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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, NOVEMBER 19,
1895 ***

[HUNTING AN ANARCHIST.](#)
[IN THE TOWER OF MANY STORIES.](#)
[WHY THE ALLIGATOR LIGHT WAS DARK.](#)
[FOR KING OR COUNTRY.](#)
[THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.](#)
[THE GIRL WHO COMES TO EARN A LIVING IN NEW YORK.](#)
[ETHEL FORRESTER'S DREAM.](#)
[ABSALOM.](#)
[THE REAL DOLL.](#)
[STRADDLED ON A MAD MOOSE.](#)
[THE CAMERA CLUB.](#)
[THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.](#)
[INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT.](#)
[THE PUDDING STICK.](#)
[BICYCLING.](#)
[STAMPS.](#)



[Pg 49]

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THEN, WITH MUCH LABOR AND DIFFICULTY, HE PICKED HIMSELF UP AND CRAWLED TOWARD THE GATE.

HUNTING AN ANARCHIST.

A THANKSGIVING STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY ALBERT LEE.

When Fred Hallowell graduated from school in the spring of 1893, and passed his final examinations for college, there was every promise that he would have an enjoyable summer vacation followed by four years of pleasant college life. But owing to the panic of 1893 Mr. Hallowell failed in business, and Fred found that instead of going to college he must look about for some sort of position, in order that he might not be an additional drain on the very greatly reduced resources of his parents.

It is not a part of this story to tell of Fred's discouraging endeavors to secure a position in New York. Business men were discharging employés in those days, not engaging new ones. Finally, he managed, through an old acquaintance, to secure a position as reporter on the staff of the *Gazette*. He started into his new life with an energy that soon attracted the attention of his employers, and it was not long before the city editor began to feel that the new reporter was a reliable man.

The week before Thanksgiving Fred made a few extra dollars by writing a short article for one of the illustrated weeklies, and as Thursday was his regular day "off" he decided that he would use this money to take a little trip up the Hudson to his home, and spend Thanksgiving day with his family. He had just mailed his letter, announcing his intention to visit home, when the city editor called him to his desk and handed him a clipping from one of the morning papers, which stated that a certain Frenchman, suspected of being prominent in anarchistic circles, had visited a French school-ship, then anchored in the North River, and that the officers had recognized him as a dangerous criminal, a fugitive from French justice.

"This may be one of the *Star's* fakes," said the city editor, "but you go out on the story, and keep at it until you get all the facts. It may take you several days. If you find it's true, we'll make a spread of it, and have the fellow arrested."

Fred was pleased at getting such an important assignment, and looked forward hopefully to some exciting work, although he feared there would be nothing in the story in the end. He went at once on board of the French school-ship, where he found a young lieutenant, who had been officer of the deck a few days before, and who had seen a man whom he thought he recognized as an anarchist he had seen on trial in Paris several years before. He had mentioned this fact to a *Star* reporter who came aboard for news that evening, simply because he had nothing else to tell him, but he doubted that the man he had seen could be the Paris anarchist, although the latter had escaped from France, and was supposed to have fled to America. His name was Etienne Renard,

and the officer gave Fred a description of him. As the reporter left the ship he instinctively asked if there was any news, and the lieutenant told him they expected to sail in a few days for Haiti, and that one seaman had deserted since their arrival in New York harbor. Fred made a paragraph of this information, and sent it down to the *Gazette* office by messenger.

As he stood on the dock a few minutes later, looking up and down the river, as if he thought some inspiration might come to him from the puffing tugs in midstream, he wondered what he should do next, for he was now left without a clew. He knew the anarchists of New York had several gathering-places over on the east side of the city, but he felt sure that even if Renard frequented any of these, it would be under an assumed name, and he further knew there was no place where a reporter was less welcome than at a resort of anarchists. Nevertheless, he determined to see what he could learn in that quarter, and soon was on his way to a restaurant called "Zum Groben Michel," a place that has acquired more or less notoriety, because of the riotous meetings that have been held by men of anarchistic and nihilistic tendencies within its doors.

He found a number of ugly-looking characters sitting in the place, but none answered to the description of Renard. He asked a few of the neighbors if a Frenchman was ever seen thereabouts, but he received scant courtesy in reply, and no information; and so he went home to think over some new plan of action. The next day he visited the French quarter in the region of Bleecker Street and South Fifth Avenue, and questioned the restaurant-keepers of the neighborhood, but none of them could remember having seen any man answering to Fred's description of Renard. Every day he visited the east-side restaurant, but all his work availed him nothing. He was about to give up the search as futile a couple of days later; but on his way down town to the office to tell the city editor of his failure, he stopped off at Bleecker Street, and went into one of the cheap cafés to make final inquiries from a fat little French proprietor whom he had found most amiable on a previous visit.

As they talked, a customer with a nautical gait, and somewhat the worse for drink, rolled in and sat down. The communicative host served him, and then whispered to Fred that he thought the man was a deserter from the French ship, who had been keeping pretty quiet till his vessel left port, and was now taking advantage of his stolen freedom.

The man was a tough-looking customer, unmistakably a seaman, in spite of his ill-fitting shore clothes; and as Fred sat watching him from across the room an idea sprang up and gradually developed in his mind. If this man was the deserter whom the officer had told him of, he might possibly have run away as a result of Renard's visit to the ship, if Renard was the stranger who had gone aboard. Therefore he might know Renard; he might even know where Renard lived—perhaps Renard was giving him shelter! Fred grew very much excited as these thoughts flashed through his mind, and determined to follow the man and see where he went. The latter, however, seemed to be in no haste to give the young detective a chance to pursue his investigations. He sat in the café until nearly six o'clock. Then he paid his reckoning and tacked up the street to the elevated railroad station. Fred boarded the same train, and followed his man down to South Ferry, where they both went aboard a Staten Island boat, and on reaching St. George took a train and rode for a short distance toward South Beach.

It was easy for Fred to follow the sailor when they left the train, for darkness had come on an hour ago. The Frenchman led the way through the village, and tramped for half a mile or more along a lonely road that led inland, over a hill and across country, until they came to a two-story cottage with a picket fence around it. The sailor staggered through the gate and up the steps, and opened the door and went in, slamming it behind him, and Fred was left outside in the darkness alone. He sat down by the way-side to think over the situation, watching the house as he did so; but no sound came to his ears, and as the shades were drawn at the windows of the one room in which a light shone, he saw nothing. When he had come to the conclusion that there was little to be gained by sitting out in the dampness staring at a blank wall, he trudged back to the village, to make inquiries of the station agent and the town watchman.

"There's somethin' queer about them folks, I guess," the watchman said. "There was another man askin' me about 'em—'bout a week ago."

Fred feared this other inquirer might have been a *Star* reporter on the same errand, and so he laid awake almost all night forming plans for the conduct of his future investigations. It was now the day before Thanksgiving, and Fred reluctantly made up his mind he would have to forego the pleasure of a trip up the Hudson. He wrote to his mother that she should not expect him, as an important assignment detained him in town. Then he started off for Staten Island, stopping on the way to the ferry to hire a bicycle for the day. He followed the same route he had taken the night before, and shortly after noon he was coasting down the dusty hill-side in plain view of the two-story cottage. He saw a woman moving about in the yard, and this pleased him greatly, for he felt she would materially assist him in his plans. He apparently paid no attention to her, however, but bent over the handle-bars as if he were scorching along at full speed; and when he came to within a hundred feet of the house he deliberately ran into a stone by the way-side and took a header into the soft road. For a moment he lay perfectly still, with one eye fastened on the woman (for his fall was purely theatrical), and when he saw that she had witnessed the "accident" he put his hand to his head and groaned. Then, with much labor and difficulty, he picked himself up and crawled toward the gate and asked if he might go into the house, and requested the woman to get him a glass of water. She did not act very hospitably about Fred's entering the house, but he begged so persistently that she reluctantly consented at last. She left him on a chair in the front room and went back for the water, and Fred was wondering how he was going to prolong his stay after her return, when he heard loud and violent talking in a neighboring room, apparently the kitchen. Two men were soundly berating the woman for having

admitted a stranger to the house. Finally one of the men snarled that he would take the water and see that the bicyclist got out much more rapidly than he had come in. Heavy footsteps sounded along the hall, and a man entered the open door. Fred glanced up with an expression of studied misery, which immediately changed into one of amazement when he recognized the man in front of him as one of the patrons of "Zum Groben Michel." The man evidently recognized Fred, too, for he said fiercely,

"What are you doing here?" He spoke with a German accent.

"I fell off my bicycle," began Fred.

"Your bicycle!" retorted the other. "Bah! I have seen you before. At 'Zum Groben Michel,' eh? You have been there?" [Pg 51]

Fred admitted that he had.

"Well, what you do there?" continued the man, getting angrier as he spoke. "What you do there? You have no business there! You are a reporter!"

Fred made no reply. He devoutly wished he was still riding along the dusty road far away from that house.

"You are a reporter!" shouted the man again and again, until his cries brought another into the room. Fred was satisfied at first sight of him that he had found Renard; but he realized at the same time that he had caught a Tartar. Renard said something in French to the first man, who refused in his rage to listen, but, shaking his fist at Fred, he roared again,

"You are a reporter!"

"Yes, I am," said the lad, rising to his feet. "And what about it?"

This boldness disconcerted the two men for a moment; and noticing this Fred ill advisedly determined to be even bolder. He became rash; for when the man asked, "What do you want here, then?" he said,

"I want to talk with that gentleman, there, Mr. Renard."

The two men became ashy pale at the mention of the name "Renard," and while one slammed the door which led into the hallway, the other rushed at Fred and seized him by the shoulder. The boy tried to resist at first, but when the second man, having turned the key in the lock, came to his partner's aid, Fred cried out that he would submit.

"We make too much noise here," said the man whom Fred had called Renard, as he glanced cautiously out of the window, still panting from his efforts to subdue the reporter.

"Take him up stairs," said the other, gruffly.

"I don't want to go up stairs," gasped Fred, for he, too, was out of breath. "I don't see what all the row is about, anyway. I am not here to do you fellows any harm. I came here to talk to Mr. Renard, if this is Mr. Renard; and if you have not got anything to say for publication, why, I am ready to go."

Fred was undoubtedly perfectly willing to go without interviewing his anarchist, but the latter was apparently not of the same mind.

"Oh no," he sneered, "you cannot go yet. We must go up stairs and talk."

The door was opened, and the German led the way up the narrow staircase to the floor above. Fred followed, because he knew that there was nothing else for him to do, and he was led into a rear room that had one small window which looked out over the back yard toward a wooded hill.

"You wait here now," said his companion, curtly; and before Fred could object the door slammed, and he found himself locked in the room alone.

He was in a nice fix now, he thought to himself, as he stood in the middle of the room. That man was Renard, no doubt. And here was he, Fred, a prisoner at his mercy, and to make it worse, he was a reporter, hated almost as much by anarchists as the police. There was no possibility of his getting any help, no matter how long he was kept a prisoner, because no one knew where he was. For the past few days he had merely reported progress to the *Gazette* office by telephone, and the city editor, of course, had not the remotest idea where he was working. It was impossible to escape from the window, because his captors could plainly see him if he tried to jump or climb down, for he could hear their angry voices in the kitchen below. So, after considering all these things, he wisely adopted the only course left open to him—he decided to await developments. He sat down, and expected every moment to hear footsteps coming up the stairs; but no such sound greeted his ears, and the hours passed slowly by. After a while he got tired of this sort of thing, and started to make a closer examination of his prison. He presently found a hole in the wall, with a round piece of tin on it, that opened into the chimney. The hole was evidently intended for a stove-pipe, and as soon as he removed the tin covering Fred could hear the voices below very much more plainly than before, for the sound was carried up the chimney, and by placing his ear close to the aperture he could even understand most of the words that were spoken. He intercepted a portion of the conversation, which startled him greatly.

"Well," said one voice, "I guess he will have to be killed."

"I hate to do it," said the other.

"So do I; but we might as well."

"How shall we do it, then?"

"In the good old-fashioned way, I guess. I'll wring his neck."

Fred did not remain to hear any more. He was almost paralyzed. Here he was caught in a trap, like a rat, and his captors were discussing the best way to kill him! He quickly determined that the only thing for him to do was to make a dash for liberty, so long as he had legs left to run on. He stepped to the window, and looked out into the back yard and over toward the woods. In the yard a big fat turkey gobbler was strutting about apparently little thinking of the date on the calendar. Seeing the turkey made Fred think of his family at home, and of the grief that these wretches below were trying to bring upon them, and of the happy Thanksgiving dinner that he was not to be present at. And as he thought of Thanksgiving and of the turkey, he leaned over against the window, and almost laughed out loud.

"The turkey!" he said to himself—"the turkey! Those fellows were talking about him; they were not talking about me. Anarchists, I suppose, have Thanksgiving dinners the same as any one else. Why, one man spoke of wringing his neck—it's the turkey, of course." And then he wished he had listened longer to hear more. He was about to return to the stove-pipe hole for this purpose when there was the noisiest kind of hubbub downstairs. He heard yells and shouts and scuffling, and the tramping of many feet; as if an army of men had gotten into a fight. He could not make out what this was, and wondered if his captors had quarrelled and come to blows. This fracas lasted about five minutes, and then there was comparative silence. Ten minutes later the door of his room was thrown open, and Fred found himself face to face with a stranger of athletic build.

"Well, young fellow," said his deliverer, "I guess you've got all you want of interviewing anarchists. Come along down stairs and thank your stars you are getting out alive."

When Fred reached the floor below he found Renard and the German and the sailor handcuffed, and in charge of five detectives. The house had been raided; and most opportunely, thought Fred.

The young reporter soon learned that the police had been after Renard for many months, and had finally located him in the house on Staten Island about two weeks before the raid. They were watching the house when they heard of Fred's making inquiries of the watchman; and fearing newspaper exposure would lead to the escape of the criminals the detectives decided to make the raid the very next day. And it is fortunate they did, for on the way to the jail Fred talked with the woman who was being taken along, too; and he told her how he had been scared by the conversation he overheard about the turkey.

"The turkey?" said the woman.

"Yes," continued Fred; "one of the men said he would kill him in the good old-fashioned way by wringing his neck."

The woman glanced at Fred in surprise.

"Did you hear that?" she said.

"Yes," laughed Fred.

"Well, you need not laugh, young man, because *you* were the turkey they were talking about. That Renard is a devil; *he* has brought my husband to this."

The morning of Thanksgiving day the *Gazette* "beat" every other newspaper in town with an exclusive report of the capture of the dangerous anarchist Renard, who had been manufacturing bombs in a house on Staten Island. And that night Fred dined with his family at their home up the Hudson, and told them much that did not appear in his printed account of the affair.

IN THE TOWER OF MANY STORIES.

BY MRS. LEW. WALLACE.

THE LITTLE PRINCES.

There is no breath to stir the old shadows, no voice nor hearing, only a still, solemn past telling, as we tread the pavement in the great Tower of London, its many stories that belong to that historic prison. In this scene of blackest crimes nothing remembered is half so sorrowful as the murder of the two Princes who were sent to the Tower by their uncle, Richard III., King of England. You have heard it, for it is an old tale and often told. He is usually called the Hunchback; some say he was not deformed, except in having a very short neck and one shoulder higher than the other. He was lame, but this defect was soon forgotten in the beauty of his face. He had pale olive skin, delicate features, smooth forehead, and proud lips quick to express the feeling which shone in his deep black eyes. His will was law, and he sprang on his enemies like the tiger on its prey if they were between him and his aims.

In the first year of his reign he cleared away all who were suspected of plots, till no heirs to the throne were left except his two nephews, sons of Edward IV. The wicked heart of the Hunchback was moved to one more crime; then, he believed, the crown of England would be secured. They were graceful boys of eight and twelve years, with clear bright eyes, rosy cheeks, long flowing hair like threads of gold, and the courteous manner early taught

to those who expect to rule a great nation.

Edward, Prince of Wales, was stolen while on a journey; he was the elder; and Richard, Duke of York, the second son of the late King, was demanded of his mother, the widowed Queen of Edward IV. She was a high-born lady, famous for beauty when chosen from among the many who longed to sit on the throne. She was without power to resist, and how she begged the brutal Richard to be allowed to keep her youngest darling let other mothers tell.

The little fellows were lodged in the Garden Tower, so called from its opening into pleasure-grounds with a terraced walk, which in sunny days gave to view the river and bridge. It was the cheerfulest room in the doleful pile, and was lighted on both sides, so the captives could watch what stir there was in the inner wards, and the shipping along the wharf and on the Thames. It had a separate entrance to the promenade, where in fine weather they had leave to run and play, chasing each other into forgetfulness that they were doomed never to leave their prison-house alive.

But Richard could not feel at ease while his nephews lived. So one day Sir James Tyrrel, Master of Horse, "a trusty knight," brought an order under the royal seal that Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, should for one night give up the keys and absent himself from his office. Brackenbury had already refused to make away with the Princes. The tale runs that Tyrrel was much agitated in mind while riding out with two men—professional murderers—by name John Dighton and Miles Forrest. They, thought their master, are not weak like Brackenbury, and will not mind getting these brats out of the way any more than wringing the necks of a couple of house sparrows; they will never blench or quiver even at sight of the blood of the Lord's anointed.

The keeper of the keys feared and hated the King, but dared not disobey him. He gave up his place and trust for the time ordered.

After the long twilight, when the night fell, they crept around the winding stairs and through black corridors lighted only by the lanterns they carried.

When the death-men entered the chamber they paused awhile before the living picture there, the fairest under the wide curtains of darkness.

Youth seems younger and loveliness lovelier in the helpless hours of sleep. The Princes lay in the sweet slumber of healthful childhood, sinless and confiding, nestled close in each other's arms. To kill them was like sending spirits ready for heaven home too soon. Some pretty belongings, toys and playthings given by their mother, were scattered about, and a book of prayers, open on a table at the bed's head, almost changed the mind of the guilty wretches.

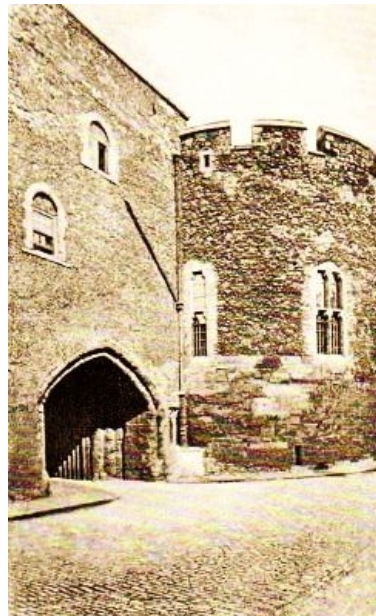
But they did not linger; the sleepers made swift passage to the dreamless sleep which has no waking, smothered with the pillows of their own bed. If there was moan or outcry the Tower walls are thick, and in the midnight hush only the listening angels on airy wings might hear.

Singers have sung the woful story, and artists have painted the piteous scene. The great poet's touch brings it before our eyes. The hardened villains melted into tenderness and mild compassion when they reported to their master:

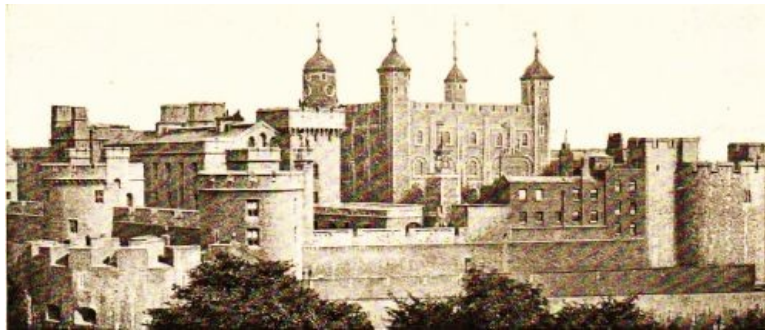
"'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster, innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.'"

By a private stairway the trusty Tyrrel slipped in from the gate, where he waited impatiently, felt their pulses to be certain there was no life left, and sought the Tower priest to make him help in hiding the devilish deed. They carried the warm bodies down. Oh, what a sight it was! the soft limbs not yet stiffened for the grave, the delicate hands dragging the steps. Without coffin, shroud, or winding-sheet, with neither hymn nor prayer, they were thrown into a hole dug by the wall. Rapidly the grave was filled with loose soil and stones from scattered building-material left lying in heaps some months before; then the pit was smoothed till there was no sign of disturbance or violence, silence settled over all, and the tragedy seemed ended forever.

"Trusty" Tyrrel mounted his horse and rode in the dewy daybreak along green lanes and blossoming hedges to the palace. He was cruel as a blood-hound, yet tears ran down his face like rain when he described to the satisfied monarch how the "gentle babes," his brother's sons, would trouble the kingdom no more.



THE BLOODY TOWER.



THE TOWER OF MANY STORIES.

Richard had been crowned with great pomp, feasting, and shouting. He sat on a marble seat in Westminster Hall, with a nobleman on each side, and told the crowd assembled there he meant to be just and maintain the laws and respect the rights of his people. But this was mere talk. The reign begun in murder continued the same way. His spies learned that titled subjects drank healths in private to the Princes in the Tower, and he thought best to announce the truth, though he had intended to keep their fate a secret. Besides, Uncle Richard's sleep was broken by bad dreams come of the hideous sin. The crown of his nephew did not rest easy on his head, bloody fingers pulled at it; the lights burned blue at midnight; strange calls, as from desolate shores, answered each other across his bed; he heard muffled groans, and ghosts that would not down sat heavy on his soul. Eyes starting from their sockets glared at him; visions of baby throats purple with strangling and pale faces bedabbled with blood haunted the pillow of the last Plantagenet.

He woke in a cold sweat of terror from dreams of a tomb which opened of itself; where the earth cracked with a hollow noise and showed a coffin wide and short, and hair living and golden streaming out under the lid.



RICHARD'S NEPHEWS.

"Long live King Henry VII."

Later in the day the body of the Hunchback was pulled out of the mire, stripped naked, tied across a horse's back like a sack of worthless clay (which indeed it was,) and taken to a near church-yard for burial. Nobody cared for the monster, nor minded how his blood ran down in the dust of the road on its way to the grave which had no mourners.

The new King marched in the splendor of banners and with triumphal music to the Tower, at that time used as a palace. He was attended by a princely escort, gentlemen on horseback wearing jewelled armor, and long trains of gilded coaches filled with ladies in brilliant robes, making altogether a brave show. Chambers tapestried in silk were set apart for the court, beds were canopied with velvet, soft carpets and rich hangings—gold, crimson, violet—covered the rough stones, and there was much high feasting and much merry-making. When the ceremonies were over, Henry thought of the murdered innocents, and made inquiry about them. Forrest and the priest were dead, and the other two accomplices—to whom was offered pardon on confession—knew nothing of the second burial. It was supposed the chaplain would, if possible, lay the Princes in consecrated ground. St. Peter's Cathedral was rummaged, many coffins were opened and stared into, and the near church-yard was upturned and searched for the precious relics, but none were discovered. Court flatterers pretended to believe the children had been sent out of the country, and were still alive somewhere in the provinces.

The ancient fortress grew grayer and drearier than ever, and portions of it began to crumble and rot. Then the murder came to light, proved by best evidence—the remains of the Princes

Were the boys indeed buried? And why should their white souls ride the winds on crimson clouds in the dead hours of the night?

To banish the spectres and quiet the shrieks in his ears he commanded the Tower chaplain to unearth the corpses and have them better placed, under the marble floor of some shrine or safe in a corner of the court-yard of the Tower. It was done. None ever knew when or with what holy rite they were buried the second time, because the priest soon afterward died, and with him went the knowledge of their resting-place.

Richard did not long enjoy his throne, but in his brief reign noble ladies and gallant gentlemen were imprisoned in grim strongholds, and marched from dungeons to death on the headsman's block. Sometimes he would have drums beat and trumpets sound, so that the last words of the dying could not be heard by the assembled crowds, for he feared an uprising of his subjects.

Only two years afterward he dashed into the thickest of the fight at Bosworth, and there lost his kingdom and his life. Under a hawthorn-bush Lord Stanley found the crown of England, which the tyrant had worn to the battle-field. It was badly bruised and trampled on, the jewels dim with dust and clouded with blood. Stanley placed it just as it was on the head of Henry, Earl of Richmond, and the soldiers of the royal army shouted with joy,

themselves. Some workmen making a new stairway to the royal chapel found under the steps, hidden close to the wall and covered with earth, two skeletons answering exactly to the missing youths long sought.

WHY THE ALLIGATOR LIGHT WAS DARK.

[Pg 54]

AN ADVENTURE IN A FLORIDA LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"Rex, don't it make you feel like a real old Crusoe, or a Swiss Family Robinson, or something, to be left to ourselves here on this key, with only Cudjoe to cook for us, and a fine black squall coming up from the southeast, and—"

"It does give a fellow some such feeling, that's a fact, Nick. But the black squall coming is just what I don't like to see. The *Pelican* ought to be back some time early this evening, if I'm any judge of wind and weather; and I'd rather have her in before the squall comes."

"Oh, pshaw!" Nick Jenner exclaimed. "I guess our fathers know how to take care of themselves in a squall. The *Pelican* is a sound little schooner, and they have two good sailors aboard."

"They'll be all right, of course; but I'd rather see them back before it begins to blow," Rex answered. His name was not Rex at all, but Harry King; but his schoolmates said that as Rex was Latin for King, that would be a good nickname for him.

It was on the piazza of a rambling old house on Indian Key, among the Florida reefs, that the boys sat watching the coming storm. There was no other house on the island, and no other island within eight or ten miles. The great Alligator Light-house stood out in front of them, five miles out to sea, built on a hidden reef. The nearest store was in Key West, eighty miles away; so was the nearest doctor, the nearest everything. That made it all the jollier, the boys thought.

There was nothing mysterious in Nick Jenner and Harry King being together in this lonely house on a lonely island, with the colored boy Cudjoe to cook for them. The boys live in a sea-coast city in Rhode Island, where they have boats of their own. Their fathers, Lawyer Jenner and Dr. King, are not only expert amateur sailors, but are also very fond of fishing and shooting. When their fathers determined to run away from work for a month and enjoy themselves among the Florida Keys, they wisely took the boys with them; for Rex being past fifteen and Nick almost sixteen, they could make themselves useful while they were enjoying it all.

The house was not part of the original programme, for they expected to live on the boat; but the man from whom they chartered the schooner in Key West owned the house too, as well as the island; and when he offered the use of the house, partly furnished, they did not refuse it—particularly as a neat little sharpie called the *Dolphin* belonged with the house, and lay at anchor just off the beach.

"How white the light-house stands out against the black sky!" Nick exclaimed. "It is queer the water should be shallow for five miles out to the light-house, and then go right off deep into the Florida straits, deep enough for the biggest ships. I like to see them going past—the big Spanish steamers bound for Havana, and the American fellows for Key West and New Orleans."

"I am glad to have the old light-house there to-night," Rex retorted. "Since our fathers did have to run down to Key West to reach the telegraph office, the light will help them find the way back if they come to-night. No matter how many squalls come, nor how dark the night, the light is always a sure thing. You know there are three keepers, and two of them have to be always on duty."

"Yes," Nick answered, "this Alligator Light is one of the largest and most important on the whole coast—a 'light of the first order,' they call it, visible 20¾ miles. They say it's 135 feet high, and cost nearly \$200,000."

"Phew!" Rex whistled. "It ought to be a good one at that price. Well, the light will be blinking at us pretty soon now. I notice they always light it at sunset, and that can't be many minutes off."

"Now, den, gemmens, yo' suppahs is all ready, sahs," came the welcome voice of Cudjoe from the hall door. The boys had been longing for this call, for a day's fishing had made them hungry.

"What's this, Cudjoe?" Rex asked, as they entered the dining-room and saw the meal the "boy" had prepared. "More green turtle soup to-night?"

"No, sah; dat loggerhead turtle soup dis time, sah. I ketch him on de beach dis mawnin', sah. An' here's minced turtle, sah, an' dere is some b'iled turtle eggs. Under de kiver is some fried flyin'-fish, sah; an' I done think you might like some sweet pineapple fresh oun de field, sah."

"You're a famous old cook, Cudjoe," Nick exclaimed, as they both fell to eating. "I'm afraid we're living too high down here with our turtle soup every day."

"We're getting to be regular al—" Rex was about to say aldermen, but before he could finish the word there came a sharp flash of lightning, with a tremendous peal of thunder right on top of it. The boys looked at each other, but before they could speak the wind and rain followed. A squall among the Florida Keys comes with a crash and a flood of water; trees bend to the ground,

houses shake and sometimes fall; everything is black and grand and wet. The old house trembled under the blow, and the rain on the roof sounded like tons of water falling upon the shingles.

"There's the squall," Rex said, after a few seconds had passed. "I hope it doesn't turn into anything worse, and I think I'd give something nice if the folks were safe on shore."

"So should I," Nick answered, "but I think they'll be all right. And as we can't stop the storm, we may as well finish our suppers."

That was comforting philosophy for two hungry fishermen, and the boys ate while the storm raged, and made up for much lost time. They could not look out, because there is no glass in the windows of the Keys, only board shutters, and Cudjoe had shut the shutters.

Rex was the first to find that he positively could eat no more, and leaving Nick still seated at the table, he pushed back his chair and went out to the piazza to look at the weather. An instant later the cry rang through the house:

"Nick! Nick!"

It was such a cry of alarm that Nick immediately sprang up and ran out to see. Everything outside was pitch dark, and Rex, in all the wind and rain, was holding to one of the piazza pillars.

"I must be blind, Nick!" Rex shouted. "Look! Where's the light-house?"

"The light-house?" Nick answered, wonderingly, and looked out seaward. But he saw no light. "Why—why, there is no light! No light in all this darkness! What can it mean?"

Instead of answering, Rex dashed into the house and returned in a few seconds with Cudjoe.

"Look at that, Cudjoe!" he shouted; "there is no light!"

At first Cudjoe would not believe it. He ran to one end of the piazza and then to the other, looking in all directions for a light.

"Well I 'clar' to goodness!" he exclaimed, and his face was as ashy as such a black face could become. "I 'ain't never seed dat light out afore, gemmen. Dey'll be wracks along dis coas' to-night, sho!"

"Something has happened out there, Nick!" Rex exclaimed. "They are in trouble, or they would never leave that lamp unlighted."

"The light-house may have been struck by lightning," Nick suggested; "you know it is made of iron."

"Yes, I've thought of that," Rex replied; "or lightning may have killed the men. There's no telling what it is, but it's sure to be serious. All we know is that there is no light, and our fathers are both out on the water depending on that light. It may cost both their lives, and hundreds of other lives, too. I feel as if we ought to do something, Nick."

"So do I," said Nick, "but I don't see what we can do. It's terrible to think of our fathers out there looking for the light, and of all those steamers that may be lost."

"And besides that," Rex broke in, "the light-house people may be in trouble. Perhaps the thing has been blown over. They may be clinging to the wreck, waiting for somebody to help them. Oh! I can't stand it, Nick. I'm going out there in the sharpie, to see whether I can be of any assistance."

[Pg 55]

"What! out to the light-house!" Nick exclaimed. "In that little sharpie, in this storm! Why, you'd never even find the light-house in the darkness."

"Oh yes, I will," Rex answered, confidently. "I'm enough of a sailor to handle a boat on a worse night than this. The wind has gone down a good deal, and the rain won't hurt anybody. Besides, Nick," he added, laying his hand tenderly on his friend's arm, "suppose you and I were out there in the schooner, and our fathers were here on shore, and the light failed like this, what would *they* do?"

"Right you are, old man!" and Nick seized Rex's hand and gave it a hearty squeeze. "They'd go out and have that light burning if there was as much as a wick left! And that's what we'll do, for, of course, I shall go along."

"We must leave Cudjoe here, in case the schooner gets in," Rex said, "and to keep a lantern burning to guide us back. And the fewer clothes we wear the better, Nick, for we may have to swim."

Cudjoe protested with all his might against the boys risking their lives in the storm and darkness, but it did no good. They sent him for the lantern and tied it to a corner post of the piazza, explaining to him the importance of keeping it burning at all hazards.

"After all, it's not going to be as bad out on the water as it looks," Nick suggested, while they were making ready. "The wind has gone down a great deal since the first blast, and these heavy rains keep the sea down. Darkness always makes things seem worse than they are, too."

Rex was very thoughtful and quiet, now that the surprise was past, and had little to say. He knew the danger of trying to make a landing against the exposed light-house in the midst of a storm. But just before they set out for the beach he said to Cudjoe:

"Cudjoe, if my father gets safely back while we are gone, I want you to tell him that we went out to the light-house because we thought it our duty to go. We are not going to make such a trip for sport."

It was work for men, and good sailormen too, going out in a sharpie to find a dark light-house on such a night. The wind was dead against them, and they had to beat out, and the rain was still falling in torrents. Rex took the tiller and handled the sheets, and it was as much as Nick could do to keep the boat clear of water.

The little *Dolphin* seemed to feel that many lives might depend upon her performance that night. Rex declared that she never rode the seas so well before, nor answered her helm so quickly. She was soon out far enough to be near the light-house, and the boys almost held their breaths; for the iron columns of the light-house rise directly out of the water, and in the darkness they might strike one of them at any moment. Keeping a lookout was useless, for they could not see two feet before the bow.

"If only a good flash of lightning would come!" Rex exclaimed; "then we could see something. But there hasn't been a flash since the storm first broke."

As if in answer to his wish there came a flash at that moment that illuminated the whole heavens.

"There she is!" both boys cried. In that second of glare they both saw the great light-house looming up hardly a quarter of a mile in front of them.

"That's one point settled!" Nick declared, with a sigh of relief. "The light-house is all right, anyhow. So the trouble must be either with the keepers or the lantern."

From that moment the skies seemed to favor their work. Every few seconds the lightning flashed, and before many minutes they ran up safely to the lee side of the light-house and made the sharpie fast to a round of the perpendicular iron ladder that runs down into the water. They had been there before, and knew just what to look for: first four or five rounds of the iron ladder leading to a little iron platform, and from there a steep iron stairway leading to the deck, twenty feet above, on which the keeper's house stands.

"Ahoy-oy-oy, there, in the light-house!" Rex shouted.

"Halloo-oo-oo!" Nick echoed.

Without wasting more time Rex seized the lantern and sprang up the iron ladder with Nick close at his heels. With his first step on the narrow platform Rex stumbled, but saved himself from falling by catching the rail.

"Look out here!" he called; "there's something lying here that tripped me." And he turned and held the lantern down.

"It's a man!" Nick exclaimed. "Hello, here, mister!" And he stooped down and seized the man's arm and shook it. But there was no reply.

"We'll see to him later, Nick!" Rex cried; "the light's the first thing;" and stepping over the man they both sprang up the steep iron stairs. In a moment they were in the first room of the keeper's house. It was empty and silent.

"Halloo-oo-oo!" both boys shouted.

"Here, here!" came back the answer, in a low, weak voice.

Instantly they fell to opening doors to look for the owner of the voice, and Rex chanced upon the door opening upon the great spiral staircase that winds up and up through a tower to the lantern. There in the little passageway lay the principal keeper, groaning, coiled up in a heap, his face covered with blood.

"Why, Mr. Pinder," Rex cried, "what's the—"

"The lamp, the lamp!" the keeper groaned. "Never mind—me. Light the lamp! Matches on—on—the—table. Oh!" and amid his groans Rex managed to catch the words; "open the small brass door; light all three wicks; pull the lever to start the machinery!"

The boys waited to hear no more. Up they flew through the narrow iron tower, up the 158 winding iron steps, round and round till their heads swam, higher with every step, till they were in the little room beneath the lantern, then up a few straight steps into the lantern itself.

Nick pressed the match-box into Rex's hand, and seized the knob of the little brass door.

"It's for you to light the lamp, Rex," he said; "this is all your doing."

Rex struck a match and touched it to the wicks, and cautiously pulled the lever by his side.

Click, click! Whir, whir! came from the clock-work that moves the machinery. The blaze sped around the three broad circles of wick. Something began to revolve.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" The boys could not help it, even with the two injured men lying below. For Alligator Light was burning again, sending its red and white flashes over the black water every



"THERE SHE IS," BOTH BOYS CRIED.

five seconds for the comfort and safety of many a mariner at sea that stormy night!

To look after the injured keepers was the next work. They hurried down the stairs, and when near the bottom they heard Mr. Pinder asking, in his weak voice, full of pain:

"Is it burning? Is the lamp burning?"

"Yes, sir; the lamp is all right," the boys answered.

"Oh, God be praised for that!" he moaned. "No, never mind me," he went on, as the boys stooped to pick him up. "My—partner. He's down—below on the landing. I dragged him there after I—I—was hurt. Go see to him."

Saying so much exhausted the keeper, and his head sank back on his arm. To pacify him the boys started down after the other man, who was still lying precisely as they had left him. It was not an easy matter to carry him up the steep stairs, but they did it, and laid him out on the floor of the front room.

"His heart is still beating," Rex said, after putting his hand under the man's vest. "He must have been stunned. I think we had better leave him here and look after Mr. Pinder."

But Mr. Pinder had strong objections to being touched. "Oh, my leg!" he groaned, when they tried to raise him. Then, "Oh, my back! Let—me lie; please let me lie—where I am."

Rex found a towel and water, and washed the blood from the injured man's face and bathed his temples; and while he was at this the boys were startled by a cry from below of "Hello here, in the light-house!" and the clattering of boots on the iron stairs; but before they could reply the door opened and their fathers stepped in.

"Why, what are you boys doing here?" Mr. Jenner asked, in astonishment. "And what was the matter with the light?" [Pg 56]

"There has been some accident, sir," Nick replied, "but we don't know yet what. Rex and I came out and found both these men hurt, and we have just been up to light the lantern."

"There seems to be work here for me," said Dr. King, who had been looking about with a professional eye. "You can tell us about it afterward, boys; just now we must attend to these men."

The two keepers were soon laid out on comfortable beds, and under Dr. King's treatment it was not long before the assistant began to show signs of consciousness.

"He has been stunned by a blow on the head," the doctor said, "and we will soon bring him around." But with Mr. Pinder, the principal keeper, it was different. "Bad fracture of the right leg," he announced, after a hasty examination; "some bruises on the back and side, and cuts on the forehead. I think that after receiving the injury to his leg he tried to drag himself up the stairs to light the lantern, but his strength failed, and he fell back, and so received these other injuries."

By the time that Mr. Pinder was made comfortable, the assistant was able to tell what had happened. With the first moment of consciousness he sprang up, and exclaimed:

"The lamp! the lamp! Is the light burning?"

Being assured that all was well with the light, he rested his head on his hands for a moment, and began:

"You see, there are three keepers here, and two required to be always on duty. This morning the second assistant went off to Key West in the schooner, with his wife and Mr. Pinder's wife. That left me and Mr. Pinder here alone. Well, sir, early this evening, about ten or fifteen minutes before it was time to light the lamp, there came a big squall of wind, and picked up a bamboo rocking-chair we had out on the deck, and carried it right over the rail.

"'You lower the boat an' get that chair,' says Mr. Pinder to me; 'we may as well save the chair.'"

"Well, sir, I lowered the boat, and soon got the chair, but I saw it was going to be tight work getting back to the ladder in that sea and wind. Mr. Pinder he saw it too, and he run down to help me; and as I came in a big roller came just at the wrong minute, and bang went my head against one of the iron beams, as near as I can tell. That was the last I knew; but the roller must have caught Mr. Pinder's leg between the boat and the ladder and crushed it. Then, after draggin' me up on the platform, the poor man's tried to crawl up to light the lamp, and he's fell back and cut himself, just as you say."

"I don't know what I can say to these brave lads who came out and lit the lamp for us," the man went on. "I'd rather been killed outright than had that light fail."

"We have something to say about that," Mr. Jenner interrupted. "We were bound for Indian Key, in the schooner *Pelican*, and when we found there was no light we determined to stand out into deep water till daylight. But we must have lost our bearings, for when the first flash of the light came, we saw that we were heading in shore. In two minutes more we should have been on the reefs."

"Yes, that light saved our lives by just about two minutes," said Dr. King. "So we ran down here to see what was the matter. When is your mate coming back from Key West?" he asked the keeper.

"In two or three days," the man answered.

"Then the boys shall stay and assist you till he comes," the doctor went on, "for Mr. Pinder will be unfit for duty for a month or more. The government will not pay you for that, boys," he added,

laying a hand on each boy's head, "but Jenner and I will. When you get home you can pick out the best boat in the harbor; and you shall call her the *Alligator Light*, in memory of this night's good work."

FOR KING OR COUNTRY.

[Pg 57]

A Story of the Revolution.

BY JAMES BARNES.

CHAPTER III.

ON TUMBLE RIDGE.

Although Uncle Nathan was eager to arm his own people and seek a meeting with the "miscreants," who, he declared, were endeavoring to ruin him, Mr. Wyeth's cool counsels and Uncle Daniel's restraining voice prevailed, and nothing had been done.

But Nathaniel Frothingham refused to go to bed, and paced the floor all night. At daybreak he and his brother, with Cloud, the overseer, and Mr. Wyeth, made their way up on the ridge. At first nothing appeared amiss, but when they had gone a short way into the shaft they came upon a scene of havoc.

The Hewes' Mine and the Frothinghams' had been joined into one big excavation that was filled with the débris of the timbers and great masses of ore.

It was true! For some months the Frothinghams had been working upon the other's property. They had been separated only by a thin wall of rock, and it was this intervening partition that had been blown up in the night.

The Hewes' shaft was deserted; but Uncle Nathan, when he reached the air, climbed to a high point where he could look into the eastern valley.

He shook his fist out over the silent woods and meadows. "I'll be even with you, you cowardly rascals!" he exclaimed. "You'll account to me for every bit of it, Mason Hewes, I'll warrant ye." He dashed his hat and his wig upon the ground, and stamped upon them in his wrath.

Suddenly from behind a clump of bushes came three men, walking quickly forward. They were Mr. Mason Hewes, his cousin the tall man carrying the rifle, and a stranger.

They came quite close before a word was said. In the mean time Daniel Frothingham and Mr. Wyeth had placed themselves on Uncle Nathan's either hand, while Cloud had thrown back his coat, showing a big horse-pistol thrust into his belt.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Hewes, stepping ahead of the others. "But some one called my name a moment since; have any of you gentlemen aught to say to me?" He bowed politely, but his face was pale, and it was evident that he was restraining himself only by a great effort.

Uncle Nathan put his hand to his bald head. The absence of his wig appeared to disconcert him, and it was his brother who answered first.

"Yes," said Uncle Daniel. "Here is one who has something plain to say. You are a villain, sir. I am Daniel Frothingham, much at your service."

Again Mr. Hewes bowed. "You are an old man," he said. "But guard your words, I pray of you."

"I need guard no words when talking to a traitor," half shouted Uncle Daniel.

"A traitor to what or whom, may I inquire?" said Mr. Hewes, lifting his eyebrows.

"To your King," was the rejoinder. "I have heard of your rebellious speech."

"We may have no King here shortly," replied Mr. Hewes; "and in saying so I am but far-sighted. Still I warn you, guard your words!"

Nathaniel had by this time recovered his wig and his composure, although he looked redder than ever.

"This is *my* quarrel, brother," he said, turning first to Daniel and then to his hated neighbor. "Look here, you sneering rebel, *I* am not too old, and *my* words shall not be guarded at your orders," he added.

"Hold," said Mr. Hewes; "no need of further talk; do you mean to force a meeting with me?"

"Whenever and wherever you may choose," responded Uncle Nathan.

"This is my cousin and my young friend, Lemuel Roberts; they will wait upon you," said Mr. Hewes, waving his hand towards his companions.

Stilted recognitions followed, and some whispering.

"To-morrow morning, then, at the spring in yonder hollow," announced one of the suddenly appointed seconds. Bows were exchanged, and the two parties walked away and descended the

[Pg 58]

opposite slopes of the hill.

Cloud, the overseer, was evidently delighted with the unexpected turn of affairs. But the rest of the party walked on in silence.

When they reached the house, Nathaniel Frothingham called to Cato, who came into the hall. "Cato," he said, "get out those ebony-handled pistols, and bring them on the lawn."

What fun the twins had that afternoon, and how their uncle rose in their estimation, for at the first shot the stem of a wine-glass placed against a tree-trunk had been shattered, and Uncle Nathan had turned, saying, "I have not forgotten how—eh, Daniel?"

One thing the twins could not understand was why every one should be so glum over a little pistol practice, or why their aunt Clarissa should sit upstairs with her finger-tips in her ears, and her eyes red from weeping.

Something unusual was in the wind, it was easy to see that, but what it was the boys could not determine.

After supper they had made their way to the foundry. From the door of the smelting furnace a huge red beam shot out into the evening twilight, throwing into strong relief the figures of the workmen, who with their puddling-irons were turning the molten streams into the rough sand moulds.

The twins stood there talking softly to one another.

"I say, George," said William, "isn't it time we went back to the house, think ye?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "Let's go around to the pond first. We'll see if there's anything in the traps."

They darted out of the glare of the furnaces and climbed the fence into the road. The pond lay still and quiet in the shadowy gray light, and the twins carefully picked their way across the dam and entered a clump of alders on the other side.

They had not gone more than a dozen steps when a strange apparition appeared to rise out of the very mud at their feet. A tall bent figure with long hair hanging down over its broad shoulders, a pair of deep-set, restless eyes, and a large good-humored mouth, parted in a grin.

"How!" said the apparition, in a deep chest tone.

The boys had recovered from their sudden start. "How, Adam!" they returned.

Adam Bent Knee was one of the few surviving members of the once powerful tribe of Indians that had years before harassed the settlers of New Jersey, and had moved northward and westward before the advancing tide of civilization, leaving a few of its descendants to earn a precarious existence by fishing and trading in small ways with the whites.

The boys had long known the old Indian, and had often greeted him as he passed through the woods tending his traps, or bringing strings of fish down to the settlement to be exchanged for tobacco or a few ounces of sugar. He seldom spoke to the older people, but he always had seemed glad to meet the twins.

As they looked at him after he had arisen from the log on which he had been seated, they saw he held in his hands the ends of two long night-lines whose floats bobbed up and down some distance out on the surface of the pond.

"Any luck this evening, Adam?" inquired George, cheerfully.

"Luck no good now," replied the old man; "luck no good anywhere. Tell old man," said he, suddenly bending forward, "luck no good for him. Tell him look out," the old Indian went on. "Fire, all, everywhere. War! Three red moons! War! Men kill!" He swept his hand about his head, as if indulging in some occult warning.

The boys looked at one another, and, taking hands, passed on. The Indian, without a further word, seated himself again on the log.

A few steps further up the bank the twins glanced at a rough trap near the roots of a huge sumach-bush, and seeing that luck here was also against them, they skirted the bend and quickly crossed the old bridge back to the house. They stole up to bed through the kitchen entrance. A light was burning in their uncle's office. The three gentlemen were in there, and Uncle Nathan was putting his name to a big paper, which the others witnessed with their signatures. It was his will.

Early the next morning the Frothingham twins made their way to the summit of Tumble Ridge on a tour of inspection of their own.

They looked down into the yawning mouth of the pit, but did not descend and could not see the mischief that the big blast had played with the mine that their uncle had reckoned his best bit of property.

The Frothinghams' shaft was not in use, but George thought he heard the rumble of the Hewes' ore cars descending their side of the hill.

So the boys walked over to the fence, climbed to the top and looked down the further slope, then,

balancing themselves, they walked along the rail.

Suddenly they stopped. There, only a short distance from them, leaning against the trunk of a stunted oak, was the hated Carter Hewes. He was looking at them fixedly. "Where's your black nurse?" he said, grinning.

"I suppose you mean our body-servant, sir," said George, keeping his balance with an effort on the rickety top rail.

The larger boy laughed. "You ought not to be out alone," he said.

"We are able to take care of ourselves, and you, too, I'll warrant," said William, who also maintained his post of vantage with some difficulty.

"I dare you to come over on our property," said Carter, moving toward them, menacingly.

Whether the top rail slipped, or whether the challenge was too much for the young Frothingham blood is not to be told, but in an instant both boys were down upon the ground. Carter had removed his coat.

"I'll fight you both," he said.

William plucked George by the sleeve. "Me first," he whispered, removing his hat and turning up his sleeves.

George stepped to one side, and in an instant the two boys were at it without another word.

Some blows were exchanged, and then the combatants clinched and rolled upon the ground, first one on top, and then the other, scratching and striking with all their might.

George danced about them, scarcely refraining from taking a hand himself, and shouting encouragingly.

"You have him, William! You have him!" he cried, waving his brother's hat as well as his own, about his head. "Don't let him hold you down!"

But size and superior strength told at last, and the fighters for an instant separated and rose to their feet. Then it was seen that William had much the worst of the affair. One of his eyes was blackened, and he could scarcely close his small fists, but he faced his opponent bravely, and said, "Come on, come on, sir!" He was panting furiously, and snuffing to keep back the angry sobs. Carter, too, was breathing hard, sharp breaths. His lips were tightly pressed over his teeth, and the corner of his mouth was bleeding slightly. There was another rush, and William went down and lay there, for a blow had caught him squarely on the point of the chin.

George threw down the hats and tore off his coat.

"You said you'd fight us both," he shouted to the older boy, and drove at him, with both arms threshing like a small wind-mill. Carter could not resist the impetus of this fresh onslaught. Tired with his first struggle, inside a minute he cried, "Enough, enough. Two to one is too much for me. I've had enough, I say!"

He had tripped over a branch and had fallen on the ground. George stood over him, and William, recovering, was shouting encouragement in turn.

But further fighting was interrupted just here by a strange appearance. There was something that sounded like a laugh, and, looking up, the three boys saw, standing close to them, the bent form of the old Indian. [Pg 59]

"Ugh!" he said. "Heap fight. Great chiefs." Then he came closer. "No more fight," he said. "Good friends now. Great chiefs."

He held in his fingers a short red clay pipe, from which the smoke was curling.

"I've had enough," repeated Carter, glancing up at George.

The old Indian made a funny gesture with his open hand. "No more fight," he said, at the same time turning round and striking the ground sharply with his moccasined feet.

Something was so amusing in the old man's expression that George half smiled, and Carter, getting up, brushed the dirt from his knees and elbows.



THE PIPE OF PEACE.

"Let's smoke the 'Pipe of Peace,'" he said.

The old Indian seemed to understand him, for soon he sat upon the ground, and motioned the boys to join him.

The four seated themselves in a circle.

Old Adam gravely drew three puffs and made a guttural exclamation, at the same time passing the short clay pipe to George, who took a whiff. It made him cough, and the tears came into his eyes as he passed it on to Carter, who, still breathless, put it to his lips, and inhaled a little of the smoke. He immediately fell to coughing also, but handed the pipe to William, whose left eye was fast closing. William drew a long inhalation, and

almost exploded, the smoke coming from his nose, and the tears running down his grimy face.

Contrary to what is supposed to be the usual custom of the Indian, Adam Bent Knee laughed aloud. "Great chiefs," he said.

Quickly, however, he recovered his composure, and passed the pipe again.

If honors were equally divided in the former contest, the pipe had all the glory of the second encounter, for the boys refused to touch it.

Still dizzy from the effects of the strong tobacco, they stood up and put on their coats.

"Let's go over to the spring and wash our faces," said Carter. "There's no use fighting any more."

No one would have thought that hostilities could be so soon forgotten; but boys forgive easily if they have no mean action cherished against one another.

Old Adam left them, striding off through the trees with a parting injunction to "no more fight."

When the late combatants reached the spring they threw themselves flat in the green soft grass, and washed their heated faces, and there was cemented a friendship between the younger branches of the rival families that was destined to bear most unlooked-for results.

As they lay there talking together they heard the sound of voices, and George arose. "Why, look here!" he said. "Here's our two uncles and your father, Carter; and Dr. Grubb, from the cross-ways, with a big box under his arm. What are they about?"

Looking through the bushes the three lads saw a strange sight.

Uncle Nathan was standing with his arms folded quite alone, and a short distance away was Mr. Hewes, who was stripping the leaves from a twig he held in his hand. Beneath a tree a discussion was being held in low tones between four other gentlemen, and the doctor off to one side was mopping his forehead with a great handkerchief.

The trio of new friends walked boldly out into the open. But they were not prepared for the consternation that their appearance created.

The doctor stopped polishing his brow, and adjusted his old brown wig. Mr. Hewes dropped both his hands, and the group under the tree looked like school-boys caught robbing an orchard.

Nathaniel Frothingham cleared his throat nervously. "What are you doing here, and what have you been at?"

"We've been fighting," said William, promptly. "But we are good friends now, and we've smoked the pipe of peace; have we not, Carter?"

No one spoke, and again an awkward silence followed. At last the Doctor spoke. "A capital idea," he said. "Have you it with you?—ah, eh?—the pipe, I mean."

"No," said Carter. "It belonged to Adam Bent Knee, and it made us all most dreadful sick."

At this Mr. Wyeth laughed, and Mr. Hewes's pale face broadened into a smile.

"Now, I think me that a snuff-box might make an excellent substitute," said the Doctor, walking up to Mr. Hewes and extending a big horn-case.

Mr. Hewes took a pinch, and then with reluctance Uncle Nathan followed suit. Then pinches of the powdered tobacco were exchanged all round.

The Doctor broke out into a roaring sneeze. "Well, gentlemen, methinks the conference is over," he said, and started off with the case under his arm.

Mr. Hewes picked up another box much like it and went away into the woods. The gentlemen lifted their hats to one another, and the party broke up.

"Good-by, Carter," called back the twins. Carter waved his hand. "Good-morrow," he said. "We'll meet again."

After the young Frothinghams had gone to bed that night Aunt Clarissa came up to their room. She kissed them both over and over again.

This display of affection was most disconcerting, and to the twins quite inexplicable, but what she said astonished them also.

"You must have Carter Hewes come to Stanham and see you," said Aunt Clarissa.

After she had left them William rose up on his pillow and shook his brother's shoulder, whispering:

"Uncle Daniel is going to take one of us back with him to London. I overheard him say it. We won't go unless he takes us both. What say you?"

"Agreed," said George, sleepily. "What a strange day it has been, to be sure! They haven't said a word to us for fighting Carter Hewes; and wasn't it funny how we met them all up there? How polite they were to one another, eh?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

BY L. A. TEREDEL.

When first we moved into this street
My Mamma wouldn't let me meet
The other little girls and boys
Out on the sidewalk with their toys.

She said perhaps some naughty child
Would teach me to be bad and wild;
And so for several weeks I stood
At the window being good.

Until a lady came to see
My Mamma, and she said to me:
"My little boy is good and sweet;
We live near by, across the street."

She told my Mamma I must meet
Her little boy across the street;
And so they sent me out one day
To find that little boy and play.

They said he was so very good
He could not be bad if he would.
I almost thought he must have wings,
And other holy sorts of things.

But when the nurse left us at play,
He said to me: "Let's run away;
I know a pond where, if you please,
We both can wade up to our knees!"

THE GIRL WHO COMES TO EARN A LIVING IN NEW YORK.

[Pg 60]

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

To-day in many families of modest means the daughters, as well as the sons, begin, as the school days draw to a close, to consider seriously the question of a career and the best means of earning a living. Every wise girl interests herself not only in the possibilities for success held out by the various professions, but the best method of so ordering her working life that it may result not only in success, but in pleasure and happiness as well. The one does not necessarily imply the other. One may rise in one's profession and earn an excellent income, and yet miss happiness and fail of true success. A wise old lady writing to a young girl of great wealth about to make her début in society, said:

"The really important matter is to *succeed*. Don't make the mistake of thinking that I mean mere success of fashion, money, and rank—though they are all most desirable and delightful things too. I am speaking of the success of being loved, of being popular, useful, and important. To my mind a woman is a success when she holds such a place in the world that her going out of it, at any age, is a severe loss to many people. There must be many so dependent upon her for love, for help, for advice, for pleasure and amusement, that her death leaves a wide gap and a bitter grief. Thousands of women die every day whose going affects no one deeply, except, perhaps, with a sense of relief, and such women I consider failures, whether they were rich or poor, humble or proud."

This is an excellent piece of advice for the girl about to enter on a life of labor, as well as for one destined for a fashionable career. Let a girl then fix her ambition upon a real all-round success, and be content with nothing less.

The most important thing to settle in the beginning is her way of living, which—while the style of it depends in large measure upon her earnings; or upon the allowance she receives from home while she is preparing herself to earn—is capable of infinite variations between the levels of comfort and discomfort, according to her own skill.

There are some so-called women's hotels in New York, but these are, without exception, to be avoided by a young girl with all her might. They are very cheap, but are dirty, squalid, and vulgar. They contain no provision for decent privacy, for adequate bathing, or for proper cleanliness; the food is unwholesome and uninviting, and the society no better than the accommodations, being composed in large part of broken-down failures of the sex, who are little

likely to inspire a young girl with hopefulness or high ideals. Their one recommendation is the exclusion of men, which is not, after all, a matter of importance, since there is no reason why a self-respecting girl should not meet men and enjoy their acquaintance when circumstances and the proprieties admit of it. There is an enterprise on foot to build a woman's apartment-house, where the rooms and flats will be rented only to women working for a living who can furnish adequate and respectable references; where the rent will be low, the accommodations pleasant and pretty, and a restaurant of moderate prices in the building; but as yet this admirable scheme remains unrealized in New York, though similar Ladies' Chambers are settled and profitable institutions in London.

Perhaps the best thing a girl unacquainted with New York can do is to write and secure a room for two weeks at the Margaret-Louisa Home in East Seventeenth Street. This home—one of the many admirable foundations made by the Vanderbilt family—was built for the purpose of providing a safe and comfortable stopping-place for women of small means, and is closely connected with the Young Women's Christian Association in the next street. Owing to the constant demand for admission, no one person may remain longer than two weeks, which, after all, allows quite sufficient time for the search of a permanent abiding-place. In the interim one pays \$3 a week for a room, and finds meals in the restaurant below at very moderate prices. That is to say, one can live there, with economy, at the rate of about seventy-five cents a day.

The best permanent arrangement for a girl young and alone is to find lodgings in a boarding-house. Excellent accommodations in the pleasantest quarters of the city can be had for \$10 a week. This means a small hall room, the use of the bath-room and of the drawing-room, light, heat, attendance, and three meals a day. Two girls can usually arrange to lessen their expenses and double their comfort by taking a double room at \$16. This plan is advisable, because it gives one a home in a clean, healthy, and agreeable part of town; provides ample food, which a girl hard at work requires; and insures attendance and consideration in case of illness. From a social point of view it provides her with entire protection and respectability; she meets and makes friends with a nice class of men and women living in the house, and has a pleasant reception-room in which to receive visits. Madison Avenue and the side streets leading out of Fifth Avenue contain a rich choice of such boarding-houses, but here and there certain streets are considered undesirable places to live, and it is well to select a boarding-house which appears quiet and dignified in its aspect, and whose landlady has the same appearance.

Another method is to take a room in a house that furnishes merely lodgings, where one can be housed for a sum ranging between \$3 and \$5 a week. A small gas-stove will serve for preparing breakfast and a light supper at night, and the hearty meal of the day can be had at a restaurant at one o'clock, when others are lunching. When two girls club together this is not a bad plan. The quickly cooked oatmeal, an egg, and a cup of tea will serve for breakfast; jam, a roll, and a glass of milk make a supper; and there are many cheap restaurants where a table d'hôte midday dinner of the most ample description is to be had for fifty cents, and one portion is ample for two. There are, of course, in the less-fashionable quarters of town, plain, cheap boarding-houses where everything is included for from \$6 to \$7 a week, but these rarely give the use of a general drawing-room, and the accommodations are very plain. Still, in Washington Square, Lafayette Place, and similar places one may by careful search sometimes find excellent lodgings at a most reasonable rate.

Still another method is to rent a large empty room somewhere, usually a sort of loft at the top of a house, and furnish it one's self. This is a popular plan among the girls in the art schools who wish a home and studio combined. They divide off the corners of the room by cheap screens into bedrooms and kitchen, and leave the centre for sitting and work room. They paint their floor to save a carpet, content themselves with a divan or two, a table, and a few chairs, and they do "light housekeeping" by the aid of a gas-stove, tinned goods, and the delicatessen stores, where one can find all manner of cooked dishes needing only to be warmed. When two or three girls combine on such a scheme they can keep their expenses down to about \$18 or \$20 a month each, and have a very good time of it.

There is also apartment life, which is not very dear, and is often most agreeable. Indeed, if it can be afforded, it is the pleasantest of all, since no one appreciates the pleasant privacy and relaxation of home life more than the woman who must face the world and fight her own battle. These housekeeping flats may be had all the way from \$25 a month up, according to size, location, and convenience. A maid-of-all-work will serve as laundress, cook, and house-maid for from \$12 to \$15 a month, and the other expenses can be regulated according to one's means; but when two or three share the expenses, and the pennies are looked after closely, this is not an expensive mode of life.

Dress is possibly the next most important point for consideration, for nowhere is a woman judged more by her appearance than in New York. This does not imply that a girl unable to dress expensively need ever suffer from that fact, but it does mean that gewgaws, frippery, loud colors, affectations of masculinity, slovenliness, or eccentricities of costume will severely militate against the success, socially and financially, of a girl who comes to New York to earn her living. New-Yorkers possibly more than others are very sensitive as to the appearance of persons they are seen with, and many a pleasant clever girl has found it hard to get on here because she could not or would not realize that people did not like to be seen walking with her in the street, and shrank from presenting her to their friends because her appearance seemed to require an explanation on their part that she was better than she looked.

It is not infrequent that a high-spirited girl, when warned of this, replies proudly that those who judge her by her clothes are unworthy of her consideration, and are no loss as friends, but such

an answer, though natural perhaps, is certainly foolish. Strangers and new acquaintances are necessarily ignorant of her qualities of mind and heart, and their only clew to her character is her outward appearance. Very properly they reason that a dignified, well-bred girl would be likely to dress with quiet, inconspicuous neatness, and if they find no such outward indication of refinement, they see no particular reason to continue the acquaintance on the possible chance of their being mistaken. Of course capable women can conquer this prejudice in time, but it certainly seems hardly worth while to deliberately place in one's path an obstacle to be overcome.

Avoid fierce frizzy untidy fringes, fluttering ribbons, cheap finery, high-heeled shoes; flee the short-haired, mannish, hands-in-pocket swagger, the dirty plush and draggled cheese-cloth attempt at æstheticism, and, above all, eschew the still more unforgivable offence of dingy fingernails, greasy skin, unbrushed skirt edges, and unblackened shoes. There is still another type of girl who needs a suggestion. She of plain appearance, who apparently has become convinced of the uselessness of any attempt to beautify herself, and who screws her hair into an uncompromising knot at the most unbecoming angle; wears, if she is near-sighted, great steel-bowed spectacles instead of *pince-nez*, and arrays herself in colors and costumes which seem specially chosen for their unsuitability to her coloring and figure. Each and all of these need to be reminded that success in life consists as much in being a charming and agreeable-looking woman, sought after as an acquaintance and companion by refined and pleasant people, as in winning fame and money by one's own efforts.

The wardrobe needed by a girl who is in New York for work instead of play is very simple, and not at all expensive. The serge or cloth tailor gown, consisting of a skirt and coat, has grown to be as much a uniform of the well-dressed business woman as the simple regulation morning suit is that of the business man. These can be had at prices ranging from \$12 to \$30, ready made in the big shops, or can be ordered from a tailor for about \$35 or \$40. The latter is the more advisable purchase, as the material is so good and the cut so recent that a serge gown, if of medium weight, can be worn summer and winter for two years. An addition of a heavy outer coat or cape makes such a costume sufficiently warm for any weather one is exposed to in New York, and by leaving off the coat and wearing the skirt with a bodice, the hottest weather of summer can be endured. If, added to this, one possesses a pretty silk costume, with one high-necked and one low-necked bodice, one is provided to meet all social as well as work-a-day demands upon one's wardrobe. In New York one either wears street dress and a bonnet, or else full dress. A demi-toilet is not necessary except when one can afford to indulge one's tastes regardless of economy. To the theatre, to restaurants in the evening, for calling, at afternoon teas or luncheons, for any social event, in fact, that occurs in the daytime or in a public place one wears a street dress and bonnet or hat. For even the simplest dinner parties—unless, indeed, one is the only guest and the invitation is impromptu—evening dress is the correct wear, and if by chance one has an invitation to a box at the opera, it is again customary to wear evening dress. Sitting in the orchestra stalls in the opera one would wear street dress and bonnet.

For morning and business wear the tailor skirt and coat, worn with a quiet-colored bodice, would be accompanied by a plain walking hat, with no more trimming than a few cocks' plumes, low-heeled walking shoes, and heavy dark gloves. If one's business lay in an office there should be worn as few rings or jewelry of any description as possible. It is considered a sign of great carelessness to go upon the street with no gloves, or with gloves half on, or not tidily buttoned; and nothing has a more provincial appearance than to have one's feet crowded into high-heeled boots.

Certainly New York provides as much innocent and inexpensive amusement for the girl who earns her living as any other city in this country—if one knows where to look for it. Two girls can go alone together to the theatre at night in perfect safety—that is, if their manner is quiet and dignified, and not such as to attract attention. A very respectable and respectful class of neighbors is found up in the cheap, fifty-cent galleries of the better class of theatres, and one may see all the best actors for small sums and in perfect comfort. The Sunday night concerts at Carnegie Hall and the Berkeley Lyceum afford one a chance to hear the best music and listen to the most famous soloists and singers for prices ranging from two dollars to fifty cents; and here again it is quite correct to go in couples without other escort.

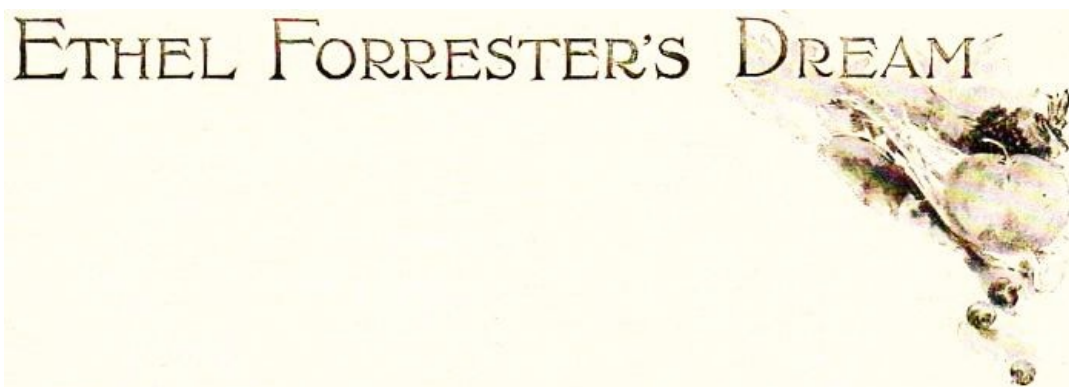
A little pains will keep one cognizant of the many free lectures. Five dollars is the cost of a yearly subscription to the Mercantile Library, and provides one with the best books, and the Astor and Lenox libraries are open without charge to those who have time to use their reading-rooms. The Museum of Art, with its ever-growing collection of pictures, models from the antique, gems, statues, musical instruments, silver, laces, tapestry, etc., is open without charge five days of the week, and this museum, the zoo, and the Museum of Natural History are all in Central Park, which affords one all the loveliness of nature, as well as tennis, skating, and boating.

In summer a few cents will make one very familiar with New York Harbor by means of its many ferry lines to all the various points, and for tiny sums one can go by the elevated trains and their continuations, in the form of steam trains and trolleys, upon fifty charming country excursions. There are a number of working-girls' clubs, where one can find companionship of one's own age, and can join classes for learning to make one's own dresses, trim one's bonnets, typewrite, embroider, dance, and endless other accomplishments. The churches offer, beside spiritual help and benefit, the best music, the most inspired eloquence, and in many instances splendid ceremonials and treasures of art. Much is said about the loneliness of strangers in New York, but loneliness and ennui in such a city simply arise from laziness and lack of intelligence. A girl with only half a dozen acquaintances here can still find some expedition, some delightful musical,

artistic, dramatic, or literary experience, to fill every moment that she can spare from her work.

Socially New York is a delightful place for a girl of small means who is yet agreeable, intelligent, and refined. But let her from the first carefully refrain from making the mistake of forming intimacies without discrimination. She should make up her mind as to the class of persons she wishes to know, and wait for that class. The easy conquest of an inferior grade of social life will only prevent her ever gratifying her better ambitions, for acquaintances once made are not easily got rid of, and she will be unfavorably judged by those she wishes to know when they see her associates. Let her fill her life with such pleasures as are to be had for the taking, and let her wait for the natural course of events to bring her friends. The first year is always the hardest and loneliest, but suddenly one finds after about a twelvemonth that people have become aware of one's existence, and begin to recognize whatever one may possess of amiability or cleverness. Then one's "good times" begin. The New-Yorkers are generous, hospitable, and friendly, and are glad to offer all the pleasantest forms of amusement and hospitality to an agreeable girl who looks neat and attractive and is amiable and vivacious.

In conclusion, it may be suggested that a girl would do well to connect herself with some church and interest herself in some charity. There are none so poor and so friendless that others do not need their aid, and apart from all the moral help and restraint to be found in serving others, such work brings one in contact with the very best and noblest women, from whom one learns to form noble ideals, and to discriminate between apparent and real success in life.



[Pg 62]

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

CHARACTERS:

ETHEL FORRESTER.
ELISE FORRESTER, *sister of* ETHEL.
FIRST FAIRY.
SECOND FAIRY.
ELGIN, *a fairy messenger*.
GENIUS OF THANKSGIVING.
PURVEYOR OF TURKEYS (*a boy*).
MISS MAIZE.
MISS CORN TASSEL.
ROSY-CHEEKED APPLE (*a girl*).
GOLDEN PUMPKIN (*a boy*).
NUTS AND RAISINS (*a boy*).
RED CRANBERRY (*a girl*).
BEETS, CARROTS, AND TURNIPS (*a boy*).
MISS GRAPE.
MISS MINCE PIE.
MISS CELERY.

SCENE.—Ethel's *bedroom*.

Enter Ethel Forrester. *She throws off her hat and shawl, and sits upon her cot-bed.*

Ethel. So tired! So tired! Shall I ever get rested? To-morrow is a holiday, but for me a sad one. I have no nice dinner for mamma and Elise. I hoped something would turn up. But nothing has. After all, things don't turn up. You have to wade right through things. It's foolish to expect, for instance, a nice dinner to drop from the clouds for us, mamma and Elise and me; yet unless one does we shall not stand much chance of anything except bread and tea. Here are my car fares, though. I will buy an orange for mamma, and two apples for Elise. They've got to be content with that. What time is it? (*Clock strikes outside.*) Twelve, I do declare. Well, I'm too tired to undress. I

am sleepy—and hungry. To-morrow is—Thanksgiv— [*Falls on the bed, and sleeps.*]

Enter two Fairies. They stand, one on each side of Ethel's head, wave wands over her, and sing "The Fairies' Sleep Charm."

Sleep, dear one, sleep, and close thy tired eyelids;
Good angels wake and watch till morning light.
Love sees the trouble and the brave endurance,
And soon, for thee, dear child, will all be bright.

First Fairy. She seems quite exhausted.

Second Fairy. She does indeed.

First Fairy. A brave little struggler?

Second Fairy. She is.

First Fairy. But she is trying to carry too big a burden.

Second Fairy. Much too big.

First Fairy. I love to see her rest.

Second Fairy. She is smiling now, and reposing.

[*The Fairies walk away from the bed and sit down.*]

First Fairy. Do you know why she is so late in getting to bed?

Second Fairy. No.

First Fairy. She carried a bonnet to Miss Van Noir, with strict orders to see the lady herself, and find out whether the bonnet suited. Miss Van Noir was at dinner with a party of friends, and the maid would not disturb her. It was ten o'clock before the lady saw the little girl and tried on the bonnet. After that, to save her car fare, Ethel walked home. So, no wonder she is late and tired.

Second Fairy. I see no preparations for a Thanksgiving dinner in this house.

First Fairy. Ethel's mother is ill. She has lain in bed some weeks, and may never get well. If she could go to the hospital and have good nursing, she might recover. But she will not leave her little girls. She thinks she can look after them, although so ill. But there is no prospect of a Thanksgiving dinner here. That is plain to see.

Second Fairy. What does Ethel do to earn money?

First Fairy. She is cash-girl and errand-girl in a milliner's establishment. Every one in the house wants her, and sends her on countless errands, so that madame herself is not so tired sometimes at night as my little Ethel there.

Second Fairy. Poor little soul! How much better off she would be if she were a fairy! I never heard of a sick or tired fairy. Did you?

First Fairy. No. But though we never feel fatigue nor suffer hardship, we sympathize with mortals.

Second Fairy. Oh yes, we do!

First Fairy. Now I am thinking.

Second Fairy. What?

First Fairy. Could we get somebody to give these little girls a home and put their mother in a hospital, how nice it would be!

Second Fairy. Nice indeed.

First Fairy. I will summon the elfin messenger, and see what can be done.

Second Fairy. Count on my assistance.

[*Fairies arise, make motions with their hands, and repeat,*]

Hither hasten, lovely boy,
Whom we fairy-folk employ;
Here are errands to be done,
Finished ere to-morrow's sun.

Enter Elgin, the messenger, a boy of six to eight years.

Elgin (bowing).

Fairies dear, I heard your call;
Elgin is my name.



First Fairy. Come hither, good Elgin. Wilt run errands in the air for us to-night?

Elgin.

Only let me know your wish,
I will do that same.

First Fairy. Behold yon sleeping child.

Second Fairy. She sleeps sweetly under our loving enchantment. Do you see her?

Elgin. Fairies, I do. 'Tis a young and gentle face.

First Fairy. Knowest thou a lady rich and lonely who would give a home to this girl and her sister?

Elgin.

You ask a most uncommon thing.
Most mortals are so cold and hard,
To wealth and luxury they cling,
And if they give, they seek reward.

Second Fairy. But, Elgin, think. Rich, lonely, and with loving hearts. Are there no such among mortals?

Elgin.

A few, no doubt;
To find one out,
That is the enterprise.
One can but try,
And that will I
Beneath the starry skies.

First Fairy. But prithee think quickly, Elgin, boy. Time waits not.

Elgin (musing). Idle and frivolous—she won't do. How would a maiden lady do? I know one living in a large and beautiful house, her father's dying gift. She has no one to love her, and no one to love. Shall I go to her, Fairies? One can but try.

[Pg 63]

First Fairy. Now you are my sweet Elgin. Ask her in dreams to-night. And, dear boy, on thy way bid hither the Genius of Thanksgiving and many of his sprites. We can arrange a little dinner for to-morrow.

Elgin. Depend on me, good fairies dear. [*Exit.*]

Second Fairy (walking to Ethel). She sleeps and smiles. Rest, sweet one.

Enter Rosy-cheeked Apple, a girl dressed in red cheese-cloth, and Golden Pumpkin, a boy in yellow.

Both Fairies. Welcome, sprites—Rosy-cheeked Apple and Golden Pumpkin. We have work for you to-night.

Rosy-cheeked Apple. It's frosty out to-night, so we ran and tumbled, and Golden Pumpkin there, jolly boy, rolled till we came hither.

Golden Pumpkin. 'Twas a merry game of tag, sister, and I won.

Rosy-cheeked Apple. Naughty boy, I won. Last tag was mine.

Golden Pumpkin. Well, then it's mine now.

[*Touches her, and together they play tag around the room, nearly knocking over Nuts and Raisins, Red Cranberry, and Beets, Carrots and Turnips, who enter.*]

Nuts and Raisins (dressed in brown). Why, here's fun! Let's join the game.

[*All play tag.*]

[*Enter Genius of Thanksgiving, fat, jolly, corn-husks for hair, trimmed in any fantastic way with pop-corn, strings of raisins, apples, etc.*]

Genius of Thanksgiving. Tut, tut, sprites! Not so fast, my fine fellows. Here, now. Peace! Silence!

[*Catches one by the ear, shakes another, and soon the sprites are quiet.*]

Nuts and Raisins. We were but having a little game of tag, master.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Another time, sprites. Now there's work to be done. Have you made your manners to the ladies? Oh, saucy children! Fairies, forgive them.

First Fairy. Since the sleeping child was not disturbed, 'twas of no consequence, sir. You were kind to come at our call, Genius of Thanksgiving. Here is a family that you have overlooked. There is no dinner provided for to-morrow. Is it too late?

Genius of Thanksgiving. Why, how comes that? (*Looks over a long list of names.*) No, the name—what is it, Forrester?—is not here. Well, that's a sad omission. No, ma'am, it's not too late. Sprites, you must hustle and bustle, and get up a first-

class dinner for the Forresters. Do you hear?

Sprites all. We hear—we will.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Are we all present? No. [*Impatiently taps on the floor.*]

Enter Purveyor of Turkeys, strutting. He gobbles.

Purveyor of Turkeys. Good-evening, master, and you, Fairies.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Sirrah, Purveyor of Turkeys, you're late. Have you a fine fat turkey left?

Purveyor of Turkeys. I have, sir. The demand was terrible this year, but I have laid by a few, thinking they would be wanted for late dinners.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Save us a good one, then—twelve-pound weight. Is that big enough, Fairies? The family is small, I believe.

First Fairy. That will do, sir.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Will you have it cooked or uncooked.

Second Fairy. Uncooked. But pray do not forget the stuffing.

Enter Miss Maize and Miss Corn Tassel, dressed in white and yellow.

Miss Maize. Who speaks of turkey stuffing? I will attend to that.

Miss Corn Tassel. Yes, we will furnish the bread and biscuit, the butter and thyme, and I can add the eggs.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Miss Maize and Miss Corn Tassel, young ladies, you are late. But there are others later still.

Enter Miss Grape, elegantly attired in purple.

Nuts and Raisins. Ah! See Miss Grape, our purple sprite. So pretty, so graceful! Did Master Frost speak with thee, child?

Miss Grape. He did indeed take my hand, and waltz me hither.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Nay, I warrant me, he stopped not there.

Miss Grape. He pressed a kiss upon my cheek. He said 'twould give it a richer bloom.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Well, naughty, pretty child, canst give us grapes for our Thanksgiving dinner?

Miss Grape. That can I, both white and black, pretty to look upon, sweet to taste, and no harm within.

Genius of Thanksgiving. So? Good! Child, do. And you shall have my thanks.

Enter Miss Mince Pie, dressed in mixed black and white.

All shout. Oh, late Mince Pie! What has made thee late?

Miss Mince Pie. Your honor, I got lost. I thought I would take a short way hither, and it proved thrice as long as the other. I came whizzing, and nearly left my breath behind me.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Next time, Miss Mince Pie, take your shortening in your crust, and don't put it into your feet. But listen. Have you spices and boiled cider, apples and beef, so as to make us a right merry mince pie to eat after the Forresters' turkey to-morrow? Good heavens! It's today. The night is waning. We must hasten.

Miss Mince Pie. Your honor, as fine a mince pie as ever went on a Thanksgiving table shall be ready for Ethel Forrester's dinner to-morrow.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Thanks. And now where is the cranberry jelly?

Red Cranberry. Your honor, I have a fine mould ready.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Ah! Red Cranberry, you are just the sprite to attend to that. And Beets, Carrots, and Turnips?

Beets, Carrots, and Turnips. Here, sir. I will furnish a goodly array of vegetables.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Golden Pumpkin, a pie from you, rich, thick, and yellow. Plenty of cream and eggs, sirrah.

Golden Pumpkin. I know a good pie when I see it.

Genius of Thanksgiving. Rosy-cheeked Apple, some of your best, please?



**WHY, NO, THE NAME IS NOT
HERE!**

Rosy-cheeked Apple. I have beauties, sir.

Enter Elgin.

Elgin. Good-morning, your honor, and you, sprites. I was hurrying here, and passed a beautiful young lady combing her hair. She seemed nowise in a hurry. Miss Celery—

All. Miss Celery! Where is she? No dinner can be complete on Thanksgiving day without her.

Enter Miss Celery, dressed in white and green.

[Pg 64]

Miss Celery. Did you call? I did but sleep a little, but methought you called.

Genius of Thanksgiving (sternly). We did call. 'Tis no time to sleep, the night before Thanksgiving. Have you, miss, two nice crisp bunches of celery?

Miss Celery. Yes, your honor, four if you like.

Genius of Thanksgiving. No, two. But your very best. And now, Fairies, the dinner is arranged. The night passes. My sprites must be busy. Go, children, weave a spell over the ovens. Let nothing burn. Have everything well baked. See to the dinners of the poor as well as the rich. Let no one go hungry on Thanksgiving day. And see to it that Ethel Forrester's dinner is complete.

First Fairy. Dear good Genius of Thanksgiving! How can we thank you enough?

Second Fairy. Dear friend, how old are you? Pardon the question, but I am mystified—you seem so old and so young.

Genius of Thanksgiving.

Ah! ask me an easier question;
I am older than any one thinks.
Why, I've perched on the eaves of Palmyra,
And slept on the breast of the Sphynx.
But yet I am young as the youngest,
With a heart that can never grow old,
For my work is Love's own inspiration,
Defiant of hunger and cold.
So, Fairies, to you let me bow my adieu.
Come, sprites, with a whirl and a flurry,
To get this well done will be jolly great fun,
But I tell you we'll all have to hurry.

[*Exeunt Genius and sprites.*]

First Fairy. What a splendid fellow Genius of Thanksgiving is! So well preserved!

Second Fairy. Doubtless he may live a thousand years yet.

First Fairy. I hope he may.

Elgin. As fine a fellow as ever breathed. But, Fairies, the morning dawns. Have you further commands for your most willing servant?

First Fairy. No, thank you, boy. You have nobly done. We can only thank you.

Elgin. The Fairies' thanks are sweet reward. I go, then, to my mountain cave, where all the day I lie and sleep, and when night comes I wake again and fly and run in the sparkling night air. [*Exit Elgin.*]

Second Fairy. This night's work could not have been done save for that merry boy.

First Fairy. True. He is a treasure. But now we must remove the charm from Ethel, and waken her.

[*Both advance to the bed, and stand one on each side of Ethel. Fairies repeat the waking charm:*]

Wake, dear one, wake; unclosethy rested eyelids;
The night is gone, the beauteous morning breaks.
The angels know the day will bring you gladness,
So please accept the gifts that Heaven makes.

[*Ethel stirs, the Fairies step lightly towards the door.*]

Second Fairy. They say mortals do not believe in us.

First Fairy. Perhaps Ethel will when she sees the basket of good things which even now I hear the sprites leaving at the door. But let us hasten—the dawn will come.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Ethel moves, sits up on the bed, looks around the room, rubs her eyes, and seems bewildered.*]

Ethel. Are they all gone? How beautiful—fairies and sprites in my poor little room! (*Smiles.*) Only a dream, I suppose. But so real. What a funny old Genius of Thanksgiving it was! [*Laughs aloud.*]

Enter Elise with a note.

Elise. Oh, sister, I heard you laugh, so I knew you were awake; otherwise I would not have disturbed you, for you, poor thing, were so tired last night. But, Ethel, a most wonderful thing has happened. So wonderful, it seems like a dream.

Ethel. The night abounds in dreams. I have had one. I must tell it, if I can.

Elise. But hear mine first, dear. I think it was about two o'clock when I heard feet in the passageway and a noise at the door. I was frightened, but did not alarm mother; for why should burglars visit our poor home? After a while the noise ceased, and I ventured to get out of bed and softly open the door. There stood—what do you think, Ethel?

Ethel. I know.

Elise. No, you don't, you goose.

Ethel. I do know.

Elise. Silly child. Listen, a large basket—

Ethel. With our Thanksgiving dinner in it—a turkey and cranberry jelly. Oh, how pretty Red Cranberry was in her bright dress—and Nuts and Raisins—and Beets, Carrots, and Turnips—what a funny boy he was.

Elise. Ethel! are you ill?

Ethel. No, dear. And Miss Mince Pie was late, but she got there, and Golden Pumpkin was to make a pumpkin pie—

Elise. You are out of your head! Oh, my poor sister! you are coming down with a fever on Thanksgiving day—[*Begins to cry.*]

Ethel. Nonsense, darling. It was my dream. But I will wait and tell you about it later. Go on with your story. I am not ill.

Elise. Are you sure? You talk so strangely.

Ethel. I'll prove it soon by helping to eat the best dinner in all the land. Oh, Elise, we will have as good a dinner as the queen! [*They hug each other.*]

Elise. Well, there's everything nice in that basket. I was so impatient, I put my hand in and felt to the bottom.

Ethel. Are the grapes and celery there?

Elise. There are black grapes and white, dear—mamma will like those—and two lovely bunches of celery.

Ethel (laughs). Excuse me, but Miss Celery was late because she was combing her hair and taking a nap.

Elise. Sister!

Ethel. That's in the dream too. But it was funny. What is that note?

Elise. A letter lay upon the top of the basket, addressed to you. I have not opened it. Do hurry and read it.

Ethel (opens and reads).

"MY DEAR ETHEL,—For some time I have had my eye upon you. I see in you a brave little girl struggling under burdens too heavy to be borne; your little sister is scarcely less brave and sweet in the care she gives her sick mother. She wins my love also. Children, will you come and live with me for a while? I will send your mother to a private room in the hospital, where she shall have everything to make her better. God grant she may recover! Meanwhile, and for as long thereafter as you and mamma are willing, you shall stay with me and be my little girls. When mamma is well, why, we have a house big enough for her too. My coachman will place at your door, during the night, your Thanksgiving dinner. I hope it will taste good. I will call in the course of to-morrow afternoon, and learn if you are coming to me. Remember, children, I need you. My heart is a mother's although I am an old maid, supposed not to have any heart. Will you come to

"Your loving friend,
"PHEBE WILSON.

"P.S.—I have spoken to madame, and Elise is not to return to her work there. She may call the morning after Thanksgiving and receive what wages are owing her."

Elise. How wonderful! It is all like a fairy story!

Ethel. It is a fairy story. I did not know who was going to take us, though. Elgin did not mention her name. But I wonder I did not think of Miss Wilson. She is rich and lonely, and has a warm heart. Those were Elgin's conditions, and he found her.

Elise. Elgin?

Ethel. That's the dream again. Come, Elise, let us see if our dear mother is awake. I am nearly

bursting with this good news. And I must tell you my dream. For, you see, the letter and the basket just agree with the dream. And after I have told my dream, and we have read the letter, and seen our Thanksgiving dinner, why, if you and mamma don't believe in fairies, you're funny people, that is all. (*Kisses her hand to the air.*) I believe in you two dear fairies, at all events.

EXEUNT.

ABSALOM.

[Pg 65]

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

It was a few days before Thanksgiving, and Herbert was out in the woods with his father shooting. It was lovely autumn weather, and the dreamy Indian-summer smiled upon the few yellow leaves that still fluttered on the woodland boughs. Herbert was the first to break the silence:

"Papa, I hope you are not going to kill dear old Absalom for Thanksgiving. Let's try to shoot a wild gobbler, instead."

"But there are no wild gobblers around here, my boy," replied the father.

Herbert thought of the solitary turkey in their barn-yard, and it made him very sad to think that that poor bird should be beheaded for the Thanksgiving feast. And this was because the early summer rains had killed Absalom's little brothers and sisters, and left him to make his way on the farm as best he could. Herbert well remembered the morning when he brought Absalom, limp and almost dead, from the coop, and wrapt him in flannel, and put him under the kitchen stove to dry. And he reflected upon the pleasure he had experienced in bringing the little fellow up until they became companions. Many a time the gobbler had jumped upon his knee and made himself as much at home as he possibly could have done upon the bough of a tree. Herbert had fed him with scraps of meat and bread, until Absalom followed him about and seemed to feel that they were brothers. Herbert, like Absalom, had neither a brother nor a sister, and this may have been one reason that they were inseparable friends. Now when Herbert thought of Absalom in the light of a feast, it was like a little Chinese boy thinking of his pet poodle being made into pies and patties.

"You are not really going to eat Absalom on Thanksgiving, are you, papa?" asked Herbert, sadly.

"He's a fine fat gobbler," replied the father, evading a direct answer—"he's a fine fat gobbler, Herbert, and you know what the gobbler's mission is."

Herbert knew very well from his father's remarks that Absalom would be killed that very night, to be eaten upon the morrow, and he was very sad as they trudged homeward. But when he did arrive at his home he determined to do his best to save the old gobbler's life. Going down to the barn-yard, he was met by the bird, which, not being suspicious of his impending doom, ran gayly to meet his little friend.

"Oh, Absalom," he said, "they would eat you to-morrow!"

"Eat me to-morrow?" mused Absalom, wearily, for up to this time he had imagined that he was simply ornamental, like a peacock. "I don't quite understand you. Pray explain."

Then Herbert told him about Thanksgiving day and its sacred traditions, and the poor bird was so badly upset that he couldn't conceal his emotion. He hurriedly wiped a tear from his eye with his left wattle, and thrust his head beneath his wing to conceal the fact that he was weeping. Herbert took him gently in his arms, and said, as he laid his cheek against his head,

"Well, they sha'n't kill you if I can help it."

And then he stole softly into the house, and, without being seen, carried Absalom up to the garret, and perched him gently on a rafter in a dark corner. He then put a little red shawl over him to protect him against the draughts, and fastened it just over his wish-bone with a safety-pin.

"Now you must keep perfectly still until to-morrow is over."

"I will do so," promised Absalom.

"Promise me that you will not forget yourself and go 'gobble, gobble, gobble,' for if you should do so you would certainly be discovered, only to become a memory and a dinner."

"I won't gobble once," replied Absalom; "I fully appreciate the importance of keeping still."

Then Herbert gave him an ear or two of pop-corn that was hanging in the garret to dry, and afterwards went down stairs and brought him some tea-biscuits and cracked English walnuts.

"You shall be the first gobbler on record to celebrate Thanksgiving by having a feast instead of making one. Here is some nice celery, and here is a handful of minced meat, and you shall have all you can eat to-morrow."

"I shall never forget your kindness," said the gobbler, with feeling. "This is twice you have saved my life—once from being drowned in the rain, and once from being eaten with cranberry sauce. Believe me, I shall never forget your kindness."

Just then they were startled by the voice of Herbert's father downstairs.

"Michael," said he, "just go down to the barn-yard and chop the head off that gobbler!"

It was an awful moment for Absalom, who almost shivered himself off his perch.

After awhile Michael returned, long-faced and empty-handed.

"I cannot find the gobbler, and I think the old Uncle Ned who works here by the day has stolen him for his Thanksgiving dinner."

Herbert's father was so indignant at the disappointment occasioned by the reported loss of the gobbler that, without the slightest consideration for the old darky, who was working in the celery ditch, he shouted,

"See here, Uncle Ned, why did you steal our last turkey?"

"I didn't steal him, sah!" replied Uncle Ned, with a crestfallen air.

"Then get right off the place, and don't let me see you around here again," shouted the proprietor, with great indignation.

Uncle Ned dropped his spade and went sullenly away, while Absalom smiled through his tears on the old dusty rafter in the dark corner of the garret.

"Now what are we going to have for Thanksgiving dinner?" inquired the head of the house. "It's three miles to the village, the butcher's will be closed in an hour, and we can't even get a steak!"

"Say, papa," suggested Herbert, "let's have nothing only dessert. What do you say? Nothing but plum pudding; that'll make a fine old dinner."

Although the adults of the family frowned on such a suggestion, the family had to make out a dinner on plum pudding or go hungry. Herbert had never eaten so fine a dinner before; and when it was over he slipped up to the garret with a plateful for Absalom.

"What in the world is this, Herbert?" asked the bird, as he smacked his bill.

"It's plum pudding with hard sauce for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Well, it's mighty fine, and I think it must be called hard sauce, because it's hard to find anything else quite so good."

So he ate away until he fell asleep. In the bright rosy morning he returned to the barn-yard, greatly relieved and in buoyant spirits.

"Take Uncle Ned right back to work at once," said Herbert's father at about noon to Michael.

"What, after stealing the gobbler?" asked Michael.

"He didn't do it," responded Herbert's father, meekly; "he didn't do it. I just met the gobbler, and I admit that while I am not oversuperstitious, the mysterious disappearance of that bird when he was ripe and due for the axe, and his sudden return when the danger had passed, fills me with dire foreboding, and makes me think he'll bring me good luck if I only treat him right. So I am not going to kill him even for Christmas, but intend to feed him on the fat of the farm, and let him die of old age. When I saw him a little while ago he actually winked at me and grinned, and that was too much for my suspicious temperament."

So Uncle Ned was at once restored to his former position, and Absalom thrived and lived to a grand old age, the faithful companion of his devoted little friend and preserver.

THE REAL DOLL.

[Pg 66]

BY H. G. PAINE.

On little Frances's birthday
She had dolls of every size:
Baby dolls and lady dolls,
And dolls in mannish guise.

She had china dolls and rubber dolls,
Wax, worsted, wood, and some
That squeaked when Frances squeezed them hard,
And others that were dumb.

She had a little sailor doll,
A boy doll dressed in blue,
A doll that rode a bicycle,
A colored dolly, too.

But one and all she passed them by,
And cried with glad surprise:
"Oh, look, I've got a *real* doll!"
'Twas the doll that shuts its eyes.

STRADDLED ON A MAD MOOSE.

BY HUBERT EARL.

We sat around the big open brick fireplace in the main cabin of the camp, watching the birch logs as the flames greedily licked them and threw forth a strong ruddy light upon our faces. What with the guides and a few old veterans we made quite a party. Hunting stories had been the topic of the evening's conversation, and I, who had seldom hunted (this being, in fact, my first trip into the region), had listened to these stories very much interested. The camp was situated on an island in one of the numerous lakes found along the borders of northern Maine. It consisted of a few log cabins, with a large one in the centre, where we were at the moment congregated. The night air was very cold, and Billy, our host, had predicted a frost before morning. Billy was practically born in the woods, and knew every sign that could be learned. It was a pleasure to watch his quiet face as he pulled away on a big black cigar, gazing the while reflectively at the blazing logs. While I watched him my eyes drifted now and then around the walls of the cabin. Stacked in the corners were rifles and shot-guns of all descriptions, and strung along the log sides, upon wooden pins, rested fly-rods innumerable, their polished reels catching and reflecting the flicker of the fire.

Off in the shadowy corner a rude stairway, with moose-legs for rails, went climbing up into the loft overhead, and in the deepest part of the shadow I made out the head of a magnificent bull moose with immense spreading antlers. As I looked at it, it seemed to appear exceedingly savage, and the glass eyes had been so skilfully placed that in the flickering light they stared in the most baleful manner. Involuntarily I drew my chair closer to Billy's, and patiently watched his cigar dwindle down, ever and anon glancing at the ferocious-looking head behind me.

In a short time the conversation lulled, and I ventured to ask Billy to tell the story connected with the shooting of the moose behind us. "It is sure to be interesting," I said, "for he looks as if he died fighting hard."

Billy glanced at me in a protesting sort of way, but the chorus of requests for the story was too much for him.

"Well, boys," he said, "just give me a moment till I load my pipe, and I'll tell it to you; and you can judge for yourselves whether it is interesting or not.

"It was ten years ago coming winter when I had a camp near the mouth of the river below here. Some of you saw what's left of it when you came over the Parmachene trail yesterday. I was all alone that fall, except for an occasional hunter or so going up the trail, and for some reason deer was scarce. Well, I was hugging the fire one cold evening early in November, when I heard a loud crash outside the camp. Now that meant one of two things: either a windfall had taken place, or some large game was floundering through the bog near at hand. Seizing my rifle, I slipped out of the cabin.

"I looked in the direction from which the crash had come, but I could see nothing. Softly launching my canoe, I placed the rifle in the bottom of it, to be handy, you know, and started to paddle up the stream a little way. I had probably gone about fifty feet when a branch snapped, and then came a tremendous crash. The sound was close at hand, and I gave a quick look in the direction whence it came. The night was too black to see much, but I made out the huge stump of a tree that I had often thrashed for trout from. Immediately back of this stump lay a tangle of dead trees. I had stopped paddling, and the current of the stream was slowly drifting the canoe towards it, and, with my rifle ready, I waited for a sight of the game. Judging from the noise of the last crash, I knew it must be near the stump.

"Most of you boys can appreciate what my feelings were at the moment, for I felt pretty sure of big game and a good stock of meat. It took but a few seconds to drift around to the lee of that stump, and I quickly brought up with a thump against some of the dead wood in the bog. What I saw gave me a start, for there in the deep shadow stood the largest bull moose it has ever been my fortune to run across.

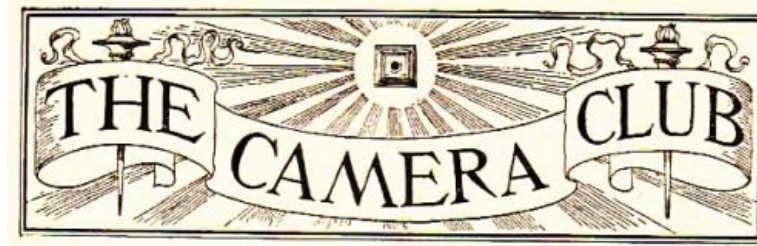
"Well, I'm an old hunter, guide, or whatever you want to call me, and have tracked deer from boyhood, also bear, moose, and caribou; but, boys, when I saw that magnificent bull glaring at me I grew feverish with excitement, and for a few minutes I simply stared back at him. I guess we were not more than twenty feet apart, and as far as I could tell through the steam rising from him, he was caught in the bog some way, and was fighting mad.

"I had been at close quarters with moose before, but never saw such dangerous-looking eyes. Raising my gun, I aimed as well as I could just back of his fore-shoulder. I felt shaky, though, and the sights went bobbing up and down like a cork float. I tried hard to get her steady, and when I had her fairly so I fired.

"There was a most unearthly, savage cry, and the dark body with those fearful eyes and antlers launched itself forward at me. I had hit him, but, as I afterward discovered, the bullet had cut along through the skin behind the fore-legs, and the pain forced the supreme effort by which he freed himself from the bog. He was rapidly coming for me when I let fly at him again. By this time my blood was up, mad with disgust at having missed killing him at such close range. I hit him the second time, and hit him hard, but on he came as though nothing could stop him, and I had just time enough to plant another bit of lead in him when he threw himself half out of the water and

planted his forehoofs clean through the canoe. I knew I could never get away from him, as his savage eyes were watching me, so when I saw what his game was, I made a leap for his back as his hoofs went crashing through the canoe. As I landed on him I caught his antlers with one hand, drawing my knife with the other. Well, boys, I actually laughed at my queer position, and I dare say that moose was more than surprised. For a moment he couldn't realize where I had gone to and what was on his back. That moment of hesitation probably saved my life, for I reached over and drove the knife into him as near the heart as I could judge.

"There were a few seconds of trouble, during which I hung on to his antlers, until finally, with a big toss of his head, he threw me out into the stream. I had lost my knife in the struggle, and knew if he was not done for it was all up with me. So I swam away as rapidly as I could, expecting every minute to hear him after me. But his last effort had settled him, and, with a cry of satisfaction, I looked around, to find him again caught in the bog. He was dead at last, and with a rope I hitched him to the stump. The next morning I hauled him up to the camp, and, after some trouble, secured the canoe and rifle. He gave me the gamiest fight of my life, and that is the reason his head—the finest specimen you've probably seen—stands in the camp to-day."



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

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 15.

BROMIDE PRINTS.

Bromide paper differs from the printing-out papers both in manner of using and in the finished picture. Bromide paper is a paper coated with silver bromide and gelatine in emulsion, and is first printed and then developed in the same way as a negative. The prints when finished are a brilliant black and white.

This paper may be prepared by the amateur, but the ready-prepared papers are so reliable and so inexpensive, that it is really cheaper to buy the paper already sensitized. One great advantage of bromide paper over printing-out paper is that in using it one is entirely independent of day or sunlight. Strong "plucky" negatives are the best for bromide printing, but very good prints may be made with weak negatives by carefully timing the printing.

All the process of working bromide paper, except that of the printing, must be conducted by a red or yellow light. Open the package of paper in the dark-room, and the negative being already in the printing-frame, adjust a sheet of paper over the negative. The face of bromide paper may always be distinguished by its *curling in*. Cover the frame with a dark cloth, open the door of the lantern, and get your timepiece ready, for one must always print by exact seconds; never guess at the time. Uncover the frame and hold the negative about fifteen inches from the flame of the lamp, and if the negative is an ordinary printing one, expose to the light for ten seconds. Cover the frame immediately, close the door of the lantern, take the print from the frame, and if you wish to develop it at once soak the paper in clear water till it is limp enough to lie flat. Place it in the developing-tray face up, and flood it with developer. One may use almost any kind of developer with bromide paper. Eikonogen and hydrochinon are good developers, and do not stain the hands; but ferrous oxalate is the developer most used.

The image on the paper should develop rather slowly, and come up clear and brilliant. Develop till the detail is well out and the shadows deep enough. Pour off all the developer, leaving the print in the tray, and cover it with a solution composed of 1 dr. acetic acid, and 32 oz. of water. Allow this to act one minute; turn off, and repeat the operation twice more. Wash the print thoroughly, and place in a fixing bath of hypo, 3 oz.; water, 16 oz. After fixing, wash for an hour in running water, and hang up to dry. If prints are washed in running water they should be taken from the bowl two or three times during the washing, and the bowl filled with clean water. If running water is not used wash in ten changes of water, allowing the prints to remain ten minutes in each change of water.

In bromide prints one must be very careful to have all dishes used in the operation strictly clean. Greenish tones in the prints are caused by over-exposure and too much bromide in the developing solution. Yellow prints are caused by under-exposure, and too long development. In developing rock the tray in all directions. If it is rocked in one direction only, the prints will be streaked. Do not let water run directly on the prints, as it will cause blisters.

Bromide prints are always satisfactory, require no burnishing, do not fade, and when well printed and developed resemble engravings. They can be used for book illustrations, and will not curl or exhibit any of the disagreeable traits of the aristo prints.

Will SIR KNIGHT HARRY HAMNER, of Philadelphia, please send his street and number? The Editor wishes to write to him in regard to a branch Camera Club in Philadelphia—which it is hoped he will organize.

THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

III.—ELECTRIC COOKING.

"Hurrah!" cried Jimmieboy, in ecstasy. "This is great, isn't it?"

"Pretty great," assented the Imp, proudly. "That is, unless you mean large. If you mean it that way it isn't great at all; but if you mean great like me, who, though very, very small, am simply tremendous as a success, I agree with you. I like it here very much. The room is extremely comfortable, and I do everything by electricity—cooking, reading, writing—everything."

"I don't see how," said Jimmieboy.

"Oh, it's simply a matter of buttons and batteries. The battery makes the electricity, I press the buttons, and there you are. You know what a battery is, don't you?"

"Not exactly," said Jimmieboy. "You might explain it to me."

"Yes, I might if I hadn't a better way," replied the Imp. "I won't explain it to you, because I can have it explained to you in another way entirely, though I won't promise that either of us will understand the explanation. Let's see," he added, rising from his chair and inspecting a huge button-board that hung from the wall at the left of the room. "Where's the Dictionary button? Ah, here—"

"The what?" queried the visitor, his face alive with wonderment.

"The Dictionary button. I press the Dictionary button, and the Dictionary tells me whatever I want to know. Just listen to this."

The Imp pressed a button as he spoke, and Jimmieboy listened. In an instant there was a loud buzzing sound, and then an invisible something began to speak, or rather, to sing:

"She's my Annie,
I'm her Joe.
Little Annie Rooney—"

"Dear me!" cried the Imp, his face flushing to a deep crimson. "Dear me, I got the wrong button. That's my Music-room button. It's right next the Dictionary button, and my finger must have slipped. I'll just turn 'Annie Rooney' off and try again. Now listen."

Again the Imp touched a button, and Jimmieboy once more heard the buzzing sound, followed by a squeaking voice, which said:

"Battery is a noun—plural, batteries. In baseball the pitcher and catcher is the battery; in electricity a battery is a number of Leyden jars, usually arranged with their inner coatings connected, and their outer coatings also connected, so that they may be all charged and discharged at the same time."

"Understand that, Jimmieboy?" queried the Imp, with a smile, turning the Dictionary button off.

"No, I don't," said Jimmieboy. "But I suppose it is all right."

"Perhaps you'd like an explanation of the explanation?" suggested the Imp.

"If it's one I can understand, I would," returned Jimmieboy. "But I don't see the use of explanations that don't explain."

"They aren't much good," observed the Imp, touching another button. "This will make it clear, I think."

"The Dictionary doesn't say it," said another squeaking voice, in response to the touch of the Imp on the third button; "but a battery is a thing that looks like a row of jars full of preserves, but isn't, and when properly cared for and not allowed to freeze up, it makes electricity, which is a sort of red-hot invisible fluid that pricks your hands when you touch it, and makes them feel as if they were asleep if you keep hold of it for any length of time, and which carries messages over wires, makes horse-cars go without horses, lights a room better than gas, and is so like lightning that no man who has tried both can tell the difference between them."

Here the squeaking voice turned into a buzz again, and then stopped altogether.

"Now do you understand?" asked the Imp, anxiously.

"I think I do," replied Jimmieboy. "A battery is nothing but a lot of big glass jars in which

'lectricity is made, just as pie is made in a tin plate and custard is made in cups."

"Exactly," said the Imp. "But, of course, electricity is a great deal more useful than pie or custard. The best custard in the world wouldn't move a horse-car, and I don't believe anybody ever saw a pie that could light up a room the way this is. It's a pretty wonderful thing, electricity is, but not particularly good eating, and sometimes I don't think it's as good for cooking as the good old-fashioned fire. I've had pie that was too hot, and I've had pie that was too electric, and between the two I think the too-hot pie was the pleasanter, though really nothing can make pie positively unpleasant."

"So I have heard," said Jimmieboy, with an approving nod. "I haven't had any spेरience with pie, you know. That and red pepper are two things I am not allowed to eat at dinner."

"You wouldn't like to taste some of my electric custard, would you?" asked the Imp, his sympathies aroused by Jimmieboy's statement that as yet he and pie were strangers.

"Indeed I would!" cried Jimmieboy, with a gleeful smile. "I'd like it more than anything else!"

"Very well," said the Imp, turning to the button-board, and scratching his head as if perplexed for a moment. "Let's see," he added. "What is custard made of?"

"Custard?" said Jimmieboy, who thought there never could be any question on that point. "It's made of custard. I know, because I eat it all up when I get it, and there's nothing but custard in it from beginning to end."

The Imp smiled. He knew better than that. "You are right partially," he said. "But there aren't custard-mines or custard-trees or custard-wells in the world, so it has to be made of something. I guess I'll ask my cookery-book."

Here he touched a pink button in the left-hand upper corner of the board.

"Milk—sugar—and—egg," came the squeaking voice. "Three-quarters of a pint of milk, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, and one whole egg."

"Don't you flavor it with anything?" asked the Imp, pressing the button a second time.

"If you want to," squeaked the voice. "Vanilla, strawberry, huckleberry, sarsaparilla, or anything else, just as you want it."

Jimmieboy's mouth watered. A strawberry custard! "Dear me!" he thought. "Wouldn't that be just the dish of dishes to live on all one's days!"

"Two teaspoonfuls of whatever flavor you want will be enough for one cup of custard," said the squeaky voice, lapsing back immediately thereafter into the curious buzz.



THE ELECTRIC CUSTARD.

"Thanks," said the Imp, returning to the table and putting down the receipt on a piece paper.

"You're welcome," said the buzz.

"Now, Jimmieboy, we'll have two cup custards in two minutes," said the Imp. "What flavor will you have?"

"Strawberry cream, please," said Jimmieboy, as if he were ordering soda-water.

"All right. I guess I'll take sarsaparilla," said the Imp, walking to the board again. "Now see me get the eggs."

He pressed a blue button this time. The squeaky voice began to cackle, and in a second two beautiful white eggs appeared on the table. In the same manner the milk, flavoring, and sugar were obtained; only when the Imp signalled for the milk the invisible voice moored so like a cow that Jimmieboy looked anxiously about him, half expecting to see a soft-eyed Jersey enter the room.

"Now," said the Imp, opening the eggs into a bowl, and pouring the milk and flavoring and sugar in with them, and mixing them all up together, "we'll pour this into that funnel over there, turn on the electricity, and get our custard in a jiffy. Just watch that small hole at the end of the funnel, and you'll see the custard come out."

"Are the cups inside? Or do we have to catch the custards in 'em as they come out?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh, my!" cried the Imp. "I'm glad you spoke of that. I had forgotten the cups. We've got to put them in with the other things."

The Imp rushed to the button-board, and soon had two handsome little cups in response to his summons; and then casting them into the funnel he turned on the electric current, and Jimmieboy watched carefully for the resulting custards. In two minutes by the clock they appeared below, both at the same time, one a creamy strawberry in hue, and the other brown.

"It's wonderful!" said Jimmieboy, in breathless astonishment. "I wish I had a stove like that in my room."

"It wouldn't be good for you. You'd be using it all day and eating what you got. But how is the custard?"

"Lovely," said Jimmieboy, smacking his lips as he ate the soft creamy sweet. "I could eat a thousand of them."

"I rather doubt it," said the Imp. "But you needn't try to prove it. I don't want to wear out the stove on custard when it has my dinner still to prepare. What do you say to listening to my library a little while? I've got a splendid library in the next room. It has everything in it that has ever been written, and a great many things that haven't. That's a great thing about this electric-button business. Nothing is impossible for it to do, and if you want to hear a story some man is going to tell next year or next century you can get it just as well as you can something that was written last year or last century. Come along."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



[Pg 69]

By defeating St. Paul's at Garden City a week ago Saturday, Pratt Institute won the Long Island interscholastic football championship for 1895. If the players and the students of the Institute are satisfied with the methods by which this victory was obtained they should be welcome to the empty honor. The Pratt eleven is a good one, and might very probably have won the game by fair and square football; but to send one of their players to Garden City as the guest of that school a number of times during the early fall, and to allow him to make note of the signals and the plays in use by his hosts, and then to play against St. Paul's, armed with this ill-gotten knowledge, is an act beneath contempt, and one for which any sportsman must turn away in disgust. The man who did this can offer no excuse for his sneaking and dishonorable conduct. When caught in the act of taking the St. Paul's signals he was driven like a malefactor from the field, but he returned brazenly with his companions, and put his ill-gotten knowledge to disgraceful use in a contest with gentlemen. The guilt of all the Pratt Institute football players is second only to that of their informant, for by using the information he obtained by such dishonorable means they showed approbation of his course, and placed themselves upon a level with him who violated the confidence of a host.

The St. Paul's team this year is a very good one. The men have not had the advantage of as many games as the other teams of the Long Island League, but there is a strong school spirit at Garden City and an excellent system of training, both of which tend to the development of good athletes. I have seen several of the league teams play this fall, and have carefully noted the game put up by each eleven. St. Paul's plays a harder, faster, and more scientific game than any other team on Long Island. Their play is more like that of a college Freshman team. This is well illustrated by the way they line up, the quick work of the quarter in giving signals, and the knack which all the men have of getting into every play. The offensive play is much stronger and better than the defensive, the latter being rather weak. I noticed little fumbling by the St. Paul's players, and that is the hardest of any fault to overcome.

In the game with Pratt Institute, the play on both sides was sharp and snappy throughout, in spite of the fact that the Garden City team was badly crippled. Glenny, the right guard, broke a rib while skylarking just before the game, and played against the advice of his physician. E. Starr was also laid up with an injury to his knee, and could not play. The line was therefore considerably weakened, and the team did not put up the game it is capable of. Only eight points were scored in the first half—one touch-down and goal, and a safety. During the first three minutes of play in the second half, St. Paul's carried the ball to Pratt's five-yard line, but lost it on a fumble. This seemed to dishearten the team, and after that Pratt forced the centre for long and steady gains. The halves were of twenty-five and thirty minutes' duration, and the final score was 26-0. St. Paul's took their defeat manfully, and do not intend, as has been reported, to enter any protest against the Pratt team. There is another and a better course for them to pursue.

An agreement has been made between St. Paul's and the Berkeley School, covering a period of three years, to play an annual game of football on Thanksgiving day, the first contest of the series to take place (at Manhattan Field, if possible) a week from Thursday, in the morning. This is a good thing, for it will bring together representative schools from the sister cities, and the great game cannot fail to be benefited thereby. Such annual contests between large schools, if properly conducted, should soon attract almost as much of the public interest as inter-collegiate contests, for there are more school-boys in New York and Brooklyn than there are college men, and if not as many persons interested in the sports of the former as in those of the latter, they are at least of a better and less promiscuous class. The schools should aim to have these tournaments as free as possible from the quarrels and bickerings that have lately characterized inter-collegiate

football, and that frequently crop up in interscholastic sport; but between two institutions of the standing and make-up of Berkeley and St. Paul's there should be small likelihood of any such unpleasant occurrences. One good feature of the meetings that I have already heard of is that the admission fee will be twenty-five cents. The debarring thus of the speculative evil on the part of the managers is a good omen.

The Berkeley School team that is to meet St. Paul's is undoubtedly the strongest that the school has ever put into the field. It is made up of excellent material, and has been coached by a man thoroughly familiar with the game. By defeating De La Salle at the Berkeley Oval a week ago the team won first honors in the second section of the New York League, and it will undoubtedly take the championship on the 29th. Immediately after the Pratt-St. Paul's game Berkeley challenged Pratt Institute to play a match at any time, but the Pratt Captain hesitated about accepting, and the matter is still unsettled. As there is no agreement for an inter-city game this year, it is to be hoped that the Pratt management will have sufficient sporting spirit to accept the challenge.

Lawrenceville and the Hill School of Pottstown will meet on the gridiron next Saturday, and the contest should be a close one, for up to date of writing the Pennsylvania School has met no defeat this season. Their chief victory was over the Princeton second eleven, and their hardest game against U. of P. '98, in which neither side scored. The team is a light one—very much lighter than Lawrenceville's—but it has had good training, although it has suffered from a lack of frequent games with other elevens. This last disadvantage will tell in the contest with Lawrenceville, and, although I expect to see the Jersey men win, they will by no means have a walk-over.



**Schuyler, r.h.-b. Davis, r.e. Kiefer, l.h.-b.
(Capt.) Lowndes, r.t. Mills, r.g. Paxton, r.t.
Dean, l.g. Dallam, sub.**

**Monypeny, f.-b. Rodgers, l.e. Fincke, q.-b.
Chadick, c.**

THE HILL SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Hill School eleven is particularly strong behind the line, where Kiefer, Schuyler, and Monypeny make a trio of backs of which any preparatory school might well be proud. Kiefer, Captain, who plays left half-back, has played several years on the team. He is the fastest runner in the school, and a remarkably clever dodger. His punting has improved noticeably this year, and he tackles hard and low. Schuyler, the right half-back, was also a member of last year's eleven. He is a brilliant though unsteady player, running low and hard. When he hits the line he rarely fails to make his distance. Owing to his tendency to fumble he is not so reliable as the other backs. Monypeny, who fills the position of full-back, has proved a great surprise. Last year he played on the second eleven, but was never regarded as anything above an ordinary player. Since the present season opened he has shown steady improvement, until at present he is regarded as one of the best all-around men on the eleven. He is a strong line backer, and for hard and sure tackling is not surpassed by any man on the team. Fincke, at quarter, is another old man. He is cool and clear-headed, his strongest point being his ability to get into the interference quickly. His tackling has improved greatly over that of last year. In the line, Chadick, at centre, is new to the position. Compared with the average centre he is small and light, but what he lacks in these respects is more than offset by his strength and grit.

The guards are being played by Dean and Mills. Dean played on the second eleven last year, and has improved steadily through the season. Mills is a new man, but has the making of a good football player in him. Carelessness seems to be his main fault. Lowndes and Paxton, the tackles, are also old men, though the former has played one of the guards before this year. As an all-around football player Lowndes undoubtedly excels any other man who ever represented the Hill. He is not as heavy as could be desired, but he more than makes up for this lack by his great strength and activity. In every play his tackling is fierce, and as a ground-gainer he can always be relied on. His early football experience was obtained at St. Paul's. Paxton, the right tackle, still shows the effects of a severe illness, which necessitated his leaving school last year. His work, though, has shown steady improvement of late, and in the interference he is especially strong. The ends are looked after by Davis and Rodgers, both members of last year's second eleven. Davis has developed into one of the best ends the school has ever had, while Rodgers, who plays a sandy game, is somewhat handicapped by his light weight.

Owing to the Hill School's somewhat isolated location—isolated in the sense of neighborhood to other large private schools—it has no close rival, such as Andover used to have in Exeter and now has in Lawrenceville, and such as the Berkeley School in this city and St. Paul's of Garden City are gradually becoming. At present Lawrenceville comes the nearest to occupying this position, but the Jersey school is so much larger in point of numbers that it out-classes the Hill in most contests. Considering this superiority of Lawrenceville's, therefore any victory over her by the Hill School must be doubly creditable.

The difficulty between the Brooklyn Latin and High-Schools has been referred to a committee for settlement, although it seems as if the Association ought to have decided upon the question at once at their last session. The dispute originated in the recent football contest between the two schools. When the game was about half over, Captain Lutkins of the Latin School team protested to the officials that the High-School team were playing their ends back of the line, which he said was a violation of Rule 30, Section C. The officials held different opinions as to the interpretation of the rule, and the game was allowed to go on as before. At the League meeting the representatives from the Latin School protested the game for this reason, but the protest was not decided, and a special committee was appointed to pass on the question. The umpire, in a letter to the League, said that an agreement was entered into, previous to the game, by which it was understood that both teams could play both ends back of the line. The referee in his letter has denied that any agreement was entered into before the game relative to this point. To complicate matters further, it appears that the umpire had been coaching the High-School, and the referee was an ex-member of the Latin School. (The moral-seeker will find food for meditation in this situation!)

The absurdity of the argument that both teams had agreed to allow the ends to play back of the line is apparent. The teams were playing under the rules of the L.I.I.S.F.B.A., and these rules clearly state that in football contests the Intercollegiate code is to be followed. This code is equally clear in its statement that "Not more than three men shall group themselves at a point behind the line of scrimmage before the ball is in play. Seven men or more shall be on the line of scrimmage until the ball is in play, except that the man playing the position of either end rusher may drop back, provided he does not pass inside the position occupied by the man playing adjacent tackle before the ball is put in play." A delegate from Poly. Prep. quoted this paragraph at the League meeting, and very justly objected that the captains had no right to make any agreement, even if they had done so, because such an agreement obviously violated the rules.

[Pg 71]

The League delegates, however, in their ponderous wisdom did not take this view of the question, and threw the responsibility from their shoulders by appointing a committee to decide the knotty issue. The latter ought to have but little difficulty in doing this if they can read the English language. Two things are plain: 1st. That the rules were violated if two end-men played back of the line, whether or not the captains had an agreement. 2d. That both the referee and the umpire who officiated at the game are ignorant of the rules, and incompetent, and should never be permitted to act as officials again until they have proved themselves capable of fulfilling the duties required of them. Further, the Latin School Captain is entirely in the right in the matter, and the game should go to his men, or, better, since both elevens violated the rules, the match should be void.

Comment on the game between Bridgeport and Hartford High-Schools for the championship of the Connecticut High-School League must be deferred until next week, owing to lack of space in this number. It was a stirring contest, and I want to devote more space to it than I should be able to to-day. A criticism of the Berkeley School team is also crowded out.

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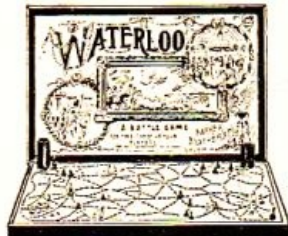
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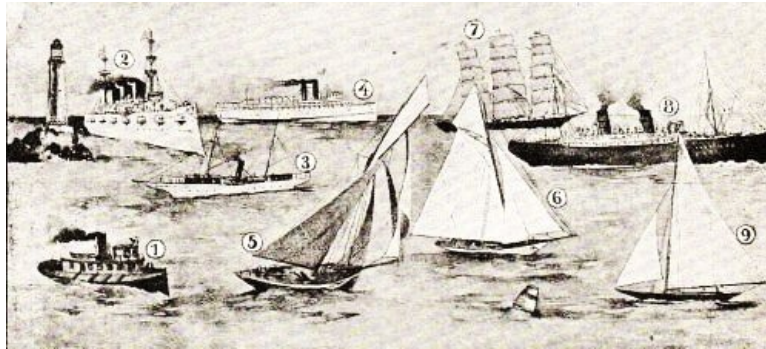
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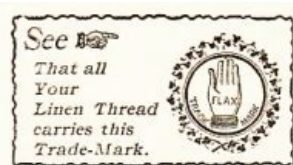
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direct to Stoughton. (Country hilly, but road in good condition.) At the fork of the roads in Stoughton keep to the right along the North Easton Branch. Here there is a fine level stretch. Cross over the railroad bridge to South Easton, continue across the Brockton and Easton branch, and after a run of about a mile and a half turn to the right onto the turnpike near by the school-house pump in front of it. On nearing Taunton you approach a large cemetery on the left, and there a turn may be made to the left, thus avoiding the car tracks, and bringing the rider to the main road at the Catholic church. From here on there is a direct road to the Green, following the tracks to the City Hotel. Now follow the tracks to the left, and at their end turn to the right and pass the church. After crossing the railroad bridge make one turn to the left, go over the Taunton River, and keep direct road to New Bedford. The road for the entire trip varies from good to first-class macadam, telford, and gravel. After leaving Taunton there is a spin of about eleven miles on the side path, the condition of which varies according to the weather, being at its best after a good rain. The roadway is quite level for most of this distance, but two good hills are encountered, the descent of the first one covering about a mile. At East Freetown bear to left across the bridge. Sisson's is a popular picnic-ground about six miles this side of New Bedford. At the head of the river the fine macadam road begins. Follow the car tracks until after crossing the railroad, then go up the hill one block, turning to the left onto Pleasant Street, and continuing direct to City Hall. Distance about fifty-seven miles. Mansion House at New Bedford is headquarters for wheelmen.

Let Everybody Attend.

We hope you will not refrain from attending the Munroe Reception and Reading on Wednesday evening, November 30th, because of the distance from the centre of the city of the hall in which it is to be held. It proved impossible to secure any other suitable meeting-place on the required date. Besides, St. Agnes Hall is easily reached, even by Brooklyn or Jersey City members. Take the Sixth or Ninth Avenue elevated and get off at Ninety-third Street station. The hall is at 121 West Ninety-first—a few doors west of Columbus Avenue. The hour is eight o'clock sharp, and the affair will be over early, so that you will not be out late. Everybody is invited—members, parents, Patrons, all their friends, and all readers of this periodical and their friends. There is to be no admission fee charged, but a collection is to be taken for the School Fund. Mr. Munroe will tell stories of travel and read from his own published works. Let us give him a hearty welcome.

A Knight who Deserves Help.

Sir Knight John H. Campbell, Jun., 413 School Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, is willing to take the lead in the holding of a fair at an early date in aid of the School Fund. He wants to hear from other members of the Order in and around Philadelphia. Of course he wants most to know those willing to lend him active aid, but he will gladly welcome contributions, articles to sell, and help at disposing of tickets. Won't you write him?

Sir John is an active and philanthropic Knight. He represents Sir George D. Galloway's bright amateur paper *The Albemarle*, is interested in autographs, and is well worth knowing. So please help him.

Questions and Answers.

Leonard Nagel may send to the address given, and application blanks will be forwarded him, or at least further hints will be given him about getting into the naval apprentice schools. "California" asks how to get into Annapolis Naval Academy. Apply to your member of Congress.

Asks Sir Freeman Scales: "Does it make any difference at what age a person enters the law school of any of the large colleges? And what is the limit? Is high-school the highest one before

applying for admission to the college? Is it harder to pass the examination to enter Yale than Harvard?" There is no age limit for entrance to the law schools. One can enter most of them without having graduated at high-school. To the last question, no. At Harvard there are more elective studies than at Yale. Apply for catalogues and requirements of admission. Address the Dean in each case.

"I want to exchange wild flowers and ferns," writes Daisy Damman, who lives—where do you think?—in Hazel Park, Warburton, Victoria, Australia. She is a Lady of the Order, and has a large collection of Australian fauna. Ned and Neil MacNeale ask the name of a periodical that treats of hunting and fishing. They might try *Forest and Stream*, New York. Gerty Clare, 234 Garside Street, Newark, N. J., who does fancy-work well, and has plenty of time for it, is willing to do some for any Chapter fair, at least a part of the proceeds of which fair are to go to the School Fund. She wants to be a corresponding member of some literary Chapter. Will some one write her?

Harry Arthur Powell asks for information about our Order membership. The rule is, 1. Once a member always a member. Those coming in under eighteen are Knights and Ladies, those over eighteen, Patrons. Knights and Ladies remain such without regard to age, and never become Patrons. In a certain few cases, where it is unfair not to give young members a chance, prize competitions are limited to those under eighteen. Where no age is mentioned, competition is open to members of all ages. But our prize offers, question privileges, the furnishing of morsels, etc., are intended to be open to members only, not to the general public.

STAMPS.

[Pg 75]

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.

Attention is called to another threatened deluge of purely speculative stamps. No philatelist should buy any of the following:

PERU.—*Pierola Issue*. 2, 5, 10, 20, and 50 centavos, bearing date on left side of the stamp "Setiembre 10 de 1895." These stamps were issued and good for postage for ten days only (September 10 to 20, 1895).

GREECE.—*Olympian Games Issue*. No list of the different proposed values has been issued, but probably there will be the same number of denominations as the present series, viz., 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 40, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, and 200 lepta.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—*O.S. Issues*. The present government has taken the entire stock on hand of old issues, and surcharged them O.S., and, furthermore, are supplying them with postal cancellation. These are consequently counterfeits, and should be avoided. The N. S. W. government has offered these stamps (36 adhesives, 11 envelopes) at \$10 per set.

TRANSVAAL.—A commemorative 1-penny stamp, rose-color, oblong shape.

AMOY.—Another of the Chinese locals.

HUNGARY.—Millennium stamps. Complete details have not yet been received concerning this proposed issue.

BELGIUM.—A new issue of Postage-due stamps appeared November 1st. Values are to be 10, 20, 50 centimes, and 1 franc.

PHILATUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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[Pg 76]

WHAT KIND OF A MONKEY IS THIS?

THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

BOBBY. "We should always be thankful for blessings, shouldn't we, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Bobby."

BOBBY. "But blessings are not like arithmetic, are they?"

MAMMA. "Of course not. Why should you be thankful for arithmetic?"

BOBBY. "Because I knew my arithmetic to-day, and wasn't kept in."

TOMMY'S THANKS.

I'm thankful for the nice red drum
Aunt Mary gave to me;
I'm thankful for the glossy pug
That frisks about my knee.

I'm thankful that our orchard old
Is full of rosy fruit;
I'm very thankful that I have
A canvas football suit.

I'm thankful for the fading tree
That shakes the chestnuts down;
But most of all I'm thankful for
The turkey crisp and brown.

R. K. M.

"Oh!" groaned Tommy, the day after Thanksgiving, as he took a bitter dose of medicine, "I wish I hadn't been so thankful yesterday."

HALF-PRICE.

It is very difficult even for a dealer in cheap clothing to get the better of Pat, as the following story, told by a London journal, well illustrates.

Pat was a witty Irishman, who had just arrived in London from the Emerald Isle. He was aimlessly wandering about the town, when he perceived a suit of clothes at a shop door inscribed: "This superior suit for half-price." So in Pat walked and inquired the price.

"Just sixteen shillings, sir," replied the shopman.

"Begorra, that's chape enough!" said Pat. "I'll take it."

When the parcel was tied up, he put it under his arm, and laying eight shillings on the counter, was going out at the door, when the shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded another eight shillings.

"Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the suit was sixteen shillings, and sure haven't I given you the half of it? And by this and by that, I won't give up my bargain!"

A scuffle then ensued, and Pat was taken to the police court, where he pleaded his cause so ably that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, and advised the tailor never again to ticket his goods with "Half-price!"

THE TURKEY'S PRIDE.

This joyous pride the turkey feels
Strutting erect as he is able,
Will be transformed to us when he
Is roasted brown upon the table.

ABOUT THE RAINBOW.

We all know the Scriptural interpretation of the rainbow; but mythology has also had its say upon the same theme. The Scandinavians thought it was a celestial bridge, by which the gods passed to and fro; it was doomed to break down at the last day. Children are still sometimes told that if they will walk to the spot from which the rainbow springs they will find a pot of gold. There was an idea that the rainbow draws up water by means of two golden dishes, which it sometimes lets fall, and which have been secured by lucky finders. A Black Forest legend asserted that the rainbow draws its water by a golden goblet, and that a shoe thrown into a rainbow would return filled with gold. In Servia the folk used to say that to pass beneath a rainbow changed the sex—made a man a woman, or the reverse. The Suabians, when there is a double rainbow, say that it is the devil trying to imitate the work of God.

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