color, and entirely useless.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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Waterbury, Conn.

Postage Stamps, &c.

STAMPS!

Programmes for Chapter Evenings.

[Pg 22]

The Washington Chapter, of Racine, Wis., one of the oldest in the Order, meets regularly save during the summer months, and the interest does not flag. Sir Frank H. Marlott, in telling us about the Chapter, remarks that he, and he thinks others, would like to know how Chapters elsewhere keep up interest; what they do, and how they do it. We agree with Sir Frank, and hence will be glad to receive morsels from Chapter officers giving us this information.

One Chapter sends us its record unsolicited. It is the Tennyson, of Piqua, Ohio. It was organized two years ago, and has held meetings regularly ever since. These meetings occur every two weeks, and take place at the homes of the members. The member at whose home the meeting is furnishes light refreshments, restricted, we believe, to two articles, as coffee and sandwiches, or lemonade and cake. The Chapter is composed of Knights only. As most of its members study English history at school, that subject was taken up. Programmes are prepared for the entire year. Here is the one for the present year:

September 24th.—Quotations from Tennyson; The English Restoration and Revolution. Earl R. North.

October 8th.—Quotations from Lowell; The Great Inventions and Industries of the Age of Queen Anne. Lane L. Angle.

October 22d.—Quotations from Scott; The Age of Queen Anne, 1702-1714. Roe L. Johnson.

November 5th.—Quotations from Longfellow; Literature of Queen Anne's Reign. Fred McKinney.

November 19th.—Quotations from Goldsmith; England under George I. and George II., 1714-1760. William S. Ramsey.

December 3d.—Quotations from Emerson; England under George III. and George IV. Allen G. Rundle.

December 17th.—Quotations from Browning; The Iron Duke. Albert B. Schroeder.

December 31st.—Quotations from Shakespeare; Five-minute Readings from Eighteenth-century Literature. The Chapter.

January 14th.—Quotations from Hawthorne; The Ministers and Wars of the Georges. Charles Stilwell.

January 28th.—Quotations from Dickens; Queen Victoria and her Family. Wilber S. Lenox.

February 11th.—Quotations from Holland; Readings from Carlyle on Chartism and Corn Law. John Wilkinson.

February 25th.—Quotations from Burns; Readings from the Corn-Law Poet. Joseph F. Loewi.

March 10th.—Quotations from Poe; The Ministers of Victoria. Augustus Clevenger.

March 24th.—Quotations from Holmes; Foreign Affairs of the Reign of Victoria. The Chapter.

Our Amateur Journalists Again.

> I have been in the ranks of the amateur journalists about three years. I have made many friends and have gained a great deal of information. My press is a self-inker, and has a chase 3-1/8 x 5-1/8. My whole outfit did not cost over twenty-five dollars. This may not seem much to one unacquainted with the circumstances, but, you see, in the first place my pocket-book was not in a very healthy condition, and my mother a widow, and I had to save up all the stray nickels and dimes in order to raise the amount.
>
> At first it was very difficult for me to set up the type without making pi, but I soon overcame that clumsiness. There are some editors who have plenty of money, and so they hire their paper printed by a professional, and then sneer at those who are less fortunate and call their papers "thumb-nails." According to my way of thinking, there is great credit in printing one's own paper, even if it is not so large and is not always free from errors. But taking it altogether, I am not sorry of my little venture, and hope that brother editors will have no worse experiences than I have had.
>
> Wallace Gibbs.
> Publisher *The Sunbeam*.
> Galva, Ill.

The Sunbeam is a most creditable paper, particularly so when one learns, with surprise, as we did, that it is gotten up on a $25 outfit. Sir Wallace ought not to mention his errors in typesetting. One sees wrong letters even in great journals.

Another really creditable paper is *The Scribbler*, edited by Robert E. James, Jun., 212 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. It is illustrated by Easton amateurs—and well illustrated too.

Less pretentious, but very bright, is *The Knight-Errant*—an excellent name, by-the-way—edited by Bertram R. White, 616 Lexington Avenue, this city. Sir Bertram is one of the old stand-by knights of our Table, and deserves his success. We say success, because, no matter what the financial outcome may be, it is bound to succeed in teaching its editor a deal of valuable business experience.

The following-named are interested in amateur papers; George W. Buchanan, Searcy, Ark.; Sam Wood, 14 South Washington Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; M. S. Newman, 722 East Ninth Street, New York; G. Ellery Crosby, Jun., 15 Beach Street, Hartford, Conn.; D. Arthur Bowman, 4412 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; and Harold C. Day, Harrison, N. Y. They wish to subscribe for some amateur papers. The Arkansas Knight thinks of starting one, and the Missouri Knight wants to form a journalists' corresponding Chapter.

The Albermarle is published by George D. Galloway, Eau Claire, Wis., another old-time Knight of the Table, who has felt the healthy stimulus of our Order, and is now getting out a good journal. He is willing to send samples upon request.

The Inventor of Chess.

"Who invented chess?" asks a Knight who lives in Arkansas.

An Arabian mathematician named Sessa, the son of Daher, is supposed to have invented the game of chess. According to Al-Sephadi, the reigning prince was so pleased with the invention that he promised Sessa any reward he might desire. The mathematician asked for a grain of wheat for

the first square of the chess-board, two for the second, four for the third, and so on to the sixty-fourth square. The prince was rather angry at first, considering it a stain on his liberality to be asked for such a paltry present. He gradually cooled down, however, when his Grand Vizier reported a total of 9,223,372,036,854,775,808 grains, or 31,274,997,412,295 bushels. If we suppose that one acre of land is capable of producing 30 bushels of wheat in one year, this enormous quantity would require 1,042,499,913,743 acres, or more than eight times the surface of the globe, at a cost of about $312,749,974,123.90.

The Endless Gallery.

A novel little optical illusion is the "endless gallery," the delight of English children in the first part of this century. Here are the directions:

Make a box 18 inches long, 12 wide, and 9 deep, and against each end place a plane mirror within 1/8 of an inch of the height of the box. Cut a small hole through one end, and likewise through the mirror resting against it. Mirrors should also be placed on the longer sides of the box. Cut grooves at various lengths across the box, and in these fit small colored figures, trees, statuary, etc., previously cut out from card-board, and bearing the same representation on either side. At each end place similar figures, leaving plenty of mirror space behind.

The top of the box should be of ground-glass or oiled paper. Looking through the eye-hole, a vista of enormous length and breadth is seen, seemingly endless.

Vincent V. M. Beede.

A Typical New England Community.

Wilton is a pretty little village in Hillsborough County, New Hampshire. It is beautifully situated, being surrounded by hills. From one, called Pollard's Hill, it is said that you can see Boston Harbor on a clear day, a distance by rail of fifty-five miles. East Wilton is the business part of the town. Here are the High-School, three churches, several stores, and a new depot. A new High-School house is near completion.

Wilton Centre, which is two miles from East Wilton, used to be, in the days of the stage-coach, the principal part of the town. The old Town-house is still standing. Here is where the town meetings were held forty years ago. It is now called Citizens' Hall, and is still used for many purposes. West Wilton is three and a half miles from East Wilton. There are many lovely drives and other places of interest around Wilton. We also have electric lights.

Walter B. Proctor, R.T.F.

A Curious Violet.

Not long ago I noticed in the Table an article on violets, in which the particular violet I know was not mentioned. It grows in great abundance about my house, and I call it curious, because it defies all traditions about the "sweet spring violet," by refusing to stop blossoming with the rest of its sisterhood, and shows its dainty head throughout the summer and autumn, till covered by our early October snows.

The flower is fully as large as a small pansy, and pure white, save for a delicate purple tinge on the under side of the petals, and the usual yellow and red markings in the centre of the flower. These markings are sometimes varied by narrow purple lines. The flower itself springs from the base of the leaves, not from the root, as *blue* violets nearly always do. If any Knight or Lady can tell me where else this violet grows, it will oblige me.

Michigan.
Sophie Rood St. Clair.

Questions and Answers.

G. Ellery Crosby, Jun., asks if imagination stories are wanted as Table morsels. We reply that they are not. The reason is that a limit must be set somewhere, and we have set it at the practical and useful. Sir Ellery lives in the city that, for its size, has more insurance companies than any other in the world. Possibly we need not qualify the comparison by "for its size." Who can tell what city it is, and can Sir Ellery tell us something of the insurance "industry" of his city? Sadie Chandler, Anderson, Tex., is fifteen years old, and is interested in poetry. Are you?

Upton B. Sinclair, Jun., asks if a story in verse may be sent in competition for our prizes. No. John Pohland, Ahnapee, Wis., may apply to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, for information

about studies at Annapolis, and to his member of Congress to learn when there will be a vacancy there from his district. There are no cadets at Annapolis who are active members of our Order, but some sons and daughters of naval officers there have a vigorous Chapter. Sir John wants to hear from members in foreign countries.

In reply to several inquiries: The new badges are an exact reproduction of the rose in the centre of what is said to be the original round table of King Arthur and his knights. You can see a picture of the top of this table on the back cover page of our Prospectuses. The badges are: in silver, 8 cents and 2 cents for postage; in gold, 85 cents, no postage charged. Members are not required to buy badges. Those who purchase HARPER'S ROUND TABLE weekly on news-stands should send a postal card or letter applying for our 1896 Prospectus. It is sent free, of course. We send it to all subscribers without application, and we would mail it to weekly purchasers did we know their names.

Arthur J. Johnston, Box 136, Dartmouth, N. S., is the most active member of a stamp, correspondence, and social Chapter, and he wants corresponding members, especially those resident in Canada. Write him. "H. Mc." asks if Joseph Jefferson will send his autograph. Undoubtedly, if you ask him to do so, and enclose stamp. Address him care of the *Dramatic News*, this city. The president and secretary of the Episcopal Society Daughters of the King are Mrs. E. A. Bradley, 117 West Ninety-first Street, and Miss E. L. Ryerson, 520 East Eighty-seventh Street, both New York city.

Lincoln W. Riddle, 33 Roanoke Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass., wants correspondents in Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Virginia who are interested in botany. Claude T. Reno, Allentown, Pa., wants to found or to belong to a corresponding Chapter. Write him. No street number necessary.

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'm the eldest of five," says Amaranth, in a piteous little letter, "and I'm worn out with sisters forever tagging around. I never can go anywhere with the girls of my set but that Eleanor or Cecile has to go too, and mamma says, 'Amaranth, if you can't let your little sisters be of the company, you will have to stay at home.' I am worn out with sisters," Amaranth concludes.

Well, Amaranth, you have a real grievance. Mamma herself would not like *always* in your place to have the responsibility of looking after two or three younger girls, who seem to you a little in the way, just a trifle *de trop*, and who insist on being where you and the older girls are. Yet look at it from mamma's point of view. She is a very busy woman, and she has the children with her many hours a day, while you are at school. You are glad to relieve her, and give her time to rest, when you come home in the afternoon. I am sure of this, for I know that you are a loving daughter and a great comfort, on the whole.

I won't bring up the argument, which we've all heard so often that it has lost its force, "What would you do if your sister should die?" I think such an argument is very little to the purpose. We are not talking of lack of love, but of the inconvenience of having our own families, in the shape of small sisters, always in evidence.

I think if I were you, dear Amaranth, I would try to get into another frame of mind. I would willingly, not rebelliously, as part of my day's work, take the charge of the younger children, and say pleasantly, "Come, dears, I'm going out with Jennie and Susie, and you may be part of the procession; but you mustn't tag, you must keep step." If you will feel differently about it, the other girls will, and *their* little sisters will be included, and before you know it everything will be harmonious and lovely, as harmony cannot help being.

Tell you where to sell poems and stories, dear Lilybell? I would, if I could, but, my child, I'm not in favor of your publishing your work until you are older. At thirteen one's work may be full of promise, but it is not generally worth payment in money. Write and read, and wait till you are a few years older, and then begin, if you still wish to do so, to send the stories and poems to the editors, always feeling sure that the best work will, one day, win for its author name and fame and silver and gold. Not much of the last, but not any of the others, unless it is the best work.

I advise you, Clementina, to strengthen your memory, by making it treasure things for you. Learn by heart, word for word, a few poems, perhaps a stanza or two at a time; a few fine passages from history, a good many chapters of the Bible. Do not be satisfied with half learning. By heart means that you know the thing so thoroughly that you cannot be tripped up anywhere in repeating it. I advise you also to fix in your mind, by constant repetition, some of the great battles of the world and their dates; great inventions and their dates; wonderful discoveries and their dates.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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 as far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

Collectors are warned against so-called Cuban Republic stamps. They are fraudulent in every respect, even to the inscription which the makers supposed to be in the Spanish language.

The Indian government is about to issue 2, 3, and 5 rupee stamps in two colors. They will bear Queen Victoria's portrait painted lately by Angeli.

Some time ago I warned my readers that the $1 stamp would probably be withdrawn. Not only the $1, but the $2 and $5 have been withdrawn and the new printing is on water-marked paper. Some of these stamps are still to be found at some post-offices, and advanced philatelists are buying up all they can find on unwater-marked paper.

The auction season is about to be opened by J. W. Scott, whose catalogues are now out for a sale

late in October, at the rooms of the Philatelic Society, New York. Albrecht & Co. have a sale at the same place October 29th and 30th.

Beware of so-called Korean stamps. A firm in Washington is putting them on the market for credulous collectors. Stanley Gibbons catalogues and presumably sells a number of the Chinese locals which are not collected by wise philatelists.

W. T. PUTNAM.—Dealers offer the 1828 half-cent at 10 cents.

M. WISTER.—The half-dollars can be bought of a dealer at 75c. each. The five-cent nickel without value does not command a premium. The Dresden stamp is a local. The complete Columbian set can be bought from $25 to $30.

M. CRAM.—The following are not collected by wise philatelists—All the China locals (except Shanghai); "San Antonio" of Portugal and Azores; 4c., 10c., 20c., 30c. and 40c. surcharges on North Borneo; British Mail of Madagascar; Brunei; Clipperton; Bussahir.

J. C. WEILAND.—The coins mentioned can be bought of dealers at a fair advance on face. I cannot give names of dealers. See advertising columns.

PHILATUS.

THE FAIRY'S FLORAL ZOO.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

There was a little fairy in the moon,
Came down to earth one lovely afternoon,
To wander
And to ponder
On the mountains and the lakes,
On the meadows and the brakes,
And to see what he could find
To sort of occupy his mind.
And as he wandered,
As he pondered,
This little fairy heard a roar
Like none he'd ever heard before;
And there, on either side, right by the shore,
Two lilies stood:
Great Tiger lilies thirsting for his blood!
And did he run? Indeed not he!
He simply stood likewise and smiled with glee,
And after much ado
He captured them—the two!
"I'll take 'em home," said he, "and put 'em in my Zoo."
And with them soon.
In fact that very afternoon,
Back to the moon
He flew,
And now he's rich, for all the moon-boys 'twixt us two
Just throng about the cages of that Fairy's Floral Zoo!

FOND MOTHER. "And was my little boy smart at school to-day?"

LITTLE BOY (*sadly*). "My teacher didn't say I was, mamma, but he took pains to make me smart later."

MOTHER. "I wonder if my little boy is so afraid of work that he does not study his lessons?"

LITTLE BOY. "Me afraid of work! not much. Why, mamma, I can fall asleep alongside of it."

BOBBY. "What's the matter with your brother, Jack?"

JACK. "I guess he smelt of ma's new bottle of ammonia, 'cause now he's got the pneumonia."

FIRST BOY. "I's smaller than you."

SECOND BOY. "No, you're not."

THIRD BOY. "What's the matter with you fellows; I's smaller than both of you put together."

HOWARD. "Papa, I think baby plays with a knife."

PAPA. "I hope not, Howard."

HOWARD. "Well, when he was crying so this morning nurse said he was cutting his teeth."

TEDDY. "Papa, that's what you call a fruit-knife for fruit, isn't it?"

PAPA. "Yes, Teddy, that's right."

TEDDY. "Well, the gardener has what he calls a pruning-knife. Does he use that for prunes?"

ANECDOTE OF KIPLING.

A great many stories are told of famous authors, and it is probably not to be denied that a good half of them have no basis in truth. We have received, however, a story told of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which, whether it is true or not, is sufficiently amusing to be repeated; and as it comes from England, and is not the product of a Yankee brain, it may be told with perfect propriety, Mr. Kipling being one of her Majesty's subjects.

It seems that a good many years ago Mr. Kipling had an affectionate aunt, who lived at Southsea, and at her house the future poet of "Tommy Atkins" was wont to sojourn. One very hot day the aunt observed: "Don't you think, Ruddy, that waistcoat is very warm? Go upstairs and put on a white one." Ruddy did as he was told, *but he put the white one over the other*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A locomotive engineer and a marine engineer were disputing over the relative danger of their occupations, each one claiming that his own condition was the less perilous.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the steamboat man. "If you are on your engine, and you go crash-bang into another train, why, there you are!"

"Yes," answered the railroad man; "and if you are in your engine-room at sea, and the boiler bursts, where are you?"

TALL STRUCTURES.

The United States can boast of the tallest masonry structures in the world, although other countries have buildings and towers made of other materials that can outtop American attempts. The Washington Monument is 550 feet high; the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall is 537 feet

high, and the Manhattan Life-insurance Building is 437 feet high. One of their rivals abroad is a chimney at Port Dundas in Scotland, the tallest in the world, which is 454 feet high. There are only two masonry structures in Europe that surpass it—the Cologne Cathedral, 510 feet, and the Strasburg Cathedral, 468 feet. The Pyramid of Ghizeh is about 480 feet high. The highest thing put up by man is, of course, the Eiffel Tower on the Champ de Mars in Paris, but this will have to yield its supremacy to the Great Davey Tower now being built near London. When completed that will rise 1250 feet into the air. The highest artificial structure in America is a water tower at Eden Park, near Cincinnati, which reaches a total height of 589 feet.

A DIFFERENT INTERPRETATION.

A guileless city man wandered through the country with his rod over his shoulder seeking out a promising place to toss a fly. He soon came to a pond, near the edge of which was a sign that said: "No fishing." The city man scratched his head as he gazed at these words, but finally sat down on the shore, and was surprised at the number of bites he got. Pretty soon the gamewarden came along and cried out:

"Hey, there! Don't you see that sign?"

"Of course I do," answered the city man.

"Well," continued the warden, "don't you see it says, 'No fishing'?"

"Yes; but it's away off. There's bully fishing here. Just look at all I have caught."

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