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IN FRONT OF A SPANISH CRUISER.
FOR KING OR COUNTRY.
A NEW LIFE.
THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.
GIRLS AND CHAFING-DISHES.
BAGGED IN MIDSTREAM.
LEAVES AT PLAY.
WHERE THE CANARIES COME FROM.
IRVING'S STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE.
INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT.
BICYCLING.
THE CAMERA CLUB.
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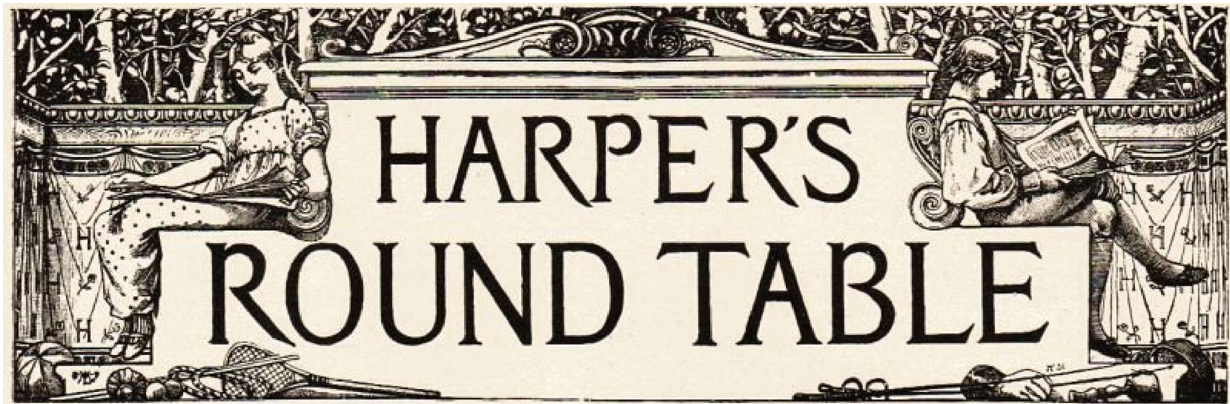
STAMPS.



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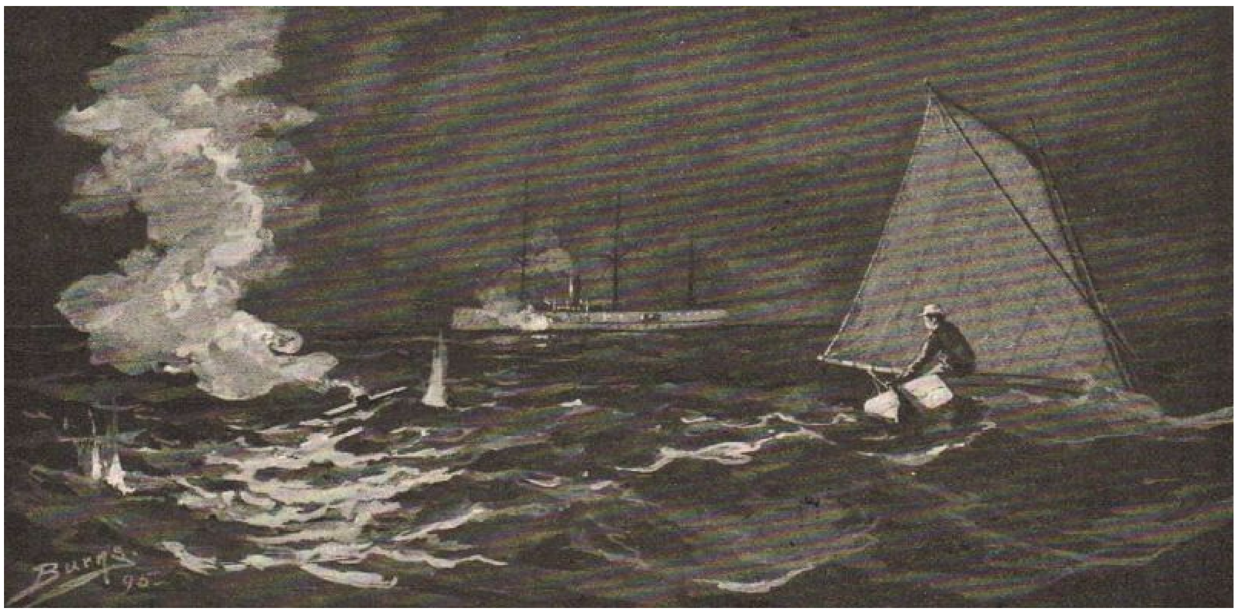


IN FRONT OF A SPANISH CRUISER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"An hour's sport with a Spanish cruiser—that's what it will be," Benito Bastian said to himself.

But the care he was giving to his boat looked like more serious business than an hour's sport. She is a swift sharpie that he called *Villa Clara*, after his native town, and she was drawn up on the beach and turned over, and Benito was scraping her clean. If she ever did fast sailing, he wanted her to do it that night.

"Let this wind hold, and give me a dark night," he went on, "and it will take a faster cruiser than *El Rey* to catch me."

Benito is a handsome dark-eyed Cuban boy, who lives on the little Cuban island called Ginger Key, forty miles north of the Cuban coast. The boys of Ginger Key, like their older brothers, are full of excitement just now; for occasionally a band of Cuban patriots makes its way over from Florida and goes into hiding in the thick woods, and watches its chance to land on the coast of Cuba. These hands need guides; and it is the Ginger Key boys who know the waters well, and the coast too. Benito handles his sharpie to perfection on the darkest nights and in all kinds of weather; and as to helping his countrymen, the Cuban insurgents, he feels about it just as the Boston boys felt about Bunker Hill.

"I ought to be doing something for the cause," he said to himself several months ago. "It's a pity I'm only sixteen; they may think I am too young. But I know these waters as well as any man on the key."

He looked down regretfully at his bare feet and legs, for his trousers were rolled well up. He took off his old straw hat and smiled at it; but he could not see how his brown eyes flashed, nor how handsome his brown hair looked, waving in the wind. He is tall and strong for his age, and brown as a berry—not only from the sun, but by nature.

"Yes, they'll say I'm only a boy, that's sure," he continued; "so I must have my wits about me if I want to get a chance."

Two large parties of armed men Benito saw land on Ginger Key, and saw neighbors of his pilot them across to Cuba, dodging the Spanish cruisers. Then a third party came and went into camp, while the schooner *Dart* cruised up and down in the Florida straits. This last party staid so long that something seemed to be wrong, and Benito made up his mind that he might be useful; at any rate, he would try. He said little, but learned all he could, and when the opportunity came he went to the leader of the party.

"You don't get away very fast," he said to the leader, taking care to speak in a low voice. "It's ticklish work, landing men near Sagua la Grande. That's well watched."

The man looked at him curiously, surprised that this boy should know so much about his arrangements.

"Yes," he answered, "that is well watched. *El Rey*, the big Spanish cruiser, patrols that coast day and night."

"I think I could draw her off long enough for you to land your men," Benito whispered.

"You?" the man exclaimed; "why, you are only a boy!" It was just as Benito expected.

He went on to unfold the plan he had made; and it was a plan so full of daring and danger that the man opened his eyes wide.

"Well," said he, "you're full of grit, if you *are* only a boy. But you are very young, and I don't know anything about you. I don't even know whether you could make your way over to Cuba. You run

over there alone and bring me some token to show that you've been there, and then I will talk to you."

"That's easy," Benito answered. "What shall I bring you?"

The man thought a moment. "Bring me a bunch of red bananas," he answered. "They are plenty in Cuba, but you raise only yellow ones on this key. If you bring me a bunch of red bananas, I will know that you have been in Cuba."

Forty-eight hours later Benito laid a bunch of red bananas in the leader's tent, and gave him some valuable information about the movements of the cruiser.

"I think you'll do," said the man. "You are not all talk and no action, like some of these fellows. If you can draw the cruiser off and keep her out of our way for two hours, you are worthy to call yourself a Cuban."

"Very good," Benito answered. "I will try."

They talked over the details of the plan, and agreed that they must wait for a pitch-dark night and a brisk wind. On the morning that Benito scraped his boat, there was every promise of such a night. There would be no moon, the sky was overcast, and a lively breeze came in from the southeast.

Seventy-five men and a great many cases of rifles were on board the schooner *Dart*, at five o'clock that afternoon, the hour agreed upon for sailing to make sure of reaching Sagua la Grande by midnight; and the sharpie *Villa Clara* seemed impatient for Benito to hoist her sails.

"We will give you a line and tow you over," said the leader.

"Oh, I guess you don't know the *Villa Clara*," Benito answered. "I think she will show the schooner the way."

"One thing I must ask you," were the leader's last words before he went on board the schooner—"do your father and mother know what danger you are going into to-night?"

"I have no father or mother," Benito replied, sadly; "so if I don't come back it will not make much difference."

None knew better than he the risk he was taking. The cruiser would blow him out of the water if she could; and if any of them were captured, they would either be shot or be sentenced by the Spaniards to long terms of imprisonment.

The night was all they could ask, and just what they had waited for. No moon, the sky full of black clouds to obscure the stars, and half a gale blowing from the southeast. Benito was willing to risk his life on the sharpie being a faster boat than the Spanish cruiser on such a night.

Neither schooner nor sharpie showed a light; and if Benito had been captured on the way over his captors would have been astonished at the cargo he carried. In the bottom of his boat were a dozen boards, each two feet long by a foot wide, with a shallow tin can nailed to the middle of each board. And there were four canisters of colored fire—one red, one yellow, one green, and one white. And there were several yards of fuse, and a box of sand. The colored fire and the fuse Benito had bought when he visited Cuba for the bananas.

"The schooner is to lie to as soon as we sight the lights on the Cuban coast," was the arrangement Benito made with the leader. "After I find the cruiser you will see her lights moving; but she will be nearer to me than to you. I will give you a white light when all is safe. When I burn a white light you can land your men."

The sharpie and the schooner kept well together till they were near the coast of Cuba, and they saw the lights of Sagua la Grande before ten o'clock. This was so much earlier than they had expected that it made some difference in Benito's plans. By midnight the cruiser, following her usual course, should be somewhere off Cardenas; but instead of that they saw her lights directly in front of the spot where they proposed to land the men.

"So much the better," said Benito, when he boarded the schooner for a moment before setting his dangerous plot in motion. "I will coax her down to the eastward."

The leader of the party gave him a warm grip of the hand before they parted.

"You are a brave lad," said he. "When you are under the cruiser's fire, remember that it is in the cause of freedom."

"Oh, I don't think they can hit me," Benito answered; "and I am sure they can't catch me." And he was off.

The schooner and the sharpie had this great advantage; they could see the cruiser's lights, but she could not see them.

Benito beat down the coast till he was about five miles to the eastward of the cruiser, and several miles from the shore. Then he took up one of his boards with the shallow tin can nailed to it.

He poured sand into the can till it was about two-thirds full, and then put in a good inch of red fire. Through a little hole that he had punched in the side of the can he inserted the end of a full half-yard of fuse, and wound it round and round the can, and tied it with a cord to keep it out of the water. Cautiously he struck a match under the stern seat and touched it to the fuse, and laid the board on the surface of the water and left it floating there.

This done, he headed the sharpie for shore. The long fuse was used because he desired to be

close under the shore before the red fire burned. The southeast wind was just right for him, and the sharpie fairly flew through the water. He was close enough in, and was pouring sand into the second can fastened to a board, when the red light blazed up.

What a glare it made! Certainly that lurid light must be visible for twenty miles.

It was green fire that Benito poured into his second can, and for this he used a much shorter fuse—just long enough to give him time to escape from the circle of light that was sure to follow. The red fire had hardly died out before the green fire blazed up, but by that time Benito was half a mile away.

"That will stir them up," he said to himself. The sharpie was making a long run to the northeast then, seaward and away from the cruiser; but he kept an eye on her lights. "It's plain enough what that means. First the red light, a signal from a party about to land; then the green light, an answering signal from their friends on shore. At least that's what I want the cruiser to think, and I believe she will; and she'll hunt those lights."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, a moment later, "the cruiser has seen the lights, for she's moving. I've started her, sure. Now the excitement begins."

The cruiser's lights grew larger and larger. She was standing down the coast, almost straight toward the green light, which still burned. She ran up within a half-mile of it, and fire belched from one of her turrets.

C-r-a-s-h! crash! Not one great boom, but a continuous roar.

"That's her Gatling!" Benito exclaimed. "Lucky I didn't burn my lights on the boat, as I thought of doing."

Spain's cruisers are as modern as our American vessels, and fitted with every deadly appliance. The one thing that *El Rey* lacks is a search-light; if she had carried a search-light that night Benito would not be alive to tell this story.

The green light disappeared under the shower of bullets, and the cruiser kept on her course. That was against the wind, and the sharpie could not compete with steam against the wind; but Benito was heading out seaward, off to the northeast, further and further away from the schooner.

When he was full three miles out from shore again, and perhaps eight miles from the *Dart*, he set off another red light, giving it, as before, a long fuse. He was hardly fifty feet away from it when there came another crash from the cruiser—a deep boom this time from one of her heavy guns, followed by a shower of bullets from the Gatling; he heard them whistling and shrieking through the air, but he was not struck. The red light had not even begun to burn yet; the cruiser's watchful men had seen the spark burning at the end of the fuse.

"All right, Spaniard!" Benito exclaimed. He had never been under fire before, and his lips were set firm, and his free hand involuntarily closed into a tight fist. "All right, Spaniard! I've got you waked up, anyhow. You're chasing a party of insurgents, ain't you! I wish I dared tell you that you're chasing a boy, while the insurgents are getting ready to land ten miles up the coast!"

He stood in for the shore again, still beating to the eastward as close as the wind would allow; and when the fuse's spark blazed up into a bright red light the cruiser was heading towards it.

"A little careful about showing this light; that's what I'll have to be; a little careful," he said to himself, as he struck a match to set off his second green light close to shore. He kept the sharpie between the spark of fuse and the cutter's lights as long as he could to hide the fire, and then stood out seaward to the northeast again.

As the green light blazed up he turned his head a moment to look at it, and in that instant a strange thing happened. When he looked towards the cruiser again she had disappeared! Save for the green fire burning there was not a spark of light on all that black sea.

"I thought she'd do that!" Benito exclaimed. "She's trying my own game, and has put out all her lights. Well, I'll give her a white light in a few minutes, and that will be something new for her to think about."

He was still running out seaward and eastward, and the sharpie was bending down to her work, and cutting the waves like a knife, when suddenly he heard the throbbing of an engine and the splash of a propeller. Before he had time to think a great black wall of iron, looming twenty feet above his head, was right on top of him.

The cruiser was accidentally running him down in the darkness! He could see nothing on the water, but there was light enough in the sky to make out her great black form towering over him. His first impulse was to cry out; but he shut his teeth tight and waited for the blow.

But the blow did not come. The next instant the black mass was shooting past him, her iron side hardly six feet from the sharpie's stern.

"Good sharpie! Good old girl!" he exclaimed; and in the excitement he patted the boat on the gunwale. "If you hadn't been a flier, we'd been goners that time."

Benito's heart was in his throat for a few minutes; he would not pretend to deny that. But no wonder, for no boat ever had a narrower escape. He ran out several miles more and burned his white light, which said to the schooner:

"Land your men! I have the cruiser busy." And then he ran out five miles further to the northeast and burned another red light.

"That's an extra touch, that last red light," he said to himself. "They gave me a close rub, so I'll just mix them up a little worse."

Then he put the sharpie about, and headed her for Ginger Key. He had risked his little all—his life and his boat—in the cause of his country, and his night's work was done. With the wind on his starboard quarter he knew that no cruiser in Cuban waters could overtake him. Before he had gone far he saw lights on the cruiser again, and they showed her to be nearly where he had burned the white fire, fully ten miles from the schooner. And by that time the men were all on shore.

Next day Benito was on Ginger Key as usual; but it was not till nearly a month later that a passing schooner carried to the key a letter with an Havana postmark, addressed to Benito Bastian. The letter was only a few lines, without any signature; but it enclosed a Spanish draft for two hundred dollars.

"We landed safely, and are with friends," the letter said. "We have made up this little testimonial for a brave boy we know."

FOR KING OR COUNTRY.[1]

A Story of the Revolution.

BY JAMES BARNES.

CHAPTER IV.

IN OLD NEW YORK—A GREAT DEPARTURE.

The next morning Cato was sent over to the Hewes' mansion with a note signed by both the twins, and addressed to Carter. It requested him to come to Stanham Manor and spend the day, and plans were laid to have a glorious time.

But what was their disappointment when Cato brought back the news that their new-found friend and old-time enemy had left that very morning with his father for New York.

The twins were much cast down, but there was soon to be a greater burden on their minds, for after luncheon they had been told that a parting would shortly take place between them, and that Mr. Daniel Frothingham was going to take William back with him to England.

For some reason Uncle Nathan had a marked partiality for William, but he was the last person in the world to have held a preference in this regard, as it was absolutely impossible for Uncle Nathan to tell the twins apart.

The boys had listened to the news of the coming separation in dignified silence, and as soon as possible they had made their way back to the garden behind the house. Their feelings at first were too deep for words.

"I will not go, unless you go too," said the elder boy at last, seating himself on the edge of a grass-plot. He had hard work to keep from crying.

"You said you wanted to go to England," said George. "You have talked about it often."

"Well, it's not fair," said William. "Why should he choose me?"

"It may not be for long," answered George. "You'll come back—or probably I can go over there to see you."

"And we may be able to get into the army," said William, trying to be cheerful.

George sat down beside him. "I do wish I were leaving with you," he said, choking back the tears, "but he refused to think of sending us both. Aunt Clarissa asked him." He put his arm about his brother's shoulders. "I'm going to be sent to town to school," he added.

"I tell you what let's do," said William. "Let's draw lots, and see which one of us will go to London."

He broke a bundle of spears of grass and tore them off, some longer than others. Then he rubbed two of them in his hands.

"I don't know which it is," he said; "but if you get the shorter one, you go, and if you get the longer one, I go."

George drew at once. It was the shorter spear. So far as Uncle Nathan's preference went, it counted for nothing with his nephews.

The departure that took place the following week was an affair of the greatest moment. Although the young Frothinghams did not know it at the time, it was a long farewell they were taking of Stanham Mills.

Good-byes were said at last, and, to tell the truth, tears were shed in plenty as they parted from their sister.

The twins' belongings were packed into small boxes, then the old chaise was harnessed up, and seated beside their Uncle Daniel, and followed by Nathaniel Frothingham and Cato on horseback, they set out to make the long journey to the city. Mr. Wyeth had started the previous afternoon.

The young Frothinghams had been to New York only once before, when they were very small indeed, and their recollections of the first visit were somewhat vague.

It was long after dusk when the little party arrived at their destination. They had been rowed across the river from Paulus Hook, and went with their uncle at once to a tavern which in the days of Dutch supremacy had been one of New York's most aristocratic dwelling-houses. Now it was the rendezvous for merchants of Tory principles and army officers. Young, befrilled, and powdered dandies who aped the manners of the Continent hero exchanged their pinches of snuff with as much gallantry and courtesy as if they had met at the palace of St. James.

The Stanham party had been driven from the ferry in a rough lumbering affair—half coach, half omnibus—and had been deposited with their small box and the saddle-bags at the door of the tavern.

As they had gone down the hallway they caught a glimpse, through the open door on the right, of a group of men in red coats, with much glitter of gold lace and many buttons, who could be seen through the thick clouds of tobacco smoke seated about a large steaming punch-bowl on a great oak table. They were some of the officers of his Majesty's forces that had been sent to "protect" the inhabitants of his "thankless colonies."

Everything was new to the boys—the sound of the many voices, the snatches of songs and choruses that now and then came up from the coffee-room, the jingle of spurs and sabres as a party of troopers made their way across the stone flagging of the court. In all directions were delights, and in their little room they could hardly sleep from excitement that first night.

Early in the morning they looked out of the window, still thrilled with the pleasure that all young natures feel at being amidst new surroundings. It was a beautiful day, and the wind blowing from the southward was filled with the fresh smell of the sea. Their room was high up, and they could look over the sloping roofs and house-tops across the river and out into the bay, where two or three huge men-of-war lay straining at their anchors.

"Isn't it fine!" exclaimed William, as they knelt on the floor with both elbows on the window-sill, drawing short breaths with gasps of sheer delight.

At the end of the street was a small green, and here a company of infantry was drilling. They could catch the glint of the sunlight upon the muskets, and almost hear the energetic words of the young officer, who strode up and down the front.

"Oh, to be a soldier!" said William.

"Wouldn't it be grand?" said George, the martial spirit that animates almost every boy welling up in him so strongly that he quivered from the top of his head to the soles of his bare feet.

Just then a two-horse equipage was seen coming down the street, with the dust flying up from the great red wheels. In it sat a man, richly dressed, with his three-cornered hat set sideways over his powdered hair, his chin resting on his hands, which were supported by a gold-headed cane, and a sneer was upon the cruel lips.

It was Governor Tryon, who had put down the so-called "rebellion" in the Carolinas, and for his "fidelity" in hanging several people who strongly expressed their views had been honored by the post of being his Majesty's representative, the Governor at New York.

The boys were craning their necks to get a good view of the red-wheeled coach, when suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was old Cato.

"Come on, young gentlemen," he said. "Hurry on yo' close; yo' uncles is waitin' breakfast down below stairs."

They jumped up, and in a few minutes were both arrayed in the quaint costumes in which we first saw them. True, the pink breeches, despite Aunt Polly's careful ironing, showed traces of the plunge into the brook, and the buttons on the heavy velvet coats were not all mates; but Aunt Clarissa had sacrificed some of her treasures, and the lace trimmings were fresh and clean.

"I wish we had swords," said George, thinking of the glimpse of a young periwigged dandy he had seen talking to some ladies in the tavern parlor the night before.

The two uncles greeted the twins quite cheerfully. The ship that was going to take Uncle Daniel back to England was to sail early on the morrow, and he appeared glad indeed at the prospect of leaving America behind him. As the boys sat down, Mr. Wyeth came up and joined the party.

"Well, my young gentlemen," he said, bowing over the back of his chair, "we're glad to see you in the city; and what do you think of it?" he inquired.

"It's very fine," ventured George, but then he could say no more. He grasped his brother's hand underneath the table. He could not speak of the prospect of leaving William then, for, of course, no one else knew that the twins had decided in their own way which one was to go with Uncle Daniel.

A party of officers in all the bravery of their red coats and glittering accoutrements came laughing through the doorway. They hardly acknowledged Mr. Wyeth's salute, and seated themselves at a table, thumping loudly with their fists, and calling for the waiter.

The twins looked at them in wide-eyed admiration.

"This is a loyal house," said Mr. Wyeth, with a sigh of pleasure. "But I do assure you, sir," addressing Uncle Daniel, "that there are other taverns in the town where seditious speeches are made openly, and where men gather whose conduct and whose thoughts approach almost to open rebellion." He lowered his voice. "The merchants here have followed the pernicious example of the misguided Bostonians, and have refused to import English goods. If this keeps up, ruin to the country must follow. Secret societies have been formed, and their abominable proclamations can be seen posted on almost every corner. They say England has no right to impose a tax of any kind."

Uncle Nathan frowned, but he restrained his tendency to burst into rage. "There are the gentlemen who can take care of the rebels," he said, nodding towards the group of officers. "The prisons should be filled with malcontents, who dare to dispute the authority of the King." Uncle Nathan had calmed himself with an extreme effort.

After breakfast the boys set out for a stroll, and made their way down to the Battery. As they turned into the little park whom should they see but Carter Hewes leaning against a big stone post, and watching the waters lapping against the sea-wall.

"Carter!" they both shouted, running forward, and some breathless greetings were exchanged.

"What brings you here?" said one of the twins at last, after they had explained their own presence and their mission.

"I came with my father," said Carter. Then he lowered his voice. "He is here on business, you see."

Just then what Carter was going to say was drowned by the sudden rolling of a drum, and down Broadway, into which the boys had turned, came a company of English foot.

"Don't they look splendid?" said William, keeping time to the throbbing of the music.

Carter looked at them sullenly. "They may have a chance to lose some of their finery soon," he said. "I wish they were at the bottom of the sea. If some people were not blind they would have been sent back before—back where they came from!"

"But the King," said William, pointing to the small bronze statue of George III. on horseback, that was in the little circle on the near-by Bowling Green.

"Confound the King!" said Carter. "He's the blindest of them all."

This expression must be pardoned on account of Carter's youth. Probably even his hot-headed father would not have used it in such a public place at least.

The twins gasped and stepped back slowly from him. "You are a rebel, then!" they both said, and, turning, they walked away, without looking over their shoulders.

Carter remained standing where he was. He saw he had offended the loyal young Frothinghams beyond manner of expression, and he wished that he could take back his words, now that it was too late.

But the twins walked silently along; they felt each other's minds so well that speech was not needed. However, when they had gone some distance up Broadway they stopped for a moment before a house where some troops were quartered, for a drum rested on the doorstep.

A tall soldier stepped outside of the house. He was putting pipeclay on his white cross-belts, and smoking some villanous tobacco, which caused him to hold his head to one side to keep the smoke from getting in his eyes. He was humming a bit of song as he worked, and suddenly glancing down, his eye caught the boys watching him.

"Git out, ye little Yankee rebels!" he said, and launched a kick in their direction—"git out of this."

"We are not 'Yankee rebels,'" said the younger, drawing himself up proudly.

"We are loyal subjects of his Majesty King George," said William, "and you have no right to talk to any one like that, no matter who they are!"

The man paused and took the pipe out of his mouth. "Tare and ages!" he said, "an' you're loyal subjects of the King, in troth?"

"We would fight for him," said William.

"Hear the bhoys!" said the man. Then he called back through the doorway, "Shaughnessy," said he, "come out here quick; here are two recruities fer ye!"

Another tall man with sergeant's chevrons on his sleeves came to the doorway. The powder from his hair was still about his shoulders, and he was binding his queue with a black cord, holding the end of it in his mouth, and twisting the cord around and around until he deftly tied it with a jerk. Then he spoke over his companion's shoulders.

"Would yez enlist?" he said.

"If we were old enough," said William.

"Ah, they're brave lads," said the first speaker. "If there was more like thim I could go back to my Katherine at Bally Connor, and now we'll be kipt here until the saints only know whin, and probably will have to fight out in the howlin' wilderness."

"Come down and see us, bhoys," broke in the second speaker. Then he whispered, "Bring some of yer father's terbaccy, or a paper o' snuff. How's that, Gineral McCune?"

"Or a bottle of somethin' warmin'," suggested the other one.

The twins were too much depressed by the result of their meeting with Carter to appear amused. They simply turned and walked away, and after a stroll of an hour or so they arrived at Smith's Tavern again.

The hours passed quickly. At next sunrise the boys were dressing in their little room at the top of the house. William handed a coat to George. It was the one Aunt Clarissa had prepared for the journey.

Generally the old lady had endeavored to make some slight differences in the boys' garments, which was not noticeable at first glance, but was helpful in distinguishing them, provided each wore his own apparel.

George put on William's coat, but paused, with his arm half-way in the sleeve. "No, William, you ought to go," he said.

"Pray, it's settled," replied his brother. "When they find it out perhaps they will send me too."

"How about the scar?" said George, reading his brother's thoughts.

William made a sudden movement and extended his arm. Across the back of his left hand ran a large scar. He had hurt it years ago while playing with a sickle out at Stanham Mills. It showed quite plainly in a good strong light.

"Perhaps you had better go, after all," said George.

"Not a single step," replied his brother. "You know we never change when we once have drawn lots. I can keep my hand hidden easily enough. Besides, they have not thought of looking for a long time now."

This decided it, and with the exchange of coats the boys exchanged their names, as they had done on various occasions before.

All was bustle and confusion at the wharf where the *Abel Trader* lay.

Cato stood by trying hard to smile, but the tears were running down his cheeks and dropping from the point of his grizzled chin.

The tide and wind were ripe to swing the vessel out from shore; the last good-byes had been said. George was standing by Uncle Daniel on the deck. For some few minutes the twins had not been able to speak a word, for they would have cried hysterically, and they knew it well enough.

Suddenly William drew his hand across his eyes; Uncle Nathan started. There was the red scar!

The gang-plank was being drawn, and the old man staggered. "Stop there a minute!" he shouted, before the last cable was thrown off. "Stop there, I say!"

He rushed up the swaying plank to the deck, holding William by the arm, and fairly dragging him after him.

"You little villains!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, as he pushed up to where his brother Daniel and George were standing near the taffrail. He exchanged the boys much as one person would take one article in place of another, and did not even have time to reply to Uncle Daniel's astonished exclamation, but holding George as if he were afraid he would soar into the air, and with a grasp that made the boy wince with pain, he muttered beneath his breath, and fairly had to make a jump for it to regain the dock.

Once there, Uncle Nathan began to shake the boy so fiercely that his head almost flew off his shoulders.

The little brig swung slowly out, and her blocks grated as her yards were braced around. Then her jibs clattered up the forestays and she caught the wind.

Strange to say, if it had not been for Uncle Nathan's action on this day this story might never have been written.

CHAPTER V.

A BURST OF FLAME.

It was a rainy April day in New York. Three years had passed since the events of the last chapter. Promises of spring were to be seen on every hand. A few warm days had already started the leaf buds along the Bowery Lane; even a few blossoms had begun to show in the shrubbery in Ranleigh Gardens.

But the feeling of uneasiness in the colonies, due to the continued oppressions of Great Britain, was soon to be broken by a burst of flame.

New York was yet the most loyal city that the King held in America, but much indignation had been shown at the actions of the crown that were directed against Boston, and the latter city was on the verge of rebellion. Except for the excitement of the days when the long-expected tea was attempted to be landed in New York in April, when Captain Lockyer had returned to England with the tea-ships, their cargoes all intact, the year of '74 had passed without happenings of much moment.

But now it was the momentous year of '75, and many things had changed—changes in some

respects hard to believe.

Poring over the books in a dingy shipping-office in a narrow side street off Mill Lane leaned a tall figure. Two years of this same kind of work had not impaired George's health in the least. Although now only sixteen, he looked years older, for he was tall and wonderfully developed, and the grave manner of speech and that strange dignity which the young Frothinghams possessed had not left him. From some ancestor the twins must have inherited immense natural strength, for George was as strong almost as the biggest porter in Mr. Wyeth's employ.

His clothes were neat, but were devoid of any attempt at lace or ornament. In fact, young Frothingham had quite a struggle at present to get along. His aunt sent him a little money from the proceeds of the grist-mill, for mining had now wholly ceased at Stanham Mills. This, with the pittance that Mr. Wyeth paid him for his services, had enabled him to secure a small room in the house of a good old Irish woman named Mrs. Mack, who washed clothes for the gentle folk.

Poor Uncle Nathan had been dead now two years or more, and George had been taken from school at a Mr. Anderson's, and placed in Mr. Wyeth's office.

Mr. Wyeth and George had grown apart in the last year. The latter always did his duty, but could not stand the tirades of the virulent Tory against a cause to which the boy now felt himself firmly united, for George, even against his will and inclination, had become converted to the side taken by the Sons of Liberty. Mr. Wyeth, over a year before this rainy April morning, had found that George had, as he expressed it, "gone entirely wrong," and after seeing remonstrance would be in vain, had ignored him altogether. If it were not for what he owed Uncle Daniel in London he would have discharged him from his service.

This would not have mattered much. But there was one sorrow that cut the younger Frothingham deeper and deeper every day. It was the tone of his brother's letters from England. Since the day upon the dock they had not seen each other. Long letters, however, passed between them every month.

So strongly had William felt upon the matter, and so frequently had he expressed himself angrily at the course of popular thought and action in the colonies, that George could never bring himself to take up the other side in his correspondence. There had never been a difference of opinion between them in their lives. So he had from the first ignored the question in his letters to his brother.

If, however, the trouble should blow over, and wise counsels prevail in England, at some future time, when everything was once more tranquil, he could confess all. England even at this late moment could have recalled the colonies to her standard.

In the mean time, no one, not even Mr. Wyeth or his fellow clerks, knew that George was attached to a secret society, whose members were pledged to give their lives to "opposing tyranny."

George was not the only lad whose smooth face was innocent of a razor, but whose strong young frame and true heart were both at the service of his country.

Through the window-panes of Mr. Wyeth's office, on the second floor, could be seen the dripping streets and the rain pouring down from the gables of the houses.

George paused, with his finger marking the place in a column of figures, and looked out. He saw Mr. Wyeth coming towards the office, and as soon as he had entered, the merchant came through the large store-room and approached George's desk.

"Master Frothingham," he said, "will you come to my house to-morrow morning? I am desirous of having people in my employ meet some gentlemen who will be there present."

George accepted the invitation gravely, and the events of the next day were to have a tremendous influence on his life.

The morrow dawned clear and bright. It was Sunday, the twenty-second of the month. Clouds, however, were banking all around, and shortly after the breakfast hour it was portending rain.

George walked to his employer's house. Several of his fellow clerks waited in the hall. Mr. Wyeth was in consultation in his library with one or two influential men of well-known royalist principles. One of them was Rivington the Tory, printer to his Majesty, and another was Mr. Anderson, George's former schoolmaster, now secretary to the hated Governor Tryon.

The bells had commenced ringing for church, and people could be seen walking along the streets with their prayer-books under one arm and unwieldy umbrellas under the other.

"We are going to receive a lecture on loyalty to the crown," whispered one of the clerks.

"I do not think we are in need of it, Master Frothingham," said another. "Trust us for that."

The speaker was a loose-jointed youth, with pale fishy eyes, whom George disliked extremely. So he did not reply, but walked to the doorway and gazed out through the little strip of lozenge-shaped windows. It had commenced to rain, and the big drops were hopping up from the doorstep.

The street joined the Bowery Lane; the ground sloped slightly, and at the top of the incline the lad saw a crowd was gathering. Some people bareheaded, others with umbrellas, were swarming out from the houses and thronging at the corner. The church-going crowds had halted.

There was a man on horseback there, who waved his hand excitedly as he talked. News had evidently come from Boston, and all ran to the window. What could it mean? Just then some one

laughed. Flying down the hill came Abel Norton, the chief clerk. He was plashing the mud to right and left, and holding his hat on with both hands as he ran along, heading direct for Mr. Wyeth's.

"Abel's got the news," said some one. "There's no use going out; we'll hear it all." They laughed again.

The old man burst breathlessly through the door, and at that moment a cheer came from the crowd outside. The people did not seem to mind the rain in the least. Hats were thrown into the air, then the gathering dispersed in different directions, and the corner was deserted.

Abel stood leaning against the tall clock in the hallway, trying to catch his breath.

"Where's Mr. Wyeth?" he said.

The latter, hearing the disturbance, had pushed himself out of the great leather chair in his library, and had stepped to the door.

"Did any one call my name?" he asked; then catching sight of Abel's dripping figure, "Well, sir," he said, "what means this, prithee?"

"It means," said Abel, "that there has been a battle near Boston. It means that war is on."

"Another Tea Party, I presume," said Mr. Wyeth, taking a pinch of snuff calmly, and dusting his shirt frill with a stroke of his fingers.

"No, sir," exclaimed the chief clerk. "His Majesty's troops have been defeated, and driven, with great slaughter, back from Concord and Lexington to the protection of the city. The rebels are organized, well drilled and armed."

"Hurrah!" said a voice quite audibly.

Everybody started back in consternation; Mr. Wyeth dropped his snuff-box with a jingle.

"Who said that?" he asked, his face turning a shade redder.

George stepped forward. He was pale, and his hands were gripped strongly together behind his back.

"THE TIME HAS COME," HE SAID, LOOKING MR. WYETH IN THE EYE.

"The time has come," he said, looking Mr. Wyeth in the eye—"the time to decide. I did so long ago. The voice of liberty has spoken."

There was a murmur of assent or disagreement—it was hard to tell which—from the group of clerks.

One of the porters who stood in the doorway with folded arms exclaimed, beneath his breath, so no one heard him, "Thank God!"

Mr. Wyeth stepped forward. "I had suspected quite as much," he said. "You disgrace your name, sir. Leave my presence and eke my employment. Instanter, sir."

George walked down the hall. When he reached the door, he turned and bowed.

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. Wyeth. "There is a letter here from your brother in England. Let us trust that he is more loyal to his country's interests and to his King. Let us trust that there is only one of your family name who does not know his duty."

He extended a letter which had arrived by a packet the previous afternoon. George took it and silently walked out into the rain.

The porter Thomas followed him and half closed the door behind him. "I thank you, Mr. Frothingham," he said, "for the words you spoke. We'll drive the 'Lobster Backs' into the ships,

and turn 'em all adrift—eh, sir, will we not?"

The two grasped hands without a word, and George, stepping into the shelter of a big elm, broke the seal of the letter.

It was from William. It beseeched him to stand by the side of the "loyal men and true, who uphold the crown." It expressed sorrow at hearing through Mr. Wyeth that he had been seen at least on friendly terms with "traitors and arch conspirators." His brother prayed him to remember all their early talks, and exhorted that his first thought be of the King.

"If you cannot answer me," went on the letter, "in a way I hope you will, I shall understand your silence; but remember it is for the—"

George glanced at the last word, crumpled the letter in his hands, and then tore it into small pieces that floated out into the rainy gutter.

"My country has no King now," he said, and looking out through the rain and through his tears it seemed to him that the world was turned upside down. He drew his hand across his forehead wearily, and drawing his cloak about him like an old man, strode down the street.

Suddenly the idea of the "Redcoats" running before the farmers at Lexington came into his mind's eye. He quickened his steps and threw back his shoulders once again, and as he turned about the corner he ran into some one hastening in the opposite direction. He looked closely at the thick-set, muscular figure.

"Carter Hewes!" he exclaimed.

"Well met, indeed," replied the other, "What think you of the news?"

"Glorious!" said George.

"We will have it all about here soon," said Carter. "You are with us?"

"I am, with all my heart," replied young Frothingham, "to the very end." The two lads shook hands for full a minute.

"Listen! Listen!" said Carter, suddenly. "The bells!—the bells have it, and I would that the King in England could hear them ringing."

"I would better that my brother William were here and listening with us," returned George.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW LIFE.

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

(*In Three Instalments*).

CHAPTER I.

"Ain't it about time for the stage, Cynthy?"

"Why, no, Aunt Patty! Just look at the clock; it's only half past four. The stage doesn't leave the station until five."

"This day's seemed dreadful long, somehow."

"That's because we are expecting Ida," said Cynthia, who was patching a sheet by the light of a west window. "And I suppose the day has seemed long to her, too."

"Yes, poor child, travellin' since ten o'clock this mornin'," said Aunt Patty. "I guess she'll relish our cold chicken 'n' orange marmalade, Cynthy."

"I wonder if she's changed much?" Cynthia put down her work and looked meditatively from the window. "Six years is a long time, Aunt Patty."

"Yes, Ida's a young lady now, dearie," Aunt Patty sighed. "And she's lived so different from what we have, Cynthy. We mustn't expect her to fall into our ways right away. She'll have to learn to love us all over again, you see."

Cynthia turned a tender glance upon the little plainly dressed old woman sitting in the open doorway sewing carpet rags.

"She won't have any trouble learning to love you, Aunt Patty," she said. "Just think what we owe to you! Neither of us can ever forget for a moment all you've done for us."

"I haven't done anything but what was my duty, child. When your poor mother died, there wasn't any one but me to take you 'n' Ida; but I've never been able to do for you as I'd like."

"You've done more than one person out of a thousand would have done!" and Cynthia threw down the sheet, crossed the room, and put both arms around the old woman's neck. "Aunt Stina Chase could have taken us. She was rich even then, and could have borne the burden of our support better than you. But she didn't even consider it, and she

never did anything for us until she took Ida. And you know it was only because Ida was so pretty that she wanted her. Now that she is going to Europe, she sends Ida back without even consulting you about it."

"SHE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE LEARNING TO LOVE YOU."

"Well, dearie, we're glad enough to take her back, I'm sure. She'll be company for us both these long summer days. And we oughtn't to expect Aunt Stina to take her to Europe. I guess it's pretty expensive livin' in those foreign places."

"I only hope Ida didn't want to go," rejoined Cynthia, returning to her seat by the window. "She'll find it very dull here, anyhow, I'm afraid, after the gay times she's had in the city."

"Yes, poor child," said Aunt Patty, "and we mustn't feel put out if she seems down-hearted just at first. I guess I'd better set about gettin' supper, Cynthy; it's strikin' five."

"Very well; and I'll set the table," said Cynthia, beginning to fold the sheet, "I'm going to put a big vase of flowers in the middle, and I'll give Ida one of the best damask napkins, if you don't mind?"

"Do just as you like, child," said Aunt Patty.

They went into the big pleasant kitchen together. The setting sun filled it with a golden glory; on the braided rug by the stove lay a big Maltese cat, in the south window was a wire stand of plants, and in one corner a tall eight-day clock with a moon on its face. Everything was scrupulously clean and in perfect order. The floor was as white as soap and sand could make it; the pans on the big dresser reflected everything about them, and the stove shone with its coat of polish.

Cynthia sang as she moved about putting the dishes on the table. She was of a happy contented disposition, and never grumbled at anything. She loved her home, plain as it was; she didn't mind hard work, and her simple pleasures satisfied her, though she had often longed for a peep into the great busy world outside Brookville. She had sometimes envied Ida, though she had never allowed Aunt Patty to suspect it, and had wished that she might have shared with her sister the many advantages afforded by city schools and teachers.

Aunt Stina Chase was her father's only sister, and had never known what it was to be poor. She had married a rich man at a very early age, and had been left a widow within a few years. She took her luxurious home, her many servants, her carriage, and her diamonds as a matter of course. But her easy, untroubled life had made her selfish, and when her brother and his wife died within a few months of each other, leaving two little girls to the mercy of the world, she had not thought it incumbent on her to take the children. She had left that to Aunt Patty, who was only a half-sister of the dead mother. But when, years after this, she heard from an acquaintance that Ida, the elder of the two little girls, was exceedingly pretty and attractive, a whim seized her to send for the child.

Aunt Patty had thought it her duty to let Ida go, for Mrs. Chase promised to have the girl instructed in music and the languages, and there was no opportunity at the Brookville school for anything except the plainest sort of an education.

So for six years Ida had made her home in the city, and her occasional letters to Cynthia, who was a year her junior, gave evidence that she was well satisfied with the change of homes.

It was Mrs. Chase who had written that Ida was about to return to Brookville. It was apparently taken for granted that Aunt Patty would welcome her gladly, and there was no hint about reclaiming her when the European trip should be over.

Cynthia thought the letter cold and heartless, and her tender heart ached for her sister. She wondered if Ida had not been cruelly hurt at being so summarily disposed of when her presence was found inconvenient. She wondered, too, how Ida would bear the change from luxury to a very plain way of living, for Cynthia was quite conscious of the limitations of her home, much as she loved it.

"There's the stage, now!" cried Aunt Patty, as the rumble of wheels and the heavy trot of horses' hoofs were heard on the hard road which ran before the house.

They both hurried out to the front gate. The stage had stopped in a cloud of dust, and a tall, slender girl, fashionably attired in a dark blue suit, and hat of rough straw trimmed with blue ribbons, was descending from it.

The driver, assisted by another man, who had volunteered his help, was engaged in taking down a large canvas-covered trunk, on one end of which were the initials "I. S. W."

CHAPTER II.

Cynthia opened the gate and hastened out into the road. "Ida, dear Ida!" she cried, and threw her arms about her sister. "We are so glad to have you back," the tears rushing to her eyes.

"I suppose you're Cynthia," said Ida, withdrawing

herself gently from her sister's embrace. "I never would have known you in the world," her gaze travelling critically over the small figure in the plain dark gown. "Is that the maid at the gate? Ask her to come and take my satchel."

"IDA, DEAR IDA!" SHE CRIED.

"The *maid*!" stammered Cynthia, with a startled look. "Oh, Ida! that's Aunt Patty! Here, give me your satchel."

"Pray excuse my mistake," said Ida, in a low voice, as she relinquished the satchel. "Remember, I was not eleven years of age when I left here, and one so soon forgets faces."

Aunt Patty, fortunately, had not heard her niece's questions, and as Ida approached the gate the old woman threw it open, her kindly face beaming.

"You're most welcome, dear child," she said, with a kiss and a little embrace. "But, dear me, how you've changed!"

"That was to be expected, of course," said Ida, as she followed her aunt around the house to the kitchen porch. "I have been away more than six years, you know, Aunt Patty. By-the-way," pausing at the corner of the house, with a glance backward, "do you not use your front door?"

"Not for common," answered Aunt Patty. "I guess you've forgot our Brookville ways. Folks here think it's more sociable to run in 'n' out their kitchens."

"Ah! I had forgotten," said Ida. "We must show them something different."

Cynthia now came close behind them, carrying the satchel. She had stopped to hold open the gate for the two men, who followed her with the trunk.

"We'd better lug it up stairs for ye, Cynthy," said the stage-driver. "It's everlastin' heavy; chockful of gold, I guess," and he laughed, good-naturedly.

"My books make it heavy," said Ida, in a dignified tone.

Cynthia opened the door leading from the kitchen into the hall, and showed the men up stairs to the neat but barely furnished room her sister was to occupy.

Ida followed, and, after the men had set the trunk down and gone away, she turned to Cynthia with an expression on her young face which was almost severe.

"Surely you don't allow that coarse common stage-driver to call you by your Christian name?" she said.

"Who? Old Jake Storm!" Cynthia looked surprised. "Why, Ida, of course he does! He has known me since I was two years old! He gave me a pair of pigeons once."

"Because he has known you all your life is no reason why he should be lacking in respect for you," rejoined Ida, still severe. "You are no longer a child."

"He doesn't intend it for disrespect, Ida."

"Perhaps not; but he should be made to know his place. Is this to be my room?"

"Yes, Aunt Patty and I thought you would like it better, perhaps, than the one we had together before you went away. We did what we could toward making it comfortable for you, and I do hope you'll like it."

She looked around the spacious chamber as she spoke. To her eyes it looked very attractive, with its bright rag carpet, light pine furniture, and fresh muslin curtains. There was a big crazy-work cushion in the old rocker; a home-made rug of scarlet and black lay before the bureau; and the blue glass vases on the high old-fashioned mantel were full of fragrant June roses. Over the bureau hung a sample of the needle-work for which Aunt Patty had been famous in her youth—a picture in colored silks of a house on a hill-side, a few trees around it, and several thick-waisted children in long pantalettes playing with an oddly shaped black dog.

Ida glanced at the picture as she approached the bureau to lay upon it her hat, which she had just taken off.

"The room is pleasant enough," she said, carelessly. "I can improve it by the addition of a few unframed water-colors I brought with me—my own work, of course. But this wall-paper is hideous," with a little shudder, "and yet it looks fresh."

"Yes, it is new; Aunt Patty chose it," said Cynthia. "The old paper was so ugly. We both thought you wouldn't like it. But this—why, it looks pretty to me, though, of course, I do not pretend to any great artistic taste."

"No, or you would hardly have left that atrocity over my bureau," rejoined Ida. "I believe I used to think it a work of art when I was a child. Now it offends my eye. Take it down, Cynthia; I couldn't sleep with it in the room."

Cynthia bit her lip; but she stepped up on a convenient chair and took down the offending

picture.

"There, that is better," said Ida. "And will you have the servant bring me a pitcher of warm water? I must bathe some of this wretched dust from my face."

"I will bring it," said Cynthia; "we don't keep a servant."

"No servant!" Ida stared at her sister. "Why, how in the world do you ever get along without one?"

"We have a woman come to wash every Monday, and the rest of the work we do ourselves."

"By preference?"

"No; we can't afford a servant, Ida. We have to economize very closely."

"I did not imagine your economy extended to doing without a servant. No wonder your hands look so rough, Cynthia. And what an old-fashioned gown you have on! Aunt Patty is your dressmaker, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Cynthia, flushing with mortification and wounded feeling. "What is wrong with this dress?"

"The sleeves are of a fashion of two years ago, and the skirt doesn't hang well," was the immediate answer. "Well, I know something about dress-making—Aunt Stina used to say I had a natural talent for it—and I will soon put your wardrobe to rights."

"Thank you; I'll give you full liberty with it," said Cynthia. "I'd like to look as much like you as possible, of course, though I'm plain and you are pretty. Now I'll get you the hot water. We have supper at six."

"Supper? Oh, yes, of course; *dinner* at noon, I presume." A scornful little smile curled Ida's lip. "At Aunt Stina's we had lunch at two and dinner at seven. But, of course, that can't be expected here. You're forgetting that atrocious picture, Cynthia. You might as well take it away now as later."

Cynthia took up the picture and went out, closing the door behind her. She stood for a moment in the hall, staring down at the carpet; then sighed, threw back her head after a little fashion she had when hurt or annoyed, and then, going into her own room, just opposite the one given to Ida, hung the despised picture on an unoccupied nail over her mantel.

"It won't keep *me* awake," she muttered.

CHAPTER III.

"I think sometimes that I can't stand it another day, Cynthia. It makes me miserable to sit at the table with her, and I have grown to fairly dread meal-times. When she takes her soup she sucks it from the spoon; she drinks her tea with long sips that set my nerves on edge. She drums on the table with her fingers, wipes her mouth on a corner of the table-cloth, and puts her fingers into the bowl of loaf-sugar. I actually saw her once use her thumb to take a fly out of the bowl of honey."

"Anything else?" asked Cynthia, dryly, her brown eyes looking very steadily on her sister's face.

"Yes, dozens of other things. But what is the use of enumerating them? It can't help matters. I only know that I have actually *suffered* every day of the two weeks I have been here," and Ida sighed heavily as she resumed her sewing. She was making a dainty little fichu of chiffon and some scraps of old lace. Aunt Patty had found the lace in an old chest of odds and ends of the finery of her early youth, and had at once given it all to Ida.

The two girls were alone in the pleasant sitting-room. Aunt Patty had gone to call upon a sick neighbor, carrying a glass of her golden apple jelly. She was not expected back until supper-time.

"You girls can have a nice, long, pleasant afternoon together," she said on leaving.

But it didn't prove a pleasant afternoon to either Ida or Cynthia, for as usual, when they were out of Aunt Patty's hearing, Ida began to talk of the many things which made her present home unpleasant to her.

"No," said Cynthia, after a long pause, during which she had steadily darned stockings; "talking can't help matters, and you'd better learn as soon as you can to make the best of things, Ida. Aunt Patty is too old now to be made over. It is a pity you could not have gone to Europe with Aunt Stina."

"It was more than a pity, it was a shame," said Ida, flushing. "But while I hoped she'd offer to take me, I did not expect it. Aunt Stina is refined to the last degree, and has elegant manners, but she is not generous. During the six years I was with her she kept scrupulously to her bargain; she gave me a home, and paid my school bills—nothing more."

"Never any presents?" asked Cynthia.

"Nothing, except finery and old clothes for which she had no further use herself. It was pretty hard sometimes; there were so many things I wanted. But I never hinted nor asked for any thing. In the first place, I was too proud, and then I knew it would be useless. She never cared to spend her money on any one except herself, and often complained bitterly at having to pay such heavy school bills."

"It must have made you feel dreadfully," said Cynthia. "Now Aunt Patty hasn't a stingy bone in her body."

"No; she's very generous," admitted Ida.

"You'd say that more heartily if you knew how she used to pinch and contrive in order to send you a little extra money, Ida. She was always making little plans for you, and was *so* proud whenever you wrote that you'd taken a prize."

"She has her good qualities, of course, Cynthia; I admit that. But I do wish she understood a little about table etiquette. I don't wonder now that Aunt Stina used to shrug her shoulders and smile whenever Aunt Patty's name was mentioned. She often used to say that I didn't realize from what a depth she had rescued me."

A little spark of indignation burned in Cynthia's brown eyes as she looked up quietly.

"It was unkind of her to say that," she exclaimed. "And why was she willing to send you back to such an uncivilized place?"

"Because she found it convenient to do so," answered Ida, coolly. "Self first, always, with Aunt Stina."

"And it is *never* self with Aunt Patty." Cynthia's tone was warm. "What do her little peculiarities matter? If you made up your mind not to let them annoy you, Ida, you would soon cease to notice them."

Ida shook her head and smiled incredulously. "They would always annoy me," she said. "I pity you, Cynthia, for having had to live with her all these years."

"You needn't; I have never pitied myself."

"Well, you are used to her, and of course that makes a great difference. You probably don't notice things that drive me nearly wild."

"There you are mistaken, Ida. But when I think how Aunt Patty took us in when we were troublesome little children, homeless and penniless, and how many sacrifices she has made for us, I feel that I can't do enough to show my love and gratitude. And I believe the day will come when you will appreciate her just as I do, and be heartily sorry that you ever allowed yourself to be ashamed of her, or to utter one word to her discredit."

"Well, I declare, Cynthia, you have read me quite a lecture." Ida laughed as she spoke. She did not seem at all offended. "You are a quaint, old-fashioned little soul, Cynthia. I suppose you don't realize it, though. I wonder if I would have been like you if Aunt Stina had left me here?"

Tears stood thickly in Cynthia's eyes. She wiped them away with the stocking she was darning. She could not trust herself to say another word.

"Have I offended you by calling you quaint and old-fashioned?" asked Ida. "Well, then, you must forgive me, Cynthia, for I didn't intend to be unkind."

Cynthia, who loved her sister dearly in spite of her faults, could not resist the kiss Ida laid lightly on her cheek. She smiled through her tears. "I must try not to be so sensitive," she said. "Of course I know I must strike you as peculiar; I'm so different from the other girls you have known. That Angela Leverton, for instance, to whom you are always writing."

"Oh, Angela is not perfection by any means," said Ida. "But she is very refined, and nothing she does is ever out of taste. We were inseparable, and I miss her dreadfully now."

"Why not have her come to spend a few weeks with us this summer?" asked Cynthia. "I know Aunt Patty—" She stopped suddenly, then added, in a changed tone: "But, of course, it wouldn't do; you'd be ashamed to have her see how you're living now."

"No, I wouldn't care to have her come," said Ida, frankly. "She wouldn't enjoy a visit of even a few days. What could I do to amuse her? Take her to the store to get weighed, I suppose, and to the meetings of your little Band of Hope Circle."

Cynthia laughed. "It isn't very gay here, that's a fact," she said.

Ida had finished the fichu, and was now trying its effect upon herself before the little mirror between the two windows. Suddenly she gave a little start. "There's Mrs. Lennox's carriage coming down the road," she said. "Cynthia, I do believe it is going to stop here. Yes, it *has* stopped, and Mrs. Lennox is getting out. Where shall we receive her? That dreadfully stuffy parlor—"

"Go out and meet her on the front porch," said Cynthia. "She can sit down there. It is you she wants to see, of course. If she asks for me, you can let me know."

Ida was so graceful in her air of taking it as a matter of course that Mrs. Lennox would prefer a seat on the vine-clad porch, that it did not occur to that lady to wonder why she was not asked into the parlor.

Mrs. Lennox, moreover, was no stickler for ceremony. She was a gentle, refined woman, whose heart was overflowing with good-will toward every one. She found her greatest happiness in making others happy, and it was with the object of contributing a little toward the pleasure of Mrs. Patty Dean's two nieces that she had come to call upon them.

She lived in a handsome house, a mile from the village, and entertained a great deal during the summer, spending the winter months in the South.

"I have noticed you at church," she said to Ida, "and I have been intending every day to call upon you, but I have had a houseful of company. You have been here about a fortnight, I think, and of course you have had a very happy time with your dear aunt and sister; but I hope you will not object to a little dissipation now, for I want you and Cynthia to come to a lawn party I expect to give next Tuesday."

"How delightful! And how kind of you to think of us!" said Ida.

"Ah! but I need all the young girls I can muster, and I expect several from town," rejoined Mrs. Lennox. "One of them, Angela Leverton, writes me that she is a particular friend of yours."

"Angela! coming to Brookville!" exclaimed Ida. There was consternation as well as surprise in her voice.

"Yes; she will make me a visit of a week or ten days. I expect her on Saturday. Now can I depend on having you and Cynthia for my lawn party?"

"Yes, I—I think so," answered Ida, whose heart was beating very fast. "It is so good of you to want us, Mrs. Lennox."

When, a few minutes later, Mrs. Lennox went away, Ida accompanied her to the gate, and stood there after the carriage had disappeared from view. She stared straight before her, a little frown on her smooth white brow. She was trying to make up her mind to do something which her conscience, that infallible monitor, told her was both mean and unkind. She started and colored when Cynthia's voice fell suddenly on her ear.

"I thought you were never coming in, Ida," she said. "What did Mrs. Lennox want?"

"She wanted to invite me to a garden party," answered Ida, without looking at her sister. "But of course I can't go. I have nothing fit to wear."

"Not go!" exclaimed Cynthia. "Oh, Ida, you *must*! It will be perfectly delightful. She gave one last year, and had a band of music, fireworks, refreshments served in tents, colored lanterns on the trees, and everything else you can imagine. She told me all about it herself, when she called one day soon after to see Aunt Patty, and she promised that if she ever gave another I should be invited. I suppose, however, she forgot it, or perhaps she thinks I'm too young. Anyhow, I'm glad she asked *you*."

"Yes; it was very nice of her," rejoined Ida, in a stiff tone. "But I really have nothing suitable for such an occasion, and I am sure *you* have no party dress, Cynthia."

"No; but if she had invited me I could have worn my pink organdie."

"That faded, forlorn thing!"

"Well, what would it matter? No one would pay any attention to me at such a place. I would enjoy myself just looking on. But I wasn't invited, so there is no use talking about it," and she turned around and walked back to the house, a look of disappointment on her face.

Ida leaned over the gate again.

"I suppose I've done a mean thing," she thought. "But it is too late now to alter matters. Moral courage isn't my specialty, I imagine," and she sighed heavily.

Just then a quaint figure, waving an old green silk parasol, came into sight around a bend in the road. It was Aunt Patty. Her face fairly beamed as she saw Ida.

"Watching for me, dearie?" she called out, as she drew within speaking-distance. "Bless your tender heart! Well, I've something grand to tell you girls. Such good news. Where's Cynthia?"

THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IV.—THE LIBRARY.

The Imp opened a small door upon the right of the room, and through it Jimmieboy saw another apartment, the walls of which were lined with books, and as he entered he saw that to each book was attached a small wire, and that at the end of the library was a square piece of snow-white canvas stretched across a small wooden frame.

"Magic lantern?" he queried, as his eye rested upon the canvas.

"Kind of that way," said the Imp, "though, not exactly. You see, these books about here are worked by electricity, like everything else here. You never have to take the books off the shelf. All you have to do is to fasten the wire connected with the book you want to read with the battery, turn on the current, and the book reads itself to you aloud. Then if there are pictures in it, as you come to them they are thrown by means of an electric light upon that canvas."

"Well, if this isn't the most—" began Jimmieboy, but he was soon stopped, for some book or other off in the corner had begun to read itself aloud.

"And it happened," said the book, "that upon that very night the Princess Tollywillikens passed

through the wood alone, and on approaching the enchanted tree threw herself down upon the soft grass beside it and wept."

Here the book ceased speaking.

"That's the story of Pixyweevil and Princess Tollywillikens," said the Imp. "You remember it, don't you?—how the wicked fairy ran away with Pixyweevil, when he and the Princess were playing in the King's gardens, and how she had mourned for him many years, never knowing what had become of him? How the fairy had taken Pixyweevil and turned him into an oak sapling, which grew as the years passed by to be the most beautiful tree in the forest?"

"Oh yes," said Jimmieboy. "I know. And there was a good fairy who couldn't tell Princess Tollywillikens where the tree was, or anything at all about Pixyweevil, but did remark to the brook that if the Princess should ever water the roots of that tree with her tears, the spell would be broken, and Pixyweevil restored to her—handsomer than ever, and as brave as a lion."

"That's it," said the Imp. "You've got it; and how the brook said to the Princess, 'Follow me, and we'll find Pixyweevil,' and how she followed and followed until she was tired to death, and—"

"Full of despair threw herself down at the foot of that very oak and cried like a baby," continued Jimmieboy, ecstatically, for this was one of his favorite stories.

"Yes, that's all there; and then you remember how it winds up? How the tree shuddered as her tears fell to the ground, and how she thought it was the breeze blowing through the branches that made it shudder?" said the Imp.

"And how the brook laughed at her thinking such a thing!" put in Jimmieboy.

"And how she cried some more, until finally every root of the tree was wet with her tears, and how the tree then gave a fearful shake, and—"

"Turned into Pixyweevil!" roared Jimmieboy. "Yes, I remember that; but I never really understood whether Pixyweevil ever became King? My book says, 'And so they were married, and were happy ever afterwards'; but doesn't say that he finally became a great potteringtate, and ruled over the people forever."

"I guess you mean potentate, don't you?" said the Imp, with a laugh—potteringtate seemed such a funny word.

"I guess so," said Jimmieboy. "Did he ever become one of those?"

"No, he didn't," said the Imp. "He couldn't, and live happy ever afterwards, for Kings don't get much happiness in this world, you know."

"Why, I thought they did," returned Jimmieboy, surprised to hear what the Imp had said. "My idea of a King was that he was a man who could eat between meals, and go to the circus whenever he wanted to, and always had plenty of money to spend, and a beautiful Queen."

"Oh no," returned the Imp. "It isn't so at all. Kings really have a very hard time. They have to be dressed up all the time in their best clothes, and never get a chance, as you do, for instance, to play in the snow or in summer in the sand at the seashore. They can eat between meals if they want to, but they can't have the nice things you have. It would never do for a King to like ginger-snaps and cookies, because the people would murmur and say, 'Here—he is not of royal birth, for even we, the common people, eat ginger-snaps and cookies between meals; were he the true King he would call for green peas in winter-time, and boned turkey, and other rich stuffs that cost much money, and are hard to get; he is an impostor; come, let us overthrow him.' That's the hard part of it, you see. He has to eat things that make him ill just to keep the people thinking he is royal and not like them."

"Then what did Pixyweevil become?" asked Jimmieboy.

"A poet," said the Imp. "He became the poet of every-day things, and of course that made him a great poet. He'd write about plain and ordinary good-natured puppy-dogs, and snow-shovels, and other things like that, instead of trying to get the whole moon into a four-line poem, or to describe some mysterious thing that he didn't know much about in a ten-page poem that made it more mysterious than ever, and showed how little he really did know about it."

"I wish I could have heard some of Pixyweevil's poems," said Jimmieboy. "I liked him, and sometimes I like poems."

"Well, sit down there before the fire, and I'll see if we can't find a button to press that will enable you to hear them. They're most of 'em nonsense poems, but as they are perfect nonsense they're good nonsense."

"It is some time since I've used the library," said the Imp, gazing about him as if in search of some particular object. "For that reason I have forgotten where everything is. However, we can hunt for what we want until we find it. Perhaps this is it," he added, grasping a wire and fastening it to the battery. "I'll turn on the current and let her go."

The crank was turned, and the two little fellows listened very intently, but there came no sound whatever.

"That's very strange," said the Imp, "I don't hear a thing."

"Neither do I," observed Jimmieboy, in a tone of disappointment. "Perhaps the library is out of order, or the battery may be."

"I'll have to take the wire and follow it along until I

come to the book it is attached to," said the Imp, stopping the current and loosening the wire. "If the library is out of order it's going to be a very serious matter getting it all right again, because we have all the books in the world here, and that's a good many, you know—more'n a hundred by several millions. Ah! Here is the book this wire worked. Now let's see what was the matter."

In a moment the whole room rang with the Imp's laughter.

"No wonder it wouldn't say anything," he cried. "What do you suppose the book was?"

"I don't know," said Jimmieboy. "What?"

"An old copy-book with nothing in it. That's pretty good!"

At this moment the telephone bell rang, and he had to go see what was wanted.

"Excuse me for a moment, Jimmieboy," the Imp said, as he started to leave the room. "I've got to send a message for somebody. I'll turn on one of the picture-books, so that while I am gone you will have something to look at."

"NO WONDER IT WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING," HE CRIED.

The Imp then fastened a wire to the battery, turned on the current, and directing Jimmieboy's attention to the sheet of white canvas at the end of the library, left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GIRLS AND CHAFING-DISHES.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Never before was the chafing-dish so popular as now. And yet, in spite of the books that have been written directing how it is to be used, and the classes that have been formed for learning its capabilities, there is still a very general impression that its chief function is to cook Welsh-rarebit. As there is a prejudice against these as unwholesome, it is not strange, perhaps, that young girls and lads have had little practice with the chafing-dish. It has been rather reserved for their seniors, whose digestions may be supposed to have become case-hardened. But there are many other delicious dishes besides Welsh-rarebit which may be cooked over an alcohol flame. Even this much-abused compound, if properly prepared, and eaten at a reasonable hour, need not cause dyspepsia. It has gained a bad name because it is usually devoured late at night, and not followed by the vigorous exercise that is necessary if one would digest cheese comfortably.

The chafing-dish, however, is a really valuable aid in teaching young people something about cookery, and that in an easy, pleasant fashion. A chafing-dish is a charming possession for a young girls' club in which light and inexpensive refreshments are served. It is not always easy for the cook to prepare eatables for a club that meets every week or fortnight; and yet all girls—and boys—know how the sociability of any little gathering of this sort is heightened if there is something to eat. Girls who cannot have the "spread" prepared in the kitchen generally regale themselves with cream-puffs or éclairs, chocolate creams or caramels. And the boys—what do the boys eat? Peanuts, apples, pop-corn balls, varied by chewing-gum, and occasionally a cigarette "on the sly." Surely none of these are as good or as wholesome as some hot dainty prepared in a chafing-dish. The constant nibbling at sweets is very likely to prove injurious in the long-run, and to cost as much as the chafing-dish cookery.

But, some one may ask, what is there that can be cooked in a chafing-dish that will not give trouble to prepare in advance? There is no sense in planning for dishes that will keep the cook at work for an hour or so beforehand.

Certainly not. The right sort of chafing-dish cookery can all be done, at a pinch, in a chafing-dish. This ceases to be useful when it makes demands upon the kitchen stove, the cook, and every-day pots and pans.

There are many delicacies that the little cook can prepare with no help except that of her own clear head and her deft hands. It is not worth while to rehearse all of the dainties she has at her command, but here are a few of them: Scrambled eggs, eggs with cheese, eggs with curry, poached eggs, eggs with tomatoes, eggs with ham, curried eggs, creamed salmon, grilled sardines, panned oysters, broiled oysters, stewed and creamed oysters or clams, barbecued ham, fricasseed dried beef, creamed tomatoes, and cheese *fondu*.

For none of these need the cook's services be required, nor call be made upon the larder for any but uncooked provisions, except in the dishes where ham is used. And in these days, when cold

boiled ham may be bought at every delicatessen shop and many groceries, it is no more trouble to supply one's self with that than with fresh eggs.

The girl who wishes to provide a feast for the little club or circle to which she belongs, should first make out a list of all the utensils and materials she will need. Then she may collect them and arrange them upon the table where she means to do her cookery. The chafing-dish must stand on a tray; close at hand should be a half-pint measuring-cup, a small wooden spoon for stirring, a couple of teaspoons, a table-spoon, and a knife. If eggs are to be cooked there must be a small bowl to beat them in and a fork. The ingredients must be arranged in the order in which the cook will have to use them.

All this may be done before the guests are met. The lamp under the dish must be filled and matches laid near. Then, when the cooking is to be done, all the girl will have to do will be to pin a napkin on in apron fashion, to protect the front of her gown from possible splashing, take her place behind the chafing-dish, and set to work. If she has been wise enough to try over the recipe beforehand, and will keep a steady head and avoid flurry, she may be sure of a happy result.

Let us suppose that she means to cook eggs with ham. If there are eight girls to be present, she will need six eggs, a quarter of a pound of cold boiled ham sliced thin and cut into squares, a table-spoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of minced onion, a salt-spoonful of mustard, and as much white pepper.

SERVING.

The butter goes into the blazer as soon as the lamp is lighted. (The blazer is the pan that is used directly over the flame, when there is no need to cook over hot water.) As soon as the butter melts the onion is put in and fried for a minute, and then the ham goes in. The chafing-dish may now be covered and left to take care of itself while the eggs are beaten. They are broken into a bowl, without separating the whites from the yolks, and whipped with a fork until they are well blended—say for a minute and a half. By this time the ham should have begun to crisp nicely. If it has not reached this stage, it may be allowed to cook a little longer. Then it may be sprinkled with the mustard and pepper and the eggs turned into it. After this the stirring must be continuous. The eggs are very likely to stick unless they are kept constantly scraped from the bottom; but there is no danger of burning unless the dish is neglected. As soon as the eggs are firm the dish is ready, and the lamp may be extinguished. A pile of plates or saucers, with spoons or forks, should be in readiness, and a plate of crackers may be passed with the eggs.

Another excellent dish easily prepared is curried eggs. For these there will be required six hard-boiled eggs, shelled and cut into thick slices, a table-spoonful of butter, a table-spoonful of flour, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of minced onion, and a scant teaspoonful each of salt and curry-powder. This dish, too, is cooked in the blazer. The butter goes in first, with the onion, and when the butter is melted, the flour and curry-powder are stirred in quickly. As soon as these and the butter are well blended and begin to bubble, and before they have a chance to stick, the milk is poured in. After about two minutes' steady stirring the sauce begins to thicken. It should come to a boil, and then the eggs may be put in, the salt added, and all simmered about a minute and a half more before the lamp is put out.

A pleasant and profitable little entertainment may be given with a chafing-dish for any pet charity or mission. There is probably not a church in the country which does not contain one or more societies or guilds of young girls who are interested in some especial work. They may be "King's Daughters," or "Christian Endeavorers," or "Willing Workers," or anything else. Their object is always a worthy one, and their great desire is to secure funds for it. It is very easy, with a couple of good-sized chafing-dishes, to cook enough supper for from thirty to sixty people, when the hot dishes are supplemented by sandwiches, rolls, coffee, and cake. Each guest pays a fixed sum for his supper, and this secures him a portion of the product of the chafing-dish. If the cookery is done in the sight of the guests, and the recipes given at the same time, there is little chance that the entertainment will prove uninteresting.

If such a dish as eggs and ham be prepared, a dozen eggs and half a pound of ham can be readily cooked in one chafing-dish, and this, judiciously served, should supply fifteen people. As soon as the eggs are cooked they can be turned out upon a platter, the chafing-dish can be washed, and a second instalment prepared. Creamed oysters or salmon or panned oysters are quick dishes for such an occasion. Panned oysters are unusual, simple, and very good. To prepare them, melt two table-spoonfuls of butter in the blazer, lay in twenty-five oysters, and cook these, turning them once or twice, until they grow plump and the edges begin to curl. Season them with pepper and salt, and serve upon toast, or, if this is not convenient, upon crackers or Graham-bread.

As a matter of course, four chafing-dishes are better than two at such an affair, if there is a numerous assembly, unless the dishes are

unusually large. The audience on these occasions is, as a rule, good-natured, and quite willing to wait for the second or even the third relay of refreshments.

A pretty home lunch given by a young girl may have the principal items prepared in the chafing-dish. The lunch might begin with bouillon, served in cups. This, of course, should have been made in the kitchen. The first dish cooked on the table may be panned oysters or clams, served on toast. After this, the young hostess may broil lamb chops, or cook a dish of lobster or of creamed chicken, and with this a vegetable should be served. Should she desire, there may be a chafing-dish at each end of the table, and while she prepares the meat dish, her *vis-à-vis* may curry tomatoes, or cream potatoes, or *sauté* green peas.

FIRST LESSONS.

After this may come a cheese *fondu*. This is a mild and comparatively harmless form of Welsh-rarebit, and is cooked in the inner vessel of the chafing-dish over boiling water. To make it, put in a cupful of milk, a table-spoonful of butter, a *scant* cupful of fresh bread-crumbs, and two cupfuls of soft American cheese, grated. Add salt to taste, and a pinch of red pepper. Let all cook together, stirring often, until the cheese is melted, and the ingredients well blended. Have ready two eggs beaten light, and stir these in very slowly. Cook two minutes after they go in, and serve.

STIRRING THE DESSERT.

The salad which follows the cheese dish may be of lettuce with a French dressing, or of tomatoes with mayonnaise, and the making of the dressing may in either case devolve upon one of the guests or the hostess.

The final course may be fruit, or, if it is desirous to have one more chafing-dish dainty, it is easy to prepare a simple dessert. Open a can of preserved peaches or apricots. Split six stale lady-fingers or small sponge-cakes, melt two table-spoonfuls of butter in the chafing-dish, and in this brown the halved cakes on each side. Take them out, arrange them on a hot plate, and on each piece lay a half of a peach or apricot. Add a teaspoonful of cornstarch to the butter in the chafing-dish, blend well, and when the mixture bubbles add to it a scant half-pint of the liquor from the preserve. Stir this until it thickens, pour it over the cake and preserves, and serve. It is good with cream.

A chafing-dish need not be an expensive luxury. Those made of nickel are excellent, and cost from three to five dollars apiece. Still, cheaper dishes are made of agate iron and of block tin, and serve their purpose well.

BAGGED IN MIDSTREAM.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"What do you say to a paddle down to Oka this afternoon, Ray?" asked Jack Vipond of his chum, Ray Hodgson. "I don't think there's too much wind for the canoe."

"All right, Jack," assented Ray. "Shall we take your canoe or mine?"

"We'd better take yours, I guess," replied Jack. "It's safer in rough water, and we may have white-caps to face on our way back."

So they started out in Jack's white-cedar canoe, a beautiful craft, capable of a good rate of speed, and yet in competent hands wellnigh as seaworthy as a row-boat.

Ray took with him his air-gun, which was something more than a plaything, for it could send a heavy buckshot forty yards with sufficient force to kill a bird or squirrel, and at shorter distances was really an effective weapon for larger game.

They had a lively paddle down the river, for the breeze blew strongly astern, and good management was necessary to prevent the canoe shipping an occasional sea.

Landing at Oka, they spent some hours wandering about the Indian village, purchasing candy and getting drinks of cool spruce beer at a little French shop, and lying on the soft sward in the shade of the huge maples that fronted the big Catholic church.

They were in no hurry to return, because the longer they lingered the less wind and sea they would have to reckon with, and it was one of those deliciously lazy afternoons when even sturdy boys still in their teens do not hanker after any extra exertion.

It was accordingly well towards sundown before they again launched their canoe, and by this time only a gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the river.

Paddling straight up the middle of the broad stream, which at this place was really a lake, so widely did it expand, they had got about half-way home, when Ray, who was in the bow of the canoe, pointing to a dark object on the water a couple of hundred yards ahead, exclaimed, "Say, Jack, what do you make of that?"

Looking intently in the direction indicated, Jack, after a moment's hesitation, said, doubtfully: "I can't make out what it is. Could it be a young deer?"

"Perhaps it is," responded Ray, eagerly. "Let's paddle after it and see;" and he dug his blade deep into the water, making it bend like a bow with the sudden strain.

Nothing loath, Jack vigorously seconded his companion's efforts, and the canoe cut through the water at a rate that promised to quickly bring it close to the unknown creature ahead.

At first the animal took no notice, or was unconscious of the approach of the canoe, but by the time the latter had covered half the distance separating them, it suddenly awoke to a sense of danger, and put forth a spurt that greatly increased its rate of progress.

"Hit her up, Jack! hit her up!" cried Ray, multiplying his strokes. "The beggar's trying to get away from us."

"No fear of that," panted Jack, who was straining every nerve and steering a faultless course. "We're too fast for it any day."

As they gained upon their quarry it soon became clear that it was nothing of the deer kind, but some sort of a wild-cat, the fur being very thick, and of a brownish-gray color. The ears were long and pointed, and had a curious little plume of coarse hairs at the top. Neither of the boys had ever seen an animal like this one before.

Had not their blood been warmed by the exertions of the chase, it is probable that when the character of the animal was more fully disclosed they would have deemed discretion the better part of valor, and allowed it to go on its way unchallenged.

But they were both greatly excited, and the presence of each other acted as a stimulant to their courage, so that they were bound to see the end of the matter.

"Give him a shot with your air-gun, Ray," shouted Jack when the canoe was within ten yards of the creature.

Ray at once laid down his paddle and took up the gun, which happened to be ready for action. Aiming as carefully as he could, seeing that every pulse was throbbing and nerve tingling with excitement, Ray pulled the trigger, and the loud snap of the gun was instantly followed by a startling yell of pain from the animal, which commenced to thrash around in the water furiously.

By a lucky chance, rather than by any good marksmanship, Ray's buckshot had taken effect in the right eye, completely destroying that optic, and inflicting intolerable pain.

Quick to make the most of their advantage, the boys sent the canoe close up to the struggling animal, fully determined to secure their prize, although they had no clear idea as to how they would accomplish it.

"Give him another shot, Ray," cried Jack, anxiously, for he was beginning to feel nervous lest the violent motions of the animal might imperil the stability of the canoe.

Ray hastened to comply; but being greatly flurried, went too hurriedly about getting the air-gun again ready for action, with the result that he disarranged its machinery, and rendered it unfit for further use.

"I've broken something, Jack!" he exclaimed, in a tone of keen regret, "and I can't fire it again."

"Then hit the brute over the head with the butt," suggested Jack, eagerly.

Excited as he was, Ray had too much regard for his gun to risk smashing it beyond all repair by turning it into a club. Instead of so doing he flung it into the bottom of the canoe and seized his paddle. It had a broad heavy blade, sharp at the edges, and being made of the best white maple, could be relied upon not to break easily. Swinging it high over his head, he brought it down with all his might upon the animal. His intention had been that the blow should fall just behind the ears, and if his aim had been true the struggle would have been at once ended. But the combined motion of the canoe and the plunging creature threw him out altogether, and the paddle, instead of inflicting a fatal stroke, came down on the side of the furry head, and glanced off without even stunning its intended victim.

"Botheration!" cried Ray, disgustedly; and he was about to swing the paddle up for another attempt, when the animal suddenly changed its tactics.

Hitherto it had acted entirely on the defensive; but now, doubly enraged, no doubt, by the stinging blow of the sharp-edged paddle, it rushed to the attack. Flinging itself upon the canoe, it got both paws over the gunwale and buried its teeth in the thin wood, growling horribly, and glaring at Ray with its one remaining eye in a most terrifying manner.

Jack thought that it was now full time for him to take a hand in the conflict. "Keep the canoe steady, Ray," he shouted. "I'll fix the beast."

So saying, he rose from his seat and put all his strength into a swing of his paddle, that had it taken effect would surely have decapitated the animal.

But he was fated to have no better fortune with his blow than his companion, for just as he stood up the weight of the creature clinging to the gunwale proved too much for the equilibrium of the canoe, and over it went, pitching both boys into the water with a tremendous splash.

They were expert swimmers, and had nothing to fear in the way of drowning; but the first thought in the minds of both as they rose to the surface and wiped the water from their eyes was, "Where is the wild-cat? Is it near me?"

To their great surprise the animal had disappeared. There was the canoe calmly floating bottom up, but nothing else was visible.

"What's become of the thing?" cried Ray, looking anxiously around.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when strange, muffled sounds coming through the bottom of their up-turned craft supplied the answer.

The canoe had turned over on top of the animal, which was now imprisoned beneath it.

"It's under the canoe," shouted Jack. "Let's keep it there until it's drowned."

The idea was an excellent one, and not an instant was lost in putting it into execution.

One taking the bow, and the other the stern, the boys kept the light vessel in its position until the sounds and struggling of the creature desperately fighting for its life had entirely ceased.

They even waited some minutes longer so as to make assurance doubly sure, for they desired no renewal of the conflict.

"He must be dead as a door-nail now," said Jack at length. "Let's right the canoe and see. I hope the body won't sink, after all the trouble we've had."

Moving with great circumspection, they turned the canoe over right side up, and to their great delight the body of the animal floated out as lifeless as the paddles that were beside it.

"Hurrah!" cried Ray. "We've got him right enough. Now, then, let's bale out the canoe and make for shore as quick as we can."

For such expert canoeists this was not a matter of much difficulty, and in a little while they were underway again, with their furry victim safely stowed amidships.

They were naturally very jubilant over what they had done, and exhibited their prize with much pride.

It proved to be a fine specimen of the Canadian lynx, an animal very rare in that part of the country. In fact, none had been seen there for many years.

On the advice of their parents the boys presented the lynx to the Natural History Society, by whom it was carefully mounted and placed in a prominent position, with a card at its feet giving the credit to the donors.

Since then Ray and Jack are always eager to take friends and visitors to the museum, and to make sure that they do not miss the section in which the big lynx stands so well to the front.

LEAVES AT PLAY.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Scamper, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old Wind shout,
Laughing as you run,
And I haven't any doubt
That he likes the fun.

When you've run a month or so,
Very tired you'll get;
But the same old Wind, I know,
Will be laughing yet
When he kicks you in your snow-
Downy coverlet.

So, run on and have your play,

Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day,
While the sun is bright.
Soon you'll hear the old Wind say,
"Little leaves, Good-night!"

WHERE THE CANARIES COME FROM.

A great many of our finest singers have come from Italy and France, but until we read it in an English newspaper some days ago we never knew that Germany carries on a very large trade in the rearing and exporting of canaries, and that the largest establishment in the world for the breeding of these creatures is situated within the domains of that empire, away up among the Hartz Mountains of Prussia. From this and the few surrounding but much smaller nurseries no fewer than 130,000 birds are despatched every year to the United States and Canada; while in the same time at least 3000 go to Great Britain, and about 2000 go to Russia.

IRVING'S STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE.

BY JOHN RUSSELL DAVIDSON.

any of the wide-awake Knights and Ladies of the Round Table read the daily newspapers, and by this time know that Sir Henry Irving, the great English actor, has been treating the people of New York to a magnificent production of a play that deals directly with the ancient founder of the Order of the Round Table.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the writer of this beautiful and sadly picturesque drama, does not give us many glimpses into the lives of the great company of valiant knights that bound Merlin's table with a hand of steel, but there is much in the stage pictures to interest and instruct those who have fed upon the legends of Tennyson. In the prologue we find the young King Arthur by the Magic Mere or Magic Lake, receiving from the spirit of the lake the mighty sword Excalibur, and with it predictions of great power for the future of this warrior knight who was to rule over a kingdom that should rule the sea. The old sage Merlin is standing by, telling Arthur that the blade is of such a temper that no man can withstand its stroke, and that the scabbard is worthier than the sword.

THE MAGIC MERE.

As the play progresses a band of one hundred knights of the Round Table are seen gathered together in the great Hall of Camelot, kneeling before the King, and begging his permission to leave the court to search for the sacred cup of Christ's, known throughout the world as the Holy Grail. This Holy Grail, the legend tells us, was a cup filled at the cross with the Saviour's blood and brought to the British Isle by Joseph. Some unknown hand had stolen it away, and the burning desire of many a brave knight in those days was to seek, and, happily finding the holy treasure, to restore it to its proper place.

Our illustration of this scene pictures the spokesmen for the departing company of knights craving the King's blessing on their quest. As they rise to go, Sir Lancelot enters and kneels before the throne; he is encased in full armor, and carries a great sword on his left arm. This youth, possessing so many of the graces and traits that were necessary to add lustre to the fame of an English knight in the olden time, had endeared himself to the good Arthur and all his court, and so great was the King's love for Lancelot that he refused to grant the earnest prayer of the gallant knight that he might be permitted to take his departure from his sovereign's side, and join his companions in their wellnigh hopeless search for the Holy Grail.

The next act brings us to a beautiful nook in a vast forest. It is the Queen's Maying, and the great old trees and the blooming flowers tremble with the glad music of Guinevere's laugh and the joyful songs of her ladies-in-waiting.

Sir Lancelot remains at Arthur's court, and being ever near the gracious Queen, his love for her grows deeper and dangerous, until at last it becomes known to the King, who banishes the unhappy young knight and condemns the

"WE WHO GO FORTH TO SEEK THE HOLY GRAIL."

Queen to imprisonment. From the moment when Sir Lancelot enters Camelot the play deals with that which is sad and fateful—the love of Arthur for Guinevere, the mutual love of this lovely Queen and Sir Lancelot, and the traitorous acts of Arthur's trusted Sir Mordred that finally end in the King's death by Sir Mordred's hand.

Merlin had told Mordred that he, being born on the May day, was the only man whose power could prevail against the mystic charm of Arthur's sword.

In King Arthur's life the great sword Excalibur plays a prominent part; it is ever present and exerting vast influence in his victories and rapid rise to mighty power. Morgan le Fay, the mother of Sir Mordred and active partner in his schemes to overthrow their master, enters the King's chamber at night, steals the scabbard, and throws it into the lake from which it came; and as Arthur is dying he charges his faithful follower Sir Bedevere to take the blade to the forest and cast it back into the depths of the Magic Mere. At Arthur's death Queen Guinevere is condemned to be burned, but is saved from the flames by the faithful Sir Lancelot, who in turn slays the false Sir Mordred. This latter knight had usurped the throne some time before the dying moments of King Arthur.

"And after he was dead Arthur was borne by the three Queens of Night to that sweet isle of sleep which is called Avalon."

We read books, we idly turn the pictured page of history; but here we have before us a scene painted in colors deeper than the artist's brush can know—a picture infused with the vitality of living humanity clothed with the garments of the Middle Ages. All this, stirred with the gleam of spear, the clink of mail, and the thrust of sword, bathes our dream of the early mother-land with an interest that is alive, and a reality that otherwise we could never know.

To be noble then was to be a man of war; to be noble now is to be a man of peace.

The formation of a National Interscholastic Athletic Association, that shall be for the schools of this country what the I.C.A.A.A. is for the colleges, seems now assured. At a meeting of the New York I.S.A.A. two weeks ago it was decided to invite all the interscholastic associations whose names and addresses could be obtained to send delegates to a convention to be held in this city on or about December 28th. At this convention the New York association will propose the formation of a national association, and the plans for organization will be discussed, and officers will doubtless be elected. This is probably the most important step ever taken by the schools for the welfare of scholastic athletics, and it should be encouraged in every way possible by all who are interested in matters interscholastic. The legislators will no doubt find a number of difficulties to overcome at first, and they should not hesitate to seek the best advice obtainable, or assistance, whenever required, from older sportsmen.

Such an association of schools cannot fail to benefit track and field sports. It will simplify the schedule of events, and officially recognize those that are distinctly athletic; it will raise the standard of performance; it will bring the best material of American schools together; and it will establish definite figures in records, which up to this time have, in many cases, been subject to doubt. The question as to when and where the first field meeting should be held is just now a matter of secondary importance, but one that the prospective delegates to the convention will do well to keep in mind. The questions to consider at present are the best methods for organizing the association, and the best means of putting it upon a firm basis. It should be remembered that no business enterprise can be run on any but a business basis; and whereas the proposed association will not in its foremost features be a business enterprise, there will be many business transactions in connection with its management that must be attended to in a businesslike manner.

Above all things, the association should be kept free from politics. Politics is enough to ruin the best-regulated enterprise. The offices should not be looked upon as spoils, and divided among the several component associations. Elect those men to the offices who are the best qualified to carry out the work and to fulfil the duties entrusted to them. In almost every school, or association of schools, there is one man who is recognized as a "worker," one man whose interest in whatever

he undertakes is such that it helps him to perform his duties better than others could. Such a man—such men, indeed, are needed to take charge of and conduct the affairs of the National Association. If such men are put into office, the organization cannot fail to be prosperous, and to reflect credit upon all the institutions that are members of it.

The Thanksgiving day game between Berkeley and St. Paul's, the first of a series of annual contests, should attract a large crowd. Both teams are in prime condition, and good football may be expected. Berkeley will undoubtedly win, and St. Paul's will score if her men get the ball in the first half. On the other hand, if St. Paul's kicks off, and the ball goes into Berkeley's hands, the New-Yorkers will have things all their own way should they score in the first ten minutes of play. St. Paul's is weak in defensive work, and her men seem to lose heart if scored against early in the game. I can not quite account for this in a team that has had such good training, but it is a characteristic particularly noticeable this year. Their offensive play is good, and the men put up a fast and strong game in both halves—when they don't lose heart. The centre and guards are weak, but the other positions are pretty well taken care of.

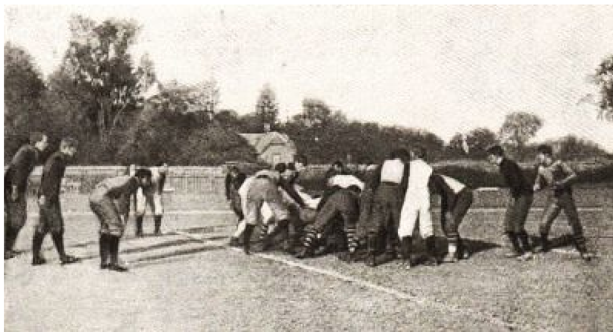
Platt. Baker. Linn. Starr. Glenny. Starr. Brown. Hare. White.

Hall. Loraine. Goldsborough. Cluet. Gardiner. Symons.

ST. PAUL'S, GARDEN CITY, FOOTBALL TEAM.

Captain Starr is a veteran player, although new to the position of full-back; he is a fair runner, a good punter, and better at plunging through the centre than at circling the ends. Blackstone and Goldsborough are good running half-backs, not afraid of the crowd, and the latter is particularly clever at following his interference. Baker, at quarter, passes well, is a good general, and tackles hard. Both the end men follow the ball well, and Weller is the strongest defensive player on the team, but is liable to get pocketed by the interference. Gardiner, at tackle, is another strong man in the line, and is a ground-gainer when given the ball. Symons, the other tackle, is a new man, but is learning rapidly, and is one of the best tacklers of the eleven. Cluet blocks poorly at centre, but breaks through well; his guards, Glenny and Brown, are somewhat slow, and do not hold their men. They will have their hands full with Lefferts and Hayden.

The Berkeley team that is to line up against these players is the best eleven the New York school ever put into the field. The end players are particularly good. Young got his experience at Lawrenceville, and won a reputation on the '94 team there. He is quick, rarely misses his man, and on kicks gets away very fast. He blocks well, and strikes interference hard and low. Hasbrouck, the left end, is powerfully built and stocky. He is seldom put out of a play, tackles his man hard and sure. Captain Bayne plays next to him at tackle, and the two work well together. Bayne played on the champion team of 1893. He weighs 192 pounds, and is very strong. He is good at bucking the line, striking it low, with head well down, and is sure for a good gain every time he is sent with the ball. Yale will have a valuable acquisition in him. E. Irwin-Martin, the right tackle, is an aggressive, hard-working player, six feet tall. The strongest feature of his play is a trick he has of twisting when running with the ball, and then breaking away from his tacklers. He tackles hard, but has a bad fault of getting his own head under his opponent, instead of giving his man the full force of a hard fall.



BERKELEY SCHOOL VS. SCRUB—SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF LINE UP.

Berkeley's three centre men have been constantly improving this season, and are now in condition. Rand, the centre, weighs only 165 pounds, but he has held his end up in every game played. His great faults are lack of aggressiveness and slowness. During the last week, however, he has taken a brace that has made a marked improvement in his play. He is very steady in putting the ball in play, breaks through well, and tackles hard. His strongest feature is in following the ball and getting into every play. Lefferts and Hayden give promise of developing into first-class guards. Both are comparatively green men at football, but their willingness to learn and determination to succeed have already made them most valuable in the play of the team. Lefferts plays left guard. He is strong and a fast runner. His great fault earlier in the season was his inability to block centre plays. This he has overcome to a great extent, and now stands firm. He runs fairly well with the ball, and on the defensive goes in with dash and aggressiveness. Hayden, the right guard, is a powerful player, and weighs 162 pounds. Like Lefferts, his great weakness has been in stopping centre plays, but now he is showing marked improvement. He can always be counted on for a good gain when given the ball.

At interfering he also does good work, and puts a man out of the play when he goes against him.

For a school team Berkeley is especially strong back of the line. Scott has shown such marked improvement at quarter-back during the past week that he has succeeded in making the team, although Hurlbert gave him a hard fight for it. His weight was a strong factor in aiding him, Hurlbert weighing only 127 pounds. His great faults are nervousness and an inclination to fumble, but he is fast growing out of them under constant coaching. He is a hard worker, gets into every play, is very fast, and tackles well. Clinton Irwin-Martin, the right half-back, and field Captain of the team, is a tower of strength. He is six feet tall, and weighs 180 pounds. At tackle, end, guard, or back he does equally good work, but it is especially at half-back that his work stands out most prominently. His line-breaking is unusually good, and once clear of the end he is seldom caught, as he is a good sprinter. Galloway, at left half, is fast rounding into a reliable back. Some of the longest runs made this season have been placed to his credit. He follows his interference fairly well, but is inclined to run back at times. His great fault in centre plays is striking the line high instead of with head down, and though he is a ground-gainer, he would cover greater distance if he always plunged into the opening with head well down. Franklin Bien, Jun., Captain of the 1896 baseball team, is at full-back. He has developed rapidly. Not only is he a strong kicker, but he is a running full-back too, and bucks the line low and hard. His baseball experience makes him a sure catch, while his punting and drop kicking are of a high order. He has several times kicked goals from the 35-yard line, and on the kick-off easily sends the ball over the opponent's goal-line. Always cool and steady, he is said not to have missed his man once this season, whenever the runner has passed the line. The most prominent substitutes are Hurlbert, Jackson, Poor, Irvine, Thomas, Boyeson, Shinkle, Doudge, and Blakeley.

The two most important games played thus far this season were at Andover on the 14th, and at New Haven on the 16th—the first between Lawrenceville and Phillips Academy, the second between Hartford and Bridgeport High-Schools. Both were of the closest and most exciting description, particularly the latter, which was played to decide the tie of 10-10 of November 9th, and resulted in a second tie, 4-4. The Andover contest was a hard battle, resulting in a victory of 12-10 for Lawrenceville, but this score (as is very often the case with football scores) does not really show what the players did. The weight of Lawrenceville had been greatly exaggerated, the centre men being reported to weigh 210 pounds. As a matter of fact the average was 187, and the entire team averaged 167. Andover averaged 165.

C. W. DIBBLE, Captain Lawrenceville Football Team.

The centre men of the two teams seemed about equal in strength, and no gains were made at that point by either side. Andover gained twice around the ends, one gain resulting in a touch-down. Chadwell of Andover was better than either of the Lawrenceville ends, while Young, the P.A. Captain, showed up about on a par with Eddy and Righter. Goodwin played the best game for Andover, making both touch-downs, the first after a brilliant run of fifty yards. Andover was outplayed at the tackles and guards, for here is where Lawrenceville has played strongest all through the year. Captain Dibble did the best work by far for the Jerseymen, making seven long runs with the aid of fine interference. Powell surpassed himself, making only one fumble, whereas Wentworth did wretched work, devoting more of his attention to personal encounter than to the science of the game, which finally resulted in his being disqualified near the end of the first half for punching Dibble. Lawrenceville got through a number of times and brought either Andover's quarter or half back down for a loss. Andover gained a great advantage by having Goodwin kick right back of the line. Kafer for Lawrenceville outpunted Barker of Andover, his best punt being fifty yards.

Lawrenceville's first touch-down was made in eight minutes after the game began. Plays on the tackles and ends brought the ball down well toward Andover's goal line, when Dibble rushed it over, and Cadwalader kicked a good goal. On the line-up Lawrenceville secured the ball, and, by a double pass, got Powell through Andover's whole line for the second touch-down, after he had run fifty yards. Hereupon was made the only wrong decision of the game. The ball was brought back by the umpire for alleged holding. None of the other officials could uphold him. On the next two plays Andover made her first touch-down by Goodwin's good runs around Lawrenceville's right and left ends respectively. Barker kicked an easy goal. On the next line-up Lawrenceville rushed the ball to Andover's fifteen-yard line, when time was called. During this first half Andover played a kicking game entirely, rushing with the ball only seven times.

In the second half Lawrenceville rushed the ball down the field, making a second touch-down by sending Dibble through the tackles and around left end. After the goal had been successfully kicked, Barker kicked off for Andover, Dibble catching. Kafer then attempted to punt on the first down, but Mull blocked the kick, and the ball went flying off on the grand stand, whereupon Young secured it on Lawrenceville's two-yard line. A fumble lost two yards, and it looked as though Andover would lose her opportunity to score, but Goodwin carried the ball over on the next play. He punted out to Butterfield, who made a pretty catch, but Barker failed to kick a goal. Lawrenceville took a big brace after this, but just as a thirty-yard run by Dibble had brought the ball to Andover's twenty-yard line, time was called on account of darkness, although there still remained eight minutes of playing time. Andover's cheering was very effective, and served to prevent the fast playing that Lawrenceville is usually capable of. The Jersey team also suffered somewhat from the effects of the 300-mile trip from Lawrenceville.

The second game between Bridgeport and Hartford was a better exhibition of football than the first—although little fault could be found with that. The day was an ideal one for the sport, and

both elevens showed the result of the week's training with the benefit of the knowledge each had acquired of the other's play. In the first game Bridgeport made most of her gains around Hartford's left end; but in the second contest Morcom was put into that position, and Bridgeport found it easier to turn the right flank and to plunge through left tackle and end. Foster went around right end for the touch-down, while Ingalls scored for Hartford through guard and centre. The play was mostly confined to short gains, and outside of a thirty-yard run by Ives, and two twenty-yard runs by Goodell, most of the advances were secured five yards at a time. On the whole, Bridgeport played a steadier game than Hartford, keeping a high average in both halves. Hartford was weak in the first, especially in interference, although her centre was solid; she remained almost entirely on the defensive, becoming aggressive only in the second half. Bridgeport was aggressive all the time, and punted rarely. Her interference was excellent, and her ends the best I have seen in the Connecticut League for some years, excepting perhaps Cady and Winslow of last year's Hartford eleven.

As for individual play, Goodell excelled by far any player on his side both in running with the ball and in tackling; Lyman and Morcom made good gains; Ingalls blocked splendidly, and made his distance every time he took the ball; Luce did some first-rate punting and got around the ends well; and Chapman deserves especial credit for his plunges through the centre. For Bridgeport, Foster did the best work. He is a strong runner, and frequently travelled down the field with two or three men on his back struggling to down him. Ives seldom missed a tackle, and headed the interference in line style. Keane played a good game, but could not quite meet Luce in a punting match. Hartford worked Bridgeport's centre for slow and sure gains, and occasionally sent a man around the right end.

The Graduate.

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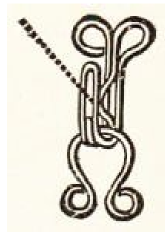

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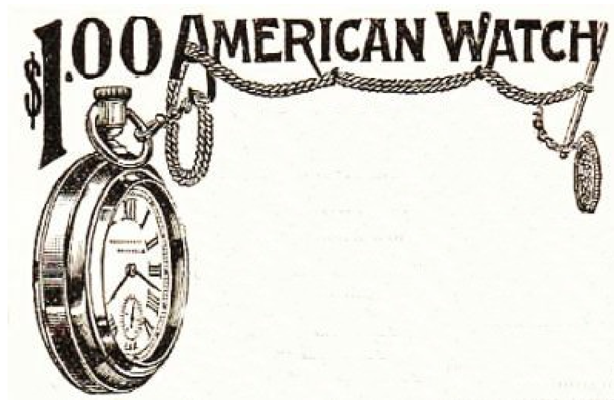

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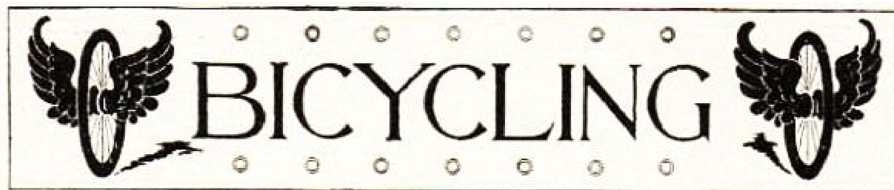
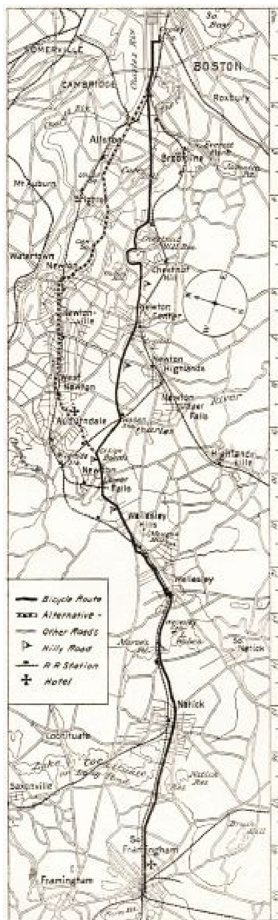


> This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognising the value of the work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

One of the best trips out of Boston is the westward run to South Framingham. The distance is not great, and the country which the rider passes through is as fine as any in the vicinity of Boston, or, for that matter, anywhere in the East. Start from Copley Square, with Public Library on the left. Go through Dartmouth Street (macadam road) to Commonwealth Avenue, turn to left, and follow this Avenue to Beacon Street Boulevard; bear to left out this boulevard, following electric-car tracks direct to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. Fine residences all the way. Finely macadamized road. Some hills and good coasts, which must be taken with caution on account of cross-roads. Shortly after crossing railroad bridge on Beacon Boulevard keep to extreme left-hand road; it usually has the best surface and gives the best shade. At the Reservoir Electric-Car Station turn to right up short steep hill; at top turn to left, pass through stone gateway, and take delightful spin around reservoir, keeping water on left till Beacon Street is reached, then turn to right on Beacon and up long hill, which is followed by two excellent coasts into Newton Centre. Good macadam road. Keep on Beacon Street (now good gravel road, small hills followed by level stretch), which crosses railroad at Waban Station and brings one to Great Sign Boards, then turn to the left, and follow Washington Street up long hill, then good coast towards Newton Lower Falls, good gravel road to Wellesley Hills. Keep to right on Worcester Street, cross railroad, then



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first left, thus entering Wellesley by way of Linden Street. Here it will pay to run out Washington Street to Wellesley College, see the fine grounds and Lake Waban, on the shores of which are famous residences, notably that of the Hunneywells, with extensive Italian gardens terraced from hill-top to the water's edge. Leaving Wellesley, follow Central Street to East Central, comparatively level way, to Natick. Keep direct road, passing Long Pond on the right and Cochituate Reservoir on the left. Good gravel road. Follow West Central Street into South Framingham, distance about twenty miles. Old Colony House a good place for dinner. Returning, follow same route to Great Sign Boards. To vary trip, instead of turning to right keep direct road, *viâ* Washington Street, to Auburndale, past Lee's Hotel, one of the most popular suburban hostelries. Road in this region is excellent and well shaded. From Lee's keep direct road across railroad, then bear to the right and keep straight way into Newtonville, which we pass, keeping railroad on the right into Newton. After passing the station take first turn to right, and follow direct way to Oak Square. This brings one on to Cambridge Street, which is followed to Union Square, here turn to right, and follow Commonwealth Avenue to Dartmouth, then turn to right to Copley Square. Round trip about forty-three miles. If one desires, a short run of a little over a mile from Lee's will bring him to Riverside, on the Charles River, where are the Boston Athletic Club's summer quarters and those of the Newton Boat Club. Canoes and boats to let. Good place to spend an hour or so.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827; Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829; Third Stage in No. 830; Fourth Stage in No. 831; Fifth Stage in No. 832; Sixth Stage in No. 833. Boston to Concord in No. 834. Boston in No. 835. Boston to Gloucester in No. 836. Boston to Newburyport in No. 837. Boston to New Bedford in No. 838.

Life on a South African Farm.

As your readers seem interested in letters from other lands, I will write a little about life on a South African farm. Our farm was in the Little Karroo, the principal produce of which was ostrich feathers and mohair. I dare say you will have heard how much we suffer from drought in parts of the Cape Colony, and how comparatively useless the rivers are owing to their steep descent towards the coast. During these droughts it often becomes necessary to feed the ostriches with prickly-pear leaves, which are cut up in a machine. Our goats are fed on a prickly shrub which is burnt with an inflammable bush called "kers bosch" (candle bush) until the thorns are off, when the stock rapidly devour it.

After the rains the water is preserved in large dams, and the ostrich cocks often become very vicious and prove dangerous to people on foot, as I know to my cost. In such a case the best weapon is a thorny branch with two prongs. In the prongs you catch the long neck. The animal is far too valuable to kill, or this could easily be effected by a blow with a stone or stick on the head. The ostriches have great strength in their long legs, which are their only means of attack.

My own experience was this: One day, while after cattle in the veldt, a vicious bird attacked me, and compelled me to get into a tree, where he kept me for half a day, until a native boy on horseback came to my assistance. During my imprisonment he made every effort to kick me down, and as the tree was none too large he nearly succeeded. If any of your readers would like to open a correspondence for exchanging stamps I am ready, and would be able to send them Cape Colony, Natal, British Bechuanaland, and Transvaal stamps in exchange, as well as some others. They should let me know what sort they want.

F. HOBSON.
SOMERSET EAST, CAPE COLONY.

Questions and Answers.

Does your Chapter want a corresponding member in Central America? Louis A. Doubleday, Palacio de Artes, Guatemala, wants to belong to such a one. Write him. Bernard W. Leavitt wants to know how to clean a banjo-head without injuring it. Can some one tell him? He says the yell of Guilford College, N. C., is "Bumbio, Bumbio, Guilford, Guilford Ho Ho Ho!" No colors. Humes Rogers wants to meet members who come South to attend the Atlanta Exposition. His address is Marietta, Ga.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

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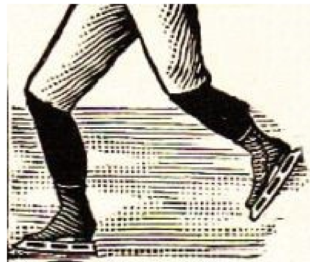

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[Pg 98]

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

Owing to the large number of questions requiring answers, the Department this week will be entirely made up of them.

Sir Knight A. U. Smith, New Jersey, asks what is the matter with a negative when the picture can

hardly be seen, and the film is so thick that a print cannot be made from it. The plate has been over-developed—that is, left in the developer so long that the film has become too dense. An over-developed plate can be reduced by using the following formula, called Farmer's Reducer: Ferricyanide of potassium, 3 grs.; hypo, 30 grs.; water, 4 oz. Wash the negative till the film is thoroughly wet, then place in the reducing solution for two or three minutes; wash, and if not reduced enough repeat the operation. It is better to make two or three trials than to leave the plate in the solution too long. Wash the negative thoroughly and dry as usual. Mark bottle "poison."

Sir Knight John H. Curtis asks if an under-exposed plate can be remedied after it is fixed. An under-exposed plate can be strengthened after fixing by the following method. Make up three solutions as follows: No. 1—bichloride of mercury, 120 grs.; chloride of ammonium, 120 grs.; distilled water, 10 oz. No. 2—chloride of ammonium, 120 grs.; water, 10 oz. No. 3—sulphite of sodium crystals, 1 oz.; water, 9 oz. Wash the plate for half an hour, and then place for ten minutes in a five-per-cent.-solution of alum and again wash for half an hour. Place in a developing-tray, and flow enough of No. 1 over it to cover it; the negative will turn white. As soon as it is white or nearly so turn off the solution, rinse the plate, and flow with No. 2 for one minute. Rinse again and cover with No. 3, and let it remain till the negative has turned a dark brown or black. Wash for an hour or two and dry. Solution No. 3 can be returned to the bottle after using, but the others had better be thrown away after use. Remember that these solutions are very poisonous, and mark the bottles, and put them away in a safe place when not in use. Number the bottles No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3.

Sir Knight J. M. Koller wishes to know if pictures sent for competition must be burnished. It is not necessary, and unless it adds much to the appearance of the picture one does not care to have pictures burnished. The mat-surface papers are very easy to use, and do not require burnishing.

Sir Knight Samuel R. Boucher, Jun., Box 68, Gravesend, L.I., says that he will send formula for developing and fixing ferrotype plates, and directions where the plates may be obtained by any amateur who wishes to make ferrotypes.

Sir Knight D. M. Bell wishes to know as soon as possible how to make photographs of microscopic objects. The explanation and directions would take up too much space in the "Answers to Queries"; but we shall soon publish two or three papers on microscopic photography, giving full and plain directions which the amateur will have no trouble in following.

Sir Knight Trebor Robyat asks the best way to take a picture from a photograph. He says that his camera takes a picture 3¼ by 4¼, and the photograph which he wishes to copy is about 4 by 5. The picture must be placed exactly parallel with the lens, and an easy way to make a copy, where one has not a copying stand, is to take a board about six feet long and fasten a wooden box at one end of the board, and use the side or end to attach the print to be copied. Then place the camera on the board as near the picture as possible, and have a clear focus. This simple way of adjusting the camera saves much trouble in trying to get the camera and picture exactly parallel. The copy will be quite small if made from so small a print as the 4 by 5. Sir Knight Trebor also asks for formula for making blue-print paper. Formulas for blue paper may be found in Nos. 797, 823, and 828, with suggestions for its use.

Sir Knight Leroy W. Baker, New Hampshire, asks where blue-print paper may be obtained, and the sizes and prices. Blue-print paper may be bought of any dealer in photographic goods, or one may send direct to the manufacturers. It comes in the regulation sizes, the 4x5 costing twenty cents for a package of two dozen sheets.

The Helping Hand.

The readers of Harper's Round Table are trying to earn $3000 to build a school-house for the boys at Good Will Farm. The house is to be for the use of an Industrial School, where carpentry, moulding, etc., are to be taught. The Order of the Round Table seeks only to erect the building, not to be responsible for the school itself. Good Will Farm is on the banks of the Kennebec River in Maine, but it takes homeless and friendless boys from everywhere, so far as it has room, hence it is national and not local in its scope and work.

It takes these boys at four to eight years of age, gives them an education, and finds positions for them, thus turning what might grow into hardened and depraved men into what are certain to be useful men. There are upwards of 100 boys at the Farm now. There would be more were there room for them. During the past two years more than 700 deserving lads had to be denied this splendid "chance in the world" because the Farm could not house and support them.

One building, now used for a school, may be used for a home for fifteen additional boys as soon as the Order accomplishes its task. The Fund on November 12, 1895, stands thus:

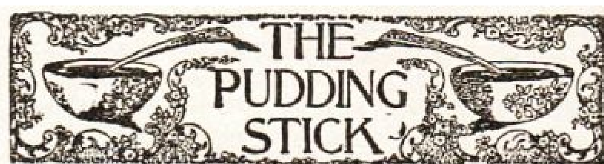
Amount previously acknowledged	$1437.79
There have been added these sums, which came from nearly every part of the world: Dorothy and Pinneo, 5 cents; Victor R. Gage, $5; W. Stowell Wooster, George Tempel, William M. Mursick, Louise May Levy, Rose A. Levy, Mrs. P. B. Levy, Hattie M. Reidell, Mignonette Karelson, Johanna Girvins, Edwin J. Roberts, Christine, Ada, and Harry Norris, Paul Barnhart, Vincent V. M. Beede, Eileen M. Weldon, Florence E. Cowan, Maud Wigfield, Kate Sanborn, Two Friends, Allie and Julia K. Russell, Thacher H.	

Guild, Frederick G. Clapp, a Member, the Winship Family (five), Mary D. and Bella Tarr, Erwin F. Wilson, Charles E. Abbey, Tom R. Robinson, John C. Failing, Tracy French, Adella Hooper, John H. Campbell, Jun., and Helen F. Little, all in response to Mr. Munroe's appeal, and many of whom had previously contributed larger sums, 10 cents each; Ursula Minor, $5; Jessie Alexander, $1; Chauncey T. Driscoll, $1; J. Crispia Bebb, 25 cents; Christina R. Horton, 25 cents; Lyle, Frances, and H. M. Selby, $1; Evelyn, Marianne, and Lyle Tate, $1; Nellie Hazeltine, 25 cents; Addie Brown, 25 cents; the Roof Fair, previously mentioned, $30.17; the Misses Schrenkeiser, Dey, and Hubert Fair, $71.50; Marion and Dora Compton (Bavaria), $1; Dan and Lucinda Amsden, 50 cents; Nathaniel Thompson and his brother, 30 cents; Barbara Arbogast, William A. Steel, John Pohland, and Adelaide Ermentrout, 25 cents each; Edward Gray, 10 cents; Louise May Levy, $1; Edwin V.Griswold, 25 cents; Tennyson Chapter, of Piqua, O., $3.35; William H. Tobey, 50 cents; Edith L. Lewis, 50 cents; "Tiger," 25 cents; Miss M. T. Berge, $2; Maybelle H. Seelyee, $1; E. J. Nichols, 50 cents; Martha J. Sisson, 25 cents; Elsie Hall, 60 cents; the Admiral Benham Chapter, of Fort Adams, $8.95; and Harold C. Day, 10 cents.

Total	141.37
	————
Grand Total	$1579.16

The Order was conditionally promised the sum of $300, the same to come to it on July 1, 1895, from a travelling salesmen association. It is due the Order to state that this sum is not included in the foregoing, it not yet having been received. The sum given is cash actually in hand. In addition to both there is the stone for the foundations, worth $400, but it is hoped to be able to raise $3000 in money.

Help is asked from any one desirous of aiding philanthropic boys and girls who are trying to be practical Knights and Ladies in the building of an *industrial* school-house for boys who need such.



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

Many pretty and saleable things may be made for fairs by girls who know how to embroider. You may, for example, make a note-book by cutting a piece of white linen a little larger than the ordinary pad which you buy at the stores for five or ten cents. On this either draw in pencil or stamp a pretty pattern of leaves, flowers, forget-me-nots, or vines, or, if you choose, the letters which form a motto or a friend's name. Embroider these in delicate colors, and then cover the outside flap of the pad as neatly as possible. You will need a yard or so of ribbon to bind the back and finish off the book with a graceful little bow. A spool-case is a convenient thing to add to one's work-basket. You take two oval pieces of pasteboard, cover them very neatly with silk or linen, on which you have embroidered some dainty device, and on the inner side of each you run little shirrs of silk, in which you fasten spools of different sizes. One is always losing spools or getting them tangled up, and by this contrivance you can keep a half-dozen spools in order. Such a case as this, if properly made, should sell for one dollar at a fair. A pad for the bottom of a writing case or bureau drawer, made by laying a fold of wadding, sprinkled with sachet-powder, between two covers of silkoleen or silk, is a dainty gift, and an acceptable offering for a friend's table at a sale.

A convenient case may be made to hold the magazines which accumulate in a family by simply covering two large pieces of thick card-board with silk, linen, or canvas, on which the little artist may paint a delicate design if she prefers to do that with her brush rather than with her needle. These covers should be fastened together by long pieces of broad white silk elastic, and a neat person will be very glad to put in such a case the half-dozen papers or magazines which otherwise litter up her table. A pretty little book for engagements, addresses, etc., may be made by covering card-board with crépe paper. Make this just like the cover of a little book. Fasten inside a small pad and pencil, and to the outside attach a little bunch of paper violets perfumed and tied with ribbon.

Flowers are easily disposed of at children's fairs, and if you can secure ferns, carnations, and roses, and make them into tiny button-hole bouquets, you will realize something from your investment.

You must take pains to ask as many of your grown-up friends as possible to your little sale, as they have more money to spend than children, though children too will be welcome. The invitations may be given as you meet people, but it is, on the whole, best to have a few tickets printed thus:

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for the Benefit of the Babies' Hospital

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at three o'clock.

admission, . . . 10 cents.

Sell as many of these as you can. Do not charge too much for your articles. Exorbitant prices are unwise. You must ask enough to pay the cost of the materials, with something added to recompense you for your time, skill, and pains.

If well managed, your little fair will net you a sum of money which will go far in making somebody who needs help happy and comfortable next winter.

Margaret E. Sangster.

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

The statement is made that the entire number of unwater-marked stamps of the present dollar issue sold to the public was as follows: $1 stamps, 35,046; $2 stamps, 10,027; $5 stamps, 6251. The number of collectors in this country is over half a million, of whom probably at least five per cent. may be classed as advanced philatelists. This would make 25,000 sets necessary to fill the wants of this country alone under normal conditions. In Europe there are probably ten times as many philatelists as in the United States. Hence it is easy to see that the prices of these three stamps will rapidly advance. Some copies are still to be found on sale at various post-offices. Parties buying a few should take those stamps only which have a part of the margin attached. When this is done there can be no question as to whether the stamps are water-marked or not.

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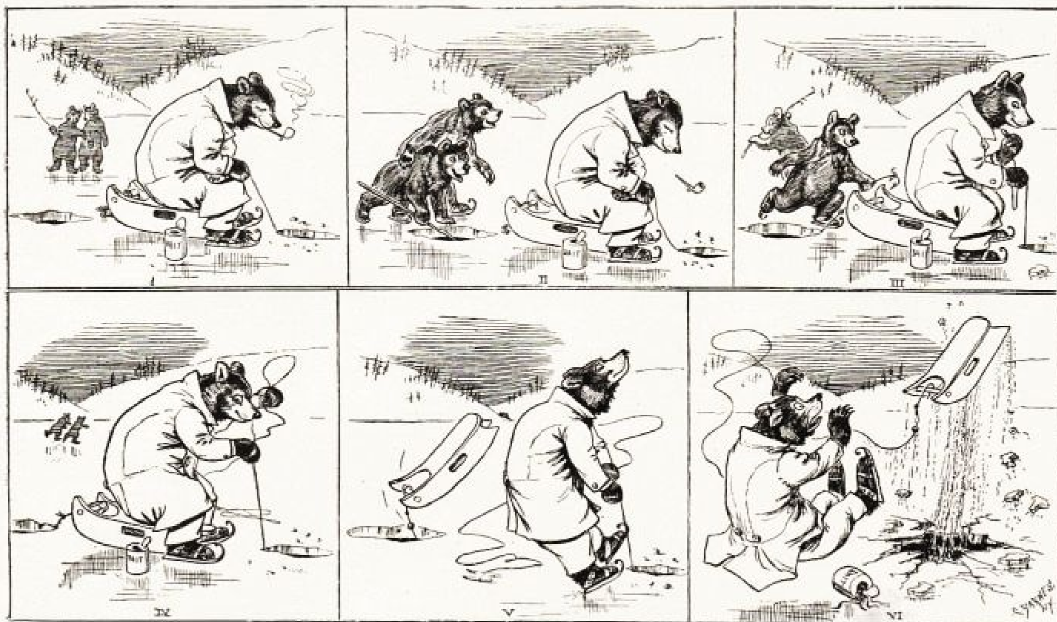

A PELTYVILLE FISHERMAN MAKES A BIG CATCH.

FREDDY'S FORETHOUGHT.

I think I'll chain the bull-dog
As soon as it is dark,
And put him in the stable, where
We cannot hear him bark.

Because if I should let him
Upon the sofa stay,
His awful bark might frighten dear
Old Santa Claus away.

A NOVEL IDEA.

Paris is responsible for bringing out the very latest fad of the advertising fiend, says an English newspaper. We have heard of the American who advertised his wares on the passing clouds at night-time, by means of reflecting written sentences extolling literally to the skies his particular brand of merchandise with a powerful magic-lantern. We have heard, too, of the enterprising firm of patent-medicine venders who painted an advertisement of their wares on the rocks round Niagara, and of those who painted them upon the roadway. It is a development of this last

method which has just come out. It is worked as follows: A tricycle is built with very broad tires, but these tires, instead of being smooth, are furnished with rubber type of large pattern, arranged so as to form sentences. On the top of the wheel is an ink-reservoir, supplied with a roller which inks the type, and at the bottom is a blower worked by the pedals, which is constantly blowing away the dust from the roadway in front of the wheel, so that it has a nice clean surface on which to impress its advertisement. Of course this novel tricycle can only print on wood or asphalt; but as most streets of Paris are so paved, there is plenty of scope for it, and the ink, being of a brilliant color and very permanent, leaves its mark quite readable for days.

Frank. "I saw Mr. Fish to-day."

Willie. "Did he give you any message for me?"

Frank. "Yes; he asked me to tell you to drop him a line."

Teacher. "Tell me of some rule in your experience that did not work both ways?"

John. "The rule which you broke yesterday in hitting Jack Brooks' hand."

Frances. "Oh, mamma! are you sure Santa Claus knows my name is spelt with an e; it makes me so worried."

Mamma. "Why, what's the matter, my dear?"

Frances. "Because if he thought it was spelt with an i, he might bring me boys' toys for Christmas, and that would be terrible."

Jack. "Papa, isn't it always best to have one head to everything?"

Papa. "Yes, my boy."

Jack. "Well, then, what makes you say two heads are better than one."

Sunday-school Teacher. "Can any little boy tell me what man attained the greatest age in the world?"

Bobby (*holding up his hand*). "I can."

Teacher. "Well, who?"

Bobby. "Santa Claus."

Papa. "Well, Tommy, what do you want Santa Claus to bring you this Christmas?"

Tommy. "Oh, jes the same as usual—one of everything he can think of."

Tommy. "Papa, is Mr. Browne a cannibal?"

Papa. "A cannibal? What do you mean, Tommy?"

Tommy. "Well, I heard you say the other day that he lived on his friends."

HOW TO GET IT BACK.

Tony. "Pa, I can tell you how to get back your umbrella that was stolen."

Father. "How, Tony?"

Tony. "Go to Mr. Textor. He advertises 'Umbrellas Repaired and Recovered,' you know."

"Mamma, how do you spell court-house?" said little Willie.

"C-o-u-r-t-h-o-u-s-e, dear," answered his mother.

"But I should think you ought to spell it, C-a-u-g-h-t-house, because all the people who are caught are taken there," responded little Willie.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 836.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, NOVEMBER 26, 1895 ***

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