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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, DECEMBER 3, 1895 ***

FOR KING OR COUNTRY.
GOOD TIMES AT THE HORSE SHOW.
INEXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
A CASE OF PURE PLUCK.
A NEW LIFE.
THROUGH A CANDY-FACTORY.
SANTA CLAUS IN MOROCCO.
THE CAMERA CLUB.
THE PUDDING STICK.
BOBBIE'S SUGGESTION.
THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.
INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT.
THE HELPING HAND.
BICYCLING.
STAMPS.

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"YOU ARE A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN," SAID WASHINGTON.

FOR KING OR COUNTRY.[1]

A Story of the Revolution.

BY JAMES BARNES.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FIELD.

The war was on. No longer was America composed of rebellious colonies. It was a country in arms.

The British troops had been withdrawn from the city of New York to Boston, upon the evacuation of which they had retired to Halifax. General Lee, of the Continental Army, had entered New York, and the streets were filled with motley groups of rustic soldiery. There was no uniform proscribed, and much discord prevailed amongst the rank and file. Here would be a company from Connecticut in threadbare homespun, and here a crack company from New York with red coats, much like the Lobster Backs themselves. Pennsylvania regiments and a few from New Jersey were clad in hunting-shirts and fringed leather gaiters. The officers knew little of military tactics, and drill-masters were in great demand.

On a certain day in the spring of '76 there was held a review of the patriot troops in the open common to the north of the city. At the order to present arms the muskets had snapped into position with a sound that brought a smile of pleasure to the face of the young Colonel who commanded a new regiment that held the right of line. Many of the officers and most of the privates were very young, scarcely more than boys.

Soon the group of officers approached. Their uniforms were almost as various as those of the newly enlisted troops. Some wore blue coats with yellow facings, buttoned tightly across the chest; others had gold embroidery, with torrents of lace pouring over their waistcoats and dangling from their wristbands. They scrutinized carefully the rather ragged line, and as the reviewing party came down the front they were now headed by a tall commanding figure, whose martial step and bearing proclaimed him to be a leader of men. He appeared to glance particularly at the faces in the ranks, but his eye took in every detail. He passed along slowly.

Two whispered words came down before him, and passed from lip to lip—"General Washington!"

The Commander-in-Chief had stopped at New York on his way to obey the summons of Congress to come to Philadelphia.

The commanding presence asked questions of the men in the front rank as he proceeded.

"Your name, sir?"

"Jones."

"And your enlistment?"

"For three months, General."

"Three months?" the stern lips had repeated, and then the tall figure stopped again.

"Your name, sir?"

"Frothingham, your Excellency."

"A good patriot name," was the response, "Have you relatives in Boston?"

"No, General," answered George, the blood tingling to his fingers' tips. "My relatives are all in England, except an aunt and sister."

"Ah!" was the answer. The gray eyes had gleamed brightly. "Your enlistment, sir?"

"For the war, General."

"Your hand, my lad," said the Commander-in-Chief.

The butt of George's musket rang on the ground. George thought he had never grasped so large and firm a hand before.

"You are a soldier and a gentleman," said Washington, with a kindly smile. "We have need of such." He passed on.

At that moment a great surge of feeling came over the young soldier; his knees trembled with excitement. He would go to death for a man like this. Ah! if his brother William were only here beside him. Thinking of this brought back the old scenes at Stanham Mills. It seemed most strange that he should be standing with his musket at his side, armed and arrayed to fight the forces of the King. As these thoughts ran through his mind he was ordered to fall out and take a position as sentry at the edge of the green, where the crowd pressed close upon the group of officers. As he did so a familiar voice sounded behind him. Without turning he recognized that it was Carter's father speaking—Colonel Hewes—then a member of Washington's staff.

"We must be aggressive," said Colonel Hewes. "Take Canada, by Jove! Build a fleet and threaten the shores of England; not wait here as if we wished to parley."

"Your ideas are advanced, Colonel," replied another voice.

"Yes, that's what they said three years ago when I predicted this war—ay, and cast cannon and saved money for it," said Colonel Hewes, bitterly.

The two speakers passed out of hearing, and soon the order was given for the regiments to pass in review.

On they came; first his own, marching well and steadily. The chills of delight ran up and down George's spine; regiment after regiment, the country's bravest and best. Many hearts surged with pride that day. At last there came a company from New Jersey, and in front of it marched Carter Hewes, a Lieutenant's epaulet on his left shoulder.

It was some months now since the boys had seen one another, and in the mean time Carter had been at Bunker Hill, and had been promoted for bravery to be a Lieutenant at eighteen.

After the parade had been dismissed George sought the headquarters of the New Jersey regiment, eager to see his friend and hear the news. As he turned about a corner the pounding of hoofs was heard, and a cavalryman rushed by, his sword clanking against his horse's flanks. As he passed a group of officers seated on a porch, he drew up slightly.

"The British fleet has entered the Narrows," he called, and dashed along.

The booming of the guns was heard coming from the southward. Governor Tryon's floating fortress was hailing the new-comers.

Now the drums were rolling and despatches were being sent about the city. George gave up all idea of finding Carter that night, and hastened back to his command.

But the ships advanced no further than the lower bay, and there they came to anchor. The days went by and nothing of importance happened. Carter and George did not meet. The latter had been promoted to be a sergeant, however, and had been transferred to a New Jersey regiment.

The weather was insufferably hot. No one who dwelt in the city of New York could ever recall such heat as poured down upon the city during these days of anxious waiting. Hardly a breeze had stirred for a week, and the heated air shimmered and quivered in the glaring streets, and the dust raised by horses' hoofs or by a marching company hung in the air like smoke, until it settled without drifting to one side or the other.

More volunteers were being secured to swell the American forces every day, but they were mostly farmers who had enlisted for short terms of service, and to whom soldiering was a new trade.

Sergeant Frothingham was sick of the continuous drill, and was glad enough to be placed one day in charge of the sentries at the Kenedy House, Washington's headquarters, on the lower end of Broadway. This duty led to a decided break in the monotonous routine.

As he had posted the guards for the first time, a bugle sounded, and an aide-de-camp ran up the stone steps from the street. George, standing by the door, saluted, and the aide hurried inside the house.

The news he bore was of importance, for soon some of the best-equipped regiments marched out into Battery Green; they formed two lines that extended from the boat-landing to the doorsteps of the headquarters.

Before long Washington himself, accompanied by his staff, came out of the hallway; they stood so close that George could hear every word that passed.

"Present arms!" came the order down the two long lines that stretched to the sea-wall.

Up the alley thus formed came a group of officers, and in their midst walked one in a red coat.

"The emissary from Lord Howe down the bay," said some one in a low voice.

The officer in red came up the steps and uncovered. "I am Colonel Patterson, of Lord Howe's staff, and bear communication to you, sir, I believe," he said, addressing Washington.

The General took the big envelope, and looked at it carefully.

"This is addressed to George Washington, Esq., etcætera, etcætera," he said. "I cannot receive a letter from the King's commissioner, sir, addressed to me as a private person when it relates to my public station." All this was spoken in a firm, even tone, without a trace of anger.

"Allow me to explain its contents," said the British officer, impressed.

"It is merely an intimation that pardon will be granted if arms are laid down, I understand, sir," went on Washington. "But we have done no wrong; we wish no pardon; we are only defending our indisputable rights."

"It is a wide field for argument," replied Colonel Patterson.

Washington bowed, and answered by requesting the honor of the English Colonel's presence at luncheon.

When the latter was taking his leave, George, who was standing close to the doorway, once more overheard the end of the conversation.

"Has your Excellency no commands to my Lord and General Howe?"

"None, sir, but my compliments to both of them."

This scene thrilled the young sentry through and through. Oh, if he only could do something to serve the General personally! What would he not give for a grasp of that firm hand again!

He was standing with his back to the door when he felt something like a pull at his cross-belts. As he straightened up an officer came by him, acknowledged his salute carelessly, and hastened away. It was Lieutenant Carter Hewes.

George felt hurt. "He might have recognized me by a look at least," he said, beneath his breath.

Just then he felt something rustle behind him, and he saw that a piece of paper was thrust into his bayonet sling. He drew it out. There was no time to read it then, but his spirits rose, for it was addressed to him in Carter's handwriting.

In a few minutes the relief came up, and as soon as he could get a moment to himself George opened the note.

> "Dear George," it ran, "I have been away on Long Island. Have lots to tell you. I have received a leave of absence to-morrow, and will see that you can get away also. Apply to your captain for leave. Then meet me at Striker's wharf, and we will go for a sail. I know where we can get a small boat. To-morrow at nine o'clock.
>
> "Yours always,
> Carter."

Promptly on time George was there, for Captain Clarkson had given him permission at once. He had been waiting but a few minutes when he saw Carter hurrying down the wharf. He began to talk as soon as he got within earshot.

"Dreadful sorry," he said, breathlessly. "But I have been ordered back at once to my command. I have to go. But if I can get away again I will let you know it."

"It doesn't look as if we were going to have any fighting here," said George. "What is the hurry?"

"Oh yes, we will!" returned Carter. "But General Howe does not believe in forcing matters. Good-by. You'll be an officer soon, I'll warrant, and then we will not have to take so much trouble to spend a day together. I wish—"

He broke off suddenly, turned, and walked away. George was about to follow, when he saw two officers, one in a general's uniform, approaching. He drew himself up at attention as they passed by.

"There's a big difference between a stripe on your arm and an epaulet on your shoulder," he said,

half aloud. "I'm beginning to find that out."

Three or four weeks more of weary drilling without any excitement followed. Sometimes it was work on the fortifications that kept the men employed, but always the ceaseless drill, drill; and August arrived without a movement hardly in the British forces down the bay.

One morning word came from Carter. It was brought to George by an orderly from headquarters.

"You are hereby ordered to report to Lieutenant Hewes at Stryker's wharf at nine to-morrow morning for special duty."

Strange to say, it was signed by Colonel Mason Hewes.

This time Carter was waiting.

"I had father make out that order," he said. "How did it answer?"

"Like a charm," returned George, shoving off the boat. "But I think Captain Clarkson understood, Mr. Lieutenant."

"Why shouldn't he?" said Carter. "In truth, I told him. Now rank is cast aside, and we are nothing but two lads out for a time. Get up that sail, you rebel!"

"Do you remember the time William and I called you that?" said George, laughing.

"Yes; and I remember when you both gave me a good thrashing, too," returned Carter. "Let's run down the bay to Brooklyn. I've brought along a spy-glass, and a good one. From the heights we can get a look at the British fleet."

It was a still, hot day, with a blue haze over the water to the southward. The boys in the little boat drifted rather than sailed about the Battery point.

"Now, to begin with," said George, as he seated himself in the stern-sheets beside Carter, who was steering, "how does it feel to be in battle? Tell me something of Bunker Hill."

"I was rather frightened at first, I take it," said Carter. "But I tell you it was grand to see the way they landed. Just across the river were the batteries on Copps Hill. The guns were firing at us, and the cannon-balls howled over our heads or threw up the sand all about us. I was in the earth-works, and off to one side stretched a line of rail fence; before it had been piled new-cut hay, making a breastwork like a great windrow. Behind it crouched our men in double line. When the 'redcoats' from the boats landed we could see the officers running up and down the lines, flourishing swords and shouting and pushing the men into place here and there. I tell you, George, they are brave men, no matter if we do call them 'tyrants.' They came up the hill with their drums beating, and were so close that we could hear their tramping, and ahead of them all was Howe. We fired into them. They went down like nine-pins, and some lay so close to us that we could hear the groaning. But talk of excitement! It was frightful. You seem to act without knowing what you do. Many of our greenhorns forgot to fire, and put in one load on top of the other. Did you know that men shout and scream in battle as if they were wild Indians? It's a strange sound, I can tell you. Probably you will hear it before long."

George had fairly shaken with excitement. It did not seem possible on this peaceful day that these scenes would be repeated, or that he could ever be in the midst of them.

"Let us go into this cove straight ahead; then we can tie up this leaky old tub and climb the hill," he said.

The two young soldiers jumped ashore as the keel grated, hauled up the boat, and went into the woods; when they reached the top of the incline they sat down and gazed around them.

The placid water below scarcely rippled, except where the tide seethed about the point of Governors Island; to the east of them stretched a beautiful country, but the heat had shrivelled the leaves of the trees, and the stretches of meadow-land were burnt bare and brown. Through the blue haze the towering masts and spars of the British vessels showed plainly rising against the hills.

"The Lord has been kind in sending us no wind," said Carter, "otherwise that fleet might be all about us here." He waved the large spy-glass, which he carried under his arm, in the direction of the lower bay. Then he adjusted it to his eye. "Those British must be hungry," he said, "for they've eaten every horse on Staten Island, I've heard tell. Have a look," he added, extending the glass. "I beg your pardon for taking the first squint."

George took it and levelled it across the water. The powerful lenses brought the ships as near as if they had been anchored close to shore. There lay one of the greatest fleets of vessels that had ever met together in the history of warfare, larger in numbers of men and armament than the Great Armada which Philip II. had sent against England—ships of the line, frigates, armed sloops, brigs, corvettes, and innumerable transports—thirty-seven men-of-war altogether, and four hundred other vessels loaded with troops; it was almost impossible to count them. Without the glass their hulls looked like a flock of gigantic wild fowl that had suddenly swooped down and covered the waters to the southward. Fully thirty-five thousand men were waiting there a chance to be landed to take the field against the nondescript army of the new-born country.

"The King has sent all the ships in England, I should judge," remarked George.

"And filled some of them with German soldiers at so much per head," said Carter.

As the two talked on a slight breeze sprang up. Two large vessels which were lying furthest up the bay blossomed out into clouds of canvas. Slowly they came up to their cables and tripped

them neatly: flags flew, signals were made throughout the fleet.

"By the Lord Harry, they're going to move!" exclaimed Carter, taking the glass from George's hands. "Those two boats are the *Rose* and *Phœnix* that sailed up the river in June, and only came down night before last."

"THEY'RE GOING TO MOVE!" EXCLAIMED CARTER, TAKING THE GLASS.

"That's so," said George. "They let go their guns as they came down the river, and bowled over a few chimneys, I remember."

"We cannot prevent them going up the Hudson if it comes on to blow, and if they once reach the point of yonder island God help the city," responded Carter.

The lads had started on a run down the slope; the forces in New York must be informed of what was going on at all hazard.

If they had paused before they left the crest of the hill, however, they would have seen that the slight breeze had died away as quickly as it had arisen, that the great ships had dropped back with the tide, and that they had once more let go their anchors, and taken in their sails. The danger had passed by. But a heavy gray mist was creeping up from the south.

With some difficulty the boys shoved off the boat. The tide was on the ebb, and she had been left high and dry on the sand.

"There's not enough wind to sail. We will have to pull across," said Carter, getting out the oars. "Where did this fog come from, anyhow?"

A thick white wall was shutting in about them as their little boat danced out in the tide rips; the New York shore became more and more indistinct.

"Are we heading right?" inquired George, after they had rowed in silence for some time.

"I can't see a thing," answered Carter, who was handling the bow oar. "Hark, though! I hear the water against the rocks; we must be off the Battery. Now, a strong pull—together."

George laid all his strength in a tremendous heave; there was a sharp snap, and he went over backwards into the bottom: his oar had broken at the rowlock. At once all headway was lost, and they drifted helplessly.

"I still hear the water on the shore," said Carter. "Come, overboard! Let's swim for it!"

He took off his coat and shoes. George did the same; he was an expert swimmer now, and had long ago made up for his Aunt Clarissa's nervousness.

"Don't dive," he said; "lower yourself carefully and get the right direction."

The boys slid into the swift current. They had taken but two or three strokes when Carter turned.

"Oh dear," he exclaimed, "my coat's there, and in the pocket is a letter. That boat's going right out to the British. They must not get it."

"Swim on," said George. "I'll go back for it. Shout when you reach the shore."

The shape of the boat could just be seen; he swung about and put after it, arm over arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD TIMES AT THE HORSE SHOW.

BY WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.

It was really the young people who enjoyed most keenly the eleventh annual Horse Show in New York two weeks ago. Even the horses could have told you that; for the best-bred and wisest among all the well-bred and wise ones that were there on exhibition knew that it was in the daytime, when the boys and girls were out in force, that they, the horses, received the undivided attention.

It was all very brilliant in the evening, when the glittering lights around the vast dome of the great Garden gleamed upon the red, yellow, and white bunting, and shone down on a wonderful scene of splendor—beautiful women in gorgeous gowns, handsome men in evening dress, in the seats—thousands and thousands of them—and a thick crowd of people constantly moving around the promenade surrounding the large tan-bark arena. But it was so brilliant and so crowded that few people could or would see the horses. They came to see and be seen, and many a prize-winning horse must have felt very discontented at not receiving the attention which he felt due to him.

But it was very different in the mornings and afternoons, when the attendance was much smaller,

when the young folks were out, in full force, and when the interest of each was centred gleefully or excitedly on the events in the ring. Here you would see some keen young sportsman of thirteen recounting earnestly to his girl friends, younger than himself, why such a horse won, what his "points" were, and what his "father said." Probably in ten years he will be "jumping fences" with his hunter in the evening events at the show, and talking to those same girls, then women-grown. Over there a nurse would have in tow two youngsters whose father has a big stock-farm. Hardly an event came along on the programme but one of "papa's horses" was entered, and as they breathlessly watched these horses shown "through their paces," their comments more than audible, the children's excitement reached fever-heat when the blue ribbon, the sign of the first prize, was given to one of their father's entries. You would see there at the Garden in the afternoon boys and girls just out from school chattering freely their comments, and nurses with little tots who scarce could gurgle out a pleased "Horsy!" Once in a while, at the eastern end of the building, you might observe, shyly peeping in at the moving horses and the gayly dressed children, more poorly clad young people, friends of some of the grooms, who had smuggled them in at the back door for a "look at the show." Though the hackney, the hunter, the tandem, and other competitions were, of course, watched closely by the young people, the keenest and most gleeful interest was shown in the ponies, and particularly in the little Shetland horses, of which there were more exhibited this year than ever before.

Even the big hunters and coach horses felt a trifle jealous in their stalls down-stairs, for the children came from the main floor, and passed the big fellows by to feast their eyes on the dear little ponies and cunning Shetland horses. Some of the ponies were stalled at the east and north sides of the basement, among their larger brothers, and how provoked the latter would look, how angrily they would twitch about, when a bevy of youngsters devoted their pleased attention to a little brown pony in a neighboring stall, patting him and caressing him! You could almost hear the great beast say: "What, that insignificant little chap? All your attention for him, only one-quarter my size and one-tenth my strength?"

But it was towards the western wing of the basement that the daytime patter of the young people's footsteps was loudest. For here all the Shetlands and many of the ponies were daintily and comfortably housed, here were all the groom-servants they could wish to attend to their wants, and so many callers waiting to be introduced that you might have thought each a young débutante at her coming-out tea. There were gray and black, brown and white ponies, their silky skin and cropped manes contrasting strangely with the shaggy hair and long tumbled tresses of their Shetland neighbors. They were haughtier, too, and bore their petting, of which there was much, more proudly.

The Shetlands were the democrats of the establishment. No fine feathers and coxcomb airs for them! No clipping of the tails to put them in fashion! But there they were, as rough and as long-haired, as fearsome and as kind, as were their ancestors fifty years ago in the bleak Shetland Islands to the northeast of Scotland. Very eager for attention were they all, and every now and then, after a particularly large number of pattings and caressings had been showered on them, they would half turn their heads and whinny out thankful recognitions. Happiest of all were several Shetland mothers with their wee colts beside them, and as the exclamations of delight over the tiny little horse came to each mother's ear, she would turn, and as much as say to her young audience, "Ah! was there ever such a child as mine?"

Shetland ponies, you must know, never really existed in the United States till about thirty years ago, when two small herds were brought over from their native isles to Beliot, Wisconsin, and Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. Since that time they have so increased that there are to-day over two thousand ponies regularly registered in an association which is composed of all the leading owners of Shetland stock farms in the United States. The largest of these is the ranch owned by Mr. J. Murray Hoag, at Maquoketa, Iowa. Here between three and four hundred ponies have their grazing-ground and stalls, and from here they are shipped, when sold, to the various cities, East and West. They are bought almost exclusively for children in the larger cities, and the average price paid for a pony is about $200, somewhat more than an ordinary horse brings. The average height of a Shetland pony is forty inches. Some of them when born are very tiny, and one little Shetland baby, the smallest ever known, weighed but sixteen pounds, when a day old. And a few days afterwards one of the girls on the farm carried him around as she would a puppy. To the little Shetland baby the girl of fifteen probably appeared as one of the giant women did to Gulliver when he was on his travels.

The temporary home of the Shetland horses and the other ponies, down in the basement of the Madison Square Garden, was filled with excitement before each of the events in which some were to take part. The unfastening of chains, the rushing around of grooms, and the mild beat of small hoofs out of the door told the rest that some of their large household were on their way to the ring upstairs to compete for the prize. And there were very few that did not take part in more than one of the many competitions for ordinary ponies and for Shetlands. There were prizes for ponies of various sizes, led by grooms and driven to carts; for colts, and for older ponies; and for pairs of ponies driven to Park traps.

But best of all, from the children's as well as the grown people's stand-point, was the competition for the best Shetland herd of five or six, including mothers and any little colts they might have. What a bustle there was down-stairs as the different ponies, composing the three herds trying for the competition, were let out of their stalls and led or driven up the inclined board walk to the arena entrance! But *what* a time it was for three baby Shetlands, scarcely three or four months old, who accompanied their mothers upstairs! Patter, patter, patter went the hoofs up the boards. Frightened and shy, the little fellows kept close to their mothers, and almost hid themselves as

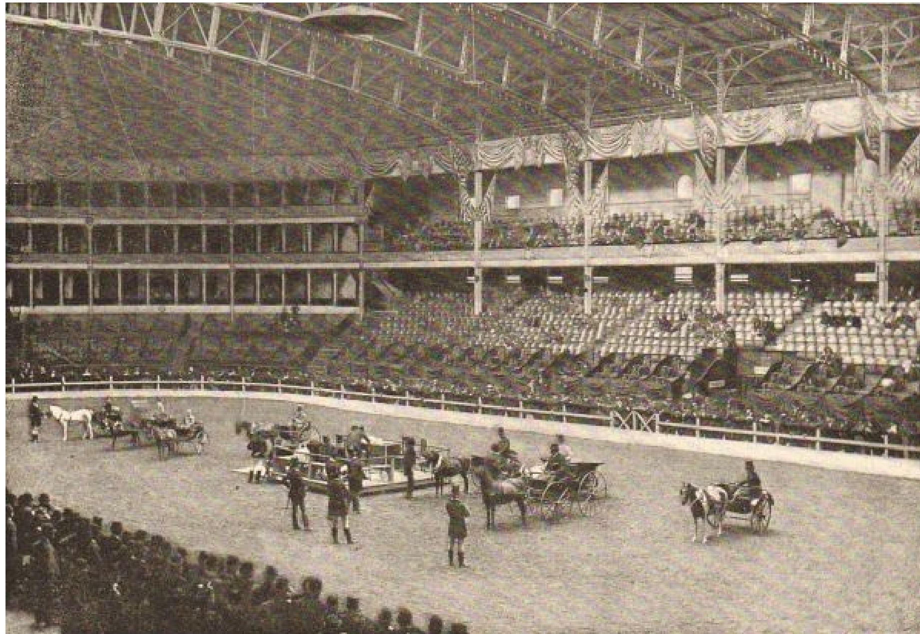
they came to the entrance of the ring.

Then, as their fathers and mothers trooped in as sedately as Shetland horses ever can walk, their heads proudly arched, and their manes waving gracefully, on trial for the prize which was to go to the best family of the three, a funny thing happened. The tiny Shetland colts, who had been cooped up with their mothers in a narrow stall all the week, began to open their eyes with excitement. They saw a huge tan-bark ring in a great building, plenty of air and space for a romp.

Scat! As if shot from a bow each little woolly horse scampered away, past its father and mother, who, as they were judged, vainly endeavored to stop their scapegoat children by a reproving neigh. Faster and faster flashed the hoofs around the arena. It was a series of races in which each began when he wished and stopped when he chose. Now they would roll over in the delicious tan-bark and spoil their fuzzy coats, with a dim consciousness, perhaps, that maternal scoldings would follow their actions. Not a whit did they care as they capered gleefully to forget a week's confinement. The spirit of their hill-climbing, wild, fearless Scotch ancestors was in them.

The audience, which had clapped mildly before this, began to applaud enthusiastically and to cheer at the gambols of the Shetland infants. Two of them, somewhat scared, went to their respective families. But the third, a mass of black furry deviltry, only played and scampered the harder, and dually capped the climax by a leap on the platform where the judges themselves were. Shout after shout greeted this feat, and then he too became scared and ran straight to his mother. She, however, did not rebuke him, but only said, as he nestled timidly beside her, "Never mind this time, my son, for our family has won the prize!"

The little colt, hardly half the size of a St. Bernard dog, seemed to understand, for as he scampered proudly along by his mother when the family went down stairs again, his manner seemed to say: "All right, mother. But you just wait till I am grown up. What a horse I'll be then!" And the children, as they left the great amphitheatre where such fun had been in store for them for the days past, as they thought of the driving and the hunting and the jumping and the other great things they would do in later years, appeared to voice the same sentiment, "Just wait till we are grown up!"



THE JUDGING RING OF THE HORSE SHOW.

INEXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BY JANE GRANT.

If our purses were only as large as our hearts, how good it would be; but most often the biggest heart owns the smallest purse. There is no meanness in inexpensive Christmas presents, and no one will bethink of the money value of your dainty gift. Bits of silk or velvet, when not found in the family scrap-bag, are obtainable at any milliner's for about fifty cents per pound.

A pretty pin-cushion is soon made of a small Japanese "cat basket," which may be gilded, in the mouth of which is put a velvet cushion.

A key-bag is absolutely necessary to the housekeeper or traveller. It is made of chamois-skin, lined with a bit of brown silk, with a double drawing-string closing the mouth. From an old kid glove cut the letters "KEY," and sew them diagonally across the front of the bag.

Sachets are always acceptable, and a dainty one is made by covering a bag of lavender flowers with a slip of white linen, on which are embroidered the words "Sweet Lavender," and a few scattered flowers.

Grandma will gratefully accept a black silk bag in which to carry her Prayer-book, spectacles, and

handkerchief to church.

A scrap of pretty silk or embroidered linen bound with narrow ribbon transforms an ordinary pin-book into a dainty ornament for the dressing-table.

Out of a pretty embroidered handkerchief, such as is sold in any shop, a combined sachet and handkerchief case is made by folding the four corners to the centre, embroidering scattered flowers and the word "Mouchoir" on the corners.

A stick-pin cushion is made of an egg or heart shaped cushion covered with a bit of silk, edged with a frill of lace, and suspended by strings of baby-ribbon.

To make a catch-all, sew three Japanese baskets in a triangle, line each with a bit of silk and cover, and join with a bow.

A spectacle-case is easily made of a twelve-inch piece of one and a half inch black ribbon doubled to form a bag, to which are added strings of baby-ribbon.

An old-fashioned braid pin-ball is made by cutting six pieces of colored dress braid each four inches long. Sewn together with fringed edges, the seams are covered with cat-stitch, and a ball of hair makes the cushion.

A sheet of yellow tissue-paper, some fine wire, two black beads for eyes, and a bit of pasteboard cut in the shape of a huge butterfly, may be soon transformed into a pretty lamp shade.

Cover two five-inch circles of card-board with silk or embroidered linen, fasten on each side by a few stitches, add ribbon strings and bow, and, behold! a whisk-broom-holder.

For a Prayer-book mark a yard of inch-wide ribbon, either cardinal, purple, or lavender, and cut into three pieces with fringed ends. Pass through a small brass ring, fasten with a few stitches, and on each ribbon write with gold paint the words "Gospel," "Collects," "Epistle," etc.

From the girl who knows how to knit, a pair of white wool bed-socks or silk wristers will be a welcome present.

Particularly appropriate to Yule-tide is a poker or tongs holder, well padded, covered with dark velvet, on which are embroidered the words "Ye Fireside Companion."

A holder to keep the pages of music open on the rack is made of ribbon in bag form ten inches by one inch. Fill with small shot, fringe the ends, and tie with baby-ribbon.

Two yards of blue jeans make a splendid play-rug for baby. Line with an old blanket, and sew on the jeans figures of birds, beasts, and letters cut from bright cloth.

Handkerchiefs are always dainty gifts, especially for sending by mail to distant friends. A sheer handkerchief already hemstitched may be ornamented with a band of drawn-work, a strip of insertion with lace edging, or the monogram, favorite flower, or name flower of the future owner.

No matter how small the gift, it is the loving thought and friendly wish which are appreciated by the receiver.

A CASE OF PURE PLUCK.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Outside of Life-Saving Station No. 5 it was blowing a whole gale of wind. The sky was a flying tangle of ragged gray clouds that were driving at dizzy speed down into the southwest before the mad force of the northeaster. The beach was a desert of flying sand that struck the face of the staggering patrolman like a thousand red-hot needles. The ocean itself was a wilderness of writhing waters. The seas were running high, and the gale was tearing off their foaming crests and sending them swirling down to leeward in sheets of smokelike spoondrift. But the offing was clear of sails, and the life-saving crew sat in the cheery living-room of the station and smoked their pipes at ease.

"It's a-blowin' putty fresh," said old Dan Ferns. "It sort o' 'minds me o' the night the *Dora A. Baker* came ashore. That was twenty-five year ago, an' her ribs is stickin' out down there now. They get covered up in these here big gales, but the pond runs out an' scoops the channel right through 'em sometimes. I remember the wrack o' the *Dora A. Baker* jess as if 'twas yistiddy. She was loaded with corn an'—"

"Say, Dan," said Sammy Wardell, the youngest member of the crew, "I remember hearin' Wall Green say ten year ago that you'd been a-tellin' that yarn fur twelve year."

"Anyhow," said Dan, "her skipper had real pluck, he did, an' when the corn—"

"Oh, stow it, Dan! Stow it!" came a general chorus. Then Henry Slocum, the only member of the crew who had been a deep-water sailor, and who was noted for his reserve, suddenly spoke.

"I don't know what you fellows call pluck exactly," he said, with fine unconsciousness of the fact that he was talking to some of the bravest men alive; "but I'll bet I saw a case once that none of you can trump."

"Let's have it, old shell-back," exclaimed the Captain.

The other men knew that Slocum's experience at sea had been extensive and varied, so they settled themselves in their chairs to hear a yarn.

"This is a true story," began Slocum, "that I'm going to tell you—"

"O' course," interjected Dan Ferns; "all sea-yarns is true."

"And it all happened," continued Slocum, ignoring the interruption, "a good thirty years ago. It ain't so very much of a story, either, but it's a case of real pluck, and so it's worth telling about. I suppose some of you fellows may know that New Bedford, Massachusetts, used to be a whaling-port. Well, thirty years ago the business wasn't as near dead as it is now, and once in a while a man that had a notion for throwing an iron might get a chance to ship for high latitudes. I don't remember exactly how it was that I came to be knocking about up there without anything to do —"

"Waal, Hen, we won't ask no questions," said Dan Ferns.

"But, anyhow," continued Henry, who never paid any attention to Dan, "there I was. I had about made up my mind to work my way to New York on a coaster when I happened to see a bill which said that men were wanted for the celebrated whaler *Duke of Wellington*. Somehow or other the name caught my fancy, and I read the bill through. It told all about the fine grub and clothes that they were to furnish, but I'll allow that I wasn't fooled by that rubbish. I knew pretty well what to expect in the forecastle of any ship outside of Uncle Sam's navy—salt-horse, weevily biscuit, and tea made out of sawdust. But I got a notion that I'd like to go to the arctic and see some whale-chasing. So I went down and took a look at this *Duke of Wellington*. She was a wall-sided old hooker, with a stern that looked like an ace of hearts painted black, and a main-yard half as long as her keel. But her bow was clever, and made her look as if the great spread of canvas promised by her yards would carry her up to whaleland in good time. While I was hanging around the wharf looking at her, and expressing by my face the sort of an opinion I had of the way her crew went about their work, a mean-looking fellow came up to me and asked me if I didn't want to ship. He turned out to be the shipping-agent, and he said he knew I was a sailor, and they needed one or two more old hands to set that green crew going. So I up and shipped, and in less than six months I wished I hadn't, because I didn't expect ever to see green grass again.

"It was a bright and glorious morning about the end of May when we passed Clark's Point bound out. The wind was brisk westerly, and the old man clapped the cloth on her. I found she had the heels I suspected, for we were less than an hour in doing the nine knots to Quick's Hole. Then we squared away up the Vineyard Sound, and when night fell we had doubled Menomoy Point and were at sea. I'm not going to tell you about life aboard that whaler, except to say that most of the hands were green, and that made it pretty steep work for the others. In a month the green hands could go aloft and reef and furl, and they knew where to find the halyards, sheets, and tacks. When it came to a job of splicing or sewing, why, the sailormen had to do it. We had fairly good weather up to the entrance to Davis Strait, where we fell in with a gale. After that our old man got crazy to push to the north, and so away we went. At Upernavik we took aboard four Esquimau guides. One of them was a boy called Toko; and this miserable sawed-off little savage is the fellow that afterward showed us all how to be plucky. He could talk a good deal of English, but he seemed to be a very quiet boy, and seldom said anything till he was spoken to. He actually seemed to be stupid; but we found out in good time that all he needed was to be waked up.

"I must get on with this yarn or it'll be as long as Dan Ferns's story of the *Dora A. Baker*. We worked our way well up into Baffin Bay—or maybe it was Smith Sound. I've always had a notion that we were a good deal further north than the old man was willing to admit. Anyhow, it came about that all of a sudden we discovered that it was getting pretty close to the edge of the arctic winter, and that we were in danger of being shut in by the ice. So now the old man began to push her for the south with all the cloth she'd carry. But the second day it came on to blow right dead ahead. Before night it was a howling gale, and to add to the terror of our situation we could hear the terrific grinding and crashing of the ice away off in the darkness all around us. The Esquimaux huddled together in sheltered spots, but refused to leave the deck. The night passed at last, and when morning dawned it showed us a raging, crazy sea, with ice all around the horizon.

"Well, boys, gradually that ice came nearer and nearer. It was something dreadful to watch it. We knew that we were driving to leeward pretty fast, and that accounted for the approach of the ice on that side; but think how fast that ice up to windward must have been moving to gain on us the way it did. We were helpless, and when at last we drove against the ice, we could do very little indeed. We struck with a great crash, and our fore-royal and mizzen-topgallant-masts went by the board. We made up our minds that we were bound for Davy Jones's locker, when along came another big sea and forced the ship bodily right up on the ice. The ice to windward gradually closed in, and the next day there we were, shut in hard and tight in a field of broken and jagged ice, and with bergs all around us. [Pg 108]

"Well, there was nothing for it but to prepare to stay where we were until spring. Then began the terrible business of living through the winter. And it was then that Toko woke up. As our spirits began to go down, his began to rise. The other Esquimaux were contented to sit and wait, but he had pluck. 'Give Toko gun,' he said, 'he get fresh meat.' We gave him a gun, and away he went over the ice and through the blinding snow with the unerring instinct of a savage. The very first day he came back as far as the summit of a hummock half a mile away, and waved his arms. Some of us went to him, and he led us to a polar bear which he had killed single-handed. We dragged the carcass home, and feasted on the juicy steaks. The next day he found a crevice in the ice and killed a seal that had come up. But as the long days moved by on leaden feet we became

listless and discouraged. Bill Hedding fell sick and, after lingering three weeks, passed away. We were a dispirited lot after that. But not Toko. He said: 'Not give up. Spring come again. Ice open. Get away in boats. Toko show the way.' But we shook our heads, and did not believe him. He danced strange dances and sang strange songs for us, while the other Esquimaux looked on with grave disapproval. He staid up night after night keeping watch to see that polar bears did not get aboard and attack our scanty provisions. He cooked and hunted for us. He told us the legends of his people, and gave us regular lectures on the habits of arctic animals. More men fell sick, and that tireless boy with the figure of an India-rubber doll and the face of a Chinese idol found time to nurse them, to pat them on the back, and to bid them keep their courage up through all the ghastly gloom of that arctic night.

"'Byme-by lights'—he meant the aurora—'go out in sky,' he would say; 'bears go 'way an' birds fly. Den soon daylight come 'long, an' byme-by he sun come up. Den crack! de ice break, an' we get away. Dat be spring.'

"Boys, I once read about a prisoner who was shut up in a tower in France for twenty years, and I began to feel like that fellow. I guess we all did, for when the light did begin to dawn again, and there were signs of spring, we were all so utterly hopeless that we didn't have spirit enough to get up and set to work. We knew that the ship was a wreck underneath, and we hadn't courage for the struggle in boats to the southward. But Toko never rested till he had got some of us on our feet and set us moving. Action breeds activity, I've been told; and it's a fact that the more we worked the more we wanted to work. Finally one day we heard a series of reports like the firing of great guns.

"'De ice! De ice! Him break!' cried Toko, dancing about. 'See! Dere water! Water!'

"'All hands to the boats!' shouted the Captain."

WITH THE STRENGTH OF GIANTS WE FORCED OUR BOATS OVER THE ROUGH ICE.

"Men, I've seen fellows work desperately; but we were like crazed people. With the strength of giants we forced our boats over the rough ice till they reached open water. Then we set up a great cry of joy, and all of us embraced Toko. Next we set sail for the south. In three weeks we reached an Esquimau settlement, where men were found to guide us on our way. And then Toko fell in a swoon.

"'He not eat enough,' said an old native, gravely, after examining him.

"We found it to be true. The brave boy had half starved himself while providing for the needs of the rest of us. Fellows, we didn't leave that settlement till Toko was well enough to go with us. We took him back to his home, and I don't believe there was a man of us that didn't shed tears, when we parted from him, after securing passage on a homeward-bound whaler."

"By gosh!" exclaimed Dan Ferns, "he was a plucky little cuss, but—"

"Tumble out, lads!" came the hoarse voice of the patrol, as he put his head into the room. "Here's a schooner drivin' on with her foremast gone."

And the yarn-spinners became life-savers once more.

A NEW LIFE.

(*In Three Instalments.*)

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

CHAPTER IV.

When Aunt Patty and Ida went into the house together, Cynthia was not to be seen. She was upstairs in her own room, with the door locked, and when Aunt Patty knocked she answered in a smothered voice that she would be out in a few minutes.

"I don't know what under the canopy can be the matter with Cynthia," said Aunt Patty, when she came down stairs again, after removing her old black straw bonnet and silk cape. "I never knew the child to shut herself up that way before."

Ida said nothing; she was sewing by a window, and did not look up. There was a look of constraint and annoyance on her face.

Cynthia's eyes were swollen and red when she entered the kitchen a few minutes later. It was quite apparent that she had been weeping, and of course Aunt Patty was deeply concerned. She peered at Cynthia over her steel-bowed spectacles, and insisted on knowing what was the matter.

"It is only that I am a little disappointed about something," said Cynthia, when she saw that her aunt would not be put off. "But it was foolish of me to cry. I'm ashamed of being such a baby."

"And what disappointed you?" asked her aunt.

Before Cynthia had time to reply, Ida rose abruptly and left the kitchen. She went into the stuffy parlor, and sat down by a window overlooking the road. The blinds were closed, but she could see through the half-open slats. There was no one in sight, however, and nothing more interesting to gaze upon than Squire Cord's old spavined horse, which was cropping the grass by the road-side. He raised his hind legs, whenever he moved, in a stiff fashion that would have made Ida smile at any other time; but now she felt too much depressed for even the shadow of a smile to curve her lips. Her conscience was troubling her. She knew she had done wrong, had been unsisterly and deceitful, but she had not the moral courage to confess her fault. Because she knew that Cynthia had no suitable dress for such an occasion she had not wanted her to attend the lawn party. She didn't want Angela Leverton to meet either Cynthia or Aunt Patty.

"I didn't say Mrs. Lennox hadn't invited her," thought Ida, trying to stifle the reproaches of her conscience. "I simply let her think so. And I really think I was justified to some extent; for it would spoil all my pleasure to have her at the lawn party in that old pink organdie. It's a shame Aunt Patty hasn't provided her with decent clothes. She might have strained a point to get her one nice summer dress at least."

If Ida had only known how often a point had been strained at the old farm-house to provide her with nice clothing during the six years she had spent at Aunt Stina's, and how cheerfully Cynthia had turned, dyed, and made over her old garments that her absent sister might have new! Ida remembered suddenly that she had not heard the "something grand" which Aunt Patty had been so eager to tell. She concluded that she had better return to the kitchen.

She found Aunt Patty making biscuit. Cynthia was setting the table for supper. She smiled brightly as Ida came in.

"We've been waiting for you, Ida," she said. "Aunt Patty wants you to hear the great news. What do you think it is?"

"Oh, I could never guess."

"Well, Aunt Patty has sold the yellow heifer. Mr. Coswell will give twenty-eight dollars for her."

"Is that the something grand?" Ida's lip curled a little. "Well, I suppose I ought to be interested. I will be if Aunt Patty will buy herself some new clothes with the money."

Aunt Patty and Cynthia exchanged a look.

"Well, I d'know," said Aunt Patty, with some hesitation. "Seems like it would be downright sinful for me to spend all that money trickin' myself out. It's needed on other things a sight more. I'm old, an' it don't matter much how I'm dressed. Folks are so used to seein' me in my old clothes that they don't notice me no more. It's diff'rent with you girls. You're young, 'n' it's natural for you to want to look pretty 'n' fash'nable."

"I think we all ought to take pride in looking nice, whether we are old or young," said Ida, looking a little irritated. "Aunt Stina thinks a great deal of personal appearance."

"Well, I don't wonder at it. Your Aunt Stina's a fine-looking woman, 'n' she's been wrapped up in pink cotton all her life." Aunt Patty smiled as she spoke. "But it's diff'rent with me. I'm used to hard work, 'n' I never had the money to buy fine feathers. Look at my hands." She held out two knotted brown hands, rough and stained with toil. "I guess they ain't much like your Aunt Stina's, but I'm thankful for 'em, all the same."

"Most of the work your hands have done has been for others," said Cynthia, warmly.

"Suppose we go back to the question of spending that money," said Ida. "Aunt Patty, won't you buy at least *one* new dress for yourself?"

"I won't make no promises," answered Aunt Patty. "I c'n tell better about it later on."

Ida felt vexed, and she allowed herself to make several unkind little speeches which caused a flush to rise to Aunt Patty's kindly old face, and once tears gathered thickly in her faded dark eyes.

But she concealed her emotion by making a trip to the pantry for some pineapple jam, of which Ida was particularly fond, and she said nothing unkind in return.

"It's hard on her to have to stay in this dull place all summer, after the gay times she's had in the city," the old lady said to Cynthia, during Ida's temporary absence from the kitchen. "We mustn't mind it if she says sharp little things once in a while. Ida's got a good heart; it's only crusted over."

"If I thought it would be of any use I'd ask Aunt Stina to take her abroad," said Cynthia, for Mrs. Chase's departure had been unavoidably delayed by some business complications, and she was still in the city, boarding at a fashionable hotel, having closed her house.

"It wouldn't be no use, dearie," said Aunt Patty, with a sigh.

Ida's entrance at that moment prevented Cynthia from making any reply, and they all sat down to supper. They no longer ate their meals in the kitchen, Ida having arranged the former sitting-room as a dining-room. The change made a great deal more work for Aunt Patty and Cynthia, but they had not complained. Half a dozen times during each meal Cynthia was obliged to go into the kitchen on some errand, but no shadow of impatience or annoyance ever crossed her face. That Ida found the change desirable and pleasant was quite enough to cause Cynthia to feel glad that it had been made. Often when Ida would have risen to attend to some errand to the pantry her sister would forestall her.

"I know better than you do where things are," she would say, as she hurried from the room.

That evening, after Ida had gone upstairs to her own chamber, pleading a headache, Cynthia and Aunt Patty employed themselves with the composition of a letter. When finished it was addressed to Mrs. Chase.

"I will get up early and take it to the post-office, so it will go out in the six-o'clock mail," said Cynthia, as she sealed the envelope. "Oh, Aunt Patty, isn't it nice to have this splendid secret?"

CHAPTER V.

Ida did not meet Angela Leverton at church on Sunday morning, as she had expected. Angela had a headache, Mrs. Lennox said, but would call at ten o'clock on Monday morning to take Ida for a drive.

So on Monday Ida, attired in her best, seated herself on the front porch, parasol in hand. Aunt Patty had gone to the village, and Cynthia was attending to the dairy work, so there was no chance that Angela would see either of them.

Promptly at ten o'clock Angela appeared in the Lennox carriage, and Ida hurried to the front gate to meet her.

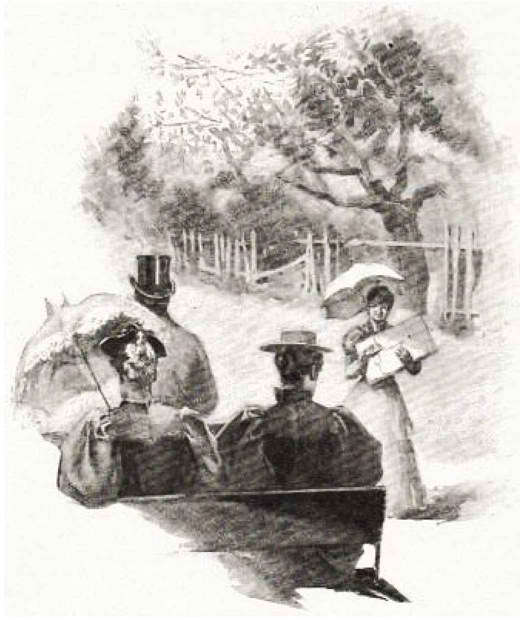
"I don't suppose you care to come in?" she said.

"No, it is not worth while," answered Angela. "What a dear, picturesque old place you have here!" she added, as, Ida having stepped lightly into the carriage, the coachman turned the horses' heads toward the village. "I know you must have enjoyed the peace and rest of the last three weeks, after the whirl of last winter and spring."

"It is very cool and quiet here," said Ida, who was too proud to wish her friend to suspect her discontent.

"You may not care to accept an invitation I have for you," said Angela. "Mamma suggested I should ask you to spend August with us at Rocky Beach. We are all to go down on Saturday, and I thought it would be perfectly lovely if you would join us in about ten days. We will be settled then, and ready to receive you."

"It is good of you to ask me," said Ida, "and I would love to accept; but indeed I have nothing fit to wear, if you expect to be very gay."



"ISN'T SHE THE MOST ABSURD OBJECT YOU EVER SAW."

"But we don't," cried Angela. "It is oppressively dull at Rocky Beach. Our cottage is a quarter of a mile from any other, and over a mile from the hotel. Sometimes for days we have no company at all. But the air agrees with mamma, and so we go there every summer. Now do promise that you'll come. I simply can't endure it there without—Oh, do look, Ida! What a funny old woman! Did you ever see such a ridiculous parasol? Why, it must surely have been handed down from the ark!"

Ida's heart seemed to stop beating. She looked up, turning pale and then red, for coming along the road from the village, wearing the black embroidered silk cape, the old bonnet trimmed with faded purple ribbon, and holding over her head the ancient green parasol, was Aunt Patty. She was literally coated with dust, her face was flushed with the heat of the sun, and in her arms she carried a large pasteboard box.

"Isn't she the most absurd object you ever saw?" Angela bit her lip to keep from laughing. "I wonder who she is. Did you ever see her before, Ida?"

"Yes; she lives near here," answered Ida, adjusting her veil with both hands, that she might thus screen her flushed face from her friend's view.

At this moment Aunt Patty stepped to one side of the road to avoid the carriage. She looked up, and a sudden smile illumined her face. But Ida looked straight ahead, without making the faintest sign of recognition, though her heart beat so loudly she felt sure Angela must hear it.

Aunt Patty stood still a moment, looking after the carriage, a stunned expression on her face. Then she walked on, clasping tightly the big box.

"She looked like a good-natured old soul," remarked Angela. "And how she stared at us, Ida! She probably doesn't see city people very often. I would like to have her costume for a masquerade."

Ida smiled faintly, but said nothing in reply. She felt that it would not be safe to trust her voice just then. And, oh! *what* would Aunt Patty say to her when they met again? How would she bear the look of reproach in those kind eyes?

"I wish I had even half of Cynthia's moral courage," she thought. "I was a coward to pass Aunt Patty that way. But there is a taint in my blood, I do believe." But she did not yet realize that it was the taint of selfishness, vanity, and love of luxury, from which grave faults all the unkind and ugly acts of the past three weeks had sprung.

Angela Leverton insisted that Ida should accompany her to Mrs. Lennox's to luncheon, saying that Mrs. Lennox had told her to extend the invitation; and thus it happened that it was late in the afternoon when Ida returned home.

All day she had thought of little else save that unfortunate meeting on the road with Aunt Patty, and she was prepared for coldness and perhaps reproaches—which she felt she richly deserved.

She was ashamed as well as relieved when her aunt greeted her as kindly as ever, and Cynthia assured her that they had both "missed her dreadfully." Evidently Aunt Patty had kept the occurrence of the morning to herself.

"We want to see what is in the box Aunt Patty brought from the express-office this morning," Cynthia said. "Wasn't she good to bring it? She didn't want you to have to wait until stage-time for it."

Ida's cheeks grew crimson. "Yes, very good," she answered, in a low voice. "Where is the box?"

Cynthia brought it from the next room, and looked on with excited interest while Ida cut the strings which bound it.

"It is Aunt Stina's writing on the label," she said. "A parting gift of some old finery, I suppose. I wrote her about the lawn party, and that I expected to wear that old white muslin."

But it was no old finery that was disclosed to view when the cover of the box was removed. Swathed in tissue-paper lay a silk dress pattern of a delicate shade of blue, a pair of kid gloves, a bolt of ribbon, half a dozen yards of lace, a fine handkerchief, and a soft opera cloak of white cashmere lined with silk and trimmed at the neck with swan's-down.

Ida was too much surprised to speak for some moments. "How good of her, and how generous!" she said at last. "She must love me a little, after all."

"Of course she loves you!" cried Cynthia, gazing with childish admiration at her sister, over whose shoulders she had thrown the pretty cloak. "Everybody who knows you loves you, Ida. But you can't thank Aunt Stina; she sails to-morrow, you know."

"But you can make the dress up in time for the lawn party," said Aunt Patty, "and you can have Cynthia's help. I don't need her about the work. I can do it alone for the next two days."

"Suppose we take our meals in the kitchen, as we did when I first came?" suggested Ida; "that will save a good deal of running back and forth."

"Very well," said Aunt Patty. "It was good of you to think of it, dear," and she smiled tenderly. It had been a cross to her to be obliged to make the meals so ceremonious, though she had carefully refrained from saying anything that would indicate it.

"Ida, you will look like a dream in this blue silk," said Cynthia, whose plain little face was radiant. "I can hardly wait for Thursday night to come. I am anxious to see you in it."

This little speech was like an arrow in Ida's heart. She remembered with a pang how, but for her deceit, Cynthia would be looking forward to a share in Thursday's festivities.

"You are both too good to me," she said, with quivering lips, and hastily left the room to conceal her tears.

Hastening up stairs, she entered her own room, closed and bolted the door. Then throwing herself on her bed, she buried her face in the pillows, sobbing unrestrainedly.

She lay there for some time after the tears had spent themselves, thinking of Aunt Patty's magnanimity and her own unworthiness. But communication with her own spirit, while it made her wretched and conscience-stricken, gave her no moral courage. She felt that to apologize to Aunt Patty, and to confess to Cynthia that she had deceived her, would involve a deeper mortification than she would be able to endure.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Somehow I am all out of step with everything."

CHAPTER VI.

On the eventful Thursday, when Ida attired herself in the blue silk, she quite fulfilled her little sister's expectations. The dress was made simply, but was so becoming that Aunt Patty and Cynthia were profuse in their expressions of admiration. But in spite of this—perhaps because of it—Ida felt no elation, and started off to the lawn party with a heavy heart. Mrs. Lennox had kindly sent a carriage for her, knowing that the only vehicle Aunt Patty possessed was a light uncovered wagon, and her only steed a heavy old horse used in the farm work.

"You are like a princess, going off in all this style," said Cynthia, as she accompanied her sister to the gate, near which the pair of black horses in their silver-mounted harness stood impatiently pawing the ground, "and I hope you'll have the grandest kind of a time."

Ida's only reply was a heavy sigh.

Cynthia looked at her sister, loving anxiety in her soft brown eyes. "Ida," she said, hesitatingly, "I'm afraid you're worrying about my not going to the lawn party. But you needn't, for I'm all over my disappointment now. And I expect to have a very nice time at home. Aunt Patty says I can make some sugar jumbles, and we've asked old Mrs. Hooper to tea."

Ida looked at her sister a moment, her face white and set, her dark eyes full of pain; then opening the gate, she stepped into the carriage, the footman closing the door with a slam. Another moment and the impatient horses had started off, leaving little Cinderella to gaze after the carriage until it disappeared around a bend in the road.

As was only natural, Ida soon forgot her troubles in her enjoyment of the pleasures of the lawn party, though she was much embarrassed when, on her arrival, Mrs. Lennox asked her why Cynthia had not accompanied her. She was saved, however, from the necessity of making any reply by the arrival of half a dozen guests at once, who immediately monopolized their hostess, and began the most enthusiastic praises of the beautiful decorations of the spacious grounds.

Ida, with a sense of relief, made her escape, and was at once seized upon by Angela Leverton, who took her off to the croquet-ground, where a game was already in progress. But in spite of all the distractions of the occasion, Ida's mind reverted to Cynthia again and again, and she felt a pang of remorse as she thought how ardently her little sister would have enjoyed everything, from the music of the city band to the frantic efforts of the special policeman, who was trying to keep the curious villagers from sitting like blackbirds on the low stone wall skirting the grounds.

Aunt Patty and Cynthia sat up to wait Ida's return, and listened with eagerness to her glowing account of the events of the day.

"I am *so* glad you had such a delightful time," Cynthia said, when at last she and Ida were on their way up stairs to their bedrooms, each carrying a lighted candle.

Ida paused a moment, looking down at her candle.

"I didn't deserve to have a good time," she rejoined, in a low voice; and then, as Cynthia only kissed her with a simple "Good-night," she sighed, and went into her room without further remark. One question from her sister, and she would have thrown her arms around her and

confessed all.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THROUGH A CANDY-FACTORY.

[Pg 112]

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

To begin at the beginning of a great candy and sugar-plum factory in New York, there was one trait shown by its founder which established its reputation. The man had the same characteristics as had Josiah Wedgwood. In England one hundred years ago pottery was a rude and incomplete business. Josiah Wedgwood made it one of the most classic and elegant of the plastic arts. When Wedgwood went through his vast Burslem work-shops, and noticed a piece of his ware—say a teapot—which was not up to the mark, he took a stick, and he simply smashed it.

There was once a baker who made cakes. Occasionally there would be a failure in his batch. The raising of the dough or the baking was defective. That baker never would sell these poor cakes to his customers. He might give them away. What he said was this, "These poor cakes are not a fair equivalent for good money." In time his business prospered because his cakes were the very best. Then he took to candy-making in a small way—only molasses-candy. But what he made was so super-fine that he could hardly meet the demand. Then he made other kinds of candy, with the same success. So his business grew and grew, until to-day this enterprise founded by this baker occupies a large building with many stories in New York, and the motive power for making chocolate, candy, and sugar-plums is a 300-horse steam-engine, and 350 people are employed.

To give some idea of the quantity of the prime material, sugar, used every day in the year in this establishment, the total mass may be fairly grasped at in this way: An acre of good ground in the West Indies produces twenty tons of sugar-cane; the sweet juice expressed from the cane represents some eighteen per cent. of this.

Before the sugar is turned out by evaporation the percentage of weight is notably diminished. It takes then about three-quarters of an acre of cane to supply this factory with the sugar necessary for its daily consumption. It is not only candy and sugar-plums which this concern makes, but chocolate in quantity, and sugar enters largely into the composition of this last substance.

From top to bottom the floors of the factory are covered with tiles, and I noticed that there were people engaged in all parts of the building scrubbing and washing these tiled floors. For a candy-factory it was the least sticky or smeary place I ever saw. Absolute cleanliness and sweetness was the rule. There was a slight drift of sugar about, as in a mill where wheat is being ground, and your coat might get a little powdered, but there always was sweeping going on.

Chocolate-making I need not describe, only to state that everything was done here by machinery, for the chocolate as produced enters for a large percentage into the bonbons manufactured.

SUGARED ALMONDS.

In the sugar-plum departments hand-work seemed to be constant. Tidy-looking young women, all with caps on, were working away, each one with a little saucepan before her full of sugar; the sugar was in a pasty condition, the heat being derived from steam. In these saucepans were colored sugars of all the lines of the rainbow. The work-women would take up an almond or a pistache-nut, and drop it in the saucepan, then fish it out with a bit of wire fashioned in loop form. The art was to get just the proper coating. Then with a dexterous motion of the wrist the sugar-plum would be placed in a tin pan, and with a deft motion of the wire loop a nice finish would be given to the top of it. There were some very small sugar-plums, and it would take two hundred of them to make a pound. They were all exact in form. These little things, so the foreman told me, had gone through ten processes before they had arrived at their present condition. Some of the sugar-plums were made in moulds. There was pure legerdemain about these. A man took a funnel, and dropped the sugar, just at the crystallizing point, in moulds. They were very small things, not more than an inch long by half an inch wide, but the confectioner never poured a drop in the wrong place. Dear me! if I tried to do that, I should make a precious mess of it.

Here were sugar-plums of many shades, every work-woman seeming to have a specialty. It was something not alone requiring alertness of hand, but constant watchfulness as to the condition of the material used. If it had been too soft, the bonbon would have run and been out of shape. If

the sugar paste had been too hard, it would have been intractable. How they managed not to burn anything was a wonder.

Behind all this was the care necessary in the make-up of the first materials, and in the methods employed to give the colors and the flavors. Then there was the element of time, or a succession of processes. As soon as one batch of sugar-plums was finished, the saucepans had to be filled up again.

For the coloration of the sugar-plums many vegetable substances are used, and the utmost care was taken that nothing unwholesome should enter into the manufacture. Then it is, too, a nice question of flavors, for it is so easy to add too much of an essence and so spoil the bonbons. When the sugar-plum is made it must have powers of resistance. Sugar tends in some conditions to deliquescence, and so sugar-plums might all run together, and their appearance would be ruined.

WRAPPING CARAMELS.

There were some of the smaller candies which passed through rollers, whereby the crystallized sugar was shaped into squares or lozenges. In many of the rooms workmen were manipulating great masses of amber-colored melted sugar, turning and turning them on slabs of marble or iron. Here the skill was shown in getting the mass to exactly the proper temperature so that it could be worked. A hundred or more pounds of sweet stuff had to be of just such a consistency so as to shape it. If there had been a mistake, just as likely as not the whole batch would have been spoilt, for if heated over again its character would have been changed.

There was one room entirely devoted to nut-cracking. A nut, as a walnut or a pecan or a filbert, had to be cracked just so, and an old man tapped and tapped the nuts with the regularity of a machine. Then there was a corps of nut-pickers, who removed the shells and put aside the meats. Then there were several women who did nothing else but police these nuts, so as to remove the least possible fragment of shell. Just think of the horror of breaking a tooth while in the act of biting an inviting sugar-plum!

All day long almonds were being blanched. Almonds are too delicate to be passed through any machine, and so have to be slivered with a knife. Here were cocoanuts in quantity. They could be run through machines, and there were great heaps of ground cocoanut looking like snow. Figs form the basis of many sugar-plums, but these have to be all handled and picked before they are ground up.

Just think of not less than one hundred and fifty varieties of candies or sugar-plums, and you can appreciate how many differences there must be in the manufacture of these.

When the sugar-plums leave the workman's or work-woman's hands they are not yet ready for consumption. They must be nice enough when fresh, but they have to be hard enough or of such a consistency as to stand travel. If chocolate enters into their composition, they would be likely to run if preventive measures were not used. The chocolate bonbons have to be hardened in currents of cool air. If there is no chocolate, or if it is in small quantity, the sugar-plums are dried by heat, but not at a high temperature. Some sugar-plums are frosted, by means of crystallized sugar, then a rich syrup is put on them, and slow drying gives them a silvery appearance.

PACKING CHOCOLATE.

There is just as little touching of the sugar-plums as possible; not that the hands of the working-people are not clean, but to finger a bonbon before you help yourself to it is to take away something of its pretty bloom. I saw trays full of moulded chocolate bonbons, almond shaped, and some of them had a little rim of chocolate around them, which had exuded from the mould. A girl with a pair of gloves on was breaking off the excess of chocolate. Said the foreman: "Chocolate is so sensitive, that if the workwoman did not use gloves there would be thumb-marks, and a sugar-plum with a finger-mark on it is a spoilt sugar-plum. We have those gloves washed everyday."

In the make-up of the ordinary one-pound box of mixed sugar-plums there generally are some

fifteen varieties. It would take a five-pound box, probably, to hold the one hundred and fifty different kinds this manufactory turns out.

In filling the boxes, some hundreds of empty ones are placed on a big table, and two or three women lay in the sugar-plums, one sort at a time in each box. Strange to say, you cannot hurry up this packing business. You cannot shoot sugar-plums into a box like coal into a bin. A bonbon refuses rough treatment. Be the least rude with a sugar-plum, and it is mashed. Gentle management does wonders with a great many things.

If the bonbons themselves are excellent, much of their saleability depends on the way they are put up. The utmost nicety is used in the construction of the box, with its frill of lace paper and the bit of silver or gold cord or the ribbon used in fastening it.

CREAM WALNUTS.

Some of the departments in this manufactory are noisy. Chocolate is a troublesome material, and it won't work well, save at certain temperatures. It has a decided disinclination to pack itself solid. A vast quantity of small tablets of chocolate are used. To make them the soft chocolate is placed in small tin moulds, and these are put on a rocking table, and the tins dance and rattle until the chocolate assumes the proper shape and consistency. Then sugared almonds in the act of manufacture make quite a racket. The almonds are surrounded with a sugar paste, and then put into revolving cylinders, and they roll and roll, making a sound like theatrical thunder.

The word bonbon is French, and really means "good-good." When we study early language, at the very beginning we find that primitive races had a way of reduplicating the same syllable, so it was a smart child who must have invented the word bonbon, which has about its equivalent in our "goodies."

You may rest satisfied that when you are lucky enough to get a box of these sugar-plums it is the result of an endless amount of painstaking labor and exceeding niceness, but it is questionable whether that will stop you for a moment in putting one of these pretty things into your mouth. Maybe when the very last sugar-plum is eaten you may think about the way they are made, and then you can ask for more, so as to be fully impressed with the cleverness of the bonbon art.

SANTA CLAUS IN MOROCCO.

BY HESTER CALDWELL OAKLEY.

Queer old Santa took the steamer
   Over from Gibraltar,
Mounted on a donkey-pack,
   With a rope for halter.

Thought he'd do his duty by
   All the little Arabs,
Fill their stockings up with coins,
   Bellyunes, and scarebs.

But his jolly old face fell
   When he reached a village—
Tiny huts just thatched with straw,
   One yard square for tillage.

All around he gazed aghast,
   Then he said, "By Jim'ny!
What a savage, heathen place.
   Not a single chimney!"

Gasped again, and paler grew,
   Muttered, feebly: "Shocking!
'Mong these little Moorish kids
   Not a blessed stocking!"

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

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 16.

TRANSFERROTYPE BROMIDE PAPER.

Transferrotype paper is worked in the same way as bromide paper, the difference in the papers being that prints made on this paper may be transferred to glass, tiles, placques, lamp-shades, or made into transparencies and lantern-slides.

Expose the paper, develop and finish in the same way directed for bromide prints in last paper, taking care that no alum is allowed in any of the solutions, as that prevents the picture being transferred.

After the print is washed lay it face down on the object to which it is to be transferred, being particular that the surface is perfectly free from any grease or dust. Squeegee the wet print into perfect contact with the surface of the object, and see that no air blisters are left between the print and the face of the support. When it adheres perfectly, put over it a piece of blotting-paper, place a weight on it, and set away to dry. When it is thoroughly dry, pour nearly boiling water (180° Fahr.) on the back of the paper until it begins to blister, or until one corner can be lifted with the point of a penknife, when the paper can be pulled from the back of the picture. After the paper is removed, rub the surface of the picture with a tuft of surgeon's cotton dipped in warm water, as to remove any bits of paper that may be left on the transfer, and put away to dry in a place free from dust.

If the picture has been transferred to a lamp-shade, as soon as it is dry varnish it with a thin coat of dammar varnish, and heat in an ordinary oven for a few minutes, when the shade may be washed without injury to the picture.

Window-transparencies may be made with transferrotype paper, and if the print is transferred to opal glass it will make a much more brilliant picture than when made directly on the glass. For placques, tiles, etc., the paper may be bought in different sizes, according to the object for which it is designed. Small squares of heavy plate-glass ornamented with transferrotypes are pretty, and make timely Christmas gifts.

Sir Knight W. H. Tobey asks if animals could be included in the prizes offered for figure studies, as there are no prizes offered for animals this year, or if a picture of a boy and a dog would be called a figure study. He also asks if the pictures for different classes should be sent in separate packages, and how many figures may be introduced into a figure study. Picture of animals alone will not count in figure studies, but a boy and dog, a milkmaid and cow, a boy or girl with horse, etc., etc., would come under the head of figure studies. Pictures for different classes may all be sent in one package, but each picture must be marked with the name of the class to which it belongs. There in no limit to the number of figures in a figure study, but the larger the number of persons included the less chance of making a successful picture.

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

I heard a girl say the other day, and she frowned and looked quite cross, and puckered up her

pretty face as she said it: "Dear me, I'm so nervous! I can't help fidgeting, and swinging my feet, and knocking over things when I'm tired, and I *wish* the children would keep still, and that Rob would not rattle the paper when he reads it. I hate to hear the rattling of paper. I'm just as nervous as a witch!"

Think of all this, from a girl fifteen years old. Why, her grandmother might have spoken in that way, and it wouldn't have been remarkable. But Dolly! I looked at her in surprise.

If there is anything among all the things you girls should cultivate, my dears, it is repose. Simply do not allow your feet to swing and your brows to pucker, but compel face and feet to mind your will, and will to be calm and tranquil on the outside if not beneath the surface. A result of this will be that the looking quiet, and moving gently, and holding yourself in control, will bring about a restful condition of mind. You will feel better and be less nervous if you put down the expression of nervousness.

Indigestion is at the bottom of half of our maladies. School-girls should eat plenty of good food at the right times, and should avoid too many sweets. Many a headache and fit of the blues can be traced back to a pound of candy, delicious candy, but too much for the stomach to manage. Bonbons and caramels and all such tempting confections should be eaten after a meal as dessert, not munched all day betweentimes.

One of the prettiest Christmas presents sent me last year was a box of home-made candies, sent by a dear girl friend who has great skill in this line. The candies were laid in a dainty birch-bark box lined with paraffine paper. This box was in its turn fitted tightly into a little silk-lined basket —rose-colored silk was used, and quilted into its folds was some violet-scented sachet powder. The whole was tied with a bow of rose-tinted satin ribbon, and on the very top, fastened down by the ribbon, was a lovely long-stemmed Jacqueminot rose. After the candies had disappeared I took the box for hair-pins and the basket to hold my spools and needle-book, and it still keeps the giver in my mind from day to day.

There is an old proverb which tells us that "All roads lead to Rome."

At this season "all roads lead to Christmas." Whatever else I begin to say, I end by finding myself talking about Christmas. It is so pleasant an occasion, so merry a day, that we think of and plan for it long before it comes, and remember it gladly long after it is gone. One of the most graceful things you can do, if you have not gifts to send, is to write to your friends, near and far, a Christmas letter. A letter never fails to give real pleasure to the one who receives it. There is even a beautiful charity called "The Christmas Letter Mission," which sends letters and cards and leaflets to people who are sick in hospitals, or shut up in prisons. You may not have time to send this sort of letter, but you can write to grandpapa, or Aunt Gertrude, or the girl you met and liked so well, last summer, at Bar Harbor or Put In Bay. If you can follow your letter in thought and hear the welcome word, "Ah! Jennie, dear child, has not forgotten me!" from grandpapa, or "Jennie's writing! Bless her heart!" from aunty, or, in fancy, see Elsie flying over the farm-house to find her mother, and have her share her pleasure, you will be repaid.

One more hint. Never put off writing a letter of thanks the very day you receive a gift. No matter how small the courtesy shown you, return it in a little graceful note.

In taking leave thank your entertainers for the pleasure they have given you, and as soon as you reach home write a note to your hostess again thanking her, and assuring her of your safe return.

Margaret E. Sangster.

BOBBIE'S SUGGESTION.

I've read an awful lot of tales
About those lovely folks,
The Brownies, and their funny ways,

Their jolly larks and jokes.

But now I sort of wish some one
Would take his pen and see
If he could not write something up
'Bout Blueys once for me.

Or possibly some man could write
Of Greenies and their tricks;
Of Pinkies, Reddies, Mauvies, or
Of all a lovely mix.

It isn't that I've ceased to love
The Brownies—they entrance—
But seems to me some other hue
Had ought to have a chance.

Gaston V. Drake.

THE IMP OF THE TELEPHONE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

V.—THE CIRCUS.

The pictures that now followed one another across the canvas were better than any circus Jimmieboy ever went to, for the reason that it was entirely a water circus in which were the finest imaginable sea-monsters doing all sorts of marvellous things; and then, too, the book the Imp had turned on evidently had some reading matter in it, for as the pictures passed before the little fellow's eyes he could hear verses describing what was going on, repeating themselves from a shelf directly back of him.

First of all in the circus was the grand parade. A great big gilded band-wagon drawn by gayly caparisoned Sea-Horses went first, and then Jimmieboy could judge how much better electric circus books were than those he had in his nursery, for this book was able to do what his had never done—it furnished music to go with the band—and such music as it was! It had all the pleasant features of the hand-organ; was as soft and sweet in parts as the music-box in the white-and-gold parlor, and once in a while would play deliciously out of tune like a real circus band. After the band-wagon there followed the most amusing things that Jimmieboy ever saw, the Trick Oysters, twelve in number, and all on foot. Next came the mounted Scallops, riding ten abreast on superbly groomed Turtles, holding the bridle of each of which walked Lobsters dressed as Clowns. Then came the menagerie, with great Sea-Lions swimming in tanks on wheels; marine Giraffes standing up to their necks in water forty feet deep; four-legged Whales, like the Oysters, on foot, and hundreds of other queer fish, all doing things Jimmieboy had never supposed they could do.

When the parade was over a great circus ring showed itself upon the canvas, and as strains of lovely music came from the left of the tent the book on the shelf began to recite:

"The Codfish walks around,
The Bass begins to sing;
The Whitebait 'round the Terrapin's cage
Would better get out of the ring.
The Gudgeon is the fish
That goes to all the shows,
He swims up to the Teredos
And tweaks him by the nose."

"That Gudgeon must have been a sort of Van Amberg," thought Jimmieboy. "He did brave things like that."

Then the book went on again:

"The Oyster now will please come forth
And show the people here
Just how he stands upon his head
And then doth disappear."

This interested Jimmieboy very much, and he watched the canvas intently as one of the Trick Oysters walked out into the ring, and after kissing his hand to Jimmieboy and bowing to the rest of the audience—if there were any to bow to, and Jimmieboy supposed there must be, for the Oyster certainly bowed—he stood upon his head, and then without a word vanished from sight.

"Hooray!" shouted Jimmieboy, whereupon the book resumed:

"Now watch the ring intently, for

The Sea-Giraffe now comes,
And without any effort turns
plum-cake into crumbs."

"Huh!" cried Jimmieboy, as he watched the Sea-Giraffe turn the plum-cake into crumbs. "That isn't anything to do. I could do that myself, and make the plum-cake and the crumbs disappear too."

The book, of course, could not reply to this criticism, and so went right on.

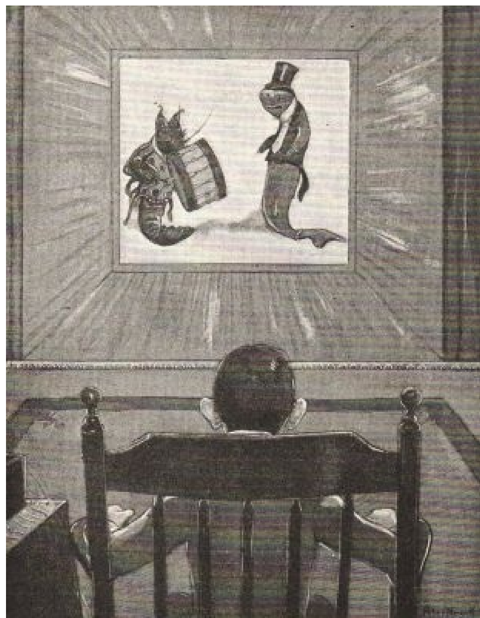
"The Lobster and the Shark will now
Amuse the little folks
By making here, before their eyes,
Some rhymes and funny jokes."

When the book had said this there appeared on the canvas a really handsome Shark clad in a dress suit and a tall hat on his head, followed closely by a Lobster wearing a jester's coat and cap and bells, and bearing in his hand the little stick with Punch's head on the end of it.

"How do you do?" the Lobster seemed to say, as he reached out his claw and grabbed the Shark by his right fin.

"Sir," returned the Shark,

"If you would really like to know,
I'm very glad to say
That I am feeling pretty fine,
And think 'twill snow to-day."



"I'M VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU, SHARKEY," SAID THE LOBSTER.

"I'm very glad to see you, Sharkey," said the Lobster. "It is exceedingly pleasant to one who is always joking to meet a Fish like you."

"I pray excuse me, Lobster dear,
If I should ask you why?
Pray come and whisper in my ear,
What your words signify."

"Certainly, my dear Shark," replied the Lobster. "It is always exceedingly pleasant for a droll person to tell his jokes to a creature with a mouth as large as yours, because your smile is necessarily a tremendous one. I never like to tell my jokes to people with small mouths, because their smiles are limited, while yours is as broad as the boundless ocean."

"Thank you," returned the Shark. "That reminds me of a little song, and as I see you have a bass-drum in your pocket, I will sing it, if you will accompany me."

Here Jimmieboy had the wonderful experience of seeing a Lobster take a bass-drum out of his pocket. I shall not attempt to describe how he did it, because I know you are anxious to hear the Shark's song—as also was Jimmieboy—which went as follows:—that is, the words did; the time I cannot here reproduce, but any reader desirous of hearing it can do so if he will purchase a bass-drum set in G-flat, and beat it forty times to the second as hard as he knows how.

"I find it most convenient to
Possess a mouth like this,
Why, twenty babes at one fell swoop
I easily can kiss;
And sixty pounds of apple pie,
Plus ten of orange pulp,
And forty thousand macaroons

I swallow at a gulp.

"It's big enough for me without
Appearing like a dunce
To stand upon a platform and
Say forty things at once.
So large it is I have to wear
Of teeth a dozen sets,
And I can sing all in a bunch
Some twenty-nine duets.

"Once I was captured by some men,
Who put me in a lake,
Where sadly I did weep all day—
All night I kept awake:
And when the morning came at last,
So weary, sir, was I,
I yawned and swallowed up that pond,
Which left me high and dry.

"Then when my captors came to me,
I opened both my jaws,
And snapped each one of them right up
Without a moment's pause;
I swallowed every single man
In all that country round,
And as I had the lake inside,
They every one were drowned."

Here the Shark stopped, and Jimmieboy applauded.

"And what became of you?" asked the Lobster. "Did you die then?"

"Well," returned the Shark, with a puzzled expression on his face. "The song stops there, and I don't know whether I died or not. I presume I did, unless I swallowed myself and got into the lake again in that way. But, see here, Lobby, you haven't got off any jokes for the children yet."

"No, but I'm ready," returned Lobby. "What's the difference between me and Christmas?"

"Perhaps I'm very stupid,
Sometimes I'm rather slow—
But why you're unlike Christmas
I'm sure I do not know,"

replied the Shark.

"Oh no, you aren't stupid," said the Lobster. "It would be far stupider of you to guess the answer when it is my turn to make the little ones laugh. The reason I am different from Christmas is just this—now don't lose this, children—with Christmas comes Santa Claus, and with me comes lobster claws. Now let me give you another. What is it that's brown like a cent, is bigger than a cent, is worth less than a cent, yet costs a cent?"

"Perhaps I do not know enough
To spell C-A-T, cat—
And yet I really must confess
I cannot answer that,"

returned the Shark.

"I am very glad of that," said the Lobster. "I should have felt very badly if you could, because, you know, I want these children here to observe that while there are some things you can do that I can't do, there are also some things I can do that you can't do. Now the thing that is brown like a cent, is bigger than a cent, is worth less than a cent, yet costs a cent, is a cent's worth of molasses taffy—which the Terrapin will now pass around for sale, along with my photographs, for the benefit of my family."

Then the Lobster bowed, the Shark and he locked fin and arm again, and 'mid the strains of music from the band marched out of the ring, and Jimmieboy looking up from the canvas for a moment saw that the Imp had returned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The number of important games crowded into the last few weeks of the season has delayed me in making as prompt comment as I could wish on many interesting matches. Readers of this Department, however, may always feel that sooner or later the whole field of sports will be covered, and that eventually every branch that each one is interested in will get its fair share of attention. And although the football season of the Boston schools will be closed by the time this number of the Round Table is published, I want to go back a few weeks and speak of the games that have been played during the past month.

Boston Latin School lost its first championship game to Cambridge High and Latin on the 11th. The score was 4-0, and is a just indication of the closeness of the game. Cambridge excelled in offensive work, and kept the ball in Boston's territory throughout the game; but Boston's defense was so good that they held Cambridge for downs three times, with Cambridge only five yards from a touch-down, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Watson managed to get through tackle for the score. Boston's offense, however, was lamentably weak. The interference rarely cut any figure, and the guard and tackle plays generally went wrong. This made it appear that Cambridge's defense was strong; but it was really weaker than in the Hopkinson game, although it prevented Boston from advancing further than Cambridge's thirty-yard line.

Boston's best work was done by Captain Maguire and the ends. Maguire's punting and rushing, which were entirely individual, were the only good offensive work done by Boston. The whole eleven are to be commended for the pluck they showed. They must have realized early in the game that their offense was too weak to earn a victory, but nevertheless they fought a beautiful losing battle to the last. Cambridge's best work was done by Saul. He ran his team better than before, though he did not get the most out of it by any means, and his defensive work was almost above criticism. Beardsell played a strong defense at end. He let one criss-cross go by him for twenty-five yards, but the next time it was tried he nailed it for ten-yards loss. Watson excelled in rushing, and Parker's punting was strong and reliable.

On the following day Hopkinson met its second defeat, at the hands of English High. It was a hard-fought contest, and the better team won. English High set a hot pace at the start, and played a steady, snappy game throughout, while Hopkinson was decidedly sleepy at times. Hopkinson scored first. A kick was blocked, and Hallowell picked up the ball and scored. Then English High made two touch-downs and goals in short order. In the second half, a third touch-down was added, from which a goal was kicked. They were all made by plunges through the centre, although English High's strongest play was around their right end. For the last fifteen minutes Hopkinson tried desperately to score again, but the English High's line was too strong, and although Hopkinson forced the playing, and played in the High-School's territory, they came no nearer than the fifteen-yard line.

For English High, Wittemore played the most brilliant game. His long rushes around Hopkinson's left were responsible for the victory more than anything else. He is, by a big margin, the best back of the year. Eaton, at guard, was the best man in the line. He did some brilliant work carrying the ball, and on defense he was impregnable. For Hopkinson, Carleton and Hallowell seemed to be the whole defense. Carleton stopped Whittemore in a clear field time after time, when he had cleared the end. Hallowell is playing end in a way that has not been seen for years. He is absolutely sure to head off any play coming his way, and he follows the ball in a most aggressive manner. Martin at right tackle was Hopkinson's surest ground-gainer, running from his position with great effect.

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English High expected that the game with Cambridge High and Latin would be the hardest game of the year. Instead, it was the easiest. Cambridge played a loose, discouraging game throughout. Only once did they brace up. Then they took the ball half the length of the field on four rushes, only to lose it on a fumble. English High scored two touch-downs in the first five minutes, and two more in the last five. No goals were kicked. Cambridge did not threaten their opponents' goal once. Parker's punting and the fine defense of Saul, Warren, and Beardsell kept the score down to sixteen points. Saul did the best tackling of the year. His passing and interference were as near perfection as one could wish for. Warren was the most valuable man in the line. He had opposite him, Eaton, English High's best guard; it was a hard struggle, but Warren's experience told. He prevented Eaton from running with the ball from his position (English High's surest play) by giving him a hard push just as he started. For English High, Whittemore showed a fine game in running and dodging. He marred his reputation, however, by missing four easy goals. Murphy, at end, showed up better than before. Calahan and Eaton were impassable; and Purtell is developing into the best tackle of the League. Sherlock, at quarter, passed and ran his team well, but he seems to think that on the defense his only duty is to punch the other fellows' heads.

Boston Latin scored a victory over Cambridge Manual Thursday, November 14th. Although they won by the small score of 6-0, they pushed Cambridge all over the field, outplaying them everywhere. The umpire alone prevented a large score. The game was thoroughly clean—a marked contrast to the last game of Boston Latin. They won because they played harder, faster, and surer football than Cambridge. Their defense was again their strongest point, but their offense was much better than before. The best work for them was done by Maguire. Both in rushing and tackling he was the star of the game. The trick of hurdling an opponent bent to tackle him he has learnt to perfection. He captains his team in the most sportsmanlike manner. The Boston centre held extremely well, and almost no gains were made there. For Cambridge, White did the best work in carrying the ball, and Marshall at end played a reliable game. On the whole, however, Cambridge played a loose, discouraging game. Her defense was erratic, and her offense, though at times brilliant, and productive of a few long gains, was generally unsteady. The men played and acted as though they were badly overworked. As a team they lacked the

spirit and energy that characterized them last year.

Boston Latin had hard luck in their game with Hopkinson, Thursday. They outplayed their opponents throughout, except in variety of plays. They were beaten by the small score of 6-2, after having fairly earned a touch-down, which was not allowed by the referee. They kept the ball in Hopkinson's territory by far the greater part of the time, and Hopkinson never once threatened their goal. Hopkinson scored from the centre of the field, on a lucky break of Martin through a hole made by Jaynes. This was in the middle of the second half. After it, Boston took a wonderful brace, and had the ball inside of Hopkinson's thirty-yard line until the end. They forced it to Hopkinson's one-yard line, but lost it there for holding. Hopkinson tried to kick on the first down, but was prevented, and was given ten yards for off-side play. Then Bartlett kicked weakly, and Boston worked the ball down again to the one-yard line. On the last play of the game they forced it over. Hallowell snatched it away from the Boston man after he had called down. Most officials would have ruled that a touch-down, but the referee declared it a safety for Hopkinson. Just how it was a safety is hard to see, as the impetus that sent the ball over the line was given by Boston.

Hopkinson's best work was done by Captain Heard. He played quarter-back, and filled the position much better than he has filled his old place at end. He backed up his centre in fine style, and ran his team better than any team has been run this year. But he left his end very weak. It was there that Boston made their surest gains. Besides Heard, Martin did invaluable work for Hopkinson. He not only played his position acceptably, but his running with the ball was Hopkinson's surest play. Hallowell at end was again impassable. The watchful, earnest game he plays is bound to earn him a place on the Harvard 'Varsity some day. Maguire played Boston's best game, though he lost two good chances of scoring in the first half by miserable fumbles. But his work for the rest of the game was faultless. Daly played a good game at quarter, and Teevens at full-back made steady gains through the centre. Boston's interference got started more quickly than it ever did before, and the whole team played with more vim.

Boston Latin surprised the other schools by defeating Brookline on the 21st. The score was 6-0. Boston played its best game of the season, and Brookline its poorest. It was Brookline's first game for two weeks, and in consequence they played carelessly and loosely, only getting together in the last few minutes. Brookline's centre was lighter than Boston's, and it was there that Boston made its steadiest gains. Brookline's ends were very strong. Only once in a while did Boston force them for any distance. On the offense, Cook, Aechtler, and Seaver did the most effective work. Aechtler runs hard and low, and is a most difficult man to stop. Seaver ran from his position for repeated gains. For once, Boston Latin got together and started in to win when the game began. It has been a favorite trick of theirs to wait until the game was lost before showing any good offense work. But they beat Brookline in the first five minutes by the aggressiveness they showed. They realized that they might yet win the championship, for the game they lost to Cambridge has been given to Boston on a protest.

Underwood. Schoenhut. White. Flavel. Pearson. Miles. Tomison.

Patton. Brockie. Reany. Hurst. Hamilton.

Lear. McCarty. Wiseman (Capt.). Perkins. Newhall.

GERMANTOWN ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Champions of the Inter-Academic League of Philadelphia, 1895.

The championship of the Inter-Academic League of Philadelphia was decided at Stenton a week ago Friday. As an exhibition of football the game was a poor performance, although at times the players gathered themselves together and showed signs of having been coached at some time during the fall in the science of the game. I had been led to expect better things of Penn Charter and Germantown, and was disappointed in the slow and at times bungling way that they went about their business. I feel confident now that if the proposed match between Penn Charter and Berkeley is played on Saturday, the New-Yorkers ought to win easily, and ought to score from 20

to 30 points. Berkeley will line up and be half-way down the field before Penn Charter knows the ball is in play. I have seldom seen such slow lining up, and such centre-labor to get the leather started. In this respect the two teams were about equally bad, but once the ball was started Germantown followed it closer, more strongly, and with better system than the Philadelphia's did.

GERMANTOWN *vs.* PENN CHARTER,

Lear, Germantown, going around right end.

Penn Charter was suffering slightly from the too frequent malady known as "big head," and looked at the contest in slightly too rosy a light. When they got on the field they found Germantown's line a little harder to get through than they had anticipated. As for their own line, there was a great big hole in it all the time, and Germantown showed they were aware of the fact. Mott was responsible for this hole. He was practically useless to his team, and often did not even try to follow the ball. Captain Branson was so badly injured that he never should have tried to go into the game. He did good work while he played, but had to retire at the end of the first half. Marshall was a tower of strength for Penn Charter. He plunged through the Germantown line, tackled hard, and was in every play. He is a first-rate player, and will be heard from when he gets to college.

Germantown's score was made by taking advantage of a fumble that might have resulted disastrously for them otherwise. The fumble was made by Hunsberger, the Penn Charter end, in a scrimmage. The leather sailed straight up into the air out of the centre of the pile. It was anybody's ball as it came down. Brockie saw his chance, jumped for it, got it, and made for the goal-posts with good interference, and the two teams straggling behind him. He was downed on the three-yard line, and the next play resulted in a touch-down, from which an easy goal was kicked. Penn Charter's touch-down was made by hard rushing, but the goal was badly missed.

On several occasions, especially in the second half, Penn Charter had the ball on Germantown's ten-yard line, but repeatedly lost it on four downs. The worst possible judgment was used at these times in the choice of plays. Penn Charter has not been taught how to score. Their interference, most of the time, was bad too. The forwards interfered with the runner a good deal more than they did for him. The play in the second half was mostly in Germantown's territory, but as the ball was so consistently lost on four downs this did not seem to make much difference to Germantown, who remained consistently on the defensive.

Wllliston Academy closed a very successful football season two weeks ago by defeating Worcester Academy, 14-6, on the latter's own grounds. The features of the play were Williston's work at centre and the strong running of the half-backs. Football rivalry between these two schools began in 1890. During that year two games were played, both of which Williston won, though she had but a small margin in the second. Since 1890 an annual match has taken place, held alternately at Worcester and Easthampton. In 1891 Williston failed to score against Worcester, but the next year atoned for her defeat by an overwhelming victory. Williston has never lost on her own field, while Worcester has been twice defeated at home. Out of seven games Williston has won five. During six seasons she has lost but twice, and in number of points has scored 138 against 36. For this season Williston's points stand 213 to her opponents' 16. This is an enviable record for eight games played.

Comment on the Lawrenceville-High-School game, the Berkeley-Pratt Institute game, the St. Mark's-Groton game, and the third contest between Bridgeport and Hartford is deferred until next week.

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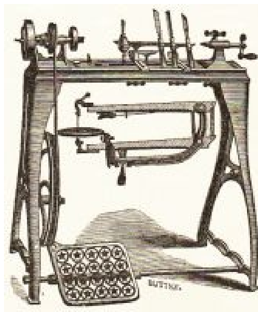

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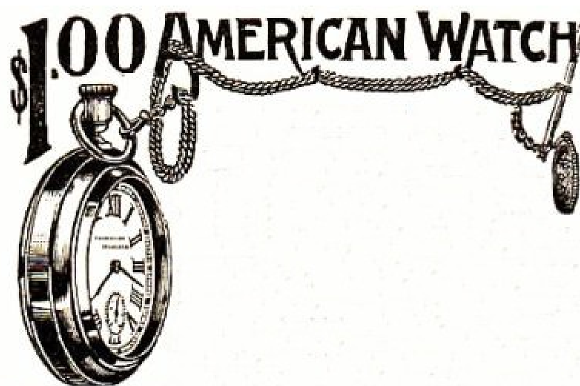

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The Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by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

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Start from Copley Square. Go through Dartmouth; turn to left onto Commonwealth Avenue, turn to right at Massachusetts Avenue, and cross Harvard Bridge over the Charles River to Cambridgeport. Keep on direct road, and at Windsor Street turn to the right, passing car tracks, and continuing to Webster Avenue, there turn to left, and keep straight road to Somerville. Turn to the right onto Prospect Street, go up small hill, cross railroad. Turn to right onto Washington Street, and follow it to Medford Street; there turn to left, and following Medford Street to Central Square, there turn to right on Cross Street, and to the right onto Mystic Avenue. At Middlesex Avenue turn to left, and follow direct road through Wellington to Pleasant Street, Malden. (So far road very good, macadam most of the distance, small hills, and good level stretches.) Continue through Highland Avenue to Clifton Street, where turn to right, and follow it until you come to tracks of the B. & M. R. R. Then turn to right over the tracks onto Washington Street, and take second turn on left. Then turn to left on to Main Street, and follow direct way to Melrose. (Small hills, but good macadam road.) Keep to right at Green Street, to the right at Franklin Street, bearing to right into Saugus by Main Street. Turn to right, cross tracks of B. & M., then keep to left into East Saugus. At watering-trough, beyond which keep to left out Boston Street over Tower Hill, and at horse-car station turn to right to Common Street, there turn to left, and to right onto Market Street. Turn to left at Broad Street, and to right at New Washington Street, and cross the long narrow isthmus, with Lynn Beach on the left and Lynn Harbor on the right. In passing through Lynn, considerable paving has to be ridden over. This is more than counterbalanced by the fine level road from Lynn to Nahant. It is one of the very best in the State, a refreshing ride on a hot day, water either side. Keep to left and follow main road, making a circuit of the end of the peninsula, which is high and rocky. There are excellent views both here and at Bass Point. Tri-Mountain House is a good place for a fish dinner.

A $50 Prize Puzzle.

There are twenty seven questions in the following. $50 in money will be divided among the ten, all under eighteen years, who send the best solutions. Correctness, spelling, and neatness count. Give answers by numbers. Put your own name and address at the top of every sheet, and at the top of the first sheet put the words "Round Table." Mail solutions not later than December 31, 1895. Correct answers and names of prize-winners will be given in Harper's Round Table for January 28, 1896. "Everything comes to those who try." Address the publishers, and put "Puzzle Answer" in lower left-hand corner of your envelope.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

There were three wise men of Gotham
Who went to sea in a bowl.
What did they find the earth around
Before they reached their goal?

They found a good many things. To enumerate a few:

A nail in North American land; (1)
A meat in the isles of the sea; (2)
A gale of wind in a city of Maine,
As you may plainly see; (3)
A yellow man in Asian heights; (4)
Delicious fruit in a bay; (5)
A friend to man in a Russian lake; (6)
A measure of oil in Cathay. (7)

At a hotel in France they were given a queer dish of food. Here is the receipt for it:

Take poetry, music, and painting,
Already well combined,
And to make the dish we are wanting,
Add the first person you find.
Then stifle my first by my second,
And let all stand until cold,
When you have a delightful pickle
That our grandmothers made of old. (8)

Proceeding, they found

A town of Maine in a Floridian bay, (9)
A bit of wood in a sea; (10)
A little friend in an Alpine pass,
As travellers all agree; (11)
Convenient coin in a Russian mart; (12)
Bright light in an African isle; (13)
A part of a ship in a British town, (14)
A stag in a town of the Nile. (15)

In Egypt a landlord presented them with a bill that read:

When first you know that I am near,
You turn from me and flee;
Yet if I harm you, what seems queer
Is that you send for me;
And when my bad effects are gone,
You make me pay for what I've done. (16)

Their time getting short, the wise men left their bowl for a balloon, and found

A writer's tool in a Danish port, (17)
French coin in a State of the West; (18)
A rodent fierce in a Grecian plain,
A dreaded household pest. (19)
A favorite toy in a burning mount, (20)
With a cutting tool they see; (21)
A statesman famed in a town of Maine; (22)
A snake in an inland sea. (23)

Being up in the air, they had to exist on light dinners. Here is the receipt for one of their meals:

Take a conjunction and lay it near
Something that's fully equal.
The smallest article you can find
Follows this as a common sequel.
Add a substance of nature aerial,
And so make a food fit for palate imperial. (24)

Going back to their bowl again, they saw

An American stream in a city famed. (25)

French coin in an Italian town; (26)
A head of hair in an English isle,
A place of great renown.
All these they saw as they sailed afar,
Where'er their course they bent;
But never found 'neath the farthest star
The secret of content. (27)

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. Correspondent should address Editor Stamp Department.

Another great find has been made. A philatelist in a town in Illinois applied to the postmaster for a 90c. stamp, expecting to receive the current issue. Imagine his surprise when the postmaster handed him a 90c. 1869 issue (portrait of Lincoln) in fine condition. Of course he immediately bought all the postmaster had, twenty-eight copies. One of these is now in his collection, the other twenty-seven have been sold at $30 each.

Doubtless there are many thousands of old issues still on sale in country post-offices, and I would advise the purchase of any or all U.S. stamps issued before 1887. Of the later issues dealers have a good supply. Plate-number collecting is growing every day. As time goes on the scarce plate numbers advance in price, and the commoner numbers decrease. No. 89 2c. is still the scarcest, although some of the first numbers are now almost unobtainable. All the unwatermarked sheets are growing scarce; the $1 has already advanced fifty per cent. since the change to watermark. The $2 and $5 will doubtless soon do the same.

M. Hess.—The stamps mentioned are sold by dealers at 1c. or 2c. each.

Watrous.—I do not recognize the coin by your description.

N. D. Henderson, 135 West Eighty-ninth Street, New York, wants to exchange stamps with Round Table collectors.—As the same rare stamp may be cheap or dear according to its condition, the only absolute test of its value is to sell it at auction.

E. France.—No addresses of dealers are given in this column.

Lester Hicks.—The 1858 flying-eagle cent is quoted by dealers at 5c.

H. E. P.—The half-cent 1809 is worth 10c.

L. E. S.—The *ore* coin is Swedish. The other coins are worth face only.

E. Ring.—Half-dollars of any date from 1817 to 1836 can be bought of dealers at 75c. each.

S. B. N. and A. C. H.—See answer to R. Baker in No. 837.

F. James.—The Antoninus Pius is an old Roman coin. The cent and gold piece have no premium value.

O. Furhman.—All the stamps are revenues, not postage.

Philatus.

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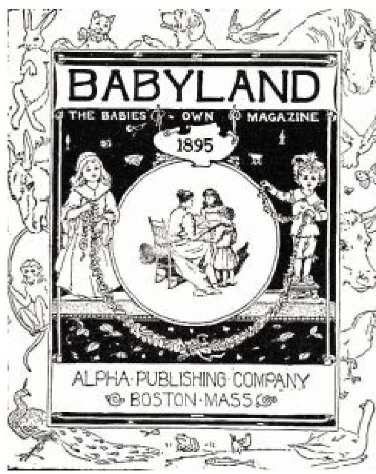

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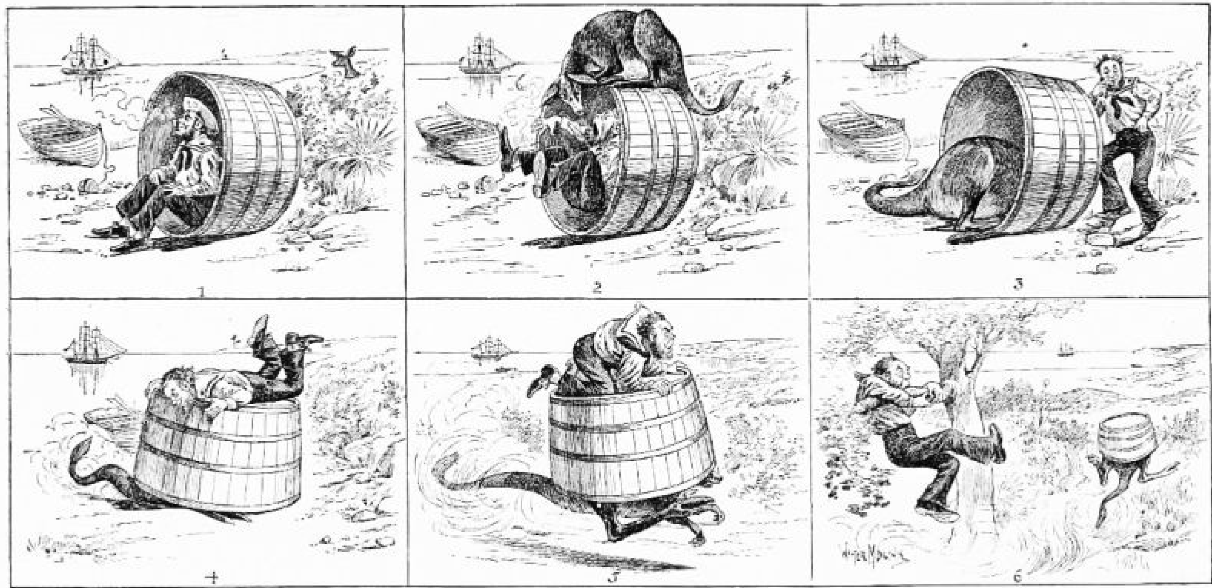

THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURE OF A JOLLY OLD SALT AND AN INQUISITIVE KANGAROO.

NOT THAT KIND OF A RUDDER.

Although a sailor can "jockey" a yard-arm gracefully, he is anything but impressive in that sense on horseback. Yet one of the first things that a man-o'-war Jack steers for when he gets on shore with liberty-money in his pocket is a livery-stable, where he can mount the hurricane deck of an animal.

During the time that one of our vessels was at anchor off Newport liberty was given, and two of the seamen agreed to spend their limited amount of money on horse-flesh. One of them negotiated with the liveryman, and soon appeared on the street perched in the saddle. When out of sight of the stable-keeper, Jack's companion hove alongside and mounted behind his mate. In this fashion they sailed down Main Street until the square was reached where Commodore Perry's statue is placed.

"I say, Bill," cried the sailor in the saddle, "put your helm aport, and let's go up and have a look at the stattoo."

"All right, my boy," answered Bill. Then he reached back of him, caught the horse's tail, pulled it hard around on his left, and awaited developments. After a minute he sung out:

"Something's the matter with the steering-gear, Jack; she won't mind her helm!"

TWO OF THEM.

Fred. "Did you know that Captain Thribble had two left legs?"

Uncle Ned. "Nonsense!"

Fred. "But it's not nonsense. His right leg was left at Gettysburg, wasn't it? And he has a left leg still, hasn't he?"

LONG MEASURE.

Professor Problem. "It takes a yard and a half of muslin to make a boy's shirt. How many shirts can be got out of six yards?"

Toby Tooquick. "Four, sir; but I know of a man that got more than that out of *one*. He got five of my big brother's and three of mine from our back yard one night last week."

A DILIGENT STUDENT.

"Come out and play," cried Willie, from the yard.

"Can't. I'm studying," shouted Robbie.

"Whatcher studying?" called Willie.

"Reading," returned Robbie. "I want to learn it, so's I can read the telephone book and find out what Santa Claus's number is. I've got something to say to him about some things for somebody some time."

HE SPELT IT T-E-A-S-E.

Mamma. "Bobby, stop making your little brother scream! What are you doing? We have this same noise about every afternoon at this time, and I want it stopped."

Bobby. "Well, mamma, you have your afternoon teas, and I don't see why we can't have ours."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"I know why girls likes dolls," observed Wilbur, sagely, to his aunt. "It's because dolls don't say a woyd, and lets the girls do all the talkin'."

INTO THE HOLE IN ONE SHOT.

"I made a great golf shot the other day," said Harold. "It was in the house, and I drove one of papa's golf balls right into a hole it made in the looking-glass."

WHAT WAS NEEDED.

"Mamma, can I play ogre?"

"Yes, my dear, if you wish."

"All right. Give me a piece of cake."

"Cake?"

"Yes; you have to have a piece of cake to play ogre. You see, I'm to be the ogre, and the cake is the boy that gets ate up."

PROOF TO THE CONTRARY.

"I don't believe the world is going round all the time," said Jack. "Fact, I know it isn't. If it was, when I jumped up in the air it would have slid right away from under me."

A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

"Willie Robbins has got an invisible monkey," said Tommy.

"How do you know?" asked his mamma.

"I went home with him to see it, and when he brought it out you couldn't see it at all," said Tommy.

ALL HE NEEDED.

"Are you head of your class, Hal?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied Hal. "I would be if we had a big earthquake that'd turn everything upside down, though."

Freddy. "What is Mr. Slippens running so fast for?"

JAMES. "Why, don't you know? He's trying to catch his breath."

FOOTNOTES:

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

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, DECEMBER 3, 1895 ***

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