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## **FOR KING OR COUNTRY.**

**A Story of the Revolution.**

**BY JAMES BARNES.**

### **CHAPTER II.**

#### **SOME FURTHER ADVENTURES.**

As the hand reached out of the water it could be seen that William had twined his free arm about his brother's waist, and that the latter was still struggling weakly.

At this moment a shout sounded from the hill. "I's comin'! I's comin'!" called a voice.

There was a crushing sound, and through the alders and tangle of hardback bushes came the old colored man. His face was ashy gray; but he took in the situation in one frightened glance. Without pausing, he threw himself head foremost into the pool, and in an instant he had grasped both boys, and, puffing loudly after his exertions, landed them safely upon the shelving bank.

Grace's cries had softened to a nervous whimper, and the old man was the first to find his tongue. Probably he knew that neither of his young masters could reply to him just then, for he pitched into them furiously as they lay helpless and spluttering in the sand.

"You heah me," he said, "young Mars Willem an' young Mars George. I see you'll git a trouncin' fur all dis nonsense; scaring Miss Grace half out ob her wits, and spoilin' your bes' clo's; and look at me!" he added, "jes look at me! My waistcoat is plum ruined, an' whar—whar's my hat?"

The huge three-cornered affair lost in Cato's jump was drifting slowly down the brook.

William rolled over on his elbow and caught his breath with an effort.

"Silence!" he shouted. "Where's that fishing-rod?"

"You's done gwine ter ketch a fishin'-rod," said the old man. "Look at your brudder George, 'most drowned; I spec you dared him to jump in." [Pg 26]

George managed to look up. "No," he said; "I went in by myself."

The old man, muttering and grumbling, stepped over to the boys, and stood both of them on their feet. It was all that either could do to keep his balance; but at last, they looked at one another, and William half laughed.

"Oh, won't we catch it when Aunt Clarissa sees us!" he exclaimed.

At this, Grace, looking toward the bridge, called out, excitedly, the tears still running down her cheeks, "There's Mr. Wyeth! There he is at last! And, look! there's some one with him. It must be our Uncle Daniel!"

She pointed up the road. Little clouds of dust rose here and there through the trees, and two thick figures, each mounted on a steadily plodding gray nag, were seen riding down the hill.

"Come on, we'll meet them," said William, and taking his brother's hand, they walked out into the meadow with as much dignity as two small dripping figures could assume.

Cato picked out two of the largest and straightest of the discarded switches, and, gazing disconsolately at his ruined waistcoat, strode after them.

Mr. Wyeth and his companion had seen the boys coming, and had halted at the bridge. The merchant was a short, fat man, with a round rosy face, like a ripe New Jersey apple. As he watched the little party walking slowly across the meadow his face took on a quizzical expression, and then wrinkled up into a smile. As they came nearer he burst into a laugh.

The other man, who was larger and quite as florid, joined him. "Well, bless my soul," he said, leaning forward in his saddle, his sides shaking.

The twins by this time were within speaking-distance. They did not smile, but still holding each other's hands bowed quite gravely.

"Mr. Wyeth, your presence, sir," they said.

"In the name of St. George," said the fat man, "what have you been doing?"

"We fell into the water," said the twins, together.

"You'll pardon our appearance," went on George, "but we are glad to see you here at Stanham Mills, I do assure you, sir. I—I suppose this is our Uncle Daniel? Is it not?"

This was said with such a fine imitation of Uncle Nathan's courtliest manner, that Mr. Wyeth could hardly repress another burst of laughter.

But Mr. Daniel Frothingham—for it was none other—gravely lifted his hat, and said: "Young gentlemen, I salute you. The honor is mine, I do declare."

Then seeing Grace, he took his feet from the stirrups. "Will the young lady come up here with me?" he asked.

In a minute the little girl, with her garland of oak leaves trailing to the ground, was seated before her uncle from London on the old gray horse.

"Well, this is an unexpected greeting," remarked the huge man to the merchant.

The twins had started down the road, leaving a trail of water dripping from their soggy coats.

"What are you doing with those switches, Cato?" asked Mr. Wyeth, turning in his saddle and winking at Uncle Daniel.

"I reckon, sah," said the old darky, smiling grimly, "Mars Nathaniel may have need of 'em. I's tol' Miss Frothingham dat dose chilluns oughter be teached ter swim."

Daniel Frothingham gazed at the soaked figures ahead, and his eyes twinkled merrily.

Just to the right of the highway, a short distance from the edge of the pond, a lane fringed with trees led up a gentle incline, at the end of which could be seen a large rambling building, with great white pillars supporting an overheavy Grecian portico.

Before the twins had turned the corner, two figures on horseback came down the main road at a steady trot.

The two boys did not move out of the way a single step, and if the first rider had not drawn off to the road-side they would have been almost under his horse's hoofs. But the twins appeared to pay no attention to this. In fact, so far as any motion of theirs was concerned the two riders might not have existed.

One was a tall man with long leather leggings, and the other a boy of fourteen on a small brown pony. As they passed Mr. Wyeth both gravely acknowledged his salute.

"Who are they?" asked Mr. Daniel Frothingham. He had not spoken for some time, and had been listening to his niece's description of the adventure up the brook.

"Dat's Mr. Mason Hewes and his son Carter," answered the old negro before Mr. Wyeth could reply. "I reckon you's heard 'bout de boundary-line trubbles, sah."

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Wyeth, and he smiled significantly; "that was the man of whom I spoke to you," he went on, addressing Mr. Frothingham. "He is the most advanced rebel in this colony. I have heard utterances attributed to him that ought to—if true bespoke them—place a halter round his neck. It is said that he has proposed resisting the impost taxes with the force of arms. He is a leader of the so-called Sons of Liberty." Mr. Wyeth said the last words with a sneer.

"An arrant scoundrel. I know of him. He should be clapped in prison," rejoined Daniel Frothingham in a voice so like Uncle Nathan's that little Grace looked up in fright. The pleasant expression had vanished from the old man's face.

"This is not England," remarked Mr. Wyeth, sententiously.

"No; I would it were," answered the other. "There's law for such a one as this. A 'Whig' he calls himself? He's a rebel, and naught else."

By this time they had turned into the lane, and could see two figures waiting by the great white pillars. One was a large man in a red coat, and the other was a tall gray-haired lady, who stood very straight and prim beside him.

The twins had prudently fallen behind, and one observed to the other, as they watched the

greetings from a distance:

"Did you see Carter Hewes? He made faces at us."

"Wait until we catch him off some time," was the reply. Then both boys ran for it, and dodged into the house through the kitchen door; but they had not escaped Aunt Clarissa's eagle eye. However, they received no punishment that night, and went to bed in peace.

The next day was quite as fine as the one that had preceded it. The morning was spent in a visit to the various works about the place, but the result of the inspection was not encouraging, and the family party at Stanham Manor was much depressed.

Uncle Daniel had proved to be a large edition of the Frothingham characteristics bound in red. His hands were thick and his fingers short. His manner of speech was ponderous, yet emphatic. Nothing in the new country pleased him; he longed for London. Besides this, he saw that the mining property promised little for the future.

Early in the afternoon Uncle Nathan might have been seen seated on the broad piazza in a great, easy-chair; opposite to him sat Mr. Wyeth, and beside him Uncle Daniel. All three were smoking long-stemmed clay pipes, and blowing the white clouds into the air. For some time no one had spoken. The bees were delving into the honeysuckle blossoms that grew about the pillars, and Aunt Clarissa was plying her white fingers at a tatting-frame close by.

Little Grace, seated in the sunlight on a low hassock, was playing with a small black kitten.

The sound of busy wheels and the roar of the waterfall at the dam drifted across the stretch of green, for besides the foundry the Frothinghams maintained a grist-mill, where most of the grinding for the neighborhood was done.

Uncle Nathan was not in the best of spirits. The discord and dispute over the eastern line worried him more and more each day. He had confided this to his brother and to Mr. Wyeth at some length the night before, and had worked himself into a towering rage.

Mr. Wyeth was also troubled, but it was mostly owing to the trend of political events throughout the country.

The spires of the city on a clear day could just be descried through a strong glass, away off to the east, from the top of Tumble Ridge.

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"There's trouble, sir, trouble, I fear me, ahead," said Mr. Wyeth, breaking the silence at last. "Business is again at a standstill, and the spirit of discontent is slowly growing throughout the colonies. In fact, among our friends some rebellious spirits have dared to breathe a word against Parliament and the court, and are almost ripe even to disown allegiance to his Majesty. You find some of this here about you in its worst form; that we all know." He said the last in a low tone of voice.

Uncle Nathan's face turned red, and he quivered with excitement. Aunt Clarissa stopped in the middle of a purple blossom in her embroidery.

"Yes," went on Mr. Wyeth, "I fear me we'll have trouble. Many people whom I see every day, and whose loyalty no one could have doubted some time since, appear to be outraged at what they term 'the oppressions of the crown' forsooth. The new duties, they maintain, must be removed. It will require a strong hand and action to repress the growing discontent."

Mr. Nathaniel Frothingham stammered in his rage, finding his tongue at last. "The soldiers treated the villains right in Boston, March two years ago," he shouted, with an approach to an oath, "and they called it 'a massacre! a massacre!'"

"Pay the tax, say I, and avoid the trouble," ventured Mr. Wyeth, who had not expected to call forth such an amount of feeling.

Here Uncle Daniel put down his pipe, and struck the arm of his chair a mighty blow. "A few hangings and the marching of some regiments under the standard of King George would bring them to their senses," he hissed. "Traitors and plotters against our King are enemies to this country's welfare."

"His Majesty will send us troops enough, I trow," said the merchant again. "Doubt me not, we'll need them."

Just then a figure came about an angle of the house, and approached the group sitting in the shadow of the pillars.

"Here's that rascally looking overseer of yours, Nathaniel," said the elder brother. "He is the evilist-looking man, I swear, I ever clapped my eyes on."

"Well, Cloud," interrupted Uncle Nathan, speaking loudly, "what is it now?"

The newcomer had removed his hat, and was standing bareheaded in the sunshine. The black hair was worn short and stood up stiff as a pig's bristles; his narrow eyes were half hidden under the thick eyebrows, but were shifty, like a ferret's; his long nose came down over his thin colorless lips. Another curious thing that would strike an observer at first glance was the man's underpinning; his legs were strong and powerfully muscled, entirely out of keeping with the lean shoulders and narrow chest.

"Mr. Frothingham, I would have a word with you," he began.

"Well, speak out," returned Uncle Nathan. "I have no secrets with you from these gentlemen."

The overseer shifted uneasily. "There's something going on yonder across the hill," he said. "Some mischief, I take it, on the ridge shaft, for they have posted guards up there with rifles."

"I've told our people not to trespass," said Uncle Nathan. "Is that all?"

"No, sir; they have been casting cannon. I saw them at the foundry."

The three gentlemen on the porch looked at one another and then back at the overseer.

"There's no market for iron in that shape," said Nathaniel Frothingham, quietly. "Some people say that Hewes is mad; it must be true. If that is all, Cloud, you can go."

The man, without replying, turned about the corner of the house.

"For some reason he hates Mason Hewes even worse than I do," remarked Uncle Nathan. "But he is a good man-driver, and works the people well."

"Some time they'll have revenge for all his bullying," said Mr. Wyeth.

"But it is well at times to have a bully in one's pay," rejoined the manager of Stanham Mills.

"Come, where are those two young nephews of ours?" asked Uncle Daniel, as if to change the subject.

Aunt Clarissa glanced up. "That is a question, brother Daniel, no one can answer," she said.

As Aunt Clarissa spoke, however, two young figures were ascending the rough hill whose outline cut sharp and dark against the afternoon sky. They were walking in single file, and over the shoulder of the first, grasped firmly in both hands, was the barrel of a huge horse-pistol. It was the twins' greatest treasure, for they had discovered it one day up in the rafters of the old store-house near the mill. It was for this the blasting powder had been procured.

They did not know, as they climbed upwards, that they were being watched by a dozen pairs of eyes from the fringe of timber along the ridge, but such was the fact.

"Did you put in a big load this time, William?" inquired the second figure, as the boys left the clearing and plunged into a thicket of scrub-oak.

"The biggest we have fired yet," was the answer. "Methinks it will take both of us to hold it still."

"We won't shoot now," said the other. "Wait until we get further beyond in the wood up by that big rock, where Cato killed the rattlesnake. Perhaps we'll see another there."

They went on some distance, and finding a little path, turned sharply to the right.

Suddenly William stopped. "Did you see that?" he said.

"What was it?" said George, the tone of his brother's voice making his heart jump quickly.

"A fox, I think," said William, bringing the huge pistol down into the position of charge bayonet, and cocking the ponderous hammer.

"Where! Where!" whispered George, coming to his brother's side.

"It ran behind that big stone yonder," was the excited answer.

"Let's move up closer. It's your turn to shoot," said the holder of the aged weapon, turning half around.

"You shoot for me," was the whispered reply.

Moving on again they stepped quickly around the trunk of a great spreading pine-tree, for the woodman's axe had as yet spared this particular part of the forest.

The heavy branches shadowed the ground, and the hulk of great stone, close to an overhanging bank, made the light seem even more indistinct, but as they stepped deeper into the shadow, and their eyes became accustomed to the half light, they started suddenly.

There, a few feet from them, stretched on the ground, was a creature such as they had never seen before. It was as large as a big dog, with a gaunt body, small narrow head, and gleaming yellow eyes. It was crouching close to the ground, its haunches raised somewhat, its tail moving slightly and rustling the leaves of the bushes behind it.

William felt as if the pistol in his hands was almost too heavy for his arms to lift. A terrible thumping came into his temples.

"Shoot! shoot!" said George, behind him, his voice sounding to himself as if it were some miles away.

There was a tremendous roar and a cloud of sulphurous smoke. Probably no weapon that had ever gone to the wars of the times of good Queen Anne had ever withstood such a charge before.

Backwards fell William, as if he had been kicked by a horse, and both boys rolled over down into the path, but there was a thrashing tearing sound at the foot of the pine-tree, and the strange creature was rolling over and over, clawing the air, and lashing about to right and left.

For some reason the old pistol had shot straight, and two of Aunt Clarissa's best pewter spoons, hammered into irregular lumps of metal, had done their work. After a few struggles, the beast lay still, and the boys recovered themselves quite slowly, for the report and fall had almost stunned them.

"I thought I was killed," was William's first speech.

"I didn't have much time to think," was the rejoinder. "S'death! you must have put in all the powder that we had."

"We hit something, anyhow. What was it?" said William, rubbing his head ruefully. His hands were blackened, and the old pistol, with the hammer broken and the pan blown out, lay on the ground a short distance off.

As the boys rose to their feet, they heard the sound of something coming stealthily down the path in their direction. In a moment a tall figure stood beside them.

It was Mr. Mason Hewes, and only a few rods away, seated in the bushes, well hidden from sight, were a dozen rough-looking men. It was they who had watched the young Frothinghams coming up the hill.

The boys recovered their dignity at once, and Mr. Hewes himself was less composed than they were. He glanced at the big catamount, lying dead on the blood-stained leaves, and then at the young hunters, in mute astonishment.

"Are we on your property, sir?" inquired William, breathing hard, and hiding his tingling hands behind his back.

"You are, sir," said Mr. Hewes; "but what of that? You're welcome to go here when you please."

"We did not mean to trespass, I assure you," said George, "and I suppose that animal is yours."

"You are welcome to him also," said Mr. Hewes, "and you are brave boys. What!" Again his astonishment overcame him, and he bent down to pick up the pistol.

"Well, of all things in the world!" he remarked again, almost at a loss for something else to say.

The boys had gathered themselves together by this time, and were standing like two soldiers at attention.

"You had better go and tell your uncle what you have done," said the tall man, with a half smile.

The prospect was too much for the twins. They exchanged a frightened glance. "Oh no, no, no!" they both exclaimed.

"That would never do at all," said George. "You don't know Uncle Nathan." After this outburst they recovered their composure, and looked as if killing a catamount was an every-day occurrence.

Mr. Hewes took out his watch. "Is there any one working in your uncle's mine on Tumble Ridge to-day?" inquired, casually.

"No, not to-day," said William. "They're doing something else. I think—"

George plucked him by the sleeve, and his mouth closed like a trap.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Hewes, who appeared much relieved at what he heard. "To make it equal, you take his ears and scalp, the way all hunters do, and I will keep the rest."

He leaned over, and deftly cut the skin from around the catamount's head, and handed the trophy to the two young warriors. They bowed politely, and taking up the remains of their old friend, the Queen Anne pistol, went off down the hill.

Mr. Hewes gazed after them. "There's an odd lot," he said to himself. "By Saint George, if their uncle were made of stuff like them, there'd be no trouble between us, I'll wager safe enough."

He turned on his heel and went up the path to where the strange party was hiding in the bushes. There was another tall man there with a rifle over his shoulder, and most of the men were fully armed.

Mr. Hewes told of the adventure in a few words, and the party moved forward to the scene of the short conflict.

At dinner that evening the boys were so subdued that Mr. Wyeth wondered what could have happened. Uncle Daniel's questions were answered in monosyllables.

Just as they all were about to leave the table, a rumbling explosion shook the air, coming from the direction of the disputed territory.

The party jumped to their feet.

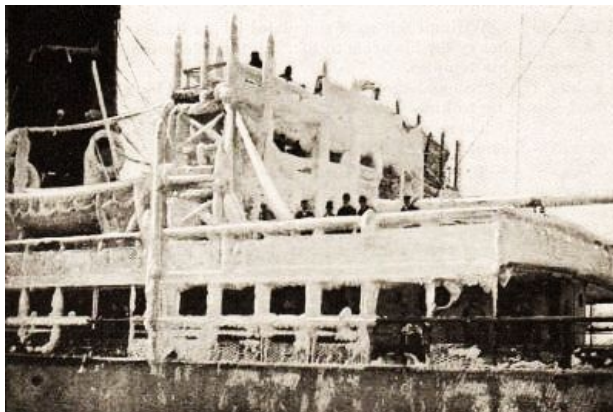
"That scoundrel Hewes!" fairly shouted Uncle Nathan, in a voice much like a blast itself. "He's blown into our galleries on the ridge! I feared he would. The scoundrel. He'll pay for this; the villain, oh! the villain!" He caught a chair for support, and went on in a torrent of imprecation.

The dinner ended abruptly, and every one ran out on the broad veranda.

Loud voices could be heard coming from the direction of the foundry, and far off on the hill-side lights were moving as if people were there with torches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you should go down into the engine-rooms of one of the ocean fliers, when the ship is going at full speed in mid-ocean, and should feel the heat and see the tremendous activity there, you might think you knew exactly how these modern monsters of the sea were propelled. The engines are the heart of the craft, but there has to be a brain, and you find that on the bridge. The bridge is a platform, walled in by canvas about five feet high, and stretching clear across the ship, usually above the wheel-house. You see the hardest kind of work in the engine-rooms, but on the bridge no one seems to do anything, when you look up there from the deck, but stand around and be dignified. If, however, you can get the Captain to take you on the bridge, and tell you of the amount of work done there, you will soon see that the real work in running a ship is on the bridge. The difference between the work in the engine-rooms and that on the bridge is exactly the difference between manual and mental labor.



**THE BRIDGE AFTER A WINTER VOYAGE.**

Of course you know in a general way that the steering of the ship is done on the bridge, and that the Captain must have some way of communicating with the engine-rooms. In small ships there are speaking-tubes and jingle-bells, but in the ocean fliers the distance between the bridge and the engine-rooms is too great for these devices. It would be a most difficult task to use a speaking-tube in a howling gale, and make a man nearly three hundred feet away, in a compartment where the roar is like that of a Niagara, hear what you are trying to say. Jingle-bells might get out of order at a critical time. Another agent must be used, and this agent is electricity. When the Captain wants to give orders to the engineer in all large vessels nowadays he telegraphs to him. He practically controls his ship from stem to stern by the use of electricity. Were it not for that, big ships could not be operated. The day of calling out orders is passed, and perhaps this is why the bridge seems to be such a quiet place.

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**WORKING UP INTO THE WIND ON A RAINY NIGHT.**

Let us spend an hour with Captain Randle, of the American liner *St. Louis*, on the bridge in mid-ocean. He first takes us into the wheel-house. It is a room about ten feet long and ten feet wide, with a curved front. A wheel about three feet in diameter is placed in the centre of the room, and you are surprised to see that the quartermaster keeps turning it almost constantly. You have always thought that he had simply to keep his eye on the floating compass in the box directly in front of him and hold the ship steady on her course. As you look at the compass you see the ship veering now this way and now that as she rolls and plunges, or as one screw turns faster than the other, and thus pulls the ship around. It is hard to make two independent screws go at exactly the same speed, and so this man at the wheel is busy all the time turning the ship straight. He has to fight the waves and the screws and the winds at the same time, and he is a busy man.

This steering-wheel controls the ship by means of a small column of oil in a little tube. By turning the wheel this way or that the oil in the tube is forced up or down, and that opens or closes certain valves in the steam steering-gear four hundred feet away, and the rudder is turned as

easily as if a child had done it. In most steamships the steam steering-gear is controlled by hydraulic power—that is, by water—but the use of a column of oil is an improvement.

As you look about, you see fastened to the cornice directly in front of the wheel-man a little scale in black with white lines marked off on it. There is a dial on it, and as the ship rolls you see that this is a device to mark the degree of the roll. You may notice that it takes about a second for every degree of a roll. On each side of the room is another long black gauge, and the dials point to certain figures, generally between ninety and ninety-five. These dials are little electrical devices, showing exactly how many revolutions the screws are making. The Captain at a glance knows what is going on in the engine-rooms.

Over in the corner of the room is another curious electrical device. It is a little box with a clock in it. The Captain tells you it is the machine that controls the whistle in time of fog. The law requires a long blast of the whistle at such times every two minutes. By pressing in a button on this little clock apparatus, and by setting the clock in a certain manner, the whistle is blown automatically for seven seconds every minute. There can be no error of man in that work. Just as sure as every minute comes around that whistle will blow seven seconds. Under the old way, when a man pulled the whistle cord there was no exactness in the work. When the fog is over the button is released, and the whistle stops.

Over on the other side of the room is a little switchboard. It has two sets of three switches. These switches control the side and mast-head lights of the ship. In the old days oil was used for these lights. The coming of electricity changed that. In each of the lanterns now used as a side or mast-head light there are two large electric lamps. Now, as you know, the film often burns out or breaks in these lamps, and suddenly you are in darkness. It would never do to have this happen on shipboard. The light might be out for a long time, and it would not be noticed, and in that time dreadful things might happen. This is obviated by having two lamps in each lantern and an instrument called a "buzzer," which makes a fuss right behind the steersman if one of the lights in a lantern goes out. When the buzzer sounds, the man in charge simply turns on the spare light, and probably not five seconds are lost.

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Step out now on the bridge. You will notice that it has three kinds of telegraphs. They consist of circular disks on standards about as high as the hand. Above the disks are handles on frames to which a dial is attached. Inside the disks lights may be placed. The glass surface is divided off into regular spaces on which different words are printed. By moving the handle back and forth the dial points to certain words, and a bell is rung. If the telegraph in use, for example, is that to the starboard engine-room, and the Captain has rung for "half-speed," he knows that his order is being recorded on a similar disk in that room, and that as soon as the engineer down there receives it, he will repeat the order to the bridge, so that the Captain may know instantly that the orders have been received and obeyed.

In addition to two of these telegraphs to the engine-rooms, there is one called the docking telegraph, and one called the steering telegraph. The docking telegraph is used in making fast to or leaving a pier, and the steering telegraph is for use in case the steering apparatus in the wheel-house should break down, and it should become necessary to steer the ship by hand, from the after part of the vessel. On the engine-room telegraph you read these marks: "stop," "stand by," "slow," "half-speed." On the docking telegraph you read: "hold on," "heave away," "not clear," "slow astern," "slow ahead," "all clear," "slack away," "let go." On the steering telegraph you read: "hard-a-port," "port," "steady," "course," "steady," "starboard," "hard-a-starboard." It is through the use of this docking telegraph that you understand why a big ship can come up to her pier in the most deliberate way, occupying sometimes an hour, without any apparent confusion, and, so far as the average person can see, without any one giving orders. The Captain stands on the bridge, and the first officer on the forward deck. The Captain can give orders to the first officer by a simple wave of the hand. He must talk to the officer in charge at the stern by the telegraph. This he is doing constantly, but no one hears him, and few realize what is going on. It is a hard task to bring 11,000 or 12,000 tons of iron up to a given spot, and stop it with its tremendous momentum within a few inches of a certain place. The docking telegraph helps to do this.

In looking about further you see two or three little spigotlike affairs turned under the rail. When you ask about them the Captain will tell you that they are electric arrangements to stop the whistle-blowing device, and to turn on the whistle direct from the bridge. In case of fog, and the whistle of another ship is heard, it is necessary to make certain signals. Turning one of these little spigots cuts off the regular whistle and turns on the sound as long and as often as the Captain desires. After the danger is passed the spigots are turned back under the rail, and the electrical device in the wheel-house continues its regular seven seconds blast. You see on each side also sockets in which to place the lights that are burned, or the bombs that are exploded at sea. When passing ships at night, the *St. Louis*, for example, burns one red and two blue lights. That tells the other ship the name of the *St. Louis*. There is a standard on the bridge from which an explosive rocket can be sent up. The noise from such a rocket can be heard six miles, and the rocket is set off by a lanyard, like a cannon.

These are the appliances that you see on the bridge. There is constant work there. The log is being kept all the time; the floating compass in the wheel-house is compared with the standard compass outside every half-hour. When a change in course is made, all the compasses on the ship are compared. Every morning at daylight the whip's position is worked out by the north star, and every day at 11.30 o'clock the dead reckoning of the position of the ship is handed to the Captain by the junior officers. All the officers are required to be on the bridge ten minutes later when the daily observation is made. Day and night there is constant activity





**THE DAILY  
OBSERVATION.**

there.

"How do you know in a fog," I asked of Captain Randle, "which way the sound of another vessel comes from?"

"I stand square in the centre of the bridge with my face exactly to the front," he replied; "and I have trained my sense of hearing so accurately that I can tell which ear the wave sound strikes first as it rolls by. It is rare that we mistake the direction from which a sound comes."

This shows how delicate and at the same time how responsible the task of running a big steamship is.

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## **A FLORAL BALL.**

**BY EMMA J. GRAY.**

Why not give one, girls, on your next birthday night?

The entire house, including the halls, should be trimmed with asparagus and Japanese lanterns. From the drawing-room ceilings suspend inverted cones of asparagus, and as pendants from these fasten Japanese lanterns. String evergreen around the stair bannisters and halls. Indeed, make of your house, including the dining-room, a sort of fairy bower, on which the Japanese lanterns at happy intervals cast light and color.

The orchestra should be hidden in a tiny forest, and their music should be jolly, light, and pretty. Among the numbers have the "Dance of the Flowers" by Tschaikowsky. Follow this with several flower dances. Example, "The Sweet-Pease Waltz." The girls' costumes should be white tarlatan, effectively trimmed with sweet-pease. The boys should have sweet-pea boutonnieres.

The Pansy Cotillion.—For this dance wear crêpe lissè, tarlatan—indeed, any flimsy material you choose, but it must be one of the pansy colors; and as the pansy has so many shades of brown, yellow, purple, deep rose, etc., the variety which would mingle as the several figures are given would result in a kaleidoscopic effect of color and beauty.

Perhaps a few solo dances could be arranged. If so, have a Cowslip dance, when the little maiden should be frocked in pale yellow, or the Heliotrope, with a frock of lilacs. Another might dance the Forget-Me-Not, and wear a gown of blue. While still another dance might be termed the Water-Lily, which would necessitate a frock of white and gold, and the blue and pink water-lilies are comparatively rare. Whichever flower is represented should be worn either on the hair or on the dress.

Then should come the Wild-Flower Minuet, when daisies, buttercups, clover, chicory, violets, honeysuckle, and other wild flowers could vie with each other in the stately, graceful movements. Follow the minuet with the Butterfly promenade and dance. In this a large number should engage, as it is quite proper there should be butterflies flitting from flower to flower. Whatever dance is decided to appropriate to the butterflies, they should select their own partners from any of the flowers they please. The butterflies will wear almost as many colors as the pansies, and silver, gold, or other butterflies should be fastened on their shoulders or on other parts of their costume.

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## **THE ATTRACTION OF LEVITATION.**

**BY H. G. PAINE.**

"Oh, dear!" said little Johnny Frost,  
"Sleds are such different things!  
When down the hill you swiftly coast  
You'd think that they had wings;

"But when uphill you slowly climb,  
And have to drag your sled,  
It feels so heavy that you'd think  
'Twas really made of lead.

"And all because an Englishman,

Sir Isaac Newton named,  
Invented gravitation, and  
Became unduly famed;

"While if he had reversed his law,  
So folks uphill could coast,  
It seems to me he would have had  
A better claim to boast.

"Then coasting would all pleasure be;  
To slide *up* would be slick!  
And dragging sleds *downhill* would be  
An awful easy trick!"

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## STORIES OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

### IN THE TOWER OF BERKELEY MANOR.

Catharine Burton was waiting in the hall, when Dr. Langsdale came from her father's room.

"Why don't you obey my orders?" he demanded. "I thought you were in bed an hour ago."

"I wanted to hear the latest news," she said, smiling apologetically. "How is he now, doctor?"

"Just as before—sleeping. He will come around all right, always provided he has absolute quiet. I am more alarmed about you. You have not slept for two nights, and your nerves are like the strings of a tuned violin. You must go straightaway to bed. And don't neglect taking that sleeping draught I gave you. Now, good-night."

And Dr. Langsdale turned into his own room, near Mr. Burton's, so that the nurse could have him at the sick man's bedside in an instant. Catharine went slowly toward her apartments in the tower. Her whole body ached with weariness. Three days before her father was stricken suddenly, and Dr. Langsdale was called by telegram from New York city. She had not slept because, until that afternoon, it was uncertain whether her father would live or die. And he was all she had in the world.

Her bedroom was low-ceilinged and quaintly furnished, with three deep windows looking out over the Hudson. Berkeley Manor stood on the very edge of the Palisades, and its tower rose two hundred feet above the rocky shore of the river. She threw herself into one of the huge curving window divans, and, with her eyes upon the village that straggled over the opposite hill, watched its lights vanish one by one. She sat there nearly an hour, and then, remembering the doctor and his medicine, went to her dressing-table. She sat in the chair in front of its low mirror and wondered how she could be so wakeful, how her mind could be so active, when she had been sleepless so long. As she thought, she stared vaguely into the mirror, without seeing anything. It was so turned that there was a reflection of the floor half-way under the big bed. She presently became conscious that two small, bright circles were shining from the darkness under there.

"The cat," she thought, looking more closely.

She was about to call it, when she saw, a little further down, a streak of brightness. The image in the glass was gradually getting clearer as her eyes grew accustomed. Slowly, but with awful distinctness, she traced the outlines of a man lying under the bed. From the shine of his eyes, she thought he was looking straight at her. She fell back in the chair so that he no longer could see the reflection of her face. She felt as if the blood were leaving the surface of her body and freezing solid around her heart.

"I must not faint," she thought, hurriedly. "I must do something. He does not know I have seen him. He thought he was hidden by the darkness. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She went back to the window and leaned far out. There was some comfort even in getting her head out of that room. Her thoughts were running in circles like a flock of bewildered chickens. She could not think of anything definite. Disconnected bits of stories she had read about people in this position raced through her brain, but she could bring back nothing helpful.

"I'll ring the bell," she said to herself at last, and half started away from the window. Then she remembered that the bell had been so muffled that its sound would not reach the ears of the sleeping servants. Again her thoughts whirled round and round, getting nowhere. And again a definite idea flashed. "I'll go and lock the door on the outside. He will be locked in. Before he can get the door broken down, I will have them all here."

This pleased her so much that she was stronger, more courageous. "Yes," she thought, glancing at the key which was on the inside. "I can change it to the outside easily. Where he is lying he cannot see what I am about."

She went to the closet and pretended to be searching for something.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, in a vexed tone, and went on toward the door. Her hand was on the key,

when she stopped and shivered. "I forgot father," she thought. "If I lock this man in and go for help there will be a terrible uproar. It will surely awaken father and alarm him. And Dr. Langsdale said that would be fatal. The man will fight, the revolver will go off, and perhaps some one will be killed."

Her thoughts were flying straight along and to a purpose as she stood there with the door closed and her hand upon the key. They reached the end in an instant, and she almost smiled, it was so simple. Instead of opening the door she locked it, and tried the handle to make sure. She took the key out and almost ran to the window. She sent the key whirling out over the Hudson. She was shut in with the burglar, behind a door which she could not unlock and he could not easily break down. She fell into the window-seat and lost consciousness.

When she opened her eyes a rough-looking man was shaking her.

"Where's the key to that door, miss," he said, gruffly.

"I threw it out of the window," she answered, her voice trembling. She was looking straight at the man, and his eyes shifted.

"What did you do that for?" he asked at last, as if dazed.

"I did it on purpose." Her courage was coming back, now that the man was actually before her, the danger actually on. "I saw you under the bed when I was sitting at the table there. My father is sick down stairs. The slightest excitement would kill him. I thought of several things. The only thing to do was to lock you and myself in so that neither could get out. If I had locked you in there would have been a great noise when I brought the others to attack you. If I had locked you in and gone away and left you for the night you would have tried to break the door down some time before morning, and that would have made a noise."



**A ROUGH-LOOKING MAN WAS SHAKING HER.**

The burglar was listening with rage, wonder, admiration following one another in his expression. She was glad to see that wonder and admiration were winning over rage. The idea of what she had done seemed to please him.

"Well, I—" He did not finish, which she took as another good sign. He threw himself into a chair, crossed his legs, and put something away in his inside coat pocket.

"Thank you," she said, smiling faintly. "I feel much better now."

The burglar fidgeted, as he invariably did when she fixed her eyes squarely upon him. "But I don't see, miss," he began—"I don't see how you've helped yourself much, after all. What's to prevent me from breaking that door down?"

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"Well, I'll explain it to you," she said. She was making desperate efforts to get on friendly terms with him. "You cannot possibly break that door without rousing everybody. There are three men-servants, and there is Dr. Langsdale. They will come up here armed. You cannot kill all of them. One of them will be sure to kill or wound you. And if you are wounded, you will be captured. And if you are captured after killing somebody, why, you'll—I don't know just what the law is."

"Why, I'll hang, miss," said the burglar, laughing at his own grim humor.

"Well, you don't want to get killed or to hang, do you?" went on Miss Burton. She was now feeling almost at ease. "So this is my offer: If you will stay quietly here until five o'clock, the servants will be astir. I'll ring the bell, and when my maid comes I'll ask her to go and get the extra key and unlock the door. I'll send her away, and take you downstairs and let you out myself. And so that you won't have your night for nothing, I'll give you the hundred dollars I have in my purse in the drawer over there—that, or anything else you want."

She was waiting eagerly for his answer, smiling persuasively at him. He kept his eyes down, shifted in the chair, crossed and recrossed his legs. He rose, went to the window, and leaning out, looked down. He came back and stood before her.

"How do I know that you will not play a sharp trick on me, and then get me into trouble?" he said, trying to make his voice rough.

"I promise that I will deal fairly, if you will. I don't break promises. But if that is not enough, remember, if there were to be any noise, it would kill father."

"I'll go you," he said, after he had looked out of the window again and had examined the heavy door. "And here's my hand on it."

Miss Burton, of Berkeley Manor, without hesitating, took the hand of Mr. Burglar.

An embarrassing wait of five hours was before them. Under the new excitement she was wide-awake. She realized that she must keep him in good humor. She drew him out, made him tell her

about himself, his struggles, his plans, his hopes. And, under the flag of truce, this enemy of society sat at his ease, talking freely, trying to win the approval of the beautiful brave young woman. As the hands of the little clock on the mantel neared five he reminded her, roughly apologizing for keeping her up. She pulled the bell-cord and went on talking to him. At the first quarter past five he got up himself and pulled the cord again. Soon there was a knock. The footman's voice answered the query.

"Oh, it's you, John," said the young woman, "Will you get the extra key and unlock the door? I am locked in."

When John was heard putting in the extra key Miss Burton motioned the burglar toward the closet. When the door was unlocked she opened it, thanked the footman, and closed it again. Through the half-open closet door she saw that the burglar had his hand in the pocket of his coat. She called him out, pointed toward the pocket and the hidden hand, and smilingly shook her head. The burglar flushed at being caught doubting her, and took his hand out quickly and awkwardly. She got the money from her purse and held it toward him. He hung his head and made no motion to take it.

"Take it," she said, gently; "it may help you on to—to some other kind of a life. I give it to you freely. I think you have earned it, in a way."

She pressed the money into his hand. She led the way down the stairs, through the deserted hall and the conservatory, and so to the door into the gardens. He hesitated in the doorway, and glanced at her quickly. She held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said, smiling frankly and kindly. "And—and—please do the best you can—for my sake."

He looked humble and miserable as he just touched her fingers and hurried away. Miss Burton went back to her tower-room. She was tired in mind as well as in body, and she knew that she would sleep soundly without the medicine. Her heart was light. She was thinking that she had saved her father, and, perhaps, another.

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## THE GRIND.

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BY JULIANA CONOVER.

"Look at old Atkins, Sleep, reading again. George! he must be soured on life to do that."

"Oh, he's a freak," answered "Sleep" Forsyth, yawning and stretching himself, "or he couldn't glue his nose to an old book while the team was practising. I haven't any use for grinds. Hang this German! 'Meine Mutter ist krank, und mein Vator'—How did the Welsh Rarebit do to-day, Doggy?"

"Pretty slick. We worked that new trick in great shape; it ought to be a sure thing against Williston. Well, I suppose I might as well tackle these sentences too. 'My mother's a crank'—nice sentiment that. Do you think Travers keeps his eye on the ball, Sleep? 'Meine Mutter'—Hurrah! there goes the old bell at last!"

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St. James was not a very large school, averaging only about a hundred and fifty boys, but it had a great football team, whose record was the envy of all the other schools in that part of the country; and yet, though the masters were all intensely interested in its success, they were in the very act, when my story opens, of passing resolutions which might have the most disastrous effect upon the prospects of the season.

"I am sorry to be obliged to take this step," said Dr. Langford, the Rector, "but it really seems necessary if we wish to keep up the standard of scholarship in the school. Not only the dull boys, but the bright and naturally studious ones are neglecting their work shamefully, and becoming absolutely demoralized by this craze about football. Would you believe it, Mr. Watson, but Robert Fitzhugh in class to-day actually translated the line, 'Manes indium cursim ludo facto recipiunt,' in this way, 'The hair of the players, the game being finished, immediately received a cutting.'"

The masters all laughed, it was so characteristic of the right tackle.

"The plan will be worth trying, at all events," continued Dr. Langford. "I fancy, though, it will cause great consternation." And it did.

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"Wake up, Sleep! Have you heard the game they have sprung on us?" cried Buck Graham, bursting in upon Forsyth. "It's outrageous; it's unconstitutional; it's—it's—low-down," he spluttered, pounding the table with his fist. "They say—Mr. Watson told Travers and Sargent, so it's straight—that the Doctor has made a new rule, and every fellow who doesn't get over sixty in classics will have to stop playing football."

"Well, I'll be—kicked!" ejaculated Sleep Forsyth. "That will finish poor old Buff Miller."

"It knocks us all out," said Graham, indignantly, "except the Welsh Rarebit. The fellows are having a mass-meeting in the gym about it now; they're in a fearful way. Come on over, Sleep."

The gymnasium was filled with an excited crowd of boys, all talking at once, and breathing out, like Saul of old, threatenings and slaughter. The inherent "meanness" of the new law went without saying, but how to circumvent it was the grave question.

"We might send in a petition in good Latin," suggested Fitzhugh.

"Yes; you write it," jeered Doggy Parker. "How about 'the hair of the players getting a cutting'? That's the way Fitz translated the sentence about the shades receiving the gladiator after the contest, Atkins," turning to a tall boy who was leaning against the bars, "to the Doctor, too. Wasn't it a bad break? I believe that's the reason he's put up this game on us."

"Well, it's all up with football," said Captain Miller, gloomily. "How can any one expect a team to play decently if they have to grind like so many old machines?"

"You'd better order patent duplex-burner, double-reflecting spectacles for us, instead of shoes and sweaters, Buff," said George Fluellen, the Welsh Rarebit, sarcastically, "and make 'Arry 'Arris coach us in Latin daring practice. Instead of 'Es a-'oldin' 'is man,' say, 'Agite!'—Line up!"

"We might just as well cancel all our dates," interrupted Lewis, the right end, "if we have to start in and dig old Greek roots like ground-hogs. What's the use of coming to school if you can't play football without studying?"

This was clearly the sentiment of the meeting, and it was expressed in as revolutionary language as they dared adopt, and for the next few days the spirit of rebellion was so rife that the masters had to resort to severe measures in order to maintain their authority; but the boys soon came to the conclusion that the Doctor's law was like that of the Medes and Persians, and that their best policy would be to submit with a good grace, for the day of the great game with Williston was rapidly approaching.

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"I say, Atkins," said Doggy, putting his head sheepishly in at the door of the Grind's room, "could you help a fellow a little? I've got to know this stuff to-morrow, and the Welsh Rarebit's busy."

"Of course; come right in," answered Atkins, shutting his book. "I've been over it all once, so I ought to be able to help you."

They sat down to the *Æneid* together, Doggy groaning as though in severe pain; but the next morning he came smiling out of recitation, and shook up Sleep Forsyth to tell him that "Atkins was no end of a good fellow, even if he were a 'grind.'"

That evening Atkins was besieged by shamefaced members of the team who wanted help in their classics, help which he freely gave; and it became a regular thing for him to coach them in their uphill work, and his patience and good-nature roused their gratitude to such an extent that they rewarded him by confiding all their football hopes and aspirations, generally in the middle of a difficult passage which they were laboriously construing.

"Old Atkins really knows a thing or two," announced Buck Graham, condescendingly. "He agrees with me that the interference is too loose, and that we don't play quick enough. It's no end of a pity he goes in so for study. He might have made something out of him."

"*Maria aspera juro*—Maria swears loudly," read Buff Miller, the big centre rush. "I should think she might over such stuff. Did you see that beautiful run Paddy made to-day?"

"Yes," answered Atkins, "it was great. That means, 'I call the harsh seas to witness,' Buff."

"No, does it? I was afraid my translation was a little free. Don't you think Paddy dodges better than Doggy? But Doggy tackles and bucks the centre better. '*Maria aspera juro*'—Maria, no, the seas, I call to witness—I let one or two men through to-day, didn't I?"

"I thought you played a fine block game. But let's hurry and finish this. Fitz is coming with his Latin soon."

So it went on day after day, the football team pitying the 'poor old grind,' while under his coaching they developed memories and logical faculties and almost powers of application, while their game grew daily stronger, and their scores against the little teams which they played larger, for the burning of the midnight oil over the classics did not seem to hurt their "condition" a bit more than the exclusive discussion of plays.

Few seasons pass, however, without being overshadowed by some misfortune, and just ten days before the important game Buck Graham was "snowed under" in a "scrimmage," and when they unearthed him from beneath the human pile they found that his leg was so badly wrenched that his playing again was out of the question. It was a fearful blow to the team, and Captain Miller, with the pessimism of youth, instantly gave up all hope of the championship.

"There's not another full-back in the school," he said. "Fluellen's good at a place kick, but he can't punt; and Forsyth punts pretty well, but a funeral's quicker than he is." And he shook his head gloomily, while poor Buck Graham lay on the lounge gazing ruefully at his bandaged leg and bemoaning his luck.

"Sleep, will you do me a favor?" said Atkins, the following afternoon, blushing with embarrassment. "Will you come out with me behind Harris's house while I try my hand at punting! I used to play full-back on the 'We Get There's,' in Bedford, when I was a little chap."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," exclaimed Sleep, that evening, "when he said that! Old Grind Atkins going solemnly out to practise kicking was as good a joke as—"

"Your winning a hundred-yard dash!" interrupted Doggy. "Did you run his balls, Sleep?"

"Not much. Why, man, that Grind kicked as if he had never seen a Latin grammar; he kicked like all possessed. I'll be shot if he didn't almost outpunt Buck Graham himself."

"No!" cried Doggy, springing up. "No! Why on earth didn't you tell us that sooner? Where's Miller? Where's Sargent? Come on, Sleep; why, it's the best news of the season."

"Why *didn't* you come out before?" asked Miller, confronting the blushing fraud.

"I didn't think I could do anything; and when you had Buck you didn't need any one else."

So Graham's place was filled, and by no poor substitute either, for Atkins was found to have concealed a magnificent head for football behind a mass of useless classical lore.

He not only kicked well, but charged the line like a whole battery, and sent the scrub flying while he ploughed his way through for a touch-down.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins,  
You're a very foxy one!"

sang, or rather shouted, the boys, after a particularly fine play, and Dr. Langford congratulated himself upon the success of his plan, for he was as glad to see Atkins entering into the athletic spirit as he was to hear the brilliant recitations which the team made.

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The 15th of November dawned clear and cold, and a hundred and fifty boys awoke to the realization that one of the many crises of their lives had come.

The great game was played on the home grounds this year, so there was nothing to do but wait for the Williston contingency, which arrived at one o'clock, fifty strong, with all the appropriate accompaniments of tin horns, banners, and popular songs; and when the red and white sweaters made their appearance on the gridiron field, the "Rah! rah! rah! Williston!" quite owned the place. The enthusiasm changed sides, however, when the St. James team came out, for though they were plastered and bandaged, and shock-headed and disreputable, they came out to win. There was a little preliminary practice, and then the two captains declared themselves ready.

Williston won the toss and chose the west goal and the wind. The St. James team pulled off their old navy-blue sweaters and fell into position—Osborne, left end; Bates, left tackle; Travers, left guard; Miller (Captain), centre; Sargent, right guard; Fitzhugh, right tackle; Lewis, right end; Fluellen, quarter-back; Parker, McKloskey, half-backs; Atkins, full-back.

Brown was full-back and captain on the Williston team, and he scattered his men carefully over the field. The whistle blew, and the crowd drew their last easy breath, for they knew that the next two hours would bring a "nerve storm."

Miller kicked off, and the ball was caught and downed by Williston.

Then the teams lined up for the first scrimmage. "4, 3, 7, 92," cried Brown, and the little half-back bucked the centre like a man; but Buff stood firm. Twice they tried to break through the line, and twice they were downed in their tracks. Then the ball was passed back to Brown, and he made his first punt. The crowd watched in breathless suspense to see if Atkins would fumble, for no one felt sure of such a new star. But the Grind caught it squarely, and started off, dodging, doubling, butting over, and gaining twenty yards before he was finally downed.

It was a beautiful run, and the grand stand rang with the cheers for "Tommy Atkins," who blushed and grinned as he went back to his place.

Then Doggy was shot through the centre for ten yards, and Paddy for five. Sargent went round the end for three, Travers plunged for five more, and amid frantic applause and a mad flutter of navy blue, Doggy broke through the right tackle, and, well guarded by Miller and Sargent, dashed down the field, and was only brought to earth by Brown on Williston's ten-yard line.

"Line up," cried Buff, giving the signal. "We've got to score now."

Doggy went at the centre like a battering-ram, but Williston had braced for the charge. Then they tried a trick with Bates, but that failed too. Atkins dropped back for a kick, but it was only a bluff, for Doggy took the ball, and when the heaving, swaying, struggling mass went down, the right half-back was lying, with his wind temporarily knocked out, but safely across the fatal line.

The Welsh Rarebit kicked a clean goal, and the St. James boys relieved their pent-up feelings. It was on such occasions that Forsyth's claims to popularity and latent genius justified themselves.

"John Brown's football team is looking for a hole,"

he improvised, smiling cheerfully at the discomfited Willistonians.

"John Brown's football team is looking for a hole,  
John Brown's football team is looking for a hole—"

the crowd had joined in at the top of their lungs—

"While we go scoring on."

Buck Graham, hobbling on crutches along the side lines, was radiant, for Atkins seemed to remember all his "pointers," and to be playing really scientific football. The poor fellow ached to go in himself, but that being impossible, it did his heart good to see the substitute holding up the honor of the school.

The game wasn't won yet, however, for though the defensive work of the Williston team had not been very strong, they commenced to play a snappy aggressive game which St. James found hard to block. Bates and Fitzhugh had their hands full with the two tackles, who were as tricky as they were quick, twice getting fifteen yards on alleged "holding in the line."

They forced the ball by small gains slowly down the field, until they had it on the twenty-yard line, and there it staid for two downs. Then Brown dropped back for a try at goal, and the next minute the ball went sailing over the bar to a triumphant chorus of Williston cheers.

There was twenty minutes more of fluctuating fortune and harrowing suspense, for the ball changed hands several times on fumbles and fouls, and the two backs punted freely, but the first half ended with the score still six to five.

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During the intermission the schools kept up a constant fire of songs and cheers, for their spirits were away above par. Even Williston was not sufficiently depressed by the lead of one point. They thought it still "anybody's game," but most probably theirs.

The second half commenced amid great enthusiasm, for both teams were warming to their work, and playing in a style that no college eleven need be ashamed of; and as the alumni on the benches watched the steady interference, the good runs, clean tackles, and long kicks, they shook their heads wisely, and prophesied of each one, "*That* man will make the Harvard, Yale, or Princeton 'varsity sure."

"Look!" cried Buck Graham, excitedly. "There goes Brown round the end! Ah, Doggy has him!"

Yes, Doggy had him, and, what was still better, the ball too. Then St. James settled down to score, and by short hard rushes and clever tricks they worked the ball down, actually down to the ten-yard line, and there they lost it on a claim of foul—for off-side play. It was hard luck, and Sleep Forsyth groaned aloud.

Williston punted, and the lightning-express ends went down the field like trolley-cars; but they could not "rattle" Atkins, and St. James put the ball in play once more. Five yards, a desperate scrimmage, and then a wild shout of joy, and the air was full of fluttering red and white, and all the dark blue flags were furled, for it was Brown and not Paddy who, when the tangled mass rolled off, was found clasping the ball.

Buck Graham got up, leaning heavily on his crutches. It was perhaps Williston's last chance, and she would certainly make the most of it.

Three yards—ten yards—five yards—the ball was working towards the goal, was getting perilously close. Then St. James rallied; the rush-line stood like a stone wall, and the foxy little Welsh Rarebit stopped a very keen trick and made the prettiest tackle of the day.

Two downs. Captain Brown gave his signal and dropped back for another goal from the field; but Miller, dear old fat Buff, broke desperately through and blocked the kick.

There was a second of wild confusion, and then the crowd saw the long legs of Tommy Atkins making for the goal, the oblong leather well under his arm.



## THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED HIM.

Of course he made his touch-down—the whole German army couldn't have stopped him then. And when the Welsh Rarebit kicked the goal you would have thought that the reign of terror had come again; you could almost hear the throats crack; and yet when time was called, and the score still stood 12 to 5, there was voice enough left for a deafening roar, which only boiled down slowly, gradually into an intelligible cheer.

Then Sleep Forsyth, his face purple with excitement, stood up on the highest bench and managed to make himself heard above the din.

"Now, boys," he shouted, "here's to the old Grind, and let everybody sing!"

At this command the crowd joined hoarsely in, led by the thoroughly waked up Sleeper.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins,"

they sang with cracked and gasping voices—

"You're a great and noble one;  
You're a credit to the classics,  
For you made a brilliant run.  
May your drop-kick never fail you,  
May your aim be ever true.  
Three cheers for old Grind Atkins,  
Here's St. James's love to you."

"I think," said Dr. Langford, smiling as he congratulated the happy Captain, "that the equilibrium of the school has at length been satisfactorily adjusted since Atkins has become a football hero."

Big Buff Miller beamed from ear to ear. "It's a finest kind of a grind on us," he said, "and we're proud to acknowledge it, though Doggy says it's too bad a pun."

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## HOW A DEBT WAS PAID.

An ingenious method of paying one's debts has just come to light in England. It seems that a certain person had long been in debt to his shoemaker, and the latter was becoming angry at the delay. Calling upon the delinquent he spoke to him in no very gentle manner.

"But, my good fellow," the debtor replied, "I have no money, but I will give you an order on Mr. H—, who has been in my debt for ever so long. Here, take this sealed packet, but don't let him perceive that you know anything of its contents."

The shoemaker, in great hopes, betook himself to Mr. H—, and handed him the missive, which ran as follows:

"Dear H—, the bearer, an unfortunate but honest man, has lost his wife and children during the last week, and is, besides, threatened with imprisonment for debt. Persuaded that you will gladly seize the opportunity to assist a poor man in distress, I commend him to your kindness. Yours, sincerely, C—."

H— gazed with emotion at his visitor, and pressed thirty shillings on his acceptance. The shoemaker departed in a happy frame of mind, little suspecting that he had been taken for a beggar.



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BY W. H. GIBSON.

Among my somewhat numerous correspondence from young people, I recall several wondering inquiries about a certain fat floundering "beetle," as "blue as indigo"; and when we consider how many other observing youngsters, including youngsters of larger growth, have looked upon this uncouth shape in the path, lawn, or pasture, will speculate as to its life history, it is perhaps well to make this floundering blue beetle better acquainted with his unappreciative neighbors.

What are the lazy blue insects doing down





there in the grass, for there are usually a small family of them. With the exception of their tinselled indigo-blue coat, there is certainly very little to admire in them. But what they lack in beauty they make up for in other ways. There are many of their handsomer cousins whose history is not half as interesting as that of this poor beetle that we tread upon in the grass. His

neighbor insect, the tiger-beetle, running hither and thither with legs of wonderful speed, and with the agility of a fly on the wing, readily escapes our approach; but this clumsy, helpless blue beetle must needs plead for mercy by his color alone, because he has no means to avert our crushing step. A little girl who met me on the country road recently summed up the characteristics of the blue beetle pretty well. The portrait was unmistakable. "I've got a funny blue bug at home in a box that I want to show you," said she; "he's blue and awful fat, and hasn't got any wings, but when you touch him, he just turns over on his back, and trembles his toes and leaks big yellow drops out of his elbows." I have shown her beetle—three views of him, in fact—about the natural size, one of them on his back and "leaking" at his elbows, for such is the infallible habit of the insect when disturbed—a trick which has also given him the name of the "oil beetle." He is also known as the indigo beetle.



**THREE VIEWS OF  
HELPLESS BEETLES.**

But of what use can such a queer beetle be to himself or any one else, a beetle that is not only without wings, but is so fat and floundering that he can hardly lift his unwieldy body from the ground, and which, upon being surprised, can only "play possum," and exude great drops of oil (?) upon our palm as we examine him.

But as he pours the vials of his wrath upon us he would doubtless fain have us understand that he was not always thus unable to take care of himself, that he was not always the clumsy crawling creature that he now is. As he lies there on his back, the yellow oily globules of surplus "elbow grease" swelling larger and larger at his leaky elbows, and one by one falling on the paper beneath him, we may almost fancy the monologue which might be going on in that blue head of his.

"Yes, I am indeed a clumsy creature," he might be saying, as he stares upward into our faces with fixed indigo eyes, "and my cumbersome body is a burden. But I was not always what you now see. Ah, you should have seen me as a baby! Was there ever such a lively, acrobatic, venturesome plucky baby as I, even when I was a day old? Shall I tell you some of my feats? Everybody knows me as I am now; but I have taken care that few shall learn my earlier history. It takes a sharp eye to follow my pranks of babyhood, and no one has been smart enough to do it yet, but I will at least let you into the secret of my life as far as it has been found out. I am little over a year old. I was born under a stone in a meadow last April, when I crept out of a golden-yellow case so small that you could hardly see it. I believe your books say I was about a sixteenth of an inch long at that time. Ah! when I think of what I *was* and what I *could do then*, and look at what I am *now*, I sometimes wonder whether that lively babyhood of mine has not all been a mocking dream."



**DOWN AMONG THE  
BUTTERCUP LEAVES.**

"Do you wonder that I am as blue as indigo, and am occasionally forced to resort to my oil-tank to still the troubled waters of my later experience? Well, as I was saying (pardon this fresh display of tears), when I crept out of that filmy egg-sac I was just ready for anything, and spoiling for adventure. I found myself with a slender, agile body of thirteen joints, and three pairs of the sprightliest spiderlike legs you ever saw, each tipped with three little sharp claws. Now I knew that these long legs and claws were not given to me at this early babyhood for nothing, so I looked about for something to try them on. I had not a great while to wait, for as I crept along through the grass roots beneath the edge of the stone, I heard a welcome sound, which is music to all babies of my kind. I remembered having heard the same music in my dreams while inside the little yellow case, but now it seemed louder than ever, and in another minute I was almost blown off my feet by the breeze which the noise made, and a great black hairy giant, as big as a house, pounced down, just outside the stone. He had a great black head, and six enormous legs as big round as trees. Think how a bumblebee would look to a wee baby not half as big as a hyphen in one of your books. Did I run when I saw him coming? Not a bit of it. I just waited until he came close to me, and then I jumped on his back, and put those eighteen little claws of mine to good use as I crept over his great spiny body, and finally found a snug resting-place beneath it. And then I waited, clinging tightly with my clutching feet. In another moment I had begun to take my first outing; and did ever baby have such a ride, and to such music! After

the bumblebee had remained under the stone a little while he turned and went out again. No sooner did he get to the edge than he spread his great buzzing wings, and away we went over the world, higher and higher, miles high, over big oceans and mountains. I could see them all beneath me as I clung to the underside of the bee. I believe I must finally have got dizzy and

faint, for I remember at last finding myself at rest in a queer thicket of greenish poles with big yellow balls at the top of them, and great giant leaves fringed with long glistening hairs. They told me afterward it was a willow blossom."

"It seemed a very good place to rest, so I dropped off from my bee and remained. Everywhere about me, as I looked, the air was yellow with these blossoms, and full of the wing-music of the bees. But, as I have said, I was a restless baby, and having had a taste of travel I soon tired of this idle life, and began to get ready for another ride. My chance soon came. This time it was a honey bee. She alighted in the flower next to mine, but I quietly piled over and clutched upon her leg, and was soon snugly tucked away under her body, with my flat head between its segments. And now for the first time I began to feel hungry; and what was more natural than to take a bite from the tender flesh of this bee, so easily available? I did it, and liked it so well that I adopted this bee for my mother for quite a long while, taking many, many long rides every day, and always coming back to the prettiest little house on a bench under the trees. This was a sort of bee hotel, with many hundreds of guests. It was all partitioned off inside into little six-sided rooms, and the walls were so thin that you could see through them. Indeed, I soon came to like this little home so well that one morning I decided that I would not leave it again. I had begun to get tired of my roving life. I saw a lot of little white fat babies tucked away in some of these little rooms, and this very bee which I had adopted as my mother was engaged in bringing food to some of these babies and sealing them up in their nests. This was enough for me. I concluded to bring my roving habit to a close, and become a bee baby in truth; so watching for my opportunity, I loosened my clutch upon the mother bee, and dropped into one of the little rooms."



**AN ADVENTUROUS BABY.**



**THE ADOPTED HOME.**

"Then I became sleepy, and can tell you nothing more than that when I woke up I didn't know who or what I was. My six spider legs had gone, and I had a half-dozen little short feet instead; and instead of the sprightly ideas of my baby days, the thought of such a thing as even moving was a bore. But I was hungrier than ever, and the first thing I did was to fall upon another fat youngster who disputed the room with me, and make short work of him. That was breakfast. When dinner-time came, I found it right at my mouth. That busy mother of mine had fully supplied my wants, and packed my room full to the ceiling with the most delicious fragrant bread of flowers made of pollen and honey.

"Oh, those were good old times, with all I wanted to eat all the time, and everything I ate turning to appetite! Too soon, too soon I found myself getting drowsy again, and I can only remember awakening from a queer dream, to find even my six tiny legs gone, and what is *worse*, my *mouth* also. While wondering, and hoping that this was but a troubled vision, I was plunged into sleep again, and dreamt that I was locked up in a mummy-case for over a week. And now comes the end, the cycle of my story. From this nightmare mummy-case I finally awoke—awoke, and emerged as you now see me. Do you wonder that I have

had the blues ever since at the memory of those honeyed days, now forever fled? Instead of sporting aloft in airy skyward flights, I am now a miserable groundling. Instead of sweet fragrant bread of flowers, I am now forced to break my fast on acrid buttercup leaves. But I shall live again, with joys several hundred times multiplied, live again in my children, for whose jolly time in the autumn I shall soon lay my plans—golden promises—here in the ground beneath the buttercup leaves, close to a burrow where lives a burly bumblebee.

"But I have not told you all of my history, and will leave you to fill in the blank spaces, even as some of the scientists have to do."

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## **YOUNG FOLKS' SAVINGS.**

Young folks—boys and girls, say from ten or twelve to fifteen—almost never think of saving or putting by any of the little money that comes into their hands at so juvenile an age or for some

years later. If they should think of forming a saving habit they would defer it until they had grown up, until they had got out of college, until they had begun life for themselves. Not a few of their parents may have the same opinion, may believe that children should not concern themselves in any way about money; that such concern belongs to maturity alone, and is unhealthy, positively hurtful to the very young by making them mercenary, in the end avaricious, even miserly.

There is no danger of this kind in our country, where the tendency is all in the opposite direction. In the Old World it is wholly different. Money is so scarce there generally that the few among the common people who get possession of any are inclined to hoard it. Here money is comparatively plenty. An American miser is seldom found. Certainly no native boy is in peril of becoming miserly because he puts by a few dollars every few weeks or months, instead of spending every cent that falls into his hands, often for things that do him more harm than good.

He may not save, because he has so little to save. But if he once begins he will be surprised to see how the little will grow, what a sum it will amount to after a while. He can scarcely keep trace of its growth if he tries to. It will prove a sort of Jack and his Bean Stalk, growing perpetually by night as well as by day, when he sleeps no less than when he wakes, while he thinks of it and when he forgets all about it. Money saved works a wonder, and, with interest added, becomes a miracle.

Many fathers make their boys a regular allowance—so much a week or a month, according to their means and their best judgment. Ordinarily the allowance is expended speedily, and another one looked for. Thus their money exists in the future, not in the present, and therefore has no existence really. All this is changed when part of the allowance is put by. The allowance steadily and regularly increases.

Boys, or girls either, do not need to have any financial training and business knowledge to save money. They can commence very early, years before they have entered their teens or have arrived at anything like the age of discretion. Their opportunity for investment is ever at hand; they have neither to wait for nor to seek it. It involves no risks, no uncertainties. The opportunity, the place, is the savings-bank, to be found in the smallest town or village, and in multiplied form in every city of any rank. Such banks generally pay from 3½ to 4½ per cent. interest per annum, and while this seems small, it is surprising how it will foot up in a short season, as any young person may ascertain, and as innumerable young persons have already ascertained. The banks are almost always safe, being founded for the good of the people, for the encouragement of the poor, for the establishment of thrifty habits, and being bound by rigorous, cautious, conservative rules that are seldom infringed. The smallest deposits, those that seem most insignificant—deposits of ten, even of five cents, are received, so that any child may become a depositor, if so minded. Cents soon augment into dollars, and a few dollars into hundreds through careful nursing and judicious attention. Fifty dollars will yield at 4 per cent. \$2 a year; a hundred dollars, \$4; and, interest upon interest added, will exceed all common calculation. Very young people rarely have any regular expenses, so that when they undertake the battle of life they are well equipped for it monetarily, and with very little effort. Their accumulation has been wellnigh unconscious, and is singularly satisfactory. The return is great for the small labor and diligence involved, and resembles play more than work.

Girls are less prone to saving than boys are, for they are as a rule less provident, less practical, less disposed to look ahead, less concerned about their own maintenance, naturally. But they have precisely the same chances, the same facilities, the same inducements. Girls of an independent turn of mind, who are hopeful of a career, as many are in these days, should follow the example of their brothers in saving, and they will be well rewarded.

Money is material, of course, but the material affects the mental quickly. If a comparison be made between the boys who have established the saving habit and those who have not established it, the former will be found to have many advantages. Saving includes much looking after, a sense of proportion, self-confidence, the adaptation of means to ends. It fixes responsibility. Boys who have saved for a special purpose, to buy something that they particularly wanted, and that costs more than they felt they could afford, know how grateful it was to achieve their object, and how speedily it was gained. Such saving is an example of what the regular habit of saving ensures to the mind and the character of the regular saver. The effect is complete instead of partial, permanent instead of transitory. The habit of early saving works a gradual revolution; it is an extra education, a species of commonplace magic which the readers of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE need but practise to realize fully. On it and its direct results may hang much of their future success.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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## ZINTKA LANUNI ("LOST BIRD").

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

*The battle of Wounded Knee was fought on Wounded Knee Creek, near Pine Ridge Agency, December 29, 1890. Its only Indian survivor was a baby girl, five months old, found on January 1, 1891, snugly wrapped in her pappoose blanket, and almost covered with snow. The little one lay close to her dead mother, whose body was pierced by two*

rifle balls. The little waif was adopted by General L. W. Colby of the army, and may be seen at his home in Beatrice, Nebraska. She has been christened Marguerite Elizabeth, but the Indians call her Zintka Lanuni—Lost Bird. Our soldiers did not seek this fight; it was forced upon them by the Indians, who, in their turn, had a fear that they were to be carried away into slavery when disarmed by order of our government.



"Fight!" cried the dusky Chief of the Sioux,  
"Fight! it is all we have left to do;  
The white man snatches our arms away,  
He drives us forth from our tents to-day.  
Seize the hatchet, the axe, the brand,  
Rise, my braves, for a last great stand.  
What if his rifles gird us round,  
We'll dare the worst on our own home ground.  
These pale-faced warriors soon forget  
The promise to which their hands are set;  
We may not trust their worthless pledge;  
Oh, for the tomahawk's lightning edge!  
Fight, my braves!" cried the Chief of the Sioux,  
"Fight! 'tis the sole thing left to do."  
And women and men rushed madly on  
To strive till the winter day was gone.

A hopeless fight from morn till night;  
The winter darkness veiled the sight  
Of desperate mothers with babes on backs,  
Wounded and dying in their tracks;  
Of a little band with axe and knife,  
Facing bullets in savage strife.  
No man could open their eyes to see  
That the savage onslaught need not be,  
That friends were forced to be deadly foes,  
Till the red field hid its shuddering woes,  
When night came down, and soft and free  
Fell the snows on the plain of Wounded Knee.

Dying and dead, young men and old,  
Lying there, stark and grim and cold,  
A sorrowful tale, too often told.  
Ambush and battle and storm at last  
Were ended; the Indian's fears had passed.

Safe to his happy hunting-ground  
His way the dusky Chief had found.  
The pitying conquerors buried the dead.  
A faint, faint cry their footsteps led  
To a wee thing nestled under the snow,  
Snug, as her mother three days ago,  
Had borne her close in her blanket's fold.  
But wellnigh perished with hunger and cold,  
The poor little Indian baby lay,  
Till the dawn of the fourth drear winter day.

Child of the battle, infant waif,  
Beside her poor dead mother safe.  
Zintka Lanuni, the sweet lost bird,  
Lives with her captors to-day, and, stirred  
By tenderest love, a gentle heart  
Gives her of cup and loaf a part.  
She is growing up in the white man's tent,  
Daughter and princess, her childhood spent  
In learning and knowing the dearest things,  
This little lost bird, whose feeble wings,  
Too weak to fly, one day were furled  
In a rough small nest, by snows impearled.  
Zintka Lanuni, all blessings be  
With the little lost bird of Wounded Knee.

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## THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

### II.—IN THE IMP'S ROOM.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Jimmieboy, as his eye first rested upon the Imp. "That's you, eh?"

"I believe so," replied the Imp, standing on his left leg, and twirling around and around until Jimmieboy got dizzy looking at him. "I was me when I got up this morning, and I haven't heard of any change since. Do I look like what I told you I looked like?"

"Not exactly," said Jimmieboy. "You said you had lilac-colored hair, and it's more like a green than a lilac."

"You are just like everybody else naming your colors. People are very queer about things of that sort, I think. For instance," said the Imp, to illustrate his point, "you go walking in the garden with one of your friends, and you come to a rose-bush, and your friend says, 'Isn't that a pretty rose-bush?' 'Yes,' say you; 'very.' Then he says, 'And what a lovely lilac-bush that is over there.' 'Extremely lovely,' say you. 'Let's sit down under this raspberry-bush,' says he. Well, now you think lilac is a delicate lavender, rose a pink, and raspberry a red—eh?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "That's the way they are."

"Well, maybe so; but that lilac-bush and rose-bush and raspberry-bush are all the same color, and that color is green, just like my hair; you must have thought I looked like a rainbow or a paint shop when I told you about myself?"

"No," said Jimmieboy. "I didn't think that, exactly. I thought, perhaps, you were like the pictures in my *Mother Goose* book. They have lots of colors to 'em, and they are not bad looking, either."

"Well, if they are not bad looking," said the Imp, with a pleased smile, "they must be very much like me. But don't you want to come in?"

"I'm not small enough," said Jimmieboy; "but I'll eat that apple you spoke about, and maybe it'll make me shrink, though I don't see how it can."

"Easy enough. Haven't you seen a boy doubled up after eating an apple? Of course you have; perhaps you were the boy. At any rate there is no reason why, if an apple can work that way, it can't work the other. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and an apple is pretty good, as a rule, and so you have it proved without trying that what I say is true. Here's the apple; eat it as quickly as you can and give me the core."

Jimmieboy took the dainty piece of fruit in his hand and ate it with much relish, for it was a very sweet apple, and he was fond of that sort of thing. Unfortunately, he liked it so well that he forgot to give the core to the Imp, and, when in a moment he felt himself shrinking up, and the Imp asked for the core, he was forced blushing to confess that he had been very piggish about it, and had swallowed the whole thing.

"I've half a mind not to let you in at all!" cried the Imp, stamping his foot angrily upon the floor, so angrily that the bells rang out softly as if in remonstrance. "In fact, I don't see how I can let you in, because you have disobeyed me about that core."

"I'm surprised at you," returned Jimmieboy, slightly injured in feeling by the Imp's behavior. "I wouldn't make such a fuss about an old apple-core. If you feel as badly about it as all that, I'll run down into the kitchen and get you a whole apple—one as big as you are."

"That isn't the point at all," said the Imp. "I didn't want the core for myself at all. I wanted it for you."

"Well, I've got it," said Jimmieboy, who had now shrunk until he was no taller than the Imp himself, not more than two inches high.

"Of course you have, and if you will notice it is making you grow right back again to the size you were before. That's where the trouble comes in with those trick apples. The outside makes you

shrink, and the core makes you grow. When I said I wanted the core I meant that I wanted it to keep until we had had our trip together, so that when we got back you could eat it, and return to your papa and mamma just as you were in the beginning. Just run to the parlor mirror now and watch yourself."

Jimmieboy hastened into the parlor, and climbing upon the mantel-piece gazed into the mirror, and, much to his surprise, noticed that he was growing fast. He was four inches high when he got there, and then as the minutes passed he lengthened inch by inch, until finally he found himself just as he had been before he ate the apple.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked, when he returned to the telephone.

"I don't know," said the Imp. "It's really too bad, for that's the last apple of that sort I had. The trick-apple trees only bear one apple a year, and I have been saving that one for you ever since last summer, and here, just because you were greedy, it has all gone for nothing."

"I'm very sorry, and very much ashamed," said Jimmieboy, ruefully. "It was really so awfully good, I didn't think."

"Well, it's very thoughtless of you not to think," said the Imp. "I should think you'd feel very small."

"I do!" sobbed Jimmieboy.

"Do you, really?" cried the Imp, gleefully, "Real weeny, teeny small."

"Yes," said Jimmieboy, a tear trickling down his cheek.

"Then it's all right," sang the Imp, dancing a lovely jig to show how glad he felt. "Because we are always the way we feel. If you feel sick, you are sick. If you feel good, you are good, and if you feel sorry, you are sorry, and so, don't you see, if you feel small you are small. The only point is, now, do you feel small enough to get into this room?"

"I think I do," returned Jimmieboy, brightening up considerably, because his one great desire now was not to be a big grown-up man, like his papa, who could sharpen lead-pencils, and go out of doors in snow-storms, but to visit the Imp in his own quarters. "Yes," he repeated, "I think I do feel small enough to get in there."

"You've got to know," returned the Imp. "The trouble with you, I believe, is that you think in the wrong places. This isn't a matter of thinking; it's a matter of knowing."

"Well, then, I know I'm small enough," said Jimmieboy. "The only thing is, how am I to get up there?"

"I'll fix that," replied the Imp, with a happy smile. "I'll let down the wires, and you can come up on them."

Here he began to unwind two thin green silk-covered wires that Jimmieboy had not before noticed, and which were coiled about two small spools fastened on the back of the door.

"I can't climb," said Jimmieboy, watching the operation with interest.

"Nobody asked you to," returned the Imp. "When these have reached the floor I want you to fasten them to the newel-post of the stairs."

"All right," said Jimmieboy, grasping the wires, and fastening them as he was told. "What now?"

"Now I'll send down the elevator," said the Imp, as he loosened a huge magnet from the wall, and fastening it securely upon the two wires, sent it sliding down to where Jimmieboy stood. "There," he added, as it reached the end of the wire. "Step on that; I'll turn on the electricity, and up you'll come."

"I won't fall, will I?" asked Jimmieboy, timidly.

"That depends on the way you feel," the Imp answered. "If you feel safe, you are safe. Do you feel safe?"

"Not very," said Jimmieboy, as he stepped aboard the magnetic elevator.

"Then we'll have to wait until you do," returned the Imp, impatiently. "It seems to me that a boy who has spent weeks and weeks and weeks jumping off plush sofas onto waxed hard-wood floors ought to be less timid than you are."

"That's true," said Jimmieboy. "I guess I feel safe."

"All aboard, then," said the Imp, pressing a small button at the back of the room.

There was a rattle and a buzz, and then the magnet began to move upward, slowly at first, and then with all the rapidity of the lightning, so that before Jimmieboy had an opportunity to change his mind about his safety he was in the Imp's room, and, much to his delight, discovered that he was small enough to walk about therein without having to stoop, and in every way comfortable.

"At last!" ejaculated the Imp, grasping his hand and giving it an affectionate squeeze. "At last you are here. And now we'll close the door, and I'll show you my treasures."

With this the door was closed, and for a moment all was dark as pitch: but only for a moment, for hardly had Jimmieboy turned around when a flood of soft light burst forth from every corner of the room, and the little visitor saw upon every side of him the most wonderful books, toys, and musical instruments he had ever seen, each and all worked by electricity, and apparently subject to the will of the Imp, who was the genius of the place.



**"AT LAST," EJACULATED THE IMP.**

**[TO BE CONTINUED.]**

[Pg 41]

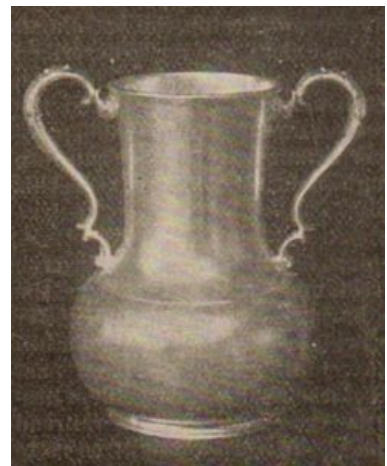
## INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

The game between Lawrenceville and Andover day after tomorrow will be an interesting one to watch, for both teams are in the best of condition, and have been doing remarkably good work all season. Phillips Academy will have the advantage of home grounds, but even so they will have to put up a pretty stiff game to overcome those lively players from New Jersey. Last year the first contest in football between these two schools was held at Lawrenceville on the same date that will see this season's play, and the home team was victorious to the tune of 20 to 6. The score will probably not be so large day after to-morrow, for the two elevens seem to be more evenly matched.

There was at first some trouble in getting the proper men fitted into the several open positions at Lawrenceville, but the team has been pretty well settled upon now, and the men who lined up against the Princeton Freshmen last week will in all probability represent the school in the Andover game. Eddy and Righter have improved greatly, and will remain at the ends. The former is doing a good deal of running with the bull, and ought to give Andover some trouble. Cadwalader, who played guard last year, is now at tackle. He is somewhat slow to wake up, but when once started it takes two men to hold him. Emerson is the other tackle, and he is no doubt the best man in that position of any school team this year. Church of the Princeton 'Varsity had all he could take care of when he faced Emerson in the recent game that the Tigers played against Lawrenceville. He can be counted on for making frequent holes in Andover's line, and I should not be surprised if he got through often enough to stop some of Douglass's kicks.

The heaviest man on the team is Edwards at right guard, and he is playing about the best all-around game of any man on the team. He breaks through quickly, and is also a valuable man in advancing the ball. Richards is at left guard, and, although a new man for the team this year, is learning the game rapidly, and knows his position thoroughly. He has another claim to athletic distinction in being Lawrenceville's best tennis-player. The new man at centre, Simons, has been somewhat of an experiment all along, and may prove a weak spot in an otherwise solid line. He is amenable to coaching, however, and unless something pretty serious crops up in his play, will not be displaced for the Andover game.

Quarter-back will not be so well taken care of as it was last year, for there are few players so clever as was De Saulles, who is now at Yale. Powell, now holding the position, has had some experience, however, having played quarter for two years on the Cook County Normal School



**HOUSE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP CUP, LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL.**

Team, of Chicago. Captain Dibble has entrusted him with the important duty of giving the signals, which is properly a part of the quarter-back's duty, although it is the Captain's privilege and prerogative. Where it is possible to have the man at quarter do the signalling, it is always best for the general welfare of the team, and Powell has proved himself fairly capable of shouldering the responsibility. He is a little prone to the "rattles" at the start. This nervousness, of course, affects the play of the backs, and some minutes are lost before the team can get steadied down.

This feature of Powell's play may prove embarrassing at Andover, for there will be a cyclone of yelling as the game starts on the hill, and the P.A. forwards will do all they can to make things unpleasant for him. If this nervousness is something the man is unable to overcome at first, although he can, a few minutes later, play football with the coolest of any on the team, I should advise Captain Dibble (if he will pardon me for offering a hint not in any way intended as a suggestion as to how he should handle his team) to give the signals himself until Powell has got steadied down to work. As to Powell's good points: his passing is fair, and his tackling qualities are much above the average.

At the halves, Captain Dibble and Davis hold their places where they have now played together for three seasons. Dibble's injury to his ankle a few weeks ago will probably not affect his work at Andover, although he has been forced to keep out of practice for some weeks. He is a sprinter of great promise and considerable achievement, and his running qualities make him an invaluable man. He gets up to his place in the interference quickly, dodges excellently, and when once clear of his interference usually runs around the opposing full-back, making a sensational dash. Dibble is probably the hardest man to tackle and bring to a full stop that has ever been on a Lawrenceville eleven, and frequently, when about to be tackled low, jumps clean over the man. This is a dangerous trick, but has frequently proved successful when performed by Dibble.



**THE BERKELEY SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.**  
**Photograph by Pach Brothers**

The other half-back, Davis, is a strong line backer, and is one of the most reliable men on the team. Captain Kafer, of the baseball team, is now at full-back, and fills the position very creditably. His line backing is fair, and he can outpunt most of his fellows at the school. He has made several goals from the field this year.

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As for the team-play in general, there is room for improvement at the present writing, but I feel sure good work along that line will be done during the last few days previous to the 14th. In the recent game with Pennington Seminary, one of Lawrenceville's oldest and greatest rivals, Lawrenceville won by 40-0, but only four points were made in the first half. During this time the school team was kept continually on the defensive. Pennington's players, of course, are much older men, and at the start-off showed superior strength. In the second half, however, the Lawrenceville players put up an exceedingly fast game, virtually using up their opponents. Pennington had the ball but once during the half. This kind of work is the best kind of proof of the excellent system of training which prevails at this New Jersey school, and which this Department has on more than one occasion commented upon.

At Andover the team-play of the eleven has been perhaps more fully developed than at Lawrenceville, and the P.A. eleven has had the advantage of playing against a set of stronger teams, as an average, than the Jersey men. The scores up to the first of the month show Andover's record, in nine games played, to be 86 points to her opponents 74, whereas last year at the same date the scores were, Andover, 184; opponents, 113, in eleven games played.

One of the best games Andover has played this season was that against her old Worcester rival, the Academy, in which P.A. came out on top by the small margin of 4-0. Throughout the match both sides played a straight, old-fashioned game, and attempted few trick plays. It was football all the way through, and upon it Andover won. The visitors found early in the game that it was practically useless to attempt to buck the Academy centre for any substantial gains, and so devoted most of their attention to close end plays, going generally just outside the tackle. The Academy ends did practically nothing in the way of tackling, and each time a gain was made it



was on an end play, aided by good interference. The Academy players, on the other hand, found they could make good holes in the centre of the line, and through them made a number of gains. Occasionally they would get around the ends, but it was through brilliant individual work rather than by good interference.

The touch-down was made in the second half. Worcester had forced the ball down to Andover's 25-yard line, and there lost it on a fumble. P.A. then took a big brace, and put snap into their play. They worked the ends almost entirely, and always for at least a four-yard gain, and thus finally scored, Barker placing the ball behind the Academy goal-line, but in a bad position. A kick-out was attempted, and the ball fairly caught, but the angle was a difficult one, and Barker failed, by a narrow margin, to kick a goal. No further scoring was done by either side.

It is unfortunate that the opening of the Connecticut High-School F.B.A.'s season should have been characterized by anything but good football and a spirit of fair play, and it is still more unfortunate that sensational reports of the slight misunderstanding which occurred should have been printed broadcast in the newspapers. Both elevens played a strong game, and everything would undoubtedly have passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned if Referee Hall had been more capable than he showed himself on the field. The score was 22-12 in favor of Hartford, but a general opinion prevails in both camps that Hartford's actual winning score was 24-18.

The decision by the referee which caused the greatest dissatisfaction was one which gave Hartford twenty-five yards for alleged foul tackling by a New Britain player. This put the ball right under New Britain's goal, with only three yards for Hartford to gain—and they gained it. There is considerable doubt as to whether under even the strictest interpretation of the rules there was any foul tackling; and so the decision created a feeling of dissatisfaction and uncertainty which did not improve the manners of the players on either side. Hartford played good football, however, and deserved the victory. Their work was snappy from the beginning, and the visiting players took advantage of their superior weight to rip holes in their opponent's line. The backs seemed to tower above the New Britainites, but Luce was depended upon for most of the runs around the end. Occasionally New Britain braced and outplayed her rivals, at one time especially when Hartford had the ball within six inches of the New Britain line, and was forced to surrender it on four downs.

The National Interscholastic Athletic Association question will come up for discussion again before the New York I.S.A.A. at its meeting this afternoon, and I hope next week to be able to announce to the readers of this Department in distant cities that definite steps have at last been taken toward the formation of such an organization. I learn from various sources that the lack of enterprise in the matter thus far displayed has been due to a feeling that the scheme might prove too great for schoolboys to handle. I can't see this myself, and I feel confident the objection will not hold water when it comes to be tested. Schoolboys of to-day are just as capable of running an organization similar to the Intercollegiate Association as college men are, and the best way for them to insure success is to have confidence in themselves and go ahead. Don't proceed without first looking where you are to step; but the step having once been decided upon, go ahead, and don't be afraid of your legs!

The provision in the constitution of the Inter-Academic League of Philadelphia which restricts membership in the organization to schools located within a radius of ten miles from the city shuts out a good many institutions that take a prominent position in scholastic sport. The Hill School of Pottstown is one of these, and the Swarthmore Grammar-School is another. The latter is only about a mile beyond the prohibitory limit, and seeks most of its rivals among the schools of the League. The school is a new one, and has only been in athletics for three or four years, but the showing made in that time has been excellent. I hope the school will join other institutions in the State, and form another league that will be bound to rival the I.A.L. in importance.

The Swarthmore Grammar-School eleven this year, although light, is the best the school has ever put into the field, and in October the team earned three victories in four contests. They first defeated the Moorestown Friend's School, 30-0, and in the next game they succumbed to Penn Charter, 30-6. The Penn Charter team is the strongest of any in the I.A.L., and will no doubt secure the championship this year. The players are heavier and more experienced in the science of the game, and the showing of the Grammar-School players against them may therefore be considered creditable. Brownfield, S.G.-S. played a good game at full-back, and saved several touch-downs by his hard tackling. Smith, at half, is a new man, but is learning fast; and Waring, at left end, showed up well for a player of his weight.

The third game was played against the Haverford College Grammar-School, also a member of the I.A.L., and it proved a hot contest on the latter's field. The Haverford team was considerably heavier, but Swarthmore played hard. In the second half the ball was in Haverford territory most of the time. Once, when the ball was within four yards of their line, Brownfield tried twice for goals, but failed both times by narrow margins. The score was 6-4 in favor of the visitors, both sides scoring in the first half. Brownfield again showed himself by far the best player on the team, and he will be an acquisition to the Swarthmore College eleven when he enters next year. The fourth game was the defeat of the Abingdon Friend's School at Jenkintown by 22-0. The S.G.-S. full-back in this match kicked two goals from the field, one of them from the 35-yard line. Trainer, the left tackle, scored the first touch-down, after a run of 80 yards. There are still a number of games on the S.G.-S. schedule, and the end of the season ought to show the school as holding an enviable position in athletics.

The schools of the Long Island League are playing better all-around football than the New-Yorkers, and the teams seem to be more evenly matched. The championship is by no means a

foregone conclusion, but will probably rest between St. Paul's and Pratt Institute. St. Paul's played a sharp game with the New York Military Academy recently. The latter was defeated by a score of 34-4. In the first half of the game it looked as though the visitors would have things all their own way until they lost the ball on a fumble. Hall, of St. Paul's, picked it up and made a long run, scoring a touch-down and goal. After that the visitors seemed to lose heart, and the Garden City players worked with a snap that soon set the score climbing. The best work of the home team was done by Gardiner, Hall, and Linn.

The Pratt Institute team opened the Long Island interscholastic season with a victory over Adelphi, and by a score that surprised even those who knew what a strong eleven the Institute had. The score was 66-0. Some of the best work was done by Higgins, Gribbon, and Kelley, Gribbon, especially, making a number of long runs and two touch-downs. He also kicked a difficult goal, as well as several easier ones. Brissel and Pratt put up a star game as end rushers. Pratt scored a touch-down inside of two minutes from the time play was called. In the second half Gribbon caught the ball at the kick-off, and ran almost the entire length of the field, scoring a touch-down. The backs were helped wonderfully by the excellent interference given by the line-men. Cranford was about the only Adelphian who did any good work, and the fumbling of the entire team was unpardonable.

C. S. M., Portland, Oregon.—There is no reason why, in playing intercollegiate football, the runner with the ball should not pass it before he is down, as they do in the Rugby game, unless he passes it ahead. See Rule 28 of the 1895 intercollegiate rules. The reason why the ball is not more frequently passed while a player is running with it is because the American game has become so scientific as to make such a play risky for the side in possession of the ball.

G. E. W., Bayonne, N. J.—You will find the answers to your questions in the book entitled *How to Get Strong*, by William Blaikie, published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

CLARENCE E. ABBOTT, Franklin, Massachusetts.—The sail you describe ought to be sufficient for the purposes you mention. The matter can best be decided by experience. A first-rate article on sail skating may be found in *The Boys Book of Sports*, published by the Century Co., New York.

THE GRADUATE.

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## ALL WAS NOT WELL.

On board naval vessels marines are stationed as sentries on various parts of the upper deck. During the night they are obliged every half-hour, when the ship's bell is struck, to call out the name of their station, and then add the words, "All's well."

Some years ago the flag-ship *Brooklyn* was at anchor one stormy winter's night in Hampton Roads, Virginia. On the top-gallant forecastle of the frigate was stationed a German marine, whose familiarity with the English language was none too generous. For a long time he paced to and fro on the snow-covered platform, while the gale flung the big white flakes against his face, and the bitter cold numbed the hands that held the musket.

At last the sentry stood his rifle against the stay in order to beat his fingers and arms into warmth, and while engaged in that exercise the ship gave a lurch, the rifle slipped and pitched overboard. Frightened, and not knowing exactly how to report his loss, the poor fellow waited until the ship's bell sounded and it came his turn to report concerning his station. As the officer of the deck listened to catch the hail, a troubled voice floated out of the darkness forward,

"Port cathead, and all ish not very goot!"

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If afflicted with  
**SORE EYES**  
USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**



[Pg 44]

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 as far as possible.



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The route this week is to Newburyport from Boston. The ride is a good one, though in some places there are hills which make it a tough pull at times. Still, taken all together, the run is over a well-laid road-bed, and through attractive country. Running out of Boston the wheelman should follow the route as far as Salem, just as we described last week in the trip from Boston to Gloucester. This was, briefly, to run out through Chelsea, having crossed the Chelsea Ferry. Thence proceed direct to Lynn, and, passing through Lynn and Upper Swampscott, finally run into Salem after passing through South Salem. From this point the new route begins.

Starting from Washington Square, Salem, go through Winter Street to Bridge Street, and follow this across the bridge to Beverly. (Fine harbor view on right.) After passing the bridge keep to left up the hill to level way, taking Salem Street, past Powder Hill on the right, and by Salem Reservoir. After crossing track of railroad near Wenham Lake turn to right so as to pass lake on the left. The ride along the lake is shady and pleasant, good view of lake. Follow car-tracks to Wenham. (Rolling country, fair road.) At Wenham are grounds of Myopia Club (great polo-players). At Wenham Depot cross railroad tracks and keep to the right, direct road to Hamilton, where keep to left onto Main Street, and at the four corners turn to the left. Keep this road to Ipswich, then turn to left, crossing railroad, and so on out High Street. Good well near crossing. The road now bends to the right to Rowley. Keep to main road, cross track again at Beans Crossing, and proceed through High Street toward the Parker River. (Some hills, and one or two rather difficult.) The white Old Town bridge is soon at hand, and this takes one over Parker River. Keep to High Street through the town, and thus on to Newburyport, there turning to right at State Street. Distance about fifty miles. It is pleasanter to make this a two day's trip, and to return on the same route as

far as Hamilton, and there, after passing post-office, turn to the left, cross the tracks of Essex Branch, keeping to the right at fork till Eastern Avenue is reached, here turn to left, go past Chebacco Street to fork in roads, take right-hand road which bends to south. Keep to left around Becks Pond to Chebacco House on lake of same name. Beautiful region. Fine place to rest and get dinner. This house is famous for its broiled chicken dinner (\$1). Continuing by same road pass Winepoyken House and through a long stretch of wood (good dirt road). At fork of roads keep to left over Wyman's Hill along Pleasant Street to Pine Street, here turn to right and ride into Manchester. Keep to left, and leave Manchester by Summer Street, and at junction of three roads keep to right, then to left, and over Western Avenue, which leads quite directly to Gloucester, where steamer can be taken for Boston (2 P.M.). Still another choice from Newburyport to Gloucester would be by original route to Ipswich, which leave by County Street, turning to the left onto Essex Street, direct road past Brown Street, then at fork turn to right out

[Pg 45]

to Prospect Hill, entering Essex by Northern Avenue and leaving by Eastern Avenue, keeping to the right and coming into West Gloucester by Essex Avenue, which turns abruptly to the right, and finally passes under tracks of Gloucester Branch of Boston and Maine Railroad. Follow Essex Avenue, which winds and twists, and it will bring you onto Western Avenue; then you turn to left, and pass the beach into the city.

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. Boston to Gloucester in No. 836.



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.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her; give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold, and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house. A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing-room when friends drop in at five o'clock. Quite often, when no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches and their cakes which are served at a five-o'clock tea, and herself hands the cups, and takes them from the guest who would like to be relieved.

Apart from and more important even than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day, is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latch-key turns in the home door he throws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attentions he loves—the kiss, the cheery word—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experiences—they spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.

All through life, girls, never economize demonstration to those who are your very own. Let them know how much you love them. Tell them so. For strangers and mere acquaintances we should have reserve and carry ourselves with dignity, but our own home people have a right to our unstinted love. Praise the little brother or sister who does well. If you are teaching a little pupil, and she is trying hard to show that she cares for the lesson, let her know that you are fully satisfied. Praise goes further than blame in making people good. Indeed, happy people are generally good.

Millicent D— wants me to tell her in a sentence what I would like the girls to observe for the next year. Now, the new year isn't here yet, and it is not yet time for the passing of the old. I think while the weeks of November and December go flying down-stream, rushing so fast that we can hardly keep pace with them, I will ask you to "practice small courtesies." Do all the kind things you can, the "little acts of kindness." Begin to-day. If we all remembered to be kind all the time, what a world of happiness we should have!

I am delighted, Grace and Mattie, to hear about your dancing-class. All girls who can should go to dancing-school. In no other way can you acquire so much grace of movement, nor is there any pretty accomplishment which yields more innocent pleasure. Pray learn to make a beautiful courtesy. It is the distinction of a young lady to do this with grace.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

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## **THE SECOND SUMMER,**

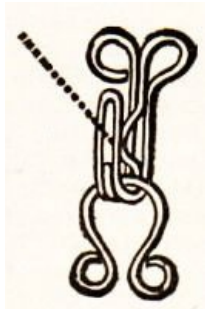
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You are all invited to meet Mr. Kirk Munroe on Wednesday evening, November 20th, at eight o'clock, at St. Agnes Hall, 121 West Ninety-first Street, New York. The "you" includes all Knights, Ladies, and Patrons of the Order, and *all their friends*, young, old, and middle-aged. Mr. Munroe will read from his own works, tell stories of his travels, and, as far as possible, greet you by the hand. He will also tell you of the work at Good Will Farm, in which he is greatly interested.

An opportunity will be given all present to contribute to the School Fund. If you cannot attend, send your contribution by a friend. No tickets of admission are required, and no admission fee to the hall will be charged.

To reach St. Agnes Hall, take either the Sixth or Ninth Avenue elevated trains, the Broadway cable (Columbus Avenue cars), or the Sixth Avenue horse-cars. On the "L" get off at Ninety-third Street station; the surface cars at Ninety-first Street. The hall is just west of Columbus Avenue, north side of Ninety-first Street. Although well uptown the hall is conveniently reached from any part of New York, and even from Brooklyn. Hence we hope to see a large attendance.

Time did not permit the formation of a general Committee of Arrangements. Had it been possible, there should have appeared on such committee the names of several active Ladies of New York and Brooklyn who are much interested in the Fund. Under the circumstances the following named Knights kindly took charge of the details: Beverly S. King, Louis J. Vance, Leon C. Eils, Simon T. Stern, Julien M. Winnemore, Charles Frederick Hoffman, Upton B. Sinclair, Jun., Richard J. Drake, Grant Knauff, Walter A. Sill, A. B. Horne, George M. Kelley, Henry H. Risley, LeRoy Orvis, Frank J. Smyth, Halsey R. Graves, Louis A. Walsh, and Allyn Williams.

We hope all members, whether on this committee or not, will act as if they were on it and do their best to make this reception a success. As the old phrase has it, "Come, and bring your friends."

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### **Earning the Order's Badges.**

The new badges do not supplant the old ones. The latter are still badges of the Order, and in applying you should say whether you want the pansy leaves or the rose. The new badge is the wild rose, taken from the centre of the original King Arthur round table. It is an exact reproduction of it, as you may see by examining it in the red seal on the bottom of your Patent. The badges are now made in sterling silver and solid gold, both stick-pins. Their prices are 10 cents and 85 cents respectively.

Members who may wish to avail themselves of it are offered the chance of giving fifteen Round Table circulars to persons likely to be interested in them, and in payment have the silver badge. The offer is restricted. That is, our supply of circulars will not last always. In applying you may use a postal card, the figure "9." Sign your name and address. Circulars and badge will be mailed you, unless the supply of the former is exhausted, in which case you will be notified by letter. When you send the card bearing the figure it is a pledge to us that you will fulfil this condition, viz.: To give them, one in a family, to persons who will appreciate them.

If you wish to distribute Prospectuses, and earn a more valuable prize, we offer: For placing seventy-five in as many good families, and commending the ROUND TABLE, a gold badge of the Order, or fifty visiting cards bearing your name, with copper plate for future use; fifty, a rubber stamp bearing your name and address; and twenty-five, a pencil resembling a common nail. When the number we wish has been given out in your town we reserve the right to so notify you and to not fill your order. But the offer is open now to all members, to teachers, parents, and all who pledge themselves to obey the condition. In applying say how many you wish, what prize you seek, and what are your facilities for placing them.

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### **To Cincinnati Members.**

On Monday evening, November 18th, at Avon Hall, Avondale, your city, there is to be a literary reception, at which will be exhibited the collection of rare literary treasures which belong, in part, to the School Fund, or have been loaned by publishers for its benefit. There are also to be explanations of how magazines are made; how pictures are prepared; stories about famous authors and artists, all told by a man who has been long in journalism and long in contact with those who make periodicals. While the reception is a local affair, your attendance will help the School Fund, and all Cincinnati members are earnestly urged to go.

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### **Entertainments for the Fund.**

Besides the literary reception in Cincinnati there are not a few holiday entertainments being planned for the Fund. Can there not be more? One is in Winsted, Conn., by the John Burroughs Chapter. Lady Gertrude Clare, 234 Garside Street, Newark, N.J., is willing to send some things



for a fair. John H. Campbell, Jun., 413 School Lane, Germantown, wants to hear from other Philadelphia members who will help him in something in aid of the Fund. This is a good beginning. Shall we hear from more?

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### **The St. Ives Puzzle.**

In the St. Ives puzzle the word "a," in Question Five, should read "in"—that is, the description ought to be, not that a certain thing should be a prison, but that, it should be in prison. There is no error in Question Two, as so many seem to think.

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### **Origin of Croquet.**

Vincent Beede asks the origin of croquet. The game croquet is derived by some writers from the French *paille maille*, played in Languedoc as early as the thirteenth century. It was played with a ball and mallet, similar to what we now use, and two hoops, or a hoop and peg, the game being won by the player who ran the hoop or hoops and touched the peg, under certain conditions, in the fewest strokes. It is said that the game was brought to Ireland from southern France by a daughter of Sir Edward McNaughten, some twenty-five years ago.

CAROLYN G. THORNE.

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### **A Glimpse Into a Southern City.**

In a basket of fruit that was sent me some days ago were bright red apples, clear-stone peaches, Catawba grapes, pears, the damson, and scuppernong grapes. When piled on a waiter they made a beautiful study. These were all grown on a small farm in the upper section of the State.

The staple food for the negroes, in September, is the watermelon. Melons can be got very cheap, and when out walking you invariably see a trio of "darker boys" sitting on the curbstone disputing over a division of one. I went on a delightful sail up the Ashley River one afternoon last week. On one side of the river is John's Island, and on the other James Island. A good supply of the vegetables we get is raised on James Island, brought to the city by the colored farmers, and sold on the streets. An early morning walk to the wharf at which vegetables arrive is interesting. In the distance you hear the babble of voices. Coming nearer, you see colored "maumas," men, and boys, running hither and thither, selling and buying the different vegetables, at the same time laughing and talking with the usual good nature of the "island darky." Here the housekeeper can buy her vegetables for a small sum. As the hucksters get farther up into the city their prices advance.

On John's Island I noticed along the river-bank, several fields of Sea Island cotton. In some fields the cotton plant was just in flower; in others the cotton was ready for picking; in others again the cotton had already been picked and sent to market. It looked as if we were going to have an early fall, for the leaves of the trees and shrubs were already commencing to turn red and brown, and drop. One of our river excursions led to Kiawah. Our own writer, William Gilmore Simms, has illustrated this fair spot by his story the *Cassique of Kiawah*. It was as still, the waters as clear, the moon shone as brightly, and the rabbits and squirrels seemed as numerous as in those early days when the dark-browed Indian maiden listened to the wooing of the brave Indian chief.

In another letter I will tell about Fort Sumter, and our beautiful historic White Point garden, and the important industry which gives employment to so many laborers—the phosphate-works.

E. BARRY O'DRISCOLL.  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

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### **Something for the Fund.**

The first week in December is the one for fairs and entertainments. Can you not plan one in aid of the School Fund? Ask your friends and see if they will help you. "Everything comes to those who try."

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### **A Good Trick to Try.**

Bachet is the originator of this interesting trick: Let three things be chosen, say a ring, a dime, and a glove, to be distributed privately among three persons. Call the ring A, the dime E, and the

glove I, and in your own mind distinguish the persons as the first, second, and third. Then take twenty-four checkers, and give one to the first person, two to the second, and three to the third. Place the remainder on a table and leave the room, so that the three persons may distribute the articles among themselves. Returning, ask that when you have again retired the person having the ring shall take from the remaining eighteen checkers as many as he has already, the one who has the dime twice as many, and the person who has the glove four times as many as he already has.

According to this, the first person has taken one, the second four, and the third twelve, consequently but one counter remains on the table. When you again enter the room you discover what article each has got by the following words:

1      2      3      5      6            7  
Par fer Cesarjadis devint si grand prince.

In making use of these words, recollect that in all cases there can remain only one counter, or two, three, five, six, or seven, and never four. Notice also that each syllable contains one of the vowels (a,e,i) which represent the three articles. The above line must be considered as consisting of only three words; the first syllable of each word must be supposed to represent the first person, and the second syllable the second. If there remains but one counter, you must employ the first word, or rather the two first syllables, par fer. The first syllable contains a, showing that the first person has the ring. The second syllable contains e, showing that the second person has the dime. The third person, of course, has the glove. In general, whatever number of counters remain, the word of the verse which is pointed out by this number must be used.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

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### An Explanation Wanted.

Cut a circle out of a piece of card-board and draw a line across it that divides it into two exactly equal parts. Then hold a pencil perpendicularly, one end resting on the table. Place the circle on the table so that the line on the card-board will be hid by the pencil. Now move the card-board along the table, and you will see that the upper part of the circle moves farther from the place where it rested against the pencil than the lower part does from the place where the pencil rests on the table. This would seem to prove that the upper part of a wheel goes faster than the lower part does. Will some one please explain this? I can't.

C. B.  
SOUTH AUBURN, NEB.



[Pg 47]

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

Owing to the enormous quantity of Columbian stamps bought as a speculation by dealers and by collectors, the prices advance very slowly. In fact, the only advances have been made as the result of "corners." One dealer bought up all the \$1, and advanced the price to \$5, and later on to \$6. Another dealer bought up all the \$2, and will not sell any at less than \$4.50, and probably will run up the price to \$5 or \$6 shortly. Probably some of the other values will be bought up by other dealers, and the net result will be that a set of Columbians will cost \$75 or \$100. Or perhaps this speculation will work its own destruction through the diminution of collectors, in which case the speculators will lose the interest on their investments, and possibly some of their capital.

I am glad to see that the ROUND TABLE readers in the South are taking special interest in Confederate stamps. With a few exceptions these are very rare, and in compliance with several requests I will give illustrations of almost all the Confederate stamps known. If space permits I shall begin with next week's issue.

G. N. C.—A number of coins issued previous to 1850, and valuable. For instance, the 1796 and 1797 half-dollars are quoted by dealers at \$75 each. The coins mentioned by you are not rare. Dealers supply them at about double the face value.

A. SIMON.—As a beginning, to make up a stamp-collection, I advise you to purchase packets of stamps from responsible dealers. You can buy twenty-five different packets

from the oldest stamp dealer in America, and probably from others, for 25c. to \$25 per packet. The packets contain from 10 to 1500 different stamps, according to price and rarity of the stamps.

V. M. WAKEMAN.—The stamps were used from 1851 to 1861, and have no value, as hundreds of millions were used during that time.

S. YOUNG.—The Spanish dollar you have is worth its weight as silver. "Correos y Telegs" means "Postage and Telegraph." "Helvetia" means "Switzerland." "Oesterr Post" means "Austrian Post."

G. FRANCE.—The Internal Revenue stamps were first used during the war. Most of the stamps were discontinued after 1878, but some are still used. A few of the early ones are rare, but the most are so common that they have little value.

F. GARDNER.—The coins mentioned can be bought of coin dealers at a slight advance on face.

T. F. McDERMOTT.—The stamp is the 2c. U.S. Internal Revenue Proprietary used during the last war. If unperforated and with good margins it is worth \$1.50; if perforated it is worth nothing.

S. B. STEPHENS.—You will find illustrations and descriptions of the last Mexico stamps in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for May 7, 1895. You can buy Mexican Revenues from the larger stamp dealers in New York, also U.S. Revenues. There are five J. F. Henry stamps worth from 10c. to \$10 each, according to rarity and condition.

C. M.—Very few philatelists have any doubt as to the advisability of leaving Abyssinian stamps severely alone.

R. BAKER.—The ordinary foreign coins are so little collected in this country that no values can be obtained.

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### EXPLAINED.

"WHY, MANDIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR DOLL?"

"I'M GOING TO TAKE HER TO THE HOUSE SHOW."

"BUT WHY DO YOU HAVE HER DONE UP IN THAT EXTRAORDINARY WAY?"

"BECAUSE I SAW IN THE PAPER THAT ALL THE BEST PEOPLE WENT IN A PRIVATE BOX."

MAMMA. "Why, Harry, did your teacher send you home?"

HARRY. "Yes; she wanted to give me a set of books a fellow used last term, and I wouldn't take them, 'cause he got all there was to learn out of them."

TEACHER. "Why, George, John tells me you knocked him down. Did you?"

GEORGE (*happily remembering one of his lessons*). "No, marm; it was the force of gravitation that made him fall. I only pushed him."

FATHER. "Now, Tom, you should know how to defend yourself. You see, this is the first position, and so. Now don't be afraid; strike out with the gloves."

FATHER (*fifteen minutes later*). "Confound it, how was I to know he had been taking lessons at the school gymnasium."

### PHILOSOPHY.

#### WALTER G. NICHOLS.

A puppy who had chased his tail  
 Around the livelong day  
 Quite unsuccessfully, was heard  
 Unto his tail to say:

"I s'pose you think this quite a joke  
 To lead me such a chase,  
 And make me show my master now  
 A disappointed face.

"But though this is for you more fun  
Than me, just wait a few  
More years, and then I'll be as good  
At 'wagging' as are you!"

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### **A TIMELY QUESTION.**

HORACE. "Father, why do they 'prefer charges' against policemen for acting improperly? Why don't they make 'em pay cash?"

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Some years ago linemen were stringing a telegraph wire through a rural district, containing inhabitants that seldom came in contact with the outer world. A resident of the place, an old farmer, more curious than his neighbors, put many questions to the linemen, and after a while gained some confused ideas about its use, principally one, that the wire was put up to send messages on. Wishing to send his son John, who lived in the city, a pair of new boots, he thought it would be a cheap way of doing it to hang them on the wire—and this he did. Shortly after, a tramp coming along saw them there, and as they fitted him, he took them and left his own in their place. The next morning the old farmer seeing the tramp's shoes went about among the neighbors telling of the wonderful wire and how he had sent his son John the new boots, and John had not only got them, but had sent his old pair back.

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TEACHER. "Tommy, how dare you waste your drawing-paper—covering it with ridiculous pictures?"

TOMMY. "I didn't need the paper to draw on, 'cause I was drawing on my imagination."

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TEACHER. "Now suppose there were five boys going skating, and they had only three pairs of skates; how many boys would have to look on?"

BOY. "I know; the two that got the worst of the fight."

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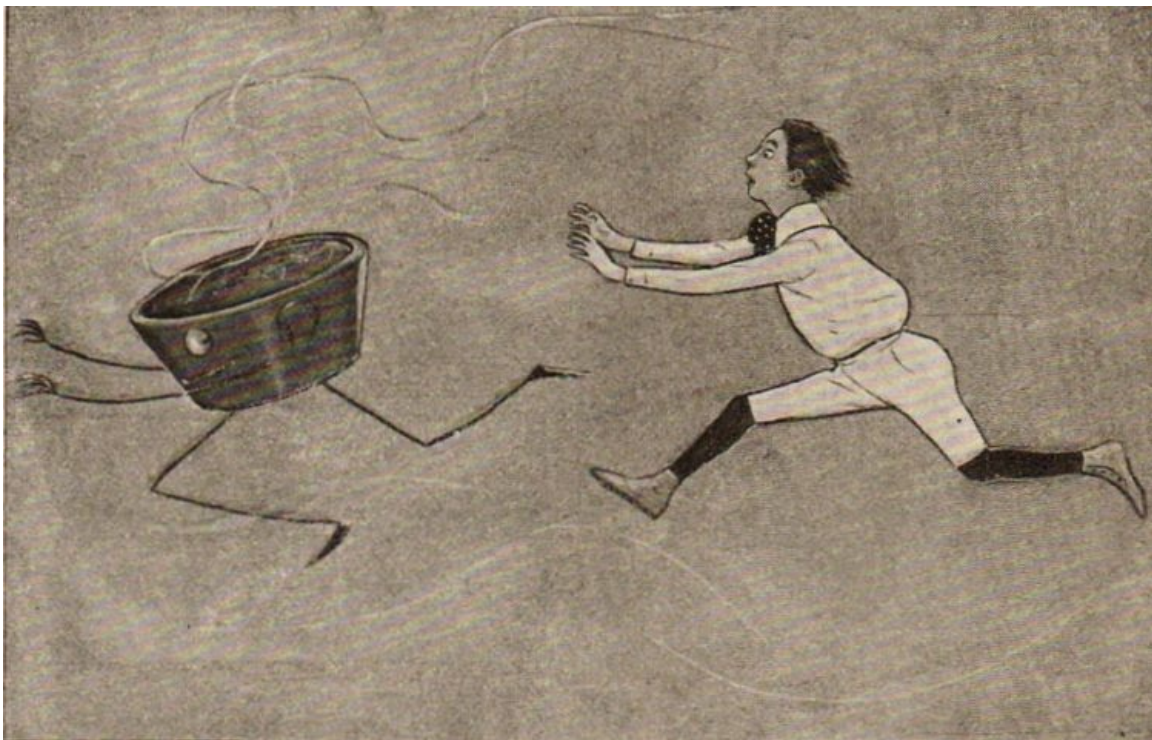
### **THE GREATEST OF THE LOT.**

"I'm George Washington," said Kenniboy.

"I'm Napoleon Boneyparte," said Russell.

"I'm ME," said Francis.

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**TOMMY DREAMS AFTER EATING THANKSGIVING HASTY PUDDING.**

**His grasp it constantly eludes, this pudding sweet and pasty,  
For as you know, as puddings go, this kind is very hasty.**

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