

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Round Table, January 7, 1896, by Various

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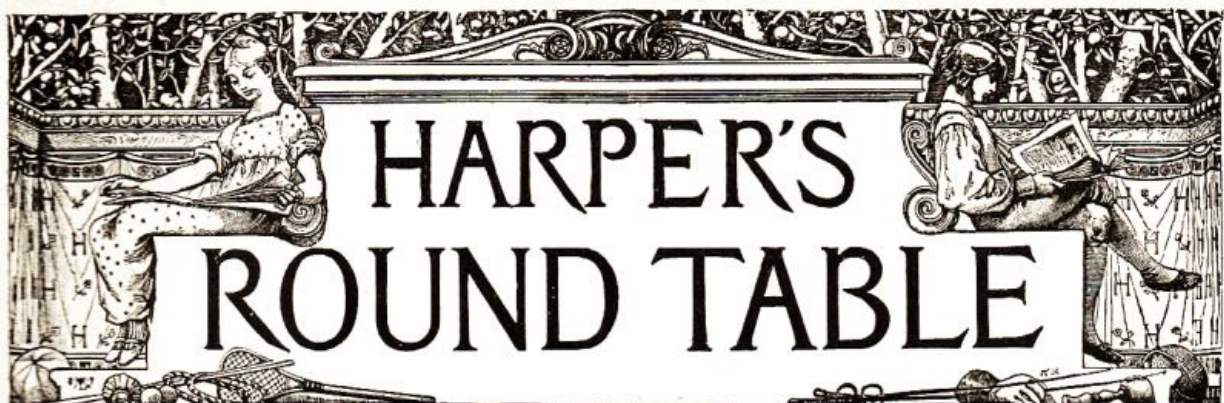
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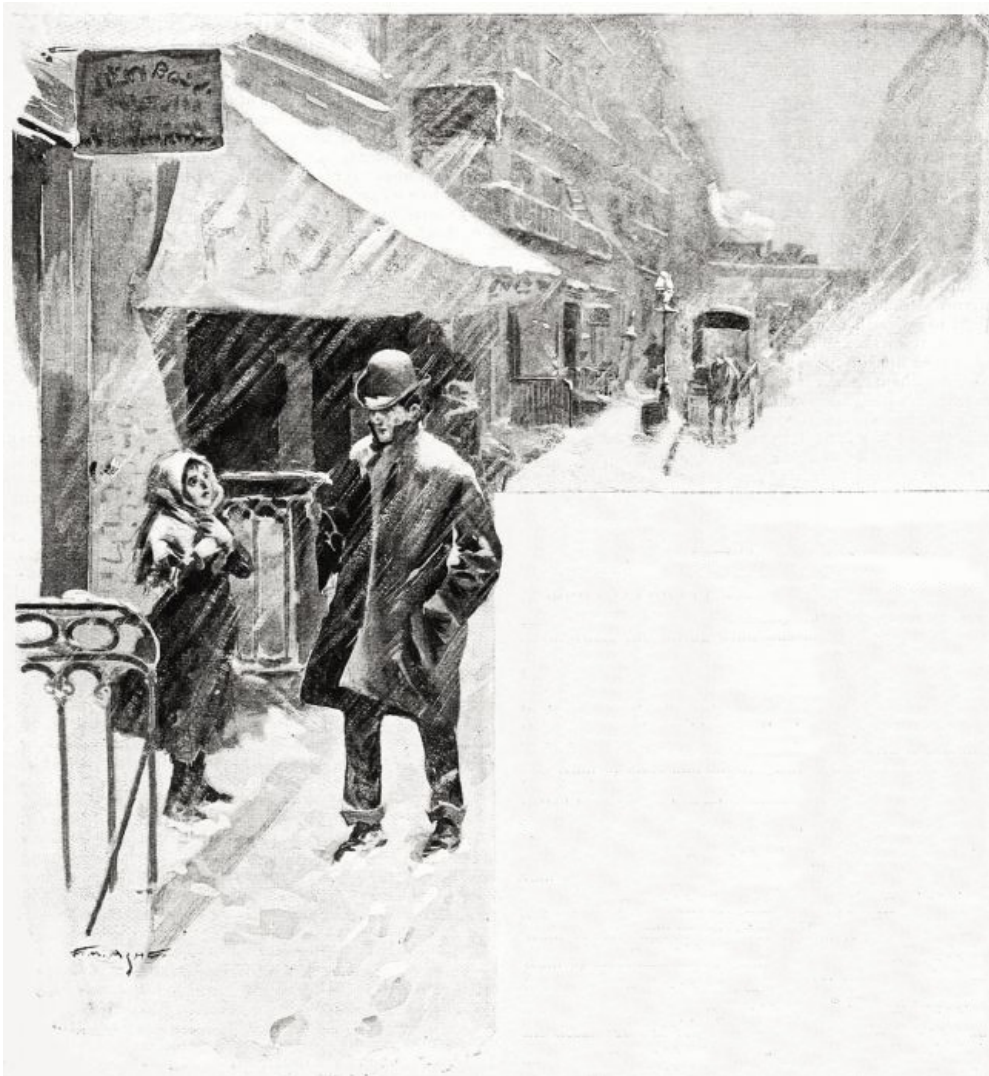
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
VOL. XVII.—NO. 845.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1896.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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## CRESSY'S NEW-YEAR'S RENT.

BY L. A. TEREBEL.

Fred Hollowell was sitting at his desk in the *Gazette* office, looking listlessly out into the City Hall Park, where the biting wind was making the snowflakes dance madly around the leafless trees and in the empty fountain, and he was almost wishing that there would be so few assignments to cover as to allow him an afternoon in-doors to write "specials." The storm was the worst of the season, and as this was the last day of December, it looked as if the old year were going out with a tumultuous train of sleet and snow. But if he had seriously entertained any hopes of enjoying a quiet day, these were dispelled by an office-boy who summoned him to the city desk.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hollowell," said the city editor, cheerfully. "Here is a clipping from an afternoon paper which says that a French family in Houston Street has been dispossessed and is in want. Mr. Wilson called my attention to it because he thinks, from the number given, the house belongs to old Q. C. Baggold. We don't like Baggold, you know, and if you find he is treating his tenants unfairly we can let you have all the space you want to show him up. At any rate, go over there and see what the trouble is; there is not much going on to-day."

Fred took the clipping and read it as he walked back to his desk. It was very short—five or six lines only—and the facts stated were about as the city editor had said. The young man got into his overcoat and wrapped himself up warmly, and in a few moments was himself battling against the little blizzard with the other pedestrians whom he had been watching in the City Hall Park from the office windows.

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When he reached Houston Street he travelled westward for several blocks, until he came into a very poor district crowded with dingy tenement-houses that leaned against one another in an uneven sort of way, as if they were tired of the sad kind of life they had been witnessing for so many years. The snow that had piled up on the window-sills and over the copings seemed to brighten up the general aspect of the quarter, because it filled in the cracks and chinks of material misery, and made the buildings look at least temporarily picturesque, just as paint and powder for a time may hide the traces of old age and sorrow. Fred found the number 179 painted on a piece of tin that had become bent and rusty from long service over a narrow doorway, and as he stood there comparing it with the number given in his clipping, a little girl with a shawl drawn tightly over her head and around her thin little shoulders came out of the dark entrance and stopped on the door-sill for a moment, surprised, no doubt, at the sight of the tall rosy-cheeked young man so warmly clad in a big woollen overcoat that you could have wrapped her up

in several times, with goods left over to spare.

"Hello! little girl," said Fred, quickly. "Does Mr. Cressy live here?"

The child stared for a few seconds at the stranger, and then she answered, bashfully, "Yes, sir. But he has got to go away."

"But he hasn't gone yet?" continued Fred; and then noticing that the child, in her short calico skirt, was shivering from the cold, and that her feet were getting wet with the snow, he added, "Come inside a minute and tell me where I can find Mr Cressy."

The two stepped into the dark narrow hallway that ran through the house to the stairway in the rear, where a narrow window with a broken pane let in just enough light to prove there was day outside. The little girl leaned against the wall, and looked up at the reporter as if she suspected him of having no good intentions toward the man for whom he was inquiring. Very few strangers ever came into that house to do good, she knew. Most of them came for money—rent money—and sometimes they came, as a man had come for Mr. Cressy, to tell him he must go.

"What floor does he live on?" asked Fred.

"On the fifth floor, sir," answered the child. "In the back, sir. But I think he is really going away, sir."

"Well, no matter about that," said Fred, smiling. "I will go up and see him. I hope he won't have to go out in the storm. It is not good for little girls to go out in the storm, either," he added. "Does your mamma know you are going out?"

"Oh yes, sir! She has sent me to the Sisters to try to get some medicine."

"Is she sick?" asked Fred, quickly.

"Yes, sir," continued the child.

"What floor does she live on? I will stop in and see her."

"Oh, you'll see her! She's in the room, too."

"Then you are Mr. Cressy's little girl?"

"Yes, sir."

So Fred patted her on the head and told her to hurry over to the Sisters in Eleventh Street, and gave her ten cents to ride in the horse-cars; and then he opened the door for her, and as soon as she had left he felt his way back to the staircase and climbed to the fifth floor.

There he knocked upon a door, which was soon opened by a man apparently forty years of age, a man of slightly foreign appearance, with a careworn look, but with as honest a face as you could find anywhere.

"Is this Mr. Cressy?" asked Fred.

"Yes, my name's Cressy," replied the man. He spoke with so slight an accent that it was hardly noticeable.

"I am a reporter from the *Gazette*," continued Fred.

"Oh!" said the man. "Come in," and as he spoke he looked somewhat embarrassed and anxious, for this was doubtless the first time he had had any dealings with a newspaper. Lying on a bed in an alcove was a woman who looked very ill, and piled in a corner near the door were a couple of boxes and a few pieces of furniture. The stove had not yet been taken down, and some pale embers in it only just kept the chill off the atmosphere. Fred took off his hat, and led the man across the room toward the window.

"Have you been dispossessed?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man, "we must leave to-night."

"Why?" asked the reporter.

Cressy smiled in a ghastly sort of way.

"Because," he replied—"because I have not a cent to my name, sir, and the landlord has got it in for me—and I must go."

"Who is your landlord?" asked the reporter.

"Baggold—Q. C. Baggold, the shoe-man."

"How much do you owe?"

"Twenty dollars—two months' rent."

"Were you ever in arrears before?"

"Never."

"What's the trouble? Out of work?"

"Yes, sir, I have been. But I've got a job now, and I'll have money on the tenth of the month. But that is not it."

"What is 'it,' then?" continued Fred.

"Well, I'll tell you. I don't want this in the paper, but I'll tell you Baggold hates me. He knows the woman's sick, and he takes advantage of my owing him to drive me out. Do you want to know

why? Well, I'll tell you. I worked for him for five years, sir, in his shoe-factory. He brought me over from France to do the fine work. He had a lawsuit about six months ago, and he offered me \$500 to lie for him on the stand. I would not do it, sir, and when they called me as a witness I told the truth, and that settled the case, and Baggold had to pay £10,000, sir, for a sly game on a contract. Then he sent me off, and I've been looking for a job, and I've got behind, and I'm just getting up again, and here he is sending me out into the snow! To-morrow is what we call at home, in France, the *jour de l'an*—the day of the New Year, sir, and it is a fête. And the little one, here, always looked forward to that day, sir, for a doll or a few sweetmeats; but this time—I don't think she'll have a roof for her little head! I have not a place in the world to go to, sir, but to the police station, and there's the woman on her back!"

Two big tears rolled down the man's cheeks. Fred felt a lump rising in his throat, and he knew that if he had had twenty dollars in his pocket he would have given it to Cressy. But he did not have twenty dollars, so he coughed vigorously, and put on his hat quickly, and said:

"Well, this is hard, Mr. Cressy. I'll see what we can do. I must go up town for a while, and then I'll come back and see you. Don't move out in this storm till the last minute."

As he rushed down the stairs he met the little girl coming back with a big blue bottle of something with a yellow label on it. He stopped and pulled a quarter out of his pocket, thrust it into the child's hand, and leaped on down the stairs, leaving the little girl more frightened than surprised, as he dashed out into the snow.

He entered the first drug-store he came to and looked up Q. C. Baggold's address in the directory. It was nearly four o'clock, and he argued the rich shoe-manufacturer would be at his home. The address given in the directory was in a broad street in the fashionable quarter of the city. Half an hour later Fred was pulling at Mr. Baggold's door-bell. The butler who answered the summons thought Mr. Baggold was in, and took Fred's card after showing the young man into the parlor. This was a large elegantly furnished room filled with costly ornaments, almost anyone of which, if offered for sale, would have brought the amount of Cressy's debt, or much more.

Presently Mr. Baggold came into the room. He was a short man with a bald head and a sharp nose, and his small eyes were fixed very close to one another under a not very high forehead.

"I am a reporter from the *Gazette*," began Fred at once. "I have called to see you, Mr. Baggold, about this man Cressy whom you have ordered to be dispossessed."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Baggold, smiling. "My agent has told me something about this matter, but I hardly think it is of sufficient importance to be of interest to the readers of the *Gazette*." [Pg 231]

"The readers of the *Gazette*," continued Fred, "are always interested in good deeds, Mr. Baggold, and especially when these are performed by rich men. I came here hoping you would disavow the action of your agent, and say that the Cressys might remain in the room."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Baggold, "I cannot interfere with my agent. I pay him to take care of my rents, and I can't be looking after fellows who won't pay. This man Cressy is in arrears, and he must get out."

"But his wife is sick," argued Fred.

"Bah!" retorted the other. "That is an old excuse. These scoundrels try all sorts of dodges to cheat a man whom they think has money."

"This woman is actually sick, Mr. Baggold," said Fred, severely, "and to drive her out in a storm like this is positive cruelty."

"Cressy has had two weeks to find other quarters, and to-morrow is the first of the month. I can't keep him any longer."

"Yes, to-morrow is the great French fête-day, and you put Cressy in the street."

"My dear sir," returned the rich man, "I cannot allow sentiment to interfere with my business. If I did I should never collect rents in Houston Street. And, as I told you before, I do not see that this question is one to interest the public. It is purely a matter of my private business."

"Very true," replied Fred; "but I don't think it would look well in print."

This statement seemed to startle Mr. Baggold a little, and Fred thought it made him feel uncomfortable. There was a brief silence, after which the rich man said:

"It would depend entirely upon how you put it in print. To tell you the truth, I am not at all in favor of these sensational articles that so many newspapers publish nowadays. Reporters often jump at conclusions before they are familiar with the facts of a case, and it makes things disagreeable for all concerned. Now, if you will only listen to me, sir, I think we can come to an understanding about this Cressy matter. I don't want anything about it to get into the papers—especially now. I have many reasons, but I cannot give them to you. Yet I think we can come to an understanding," he repeated, as he looked at Fred and smiled.

"How?" asked the reporter.

"Well," drawled Mr. Baggold, "there are some points that I may be able to explain to you. Of course I don't want to put you to any trouble for nothing. If it is worth something to me not to have notoriety thrust upon me, of course, on the other hand, it might be worth something to you to cause the notoriety. But just excuse me a moment."

Mr. Baggold arose hastily and stepped into a rear room, apparently his library or study.

"H'm," thought Fred to himself. "This old chap talks as though he were going to offer me money. I'd just like to see him try! I'd give him such a roasting as he has never had before! Some of these crooked old millionaires think that sort of thing works with reporters, but I'll show him that it does not. I have never known a newspaper man yet that would accept a bribe."

And as Fred mused in this fashion, Mr. Baggold returned. He bore a long yellow envelope in his hand.

"Here," he said, "are some papers and other things that I should like to have you look over before you write the article. I think they will influence you in your opinion of the matter. I am sorry I cannot tell you any more just now, but I have an appointment which I must keep. Take these papers and look them over at your leisure, and if you find later this evening that they are not satisfactory, I will talk with you further. Good-afternoon, sir. I hope you will excuse me for the present."

And so saying he handed the envelope to Fred, bowed pleasantly, and left the room. Fred had been standing near the door, and so he put the envelope in his pocket and went out. He walked a few blocks down the street, and went into the large hotel on the corner in order to get out of the storm and to find some quiet place where he might look over Mr. Baggold's documents. He was very curious to see what they could be. He found a seat in a secluded corner of the office, and there tore open the envelope. To his disgust, it contained three ten-dollar bills, and a brief note, unsigned, which read,

"The accompanying papers will show you that the matter we spoke of is not of sufficient importance to be published."

Fred Hallowell was furious. This was the first time in his brief career as a newspaper man that anything like this had happened to him. He grew red in the face, his fingers twitched, and he felt as if he had never before been so grossly insulted. As he sat in his chair, fuming and wondering what he should do, Griggs, the fat and jolly political reporter of the *Gazette*, came up to him and said, laughing,

"Well, you look as if you were plotting murder!"

"I am—almost!" exclaimed Fred, and then he told Griggs all about what had happened.

Griggs listened patiently, and at the end he chuckled to himself, and said: "Well, Hallowell, don't waste any righteous wrath on any such stuff as that Baggold. I'll tell you how to get even with him." And then he talked for twenty minutes to the younger man.

At the end of the conference Fred smiled and buttoned his coat, and hastened back to Cressy's room in Houston Street. He found a Sister of Charity there nursing the sick woman. Cressy came to the door, pale and eager.

"Well?" he said, nervously.

"Oh, it's all right," returned Fred, laughing. "I have just seen Mr. Baggold. He said his agent was perfectly right in having you dispossessed, because that was business; but when he heard what I had to say, he gave me this money." And here Fred handed out the thirty dollars. "It is for you to pay the agent with, and then you can keep your room, and you will have ten dollars besides."

Cressy was speechless. The sick woman wept softly. The Sister said something in Latin, and the little girl just looked; she did not understand what it was all about.

"You see," said Fred to Cressy, "I suppose Mr. Baggold does not want his business to be interfered with by his sentiment." And before Cressy could reply the reporter had slipped out of the door, and in a moment was hurrying down town to his office.

The next morning—New-Year's morning—the *Gazette* contained a pretty little story of how a rich man, who had heard of the distress of a tenant, put his hand in his own pocket and paid his tenant's rent to himself, so that the new year would begin well for him by having rents coming in at the very opening of the twelvemonth.

"I'll bet Baggold was surprised this morning when he read that," gurgled the genial Griggs; "but it will do him more good than ten columns of abuse and exposure. So here's a Happy New Year to him!"

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## A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

When the British nation built its famous military railroad that extends through the northwest provinces of India, the natives established at or near the many stations little restaurants and retreats for travellers. Recently a native bought one of these rooms from its owner, and wishing to advertise himself and his new acquisition as much as possible, issued the following notification to his present and prospective patrons:

"Begs to say that from the 1st of October, 1893, I am in charge of the above from the other man who was manager here for few years. Flesh of club and store Calcutta is supplied here, for Butter and Milk Cows live here; if 8 gentlemen eat on one table they can get english things, Bread and Sweet maker is present here. All things are new and fresh than before, if any gentleman will give great Tiffin or dinner, or supper a etc. then he will make the management very well and the



charge will be less and the cook is of the first class, every gentlemen can get rest like his own will, the railway station is on the few feet from here, and wine can also be supplied."

## THE TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTY.

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BY EMMA J. GRAY.



"Very jolly, isn't it?" was Bessie's criticism, as she gave a series of satisfied little pats to the skirt of her dress.

"Do you really think there is any one here we know?" was the reply.

"Why, of course there is! the costumes change everybody." But her friend Hortense looked bewildered, notwithstanding the hopeful words, as clouds of Valenciennes lace floated off down the stairs, and the two young girls were for a moment alone in the dressing-room.

"Bessie, you look fine! And how clever of your mother to get you up so awfully smart! I was simply horrified when I learned your character. For you're Maria, the waiting-woman, aren't you?"

"Yes; but mayn't waiting-women wear pretty clothes? This frock's only lawn, and cost thirty cents a yard."

"Bah! the price doesn't count; it's the color and the way it's made," said Hortense, walking off to more effectively study her friend's costume; and again came the words, more slowly this time, "Yes, you look *fine*; your dress seems a veritable French flower-bed."

"Who are you, Hortense?" and a wounded look came into Bessie's eyes, while she added, "I think you *might* have told me, since you knew who I was."

A light laugh followed, and then the words, "I'm ashamed of you if you cannot guess; surely you've read *Twelfth-Night*?"

"I have never read any of Shakespeare's plays; mamma thinks I'm not old enough. I don't believe half the children here have read it."

"Then how have they known the way to dress?"

"Their mothers or big sisters have told them, of course. I know what Twelfth-night means, for mamma explained that it was an old festival held twelve days after Christmas, and that it was a season of revels, dances, and the most comic of ludicrous games. I wish we got more fun out of our holidays. Mamma says when she was a girl Christmas used to last all the week. You know her home was away down South; and if people could spare time for a week's fun then, why can't they do so now? Besides, mamma told me many of the English people still keep festivities going from Christmas until Twelfth-night. I don't believe in letting England get ahead of us, even if she has the word 'merrie' tacked to her. When you came in, Hortense, I thought you were a boy, and wondered how you got into this room."

These words proved very amusing, and Hortense craned her neck haughtily while she promenaded before the pier-mirror, saying: "So I look like a boy, do I? Well, that's good; precisely the way I want to look, for I am a boy to-night; I'm personating Viola, and I may as well explain.

She made believe she was a boy, and called herself Cesario, and got a lot of fun out of it too. So I'm really Viola, but call me Cesario."

They had just come to a Twelfth-night party, given by a dear friend two years their senior, and, as may be assumed, there had been considerable chattering between the knots of girls, assembled in recess hours, about their comical clothes; but there had also been considerable secrecy, as no one seemed very desirous to tell what she was going to wear; then, too, the boys were unusually quiet, and everybody wondered whether they were to dance, play games, or what was to be done anyway.

Therefore it was with a mixture of curiosity and satisfaction that these two young people descended the staircase. Curiosity, because they were sure of a surprise, no matter how things were arranged, and satisfaction, because, as has been stated, they were quite satisfied with their own and each other's appearance.

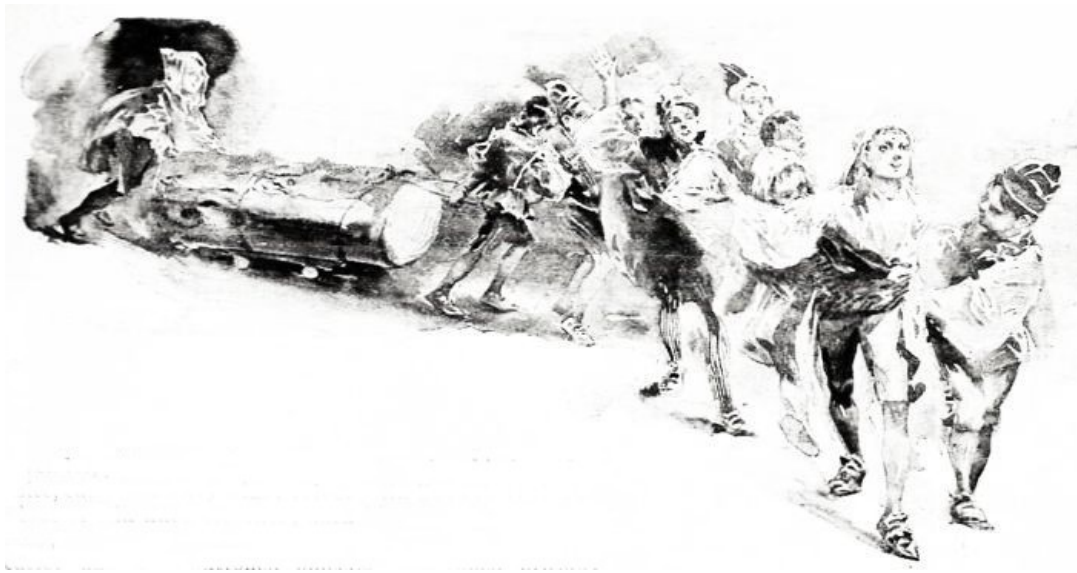
Having reached the last step of the stairs, they were met by a very magnificently attired young man, whom they had hitherto known as their hostess's big brother; but to-night he was no less a personage than the imperious Duke of Illyria. He asked each her name; and escorting Bessie in first, because she was the taller, he presented her to his sister as Maria, and immediately afterwards Hortense, as Viola, or the page Cesario. The hostess took the character of the Lady Olivia, and wore the apparel befitting the daughter of a wealthy duke. Her dress was white chiffon over white silk, and was spangled with gold dust. She wore a long necklace of pearls, and strings of pearls kept back her wavy though high-dressed hair.

Notwithstanding the fact that Hortense and Bessie were sure of each other for company, they did feel considerably confused at the singular strangeness of the scene, for the large rooms were filled with young people who seemed almost to have come from another world, so oddly were they attired; and they certainly were a part of another century, country, and station. For so carefully the costuming had been done, that, in fancy, the older people, who were the hostess's mother, father, and two great-aunts, could well believe they were living about the year 1600, and that they formed a part of a great pageant, that the Lord of Misrule was about somewhere, and William Shakespeare also, and that Christmas was a Christmas worth having this year, for it was lingering so long and so happily. Therefore, when the older people were so much impressed with the odd sight of children coming in *Twelfth-Night* costume, it was no wonder that the children were not a little awed until woke up first by the didos of the clown, and then by a party of revellers covered with white masks and dominoes, who fantastically capered and danced before them; then it was the awed feeling passed, and the spirit of wildest jollity followed. These revellers were none other than a dozen of the hostess's particular friends, whom she had prepared so to do.

None of the *Twelfth-Night* characters were missing—indeed, they were prominently conspicuous. Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, of whom Sir Toby said, "Thou art a scholar"; Malvolio, correctly yellow-stocking and cross-gartered; my most exquisite Sir Topas; the two sea-captains, one the friend of Viola, and the other of her brother; the lost Sebastian; Feste, the clown; and lords, priests, officers, musicians, servants, and attendants.

So when all had at last arrived, the parlor was a rare and charming sight. Such a mixture of color and fantasy! Lavender, pink, and yellow silk hose; powdered hair, and as white, curled, or wavy wigs; velvet satin-lined short cloaks, velvet or silk knee-breeches; dark blue and white sailor's dress; navy-blue clothed and brass-buttoned sea-captains, scarlet and gold-buttoned officers, black-robed priests; Swiss-embroidered or lace flounces, trained velvets, white jackets, natty costumes, furbelows of all sorts; as also tambourines, banjos, mandolins, violins, and all the other musical instruments that formed a part of this altogether gay people that composed the *dramatis personæ* of *Twelfth-Night*.

The house was large and richly furnished, a proper setting for Olivia, daughter of a duke; to add to the grandeur and lavish beauty, rare plants and masses of flowers had been effectively placed. Yards and yards of evergreen and laurel were twined in and out and around staircase and fret-work. Holly and bay-leaves were wound most generously around pictures and over doorways; and mistletoe, the plant that the ancients bought from the Druids to wear about the neck to keep away the witches, was suspended from every chandelier.



Early in the evening the sailors, sea-captains, and musicians disappeared, but with great hilarity soon returned, the sailors preceding, with the Captains at the head, drawing in the Yule-log. This was nothing more nor less than a rugged log, knotted at each end with long strong ropes, by which it was pulled. As they drew it, the sailors sang, the musicians accompanying:

"Welcome be ye that are here,  
Welcome all, and make good cheer;  
Welcome all another year,  
Welcome Yule."

And this verse was sung over and over, until the Yule-log lay on the hearth-stone.

Of course all the children who were not on their feet at its entrance rose to receive it; and even the older people's voices joined with the others as the verse, being repeated over and over again, closed with all singing "Welcome Yule."

This song was followed by the masked game of "Twelfth-night Pie."

Two people—a boy and girl—each in grotesque apparel and with masked faces, walked in, rolling before them, on a wheelbarrow, an enormous pie. It was made after the fashion of a Jack Horner pie, being in a deep dish covered with diamond-dusted white paper, with tiny ribbons exposed.

The first performance was to roll the pie all around the room, and then to the centre, where the boy and girl sang:

"Who'll have a bird from this Twelfth-night pie?  
Whoever guesses me may answer, I."

After this there was solemn stillness until the names were guessed; then the couple unmasked. The correct guesser then drew a ribbon; it proved to bring out a robin red-breast made of candy and stuffed with sugar-plums. As soon as the person drew it, the boy who rolled the barrow imitated a bird-song on a harmonica. This was easily effected, as it was the girl who presented the pie, and engaged the attention of the individual who was drawing; and, indeed, every one in the room was watching what was drawn, and therefore the boy for the moment was forgotten. He made believe something had been dropped, and, getting down back of the girl, sang at the time the bird was drawn, without detection. Ten of the others drew in a similar manner, the first ten to the right of the guesser; but the boy did not sing, except when he stood no chance of being caught.

"This would be good fun for New-Year's night," said Hortense to the boy standing next to her.

"Good fun for any time, I should say."

The next game was called "The Messenger-Boy."

One of the girls, stepping up to the wall, pretended she was talking through a telephone and wanted a messenger-boy. In a few seconds a bell was heard, and the boy, having arrived, was ushered into the parlor. The boy had left the room before the game commenced.

The players were seated when the messenger entered. He said to the girl,

"I was ordered to come to you."

"Yes, I'm waiting."

"What for?"

"For you to do as I do."

Then the girl nodded her head, the messenger then nodded his head, and the girl, turning to her right-hand neighbor, said, "Do as I do."

This party then repeated the same words to her right-hand neighbor, and so on, until everybody was nodding. And so they continued from nodding to rocking until every one was laughing uproariously, and the game was obliged to end. The evening was an undeniable success.





## OUGHT A BOY TO GO TO SEA?

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.



Two sorts of boys go to sea—one for love, the other for necessity. Those who go to it for love stand, perhaps, more in need of advice than those who are sent to it for a living. The young lover of the sea is nearly always a boy of lively imagination. He has read romances, he has watched the passage of a ship through an ocean sunset, he has haunted pier-heads and quay-sides; the creak of a block has fired his enthusiasm, the fabric of a squalid little butter-rigged schooner has despatched his spirit into distant purple seas studded with islands like emeralds, and perfumed with gales of Arabian sweetness.

This boy, to be sure, will be disappointed. A boy going on board a ship without a day-dream sulkily accepts the new conditions; he has no illusions which a ship can destroy. But no sooner has the young lover of the sea climbed over the ship's side than his fine imaginations vanish in the twinkling of an eye. The romance is gone, the tender coloring that distance lends has disappeared; the young sea-lover hears himself rudely bawled at; nobody shows him any respect or consideration; if he asks a civil question about his bed or berth the answer he gets may probably be a thrust in the ribs from the elbow of a drunken sailor. He is bewildered, without finding anything to fascinate him. On the fo'c's'le some noble hurricane chorus is timed by the pulses of the windlass pawls. Men dangling high aloft are shrieking to their shipmates below to "sheet-home!" The tug is manœuvring to catch hold of the tow-rope. The pilot is cracking his pipes in strong commands on the forecastle head. The very cook is full of business, and seems to find everybody in his way.

Much such is the scene of a ship leaving the docks of London river. There is no sentiment. Presently the young sea-lover begins to feel a little sick, and with sickness come heart-chill and the sense of friendlessness. But I would bid such a boy to be of good cheer, nevertheless, for by-and-by, when the roughnesses of the life are worn down by use and custom, he may find his old shore-going sentiments recur. He will fall in love with the tall white beauty under whose starry trucks he is floating towards countries which are strange and therefore wonderful to him. He may find the Captain equal to the expression of a civil word now and again; the mate may be good-natured enough to answer his questions occasionally. He may meet amongst the crew some plain, steady, respectable old sailor from whose conversation, practical advice, and teaching he will pick up more about his calling in a month than he could acquire in a whole round voyage from the mere mechanical routine of laying aloft or going below and standing a watch.

But illusion or no illusion, the boy who goes to sea must make up his mind to suffer from end to end a hard life. Some call it a dog's life. And depend upon it, there are a great many dogs who, if they knew how sailors fare and toil, would not exchange places with them even to be men.

I deal in this brief essay with sailing-ships because a boy must first serve an apprenticeship to tacks and sheets before he is qualified to serve in steam. In England a boy may pass three years of still-water seafaring life on board such training-ships, for example, as the *Worcester* or the *Conway*, and the service will be accepted as a considerable contribution towards the whole period required. The training-ship has, no doubt, certain features of merit. A boy may enter at a comparatively tender age. He is rescued from the violent hardships of the life and the temptations of the ports, and he is fairly equipped as a sailor when he goes to sea in earnest. It is a question, however, whether, if the sea be decided on as a career for a lad, it is not better to dismiss him heroically and at once, to acquire a knowledge of the real life in a ship sailing the ocean, than to keep him playing at sailor aboard a gigantic toy moored in a smooth stream.

But the question is that of earning a living. A boy comes to me and says, "Can I get a living by going to sea as a sailor?" I assume he is a lad of respectable antecedents, and that he has parents or "friends" who are willing to give him a start. I would tell him, first of all, that his going to sea—supposing him to be a lad of, say, fourteen years of age—would be cheaper to his parents than going to school. The boy would be bound apprentice for a fee in guineas—from twenty to fifty; one cannot talk positively on this head, as some owners take apprentices at much cheaper rates than others.

Now, to be sure, whilst my young friend is at sea as an apprentice he is not earning a living; but then he is at no cost to himself nor to his parents outside the premium and the outfit. Meanwhile he is learning a profession, and that means a great deal. He is finding out all about the intricacies of a ship's hull and rigging; he discovers how her cargo is stowed; some old salt in the crew will point out the difference between the screws and iron rigging of to-day and the dead eyes and the immensely thick shrouds of thirty years ago. He will take sights at noon, for his father will surely provide for his being instructed in the use of the sextant on board ship. A boy will not qualify for a Board-of-Trade examination by dipping his hand in the tar-bucket only; he will have to prove to the examiners that he knows how to find a ship's situation by several processes in the art of navigation. And the examiners will require a great deal more than that. But I should need a page of this publication to explain what is expected of a second mate before a certificate is granted to him.

When my young friend has successfully passed as second mate—he will not find it very hard—he will go to work for a chief mate's certificate. Meanwhile he is at sea as second officer, let us say of a small barque. On what wages? Shall I suggest twenty dollars a month? This is no liberal income; but it suffices to keep a man's sea-chest filled with good clothes, and all the while he is at sea and in harbor abroad he is maintained at the ship's expense. My young friend must think of that. Forecastle sailors complain of the poorness of their pay, and I have again and again said that it is miserable enough as a return for the services rendered; but Jack forgets one feature of his money-getting; what he receives, to use the commercial phrase, is *net*—his money is not taxed for what he has eaten and drunk, and for the use of his bedroom and sea-parlor. A man might step ashore and draw for his services thirty or forty pounds. If he is a careful man he will know what to do with as much of it as he can put away; and after several voyages there is no reason why he should not have saved money enough to establish himself in a little business, or to purchase an interest in some longshore or water-borne industry. But this refers to fore-castle Jack, and I must recover the hand of my young friend.

He will naturally start with high ambitions. He will think of the fine berths which must be constantly falling vacant on board the grand Atlantic expresses through officers tumbling overboard or being left sick behind. Dreams of the Peninsular & Oriental Company, of the Cape Mail lines, of many services which need not be named here, will have haunted his young imagination; but for the most part he will find them but stars, which a man may see without being able to approach. I should say that it is only a little less difficult to secure a berth, in this age of interest and directors, on board of the great mail-steamers than it is to enter the royal navy. If I were my young friend I should not look very high, though. I should still think cheerily of the sea as a vocation. First and foremost it is the calling of and for a *man*. That is good. Hundreds of sailing-ships and of steamers crowd the docks and harbors, and whiten the sea with sail or wake. They are not necessarily P. & O.'s or White Star liners, yet they will yield a young fellow the chance he seeks; they will give him a living; they will find him posts of trust and command.

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One condition of the sea should be indicated by every one who offers advice to the young as to the life. I refer to the engine-room. When parents talk of sending their sons to sea, they seem to think only of the old traditional quarter-deck; they forget that amidships of the steamer is a well, filled with resplendent arms of steel, and with the innumerable machinery of perhaps the most marvellous and perfect of human inventions. The engine-room requires men. It must be fed with men of the workshops of the rivers, as the furnace is fed with coal from the bunkers. There is still a great plenty of sailing-ships afloat, and there will always be a demand for masters and mates for these vessels. But a boy intent on a sea life should be invited to dwell upon the liberal and popular side of it—the side where there is most abundance, where the pickings are fairly plentiful if seldom handsome. Now a steamer needs two sets of men, a crew for her fo'c's'le and a crew for her engine-room. They are perfectly independent of each other, and though no doubt the captain is master of the ship, it is often the engineer who, by virtue of his post of enormous trust and usefulness, subtly but certainly holds the real command.

The suggestion of the engine-room to a young lover of the sea might affect him with something like a shock; he wants to be on deck, to climb the masts, to behold the blue sea foaming to the horizon. But waiving all romance, if I am to be asked should a boy go to sea for a living, I am bound to annex the engine-room as a present considerable and ever-growing chance. The theoretical examinations are no doubt a little stiff (in the British royal navy they are simply man-killing, and I marvel that any young fellow is able to obtain even a third-class certificate, so numerous and abstruse are the subjects he is examined in; the merchant-service examinations are much easier), and there is plenty of hard work involved in the probationary term of labor in a shipwright's yard, but then the opportunities of employment are plentiful as compared with the chilling toil of seeking a situation in sailing-ships; the pay is, all round, better than the money received on the bridge or the quarter-deck. Socially, moreover, the marine engineer is fast lifting his head. Time was when, only a very rough class of men could be found for the engine-room. The tradition of roughness lingers. It is well known and complained of in British war-ships, that though the officers of the engine-room mess with the officers of the vessels there is a "feeling"; in

a word the lieutenants and midshipmen have not yet got to regard the engineers as of themselves, as men as fully entitled to the same degree of respect as is exacted by the quarter-deck. But the lad who thinks of the sea as a profession, and who may lightly or seriously turn his thoughts to the engine-room, should consider that everyday witnesses the growing importance and dignity of the marine engineer. Science is asserting him. He has scarcely had time to declare himself. He is mainly hidden in the bowels of the ship, and is little seen, though the safety of the whole magnificent fabric is as much in his hands as in the captain's. Let us consider that there are plenty of people now living who remember the time when there was not a passenger steamship afloat. So the marine engineer still advances socially and commercially, while the master and mate of the sailing-ship walk in footprints as old as the red flag of Great Britain.

The profession of the sea, however, is so full of hardships, perils, and difficulties, that the friends of a lad should endeavor to make him as clearly understand it as a vocation as his unformed intellect will allow. He might be sent on a short excursion to sea as a sailor-boy; in his presence seafaring men might be consulted, and their words would weigh with him. The peculiarity of the sea is this, that when once adopted as a calling it generally unfits a young man for any form of steady, monotonous life ashore. Richard Dana used to say that had he remained another year on the coast of California he should have been a sailor forever. A lad, or rather the lad's friends, before deciding should, unless the little fellow be an enthusiast, weigh the chances of payment and promotion at sea with the opportunities a boy is likely to obtain ashore. Such is the stress of life nowadays that I do not think a serious consideration of chances ashore and afloat would tell very heavily against the sea. It is the life of a *man*, as I have said, and sailors are always wanted. And for my own part, I would rather be the master of a vessel on fifty dollars a month than the manager of a bank on two thousand dollars a year.

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## MY REALM.

BY ALBERT LEE.

When I was quite a little chap  
They took me to the sea;  
A broad-brimmed hat, a wooden spade,  
And pail they gave to me.

They turned my little trousers up,  
They stripped me of my socks,  
And let me paddle in the waves,  
And climb the weed-grown rocks.

I built great walls and fortresses  
With parapets and moats;  
I dug deep lakes and waterways  
To sail my paper boats.

And thus I learned to love the sea,  
The shells, the surf, the sand,  
For, truly, all this seemed to me  
A very fairy-land

Where I was king of all the shore  
So far as I could see,  
And Ocean was a docile thing,  
Obedient to me.

For when I built a fort of sand  
And gave it to the foe,  
I called upon the tide to come  
And wash the fortress low.

But when I knew the flood must turn,  
I shook my little spade,  
And drove the curling breakers back  
As far as I could wade.

Oh, truly, for big sailing-ships  
I think God made the sea;  
But all the shore, the surf, the sand,  
He made for little me.

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## A PATRIOTIC ANSWER.

Just after the war of 1776 an American frigate visited England. Her crew of gallant tars had been principally recruited from the fisheries, and some of them, it is to be acknowledged, did not compare favorably in appearance with the spick-and-span, jaunty English naval seamen, for the former were of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, round-shouldered, long-armed Cape Coder, down to the short, wiry members of the ship's company who hailed from various ports farther south, where less brawn was to be found.

One day the captain of the American ship paid a visit to the commander of a British man-o'-war at anchor in the same harbor. The coxswain of the gig was a great, lanky seaman, whose backbone was so rounded as to form a veritable hump. While the boat rested at the gangway of the visited vessel the English sailors gathered in the open ports and "took stock," in a rather disdainful fashion, of the occupants of the gig. At last one of the seamen on board the man-o'-war called down to the coxswain:

"Ello there, Yankee; I soy, what's that bloomin' 'ump you 'ave on your back?"

The American sailor looked up and called back, quick as a shot: "That's Bunker Hill!"

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## OUR SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT.

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BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

Within a year the United States will have a submarine torpedo-boat. It will be 80 feet long and 11 feet in diameter. It will use steam when running on the surface of the water, and when running under water it will use electricity. It will be capable of going nearly nine miles an hour under water for six hours. On the surface of the water the boat will be able to go just twice as fast. When running "awash," that is, with only a small turret sticking out of the water, the speed will be only one knot an hour slower than when running on the surface.

The submarine boat, as well as most of the other boats of a like character that have been experimented with for nearly 300 years, should more properly be called a diving-boat. Its purpose is to duck under water and remain there as long as may be necessary when its own safety is in danger. When it engages in a fight, it will begin its work by a series of dives before discharging one of its five torpedoes from the bow. Much as a stone may be made to go skipping across the top of the water, so this boat may be made to skip along underneath the water, coming occasionally to the top. Although it will remain underneath the water only six hours without coming up when it is being worked at its full capacity, it will be able to remain under the water for several days if it is simply necessary to keep out of sight for a long time. As fast as fresh air is needed a float with a hose attached is released, and when it reaches the surface of the water the electric motors suck down enough air in a few minutes to fill the tanks again, and the stay may be prolonged until the supply of water and provisions gives out.

The boat is known as the Holland submarine boat, because it is the invention of Mr. John P. Holland, who has been studying this problem for more than twenty years. In his experiments he has gone under water, for a stay of from a few minutes to several hours, more than fifty times. In spite of discouragements that would have made many a man give up, Mr. Holland kept on, until he convinced the government that his boat was not only feasible, but an absolutely necessary article in the equipment of an up-to-date navy. Other countries have submarine boats, but none of the boats has been fully successful; and if this vessel will really accomplish what it is expected to do, the United States will again show the world that it excels in naval ship-building.

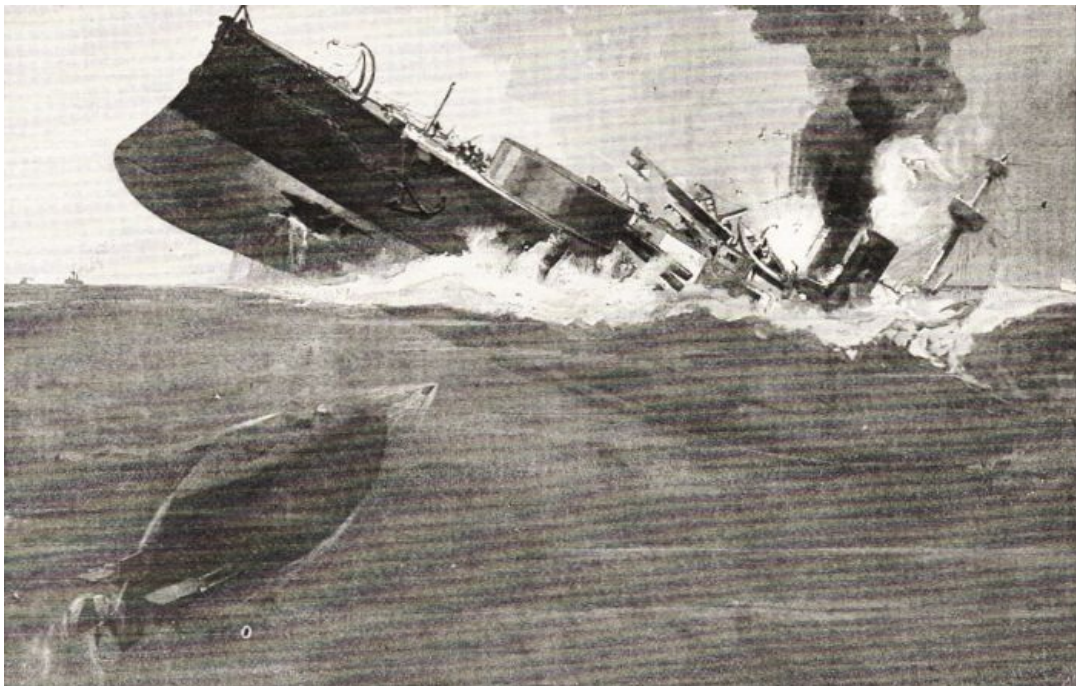
The use of electricity in propelling boats and the power to compress air in tanks makes navigation under water a comparatively simple matter. Remaining under water is the easiest part of the task required of a submarine torpedo-boat. The essential things are that the boat must be speedy in diving and in coming to the surface, that some means of steering accurately must be devised, that the boat must be kept at a certain level in the water, that it must have good speed under the water, and that it must be able to discharge torpedoes safely under vessels which it is attacking. If the vessel is successful it will solve the problem of harbor defence, for no fleet would dare venture into a harbor knowing that one of these submarine boats was on guard.





### **TAKING AN OBSERVATION OF THE ENEMY'S FLEET.**

Every boat, no matter what its object, must have a certain amount of buoyancy to make it float. This vessel has the usual amount for one of its size. In its hold are a certain number of air-tanks, in which are stored 30 cubic feet of compressed air at a pressure of 2000 pounds to the square inch. There are also 620 electric storage batteries for propelling the ship when the steam is shut off under water. Let us take the little vessel under water. We have been running along under steam on the surface and have seen the enemy. All the hatches are closed water-tight, and the Captain goes into a little armored turret. He gives the word to run awash. At once the valves in the bottom of the boat are opened, and certain apartments are allowed to fill with water. This sinks the boat at once so that only the turret is visible. The enemy is near and has seen us. It is necessary to dive. Quickly the word is given, and the smoke-stack is dropped down into the ship and a thick plate is clamped over it. The fires are banked, and the engine is disconnected from the screw, and the electric power is attached. An indicator tells the depth we have reached, and then the mechanism is set at the required depth, and we are soon skimming along under the water in absolute safety. The air in the tanks is being released as fast as we need a fresh supply, and we are dry and comfortable.



### **DAVID STRIKING GOLIATH.**

The Captain decides that he wants to look around. He steers the boat up to within four feet of the surface, and then he pokes up out of the water what looks like a stove-pipe. Its real name is a "camera lucida." It is an arrangement whereby those inside the turret can get a good look around by means of mirrors. The Captain decides to go under again, and makes for his target. He is soon passing under a ship. The darkened water tells us so. He makes a short turn, or stops, and then backs away and gives a signal to discharge a torpedo. It leaves the boat with a rush, and in a few seconds there is a muffled roar. A great war-ship has been struck. It lurches and staggers. Pandemonium reigns on it, the order is given for every man to save himself, and in less than five minutes after the torpedo has been discharged a five-million-dollar battle-ship, the most powerful engine of destruction man ever made, is lying at the bottom of the channel, and the enemy has received a mortal blow. We come up to look around again. David has struck Goliath with a stone in the forehead and killed him.



How is the diving done? If you will look at the boat you will see at the stern two horizontal rudders. They stick out behind like the feet of a swan as it swims about a lake. When it is necessary to dive, these flat rudders are tipped down in the rear, and the ship is forced under at the bow at an inclination. When the required depth is reached the rudders are flattened out, so to speak, or held at the inclination to keep the vessel on an even keel, the tanks having been filled to overcome all but a very small reserve buoyancy. An automatic arrangement allows the water to press on a rubber diaphragm, and keeps the boat at an even depth. It is a great problem, however, to steer absolutely straight. It has been found that under water the mariner's compass is not trustworthy. Mr. Holland devised an ingenious arrangement to overcome this. There is a triangular drag floating just above the diving-rudders. It is necessary, when the boat is running on the surface, to put it on the exact course it is to follow just before the dive is made. The rudders are tipped, and then this drag comes into play. If the boat veers to the right or left this drag sways to the opposite side. It is so arranged that it works a lever that at once swings the steering-rudder of the ship to the side that will bring the boat straight on its course again.

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Suppose, now, it is necessary to come to the top of the water at once, without waiting for the diving-rudders to steer us up. The compressed-air tanks can expel nearly twenty tons of water from the tanks at the bottom of the vessel in about two minutes, and the boat will rush to the top at once. Here is where the matter of buoyancy comes in. A problem that has also been solved in this boat is the ability to remain stationary at a certain depth under water. There is an anchor which is run from a drum at the bottom of the boat near the bow, and it will hold the boat in any position independent of current or tide. If it is desirable to remain in one position, and not at anchor, we must use two little "down-haul" screws. They are little screws such as propel a ship at the stern. An electric dynamo is set going, and these screws are turned in a horizontal position, and the small reserve buoyancy in the boat, amounting only to about 375 pounds, is overcome. When we are running under water the slight dip of the diving-rudders keeps us at the required depth.



**RAMMING A MAN-OF-WAR.**

There have been several devices to make a vessel go under water. The oldest, perhaps, has been the sudden filling of tanks by allowing the water to rush in. The water has to be expelled by air pressure. This method of diving and coming up consists of a series of bumping motions, and is very crude. Another method used was by "down-haul" screws. These were turned, and they simply bored holes in the water, like an auger in a board, and the boat had to go down in the water. After the boat got down there was no satisfactory way of regulating the depth, and the rise to the surface was always too abrupt. Propelling the boats under water until recently has been an unsolved problem. Sometimes chemicals have been used, and sometimes the stored-up heat of the engine has been tried. Electricity has solved this problem, and made it possible to stay under water six hours going at full speed. During this time the boat can go fully fifty miles without once coming to the surface. Should any accident occur, each member of the crew is supplied with a life-saving helmet, which is easy of adjustment, and by means of which he may float to the surface of the water in safety. A folding rubber boat may also be carried in the super-structure of the craft, so that there is very little danger of loss of life under the water. Mr. Holland has explored all New York Harbor, and he says that ladies have often asked him to take them down in his experimental boats.

The facility with which this vessel will do its work may be judged from the fact that when running on the surface of the water it can dive to a depth of twenty-five feet in twenty seconds. When running awash it can dive to a depth of twenty-five feet in ten seconds. It can come up as quickly as it goes down. It is supposed that the vessel will never need to go any deeper than forty feet, and having the ability to dive when attacked it will carry no guns.

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Mr. Holland was a young man in Ireland during our civil war. He studied engineering, and was especially interested in the submarine boat that the Confederates used with considerable success, but with great loss of life to themselves, in the war. The splendid ship *Housatonic* of our navy was sunk off Charleston, South Carolina, by one of these boats. Mr. Holland came here in 1873, and two years later made his first experiment in going under water. He has kept at it ever since, and more than once has he given the pilots and skippers of New York Harbor a scare by suddenly causing to come to the top of the water some sort of a sea monster, the like of which no one ever dreamed, and the appearance of which could not be explained. One of Mr. Holland's

boats was popularly known as the "Fenian ram," because he was practising in it in New York Harbor about the time of the celebrated Fenian uprising. He has lost one or two boats by the mistakes of some of his helpers, and on more than one occasion he has been in a ticklish situation, but he always came out all right, and finally mastered all the intricate problems connected with submarine navigation—problems that have engaged scores of men ever since Drebbell, a Dutchman, first tried the experiment in the time of James I. of England.

The first partly successful boat of this kind seems to have been made in the time of our revolutionary war by a man named Bushnell, who lived in Maine. The boat could remain under water for half an hour, but the scheme of building them came to nothing. It will surprise most persons, probably, to know that the first really successful boat was made by our own Robert Fulton, the famous steamboat engineer. It was in 1800, and Fulton showed it to Napoleon Bonaparte in the harbor of Havre in 1801. He went down twenty-five feet in it, and remained there for one hour. Then he went down with four persons, and remained four hours. Compressed air was used for respiration in this boat. Various improvements have been made from that time to this. The crude boats of the civil war were displaced in the late seventies and eighties by those of fairly satisfactory working arrangements, and the Russian, French, and Turkish governments have built several, but they have lacked complete mastery of the problem of under-water navigation, such as this boat that we are now building is expected to display. By next summer the boat will probably be in service.

If the boat is successful it may make as great a revolution in naval warfare as the famous *Monitor*, built by Mr. Ericsson, did in the war of 1861. For what battle-ship would be proof against it? The biggest of all battle-ships would only sink quicker than smaller ones, and huge war-ships of all kinds would be nothing more than death-traps for all those aboard them. Another question of great importance is whether the guns of war-ships can be tipped sufficiently to strike the boat when it is anywhere near.

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## TODDLETUMS'S NEW-YEAR'S DREAM.

"Papa, I paid another visit last night."

"Another visit? Where did you go, Toddletums?"

"I guess I got a little sleepy after our big dinner. I got up among those spirit chaps in the sky that I played baseball with last summer, and was wondering what became of all the hours we use up during the year, so I thought I would ask them. When I got up there they were awfully glad to see me.

"The whole crowd were bowling, and they were using the tail of a comet for a bowling-alley. Papa I'm so sorry you couldn't see them, it was so funny. At the end of the comet alley they had a lot of things stuck up that looked like those glasses that cookie boils eggs by. One of the spirits told me they were the hours we used up during the year, and that it was their custom to meet every New-Year's eve to bowl them out of existence. As he was telling me, one big chap (say, papa, but those chaps are big!) grasped what they said was a baby world, and, swinging it, smashed down a lot of hours. Well, in a short time all the hours were gone except one. Then they stood around and waited, looking solemnly at a winking, blinking light in the distance that they said was my world. Suddenly every one lifted his hand and pointed at the last hour, and the biggest spirit seized a world, and when the last moment trickled down the glass, they dropped their hands, and he sent the ball smashing along the comet, and knocked out the last hour.

"Some of them rushed over to one side and began piling up what looked like cakes of ice. Every few seconds one chap sent a cake flying smash at our world. Those were the new hours. You see, time moves very quickly up there, and it takes a lot of work to keep the hours moving.

"They invited me to get on the comet and take a ride through the Milky Way. We all perched on it, and some one started it off, and we went skipping along faster than any bob-sled. In a few minutes we got into the Milky Way. After a while we got off and strolled up to a funny-looking world. It was made of pies, cakes, candies, and all sorts of good things mixed. When we stopped, all the spirits looked grave, and when one of them began to talk, I grew frightened.

"He said that when little boys from the world ate such things they were all saved and piled up here. Then if a little boy ate too much he would die, and come up here and commence all over again, and the moment he put the nice things in his mouth they immediately became bitter and nasty. They all looked hard at me when he said this, and shouted, 'Make Toddletums turn over a new leaf.'

"One of them commenced to blow, and a thin vapor formed, and then another blew rents into it, until I could make out the words, 'I promise to turn over a new leaf.'

"'Turn it over!' shouted the spirits; and it sounded like a crash of thunder.

"Well, they thought I'd get frightened at that, but I didn't. I just grasped the edge of that vapor leaf, and I was turning it nicely, when I woke up, and found myself wrapping the bed-sheet around me 'cause it was cold. But, papa, I guess I'll turn over the new leaf as I promised."

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# THE MIDDLE DAUGHTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## CHAPTER I.

### AT THE MANSE.

"I am troubled and low in my mind," said our mother, looking pensively out of the window. "I am really extremely anxious about the Wainwrights."

It was a dull and very chilly day in the late autumn. Fog hid the hills; wet leaves soaked into the soft ground; the trees dripped with moisture; every little while down came the rain, now a pour, then a drizzle—a depressing sort of day.

Our village of Highland, in the Ramapo, is perfectly enchanting in clear brilliant weather, and turn where you will, you catch a fine view of mountain, or valley, or brown stream, or tumbling cascade. On a snowy winter day it is divine; but in the fall, when there is mist hanging its gray pall over the landscape, or there are dark low-hanging clouds with steady pouring rain, the weather, it must be owned, is depressing in Highland. That is, if one cares about weather. Some people always rise above it, which is the better way.

I must explain mamma's interest in the Wainwrights. They are our dear friends, but not our neighbors, as they were before Dr. Wainwright went to live at Wishing-Brae, which was a family place left him by his brother; rather a tumble-down old place, but big, and with fields and meadows around it, and a great rambling garden. The Wainwrights were expecting their middle daughter, Grace, home from abroad.

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Few people in Highland have ever been abroad; New York, or Chicago, or Omaha, or Denver is far enough away for most of us. But Grace Wainwright, when she was ten, had been borrowed by a childless uncle and aunt, who wanted to adopt her, and begged Dr. Wainwright, who had seven children and hardly any money, to give them one child on whom they could spend their heaps of money. But no, the doctor and Mrs. Wainwright wouldn't hear of anything except a loan, and so Grace had been lent, in all, eight years; seven she had spent at school, and one in Paris, Berlin, Florence, Venice, Rome, the Alps. Think of it, how splendid and charming!

Uncle Ralph and Aunt Hattie did not like to give her up now, but Grace, we heard, would come. She wanted to see her mother and her own kin; maybe she felt she ought.

At the Manse we had just finished prayers. Papa was going to his study. He wore his Friday-morning face—a sort of preoccupied pucker between his eyebrows, and a far-away look in his eyes. Friday is the day he finishes up his sermons for Sunday, and, as a matter of course, we never expect him to be delayed or bothered by our little concerns till he has them off his mind. Sermons in our house have the right of way.

Prayers had been shorter than usual this morning, and we had sung only two stanzas of the hymn, instead of four or five. Usually if mamma is anxious about anybody or anything, papa is all sympathy and attention. But not on a Friday. He paid no heed either to her tone or her words, but only said, impressively:

"My love, please do not allow me to be disturbed in any way you can avoid between this and the luncheon hour; and keep the house as quiet as you can. I dislike being troublesome, but I've had so many interruptions this week; what with illness in the congregation, and funerals, and meetings every night, my work for Sunday is not advanced very far. Children, I rely on you all to help me," and with a patient smile, and a little wave of the hand quite characteristic, papa withdrew.

We heard him moving about in his study, which was over the sitting-room, and then there came a scrape of his chair upon the floor, and a creaking sound as he settled into it by the table. Papa was safely out of the way for the next four or five hours. I would have to be a watch-dog to keep knocks from his door.

"I should think," said Amy, pertly, tossing her curls, "that when papa has so much to do he'd just go and do it, not stand here talking and wasting time. It's the same thing week after week. Such a martyr."

"Amy," said mamma, severely, "don't speak of your father in that flippant manner. Why are *you* lounging here so idly? Gather up the books, put this room in order, and then, with Laura's assistance, I would like you this morning to clean the china closet. Every cup and saucer and plate must be taken down and wiped separately, after being dipped into hot soap-suds and rinsed in hot water; the shelves all washed and dried, and the corners carefully gone over. See how thorough you can be, my dears," said mamma in her sweetest tones. I wondered whether she had known that Amy had planned to spend the rainy morning finishing the hand-screen she is painting for grandmother's birthday. From her looks nothing could be gathered. Mamma's blue eyes can look as unconscious of intention as a child's when she chooses to reprove, and yet does not wish to seem censorious. Amy is fifteen, and very headstrong, as indeed we all are, but even Amy never dreams of hinting that she would like to do something else than what mamma prefers when mamma arranges things in her quiet yet masterful fashion. Dear little mamma. All her daughters except Jessie are taller than herself; but mother is queen of the Manse, nevertheless.

Amy went off, having with a few deft touches set the library in order, piling the Bibles and hymn-books on the little stand in the corner, and giving a pat here and a pull there to the cushions, rugs, and curtains, went pleasantly to begin her hated task of going over the china closet. Laura followed her.

Elbert, our seventeen-year-old brother, politely held open the door for the girls to pass through.

"You see, Amy dear," he said, compassionately, "what comes on reflecting upon papa. It takes some people a long while to learn wisdom."

Amy made a little *moue* at him.

"I don't mind particularly," she said. "Come, Lole, when a thing's to be done, the best way is to do it and not fuss nor fret. I ought not to have said that; I knew it would vex dear mamma; but papa provokes me so with his solemn directions, as if the whole house did not always hold its breath when he is in the study. Come, Lole, let's do this work as well as we can. Amy's sunshiny disposition matches her quick temper. She may say a quick word on the impulse of the moment, but she makes up for it afterward by her loving ways."

"It isn't the week for doing this closet, Amy," said Laura. "Why didn't you tell mamma so? You wanted to paint in your roses and clematis before noon, didn't you? I think it mean. Things are so contrary," and Laura sighed.

"Oh, never mind, dear! this won't be to do next week. I think mamma was displeased and spoke hastily. Mamma and I are so much alike that we understand one another. I suppose I am just the kind of girl she used to be, and I hope I'll be the kind of woman she is when I grow up. I'm imitating mother all I can."

Laura laughed. "Well, Amy, you'd never be so popular in your husband's congregation as mamma is—never. You haven't so much tact; I don't believe you'll ever have it, either."

"I haven't it yet, of course; but I'd have more tact if I were a grown-up lady and married to a clergyman. I don't think, though, I'll ever marry a minister," said Amy, with grave determination, handing down a beautiful salad-bowl, which Laura received in both hands with the reverence due to a treasured possession. "It's the prettiest thing we own," said Amy, feeling the smooth satiny surface lovingly, and holding it up against her pink cheek, "Isn't it scrumptious, Laura?"

"Well," said Laura, "it's nice, but not so pretty as the tea-things which belonged to Greataunt Judith. They are my pride. This does not compare."

"Well, perhaps not in one way, for they are family pieces, and prove we came out of the ark. But the salad-bowl is a beauty. I don't object to the care of china myself. It is ladies' work. It surprises me that people ever are willing to trust their delicate china to clumsy maids. I wouldn't if I had gems and gold like a princess, instead of being only the daughter of a poor country clergyman. I'd always wash my own nice dishes with my own fair hands."

"That shows your Southern breeding," said Laura. "Southern women always look after their china and do a good deal of the dainty part of the house-keeping. Mamma learned that when she was a little girl living in Richmond."

"'Tisn't only Southern breeding," said Amy. "Our Holland-Dutch ancestors had the same elegant ways of taking care of their property. I'm writing a paper on 'Dutch Housewifery' for the next meeting of the Granddaughters of the Revolution, and you'll find out a good many interesting points if you listen to it."

"Amy Raeburn!" exclaimed Laura, admiringly, "I expect you'll write a book one of these days."

"I certainly intend to," replied Amy, with dignity, handing down a fat Dutch cream-jug, and at the moment incautiously jarring the step-ladder, so that, cream-jug and all, she fell to the floor. Fortunately the precious pitcher escaped injury; but Amy's sleeve caught on a nail, and as she jerked it away in her fall it loosened a shelf, and down crashed a whole pile of the second-best dinner-plates, making a terrific noise which startled the whole house.

Papa, in his study, groaned, and probably tore in two a closely written sheet of notes. Mamma and the girls came flying in. Amy picked herself up from the floor; there was a great red bruise and a scratch on her arm.



**"OH, YOU POOR CHILD!" SAID MOTHER, GAUGING THE EXTENT OF THE ACCIDENT WITH A RAPID GLANCE.**

"Oh, you poor child!" said mother, gauging the extent of the accident with a rapid glance. "Never mind," she said, relieved; "there isn't much harm done. Those are the plates the Ladies' Aid Society in Archertown gave me the year Frances was born. I never admired them. When some things go they carry a little piece of my heart with them, but I don't mind losing donation china. Are you hurt, Amy?"

"A bruise and a scratch—nothing to signify. Here comes Lole with the arnica. I don't care in the least since I haven't wrecked any of our Colonial heirlooms. Isn't it fortunate, mother, that we haven't broken or lost anything *this* congregation has bestowed?"

"Yes indeed," said mamma, gravely. "There, gather up the pieces, and get them out of the way before we have a caller."

In the Manse, callers may be looked for at every possible time and season, and some of them have eyes in the backs of their heads. For instance, Miss Florence Frick or Mrs. Elbridge Geary seems to be able to see through closed doors. And there is Mrs. Cyril Bannington Barnes, who thinks us all so extravagant, and does not hesitate to notice how often we wear our best gowns, and wonders to our faces where mamma's last winter's new furs came from, and is very much astonished and quite angry that papa should insist on sending all his boys to college. But, there, this story isn't going to be a talk about papa's people. Mamma wouldn't approve of that, I am sure.

Everybody sat down comfortably in the dining-room, while Frances and Mildred took hold and helped Amy and Laura finish the closet. Everybody meant mamma, Mildred, Frances, Elbert, Lawrence, Sammy, and Jessie. Somehow a downright rainy day in autumn, with a bit of a blaze on the hearth, makes you feel like dropping into talk and staying in one place, and discussing eventful things, such as Grace Wainwright's return, and what her effect would be on her family, and what effect they would have on her.

"I really do not think Grace is in the very least bit prepared for the life she is coming to," said Frances.

"No," said mamma, "I fear not. But she is coming to her duty, and one can always do that."

"For my part," said Elbert, "I see nothing so much amiss at the Wainwrights'. They're a jolly set, and go when you will, you find them having good times. Of course they are in straitened circumstances."

"And Grace has been accustomed to lavish expenditure," said Mildred.

"If she had remained in Paris with her Uncle Ralph and Aunt Gertrude she would have escaped a good deal of hardship," said Lawrence.

"Oh," mamma broke in, impatiently, "how short-sighted you young people are! You look at everything from your own point of view. It is not of Grace I am thinking so much. I am considering her mother and the girls and her poor worn-out father. I couldn't sleep last night, thinking of the Wainwrights. Mildred, you might send over a nut-cake and some soft custard and a glass of jelly, when it stops raining, and the last number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE might be slipped into the basket too—that is, if you have all done with it. Papa and I have finished reading the serial, and we will not want it again. There's so much to read in this house."

"I'll attend to it, mamma," said Mildred. "Now what can I do to help you before I go to my French lesson?"



"Nothing, you sweetest of dears," said mother, tenderly. Mildred was her great favorite, and nobody was jealous, for we all adored our tall, fair sister.

So we scattered to our different occupations, and did not meet again till luncheon was announced.

Does somebody ask which of the minister's eight children is telling this story? If you must know, I am Frances, and what I did not myself see was all told to me at the time it happened, and put down in my journal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## FOR KING OR COUNTRY.

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A Story of the Revolution.

BY JAMES BARNES.

CHAPTER XII.

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

How natural the valley looked as George came down the road that led across the bridge! He could hear the brook roaring under its icy covering, and through the leafless trees he could make out the big manor-house. It was home again. What would they say? How would they receive him? There were no signs of activity about, no smoke coming from the foundry chimney. The place looked half deserted.

George watched some crows waddling out in the field. Suddenly they took flight, and the young Lieutenant saw what had put them up. He reined in his horse. "Adam Bent Knee," he ejaculated, and placing his fingers to his lips he gave the well-remembered whistle.

The old Indian stopped, and then striking into a gait, half run, half lope, he came across the snow. "How! how!" he said, grasping the lad's extended hand.

Here was the first welcome. After the old Indian had answered a few questions about what was going on on the Hewes place, George pushed ahead. He had been sighted coming up the lane, and the few servants ran out to meet him. Cato danced about like a headless chicken, and rubbed his hand over his tear-wet check.

Little Grace, now a tall slender girl, wept for joy, and kissed the bronzed young soldier over and over again. Aunt Clarissa was nowhere to be seen.

"She's locked herself in the left wing," said Grace. "She says she will not see you. Don't grieve; perhaps she will change her mind."

Then she had held her brother off at full arm's-length, and looked at him from head to foot.

"You are just like the portrait of father in the hall," she said. George placed his arm about her waist, and went inside the house.

Aunt Clarissa did not put in her appearance, and that afternoon the young Lieutenant had ridden with the despatches over to Colonel Hewes's. What they contained he did not know. But they were evidently of importance, and this was soon to be proved.

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The very day that Washington had moved upon Trenton an interesting dinner (the happenings of which have great bearing upon this story) was in progress thousands of miles away.

It was one of the oldest inns of the old town of London. The grill-room of the "Cheshire Cheese" was filled with the aroma of steaming plum-pudding and the appetizing fumes of roast beef. Even the mulled ale lent its accent to the general flavor. The waiters shuffled across the sanded floor, and from the compartments floated up clouds of smoke from the long church-warden pipes. The talk on all sides was upon the one absorbing subject—the rebellious Colonies and the progress of the war in America.

It all looked one way to most of the Londoners—New York had been taken, the Americans routed; in a few weeks all would be over. This was the general sentiment.

The gathering was mixed. Tradesmen, country squires, well-to-do haberdashers and drapers, poets and political writers, barristers, and a sprinkling of soldiers composed it mostly. Here and there might be seen a gay young noble-man, all frills and lace, who had strayed from his inner circle to enjoy the delights of this old time-honored meeting-place.

The busy London street outside was crowded with merrymakers.

In a corner of the grill-room was sitting a group that would at once hold our attention.

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A tall florid individual with heavy hands was gesticulating with his thick blunt fingers, and an officer in un-dress uniform sitting opposite was listening, and making rings with the bottom of his wineglass on the elbow-polished table. His white wig decorated the post at a corner of the seat. In this same corner had sat Oliver Goldsmith, and it was Dr. Johnson's head that had made that dark spot on the wainscoting; in fact, the ponderous old gentleman still drifted in occasionally. And David Garrick had held forth here not many years before this very day.

But it is the figure now sitting silently in the corner that most interests us. The high forehead and clear-cut features have changed somewhat, and the strong slender hands and muscular young legs sprawled under the table have grown and lengthened, but if you would take our young American patriot and do his hair in that neat London fashion, dress him in that embroidered waistcoat and fine glass-buttoned coat, there he would be for all the world. As George had changed, William had changed also in the same proportion and ratio. The younger, on this very night shivering in the cold of a New Jersey winter, was browner of skin and ruddier of cheek, but features, glance, and the quick graceful movement of the head are all the same.

William was listening listlessly to the conversation. By constant practice he had become accustomed to the flow of Uncle Daniel's eloquence, and could stand to one side and allow it to pass on without disturbing him. Strange to say, at this very moment he was thinking sadly of the brother who was thinking more sadly still of him.

He put his hand into the inside pocket of his handsome coat and drew forth a sheet of closely written paper. It was a letter from Aunt Clarissa. Not only a letter, but a speech, a tirade, an eloquent exhortation. It contained little news that could give comfort, for it told of George's wicked behavior, and base defection to the ranks of the enemy arrayed against the Crown. "A Frothingham should be fighting for the King," the letter concluded, the lines heavily underscored. Poor Aunt Clarissa! Her most tender point, her pride, had been injured deeply.

"Mark my words, my dear sir, I have seen that country, and know its people," said Uncle Daniel, sententiously, "and as soldiers I hold them in contempt, sir. Who is this Mr. Washington on whom they pin their faith? An arrant up-start who has had some practice, I believe, in fighting the red Indians in the woods. Against a line of grenadiers he can do nothing. I wish I were young enough; I should like to take the field myself."

William pricked up his ears at this, and thrust Aunt Clarissa's letter back into his pocket. Never had he known that Uncle David had the slightest leaning toward the life of a soldier.

The military gentleman poured himself out another glass of wine. He held it critically up to the light before replying.

"I don't hold them in contempt, Mr. Frothingham. It will take our bravest and our best, mark me. We can accomplish little by depending upon the Hessians, mere hirelings of a German prince. Nothing but the devotion of Englishmen themselves can save the Colonies to England."

"You have been influenced, Colonel, by the Earl of Chatham," said Daniel Frothingham, also pouring out a glass of wine.

"I admire him," said the other, calmly; "but no half-way measures will suffice at this stage of the proceedings. We will need the best blood and the truest hearts in the country. If France joins in the struggle, it will come near to draining the resources of our tidy little island; but the French King wavers, I believe. The Americans, so far, have accomplished nothing." He turned to the young figure at the head of the table. "Has this tall nephew of yours any predilection for the service?" he inquired. "Me-thinks he would look well in red and white."

William's eyes glistened brightly.



### "WOULDST CARE TO BE A SOLDIER, SON?"

"I know not," returned Uncle Daniel. "Wouldst care to be a soldier, son? Hast thought aught of it?"

William looked his uncle firmly in the eye and grasped the edge of the table. "Aye, many, many times. I doubt not I know the drill already, sir. I watch them at the castle every week," he said.

"Let's make a soldier of him, Mr. Frothingham," spoke up the officer. "There's a young cornet in my regiment who is poor in health and would sell out. Why not buy the red coat and the commission for the lad? I could take him with me and have him under my eye. Would you fight in America, young sir?"

"Aye," said William; "or anywhere."

"We sail in the *Minerva* in a fortnight come next Thursday," went on the Colonel. "It's bad weather on the Atlantic, but we wish to show them what a crack regiment can do. I have under me the pick of the service."

"H—um," said Uncle Daniel, thoughtfully, looking at his nephew with something of pride and affection in his small twinkling eyes. "Wouldst like to go, son?" he inquired.

William's reserve broke down. His mind was crowded with many things, and his heart torn with conflicting emotions. How strange it would be to be arrayed upon the other side with George, his brother, who still held all his love and affection, against him! Could he do it? And then the words that he had once penned George came up into his mind. "For the King, for the King," kept repeating themselves. "Uncle Daniel," he said, his under lip quivering, "if you would let me go, I would try to do my duty."

"Well spoken, well said, my young friend," put in the Colonel, leaning across the table and taking William's hand. "'Twould take no pains to make a soldier of such. Frothingham, let him go with me."

The expression on the red face had softened, and the old man for a moment paused. He followed a seam in the table with his forefinger thoughtfully. "He can go if he so wills. I will buy him the commission," he said at last.

William's heart bounded. Time and again, though his uncle had not known it, the sight of a marching regiment, the call of a bugle, and the steadily moving line had tempted him so strongly that he had almost felt like doing what many lads of his age had done under the same impulse—enlist and go into the ranks. Now was the chance offered to him to serve in a more legitimate and comfortable position. "I shall feel honored, sir," he said, in his dignified manner, "if you will accept my service, and take me with you."

"Done," said Colonel Forsythe. "Come and see me to-morrow morning after review; and you, sir," turning to his uncle, "will have done your part toward winning back the Colonies when you have helped place a sword-belt around his waist. Come also to-morrow. Matters can be easily arranged. But we are pressed for time." Colonel Forsythe arose—the compartment was hidden from the view of the crowd that thronged the large room—and adjusted his wig skilfully over his thin brown hair. He buckled on his sword, and turning, spoke again. "I must hasten," he said, "and I wish to thank you for the pleasure of the dinner and the honor of your company. To-morrow, then, at nine o'clock." He bowed and walked away.

Uncle Daniel picked up his heavy gold-headed cane, and slipping his arm through his nephew's, stepped out into the street. For some time as they walked along neither spoke. William was living

over in his mind some of the old scenes out in the New Jersey home. He could hear the clatter of the mill and the roaring of the waters at the dam. He imagined he could hear George's laughter, and feel the hand that had so often grasped his own as they climbed the hills or ran down the brook together. Oh, if his brother were only here beside him!

At this very moment the same thought that was upper-most in his mind was being echoed by another heart, beating firmly beneath a brass-buttoned coat in far-off New Jersey.

"Your service may make some amends for the disgrace your brother has brought upon the family," said Uncle Daniel at last.

William's heart rebelled at the words his uncle used. "I'll warrant you," he said, "that George will not disgrace the name. He has been influenced by bad counsel and wicked friends."

"I would not give a shilling for his future," said Daniel Frothingham, "and I'm sorry that I brought up this at all. I told you once before that he was dead to me. I can never forgive him." [Pg 243]

"I have forgiven him," said William. "I know that he thinks he is in the right, and, uncle, promise me"—he grasped the old man by the arm—"that when the war is over and our standard is once more respected and honored in America, grant me this, that George and I will be able to stand once more together hand in hand in your estimation. He has been misled. Oh, if he could but see!"

"William," said Daniel Frothingham, in his most ponderous manner, "I have made you my son and heir. May you never forget who you are, and that your grandfather, aye, and his grandfather, and so on back, have bled and died on foreign soil for the same flag and country that you are going to serve. Traitors have no place. Led or misled, your brother's hand has been raised against his and yours. Now say no more."

They had reached Uncle Daniel's house, for William had lived with him ever since his arrival in London. Uncle Daniel's heart had opened to the worth of the frank true nature that had grown so close to him; he would have denied his nephew nothing; all the yearnings of paternity had come to the lonely old man. He was deeply affected by thinking that the only being he had ever loved was now about to leave him.

"Good-night, good-night, son," he said, placing his heavy hand on William's head. "I will see you on the morrow. Sleep well, Lieutenant Frothingham."

William went up the stairs slowly to his richly furnished room. He could not sleep, but tossed uneasily until the morning. If he could have only held George from the fatal step! But young natures are hopeful, and he planned to suit his fancy.

When the war was ended, their love would bring them once more together, and what was his would be his brother's, as it had always been.

Three weeks later a bluff-bowed frigate was pounding her way through the heavy seas of the Atlantic. The wind boomed in the hollows of the great mainsail, and the icy spray dashed over the rail and clung to the rigging. The decks were slippery with frozen sleet, and the gray sky seemed to meet the ocean, and shut down like a tent over the tossing mass of gray-green water.

A group of officers, with their long coats gathered tightly about them, were standing near the taffrail. It was easy to recognize young Frothingham. He was listening to the talk about him.

"It promises to be a stormy passage," said one of the ship's officers. "In the twenty-six days that we may be out of sight of land the war may be over."

"I trust so," said the young Lieutenant to himself. "I'd rather fight the French." He looked down on the icy deck.

They had now been three days out from Portsmouth. There were few but the watch and the lookout pacing up and down the fore-castle. A battery of five brass field-pieces was lashed firmly amidships, covered over with tarpaulin to keep them from the wet. Below, the 'tweendecks were crowded with lounging figures. So closely indeed were they packed that to make one's way forward or aft one would have to step over the recumbent figures. A thousand men were crowded within the wooden walls. The ports were closed, and the air was stifling. Racks of muskets shone on the sides and around the masts.

A drummer was practising softly, with his back against a gun-carriage. A fifer picked up his instrument and joined in shrilly.

"That's what we'll make 'em run to," he said, in derision. "It's their own tune, and, by St. George! it's a good tune for running!"

"Yankee Doodle" was caught up by the recumbent groups, and the men thumped the time on the decks with their heels.

"Mr. Washington's jig step," said a sailor, shifting his quid in his cheek. "English feet cannot dance to it. It takes the Yankees to do that."

The group of officers had made their way to the ward-room. The steward had set the table; dinner was waiting.

"Here's confusion to the 'rebels,' and health to King George!" said one of the subalterns. William drank it with the rest.

On the very day that the *Minerva* was being warped out into mid-stream at Portsmouth, to begin her voyage to America, Colonel Hewes had received the young American Lieutenant, who had ridden over from Stanham Manor, with as much joy as if he had been his own son.

George was surprised to find a company of well-clad soldiers encamped among the houses of the people who worked at the Hewes foundry. Piles of cannon-balls and some roughly moulded cannon were under a long shed.

It was necessary to have a guard for the protection of the works, for the northern part of New Jersey and the southern half of New York swarmed with marauding bands that claimed allegiance sometimes to one side and sometimes to another. "Cowboys" and "Skinners" they were called. The first claimed to be patriots, and were attached to no command; but the others were Tories, under the leadership of a man named Skinner, whose name brought terror with it. They were as lawless and as merciless as the wild red man of the woods, and plundered travellers and the soldiers of either side with the indiscrimination of highwaymen.

In a few words Colonel Hewes had explained the situation to George, and then taking him into the big office, he closed the door behind them.

"You remember your uncle's overseer, Cloud?" he asked. "Well, he has turned bandit; and if I catch him he will get a swing at a tree-limb, for a thieving rascal. He and his cut-throats have returned to the mountains here, I am informed. But it is not of this that I wish to talk with you." Colonel Hewes arose and threw a log on the fire. "Now, young man," he said, "I want you to listen until I have finished, and then—for I may talk at some length—you can do all the question-asking that you wish." He opened the despatch that George carried, read it carefully, and, leaning back in his chair, took a portfolio from a drawer and spread it across his knees. "Listen," he said. "You have a chance now to perform a signal service for your country. I asked them at Morristown to recommend a young man who might volunteer for love of it, and, to be frank, I suggested your name."

George smiled at the peculiar wording of this statement.

"It is known to you, of course, how important it is for us to be kept in touch with the movements and plans of the enemy," went on the Colonel. "We obtain information from sources and in a way that might astonish you; it certainly would cause some consternation to the British. Now in my mind there has been for some time an idea that I think can be successfully accomplished. I have broached it to no one high in authority in the army. There might be objections raised. It may be rash, but it is not impossible, and, if successful, would go in a great measure toward settling up affairs.

"Follow me closely. There is in New York a society formed of a few men of brains and caution, who are serving their country in a way that for the time being must make them suffer. They are placed in people's estimation as being royalists and Tories, but no truer American hearts beat than theirs. Risks are great, but the needs are quite as much so. They are known to one another, but cannot hold any meetings, as that would excite suspicion. Each one's movement is reported to the others in their own peculiar way. Nothing said, nothing heard, you know. But opinions are discussed amongst themselves, nevertheless. I cannot give their names; you will find them out for yourself, perhaps, if you care to meet my views.

"Now you know that the British hold in captivity our General Lee, and they decline to consider him a subject for exchange. He was taken from a farm-house by a party of Tories in New Jersey. Surprised and captured, he is now within the power of the enemy. Don't let what I am going to propose seem wild, or imaginary; but I believe that it is feasible to secure the person of either Lord Howe or his brother the General, and bring them from the heart of the city to become the guests of the people at large. To do this would require some plotting, much caution, fearlessness, and devotion. The details I cannot tell you, but you will be informed of them if you choose to assist in the venture."

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George did not interrupt.

"Do you see these papers?" went on Colonel Hewes. "They are despatches from the Tories of Albany to the British in New York. Here also are the credentials of the young man who carried them. He is about your height, but nineteen years of age, and has never been in New York before. He is endorsed, however, to the British leaders. To make one's way into New York secretly is difficult. A stranger who cannot account for his appearance is suspected, but it is my belief that the person, armed with these papers can secure a position close to the seat of power. Intercepted despatches are better than destroyed. We know what these contain, but their contents will appear to be of great moment to the British, and upon them may determine the disposition of much of the huge force quartered in New York. This young man's name is Blount. I have found out enough of his family and of his personal history to make it possible for any one who takes his place to appear to have the knowledge necessary to allay suspicion. There is but one man there who has ever seen him. This is an uncle of his who is now absent in Connecticut, and who therefore need not be feared. Would you care to volunteer for an enterprise so hazardous?"

"But I am known," said George, "to people in New York."

"Think to whom," said Mr. Hewes. "Count over those whom you might fear."

"Mr. Wyeth," suggested George at once.

"He's safe in Canada," said Mr. Hewes.

George mentioned several other names, and, to his surprise, Mr. Hewes could account for almost



all of them.

"Schoolmaster Anderson," said George.

Colonel Hewes smiled. "You need not fear him," he responded. "He will not know you; he is blind."

George started.

"But you will hear more of that anon, perhaps. The plan, in short, is this: I have a passport. 'Twill carry you through the American lines. You will be rowed across the river and placed so you can make your way safely up to the British works. These papers will do the rest for you. You will be Richard Blount, of Albany, will go at once to the 'City Arms,' wait for a day or so, and then receive instructions what to do. You will be watched, of course, but act with caution; keep off the streets as much as possible; stay with the soldiers, and forget that you have ever been in New Jersey. It is necessary that the one who undertakes this venturesome trip should know New York and its by-ways. Therefore you have been chosen. The people you will meet will be those with whom you have never come into contact, and many of whom you have never even heard. It will not be for long. If you start to-morrow, you can be in New York in three days." The Colonel paused, then added:

"If you follow this story that I have written, you can explain how you came down from Albany."

George was thinking deeply. It did look like a wild, impossible scheme, but still he trusted in Colonel Hewes's judgment.

"Listen," again went on the older man. "Here is a cipher. It is not hard to learn." He handed George a slip of paper hardly larger than his thumb-nail.

"I cannot make much out of this," said the latter.

"Try it now," said Colonel Hewes, taking a magnifying-glass out of his pocket. Under the strong lens the characters could be easily read. Above each one was the letter of the alphabet it represented. "With this at your elbow you can readily write anything you please," said the Colonel. "When you have arrived at the inn, pretend to be ill; stay in your room, and write out in this cipher a description, frankly stating who you are, what you are doing, and who sent you. Add that you are waiting to receive your orders, and tell where you are to be found."

"To whom will I send it?" inquired George.

"You know that lane that leads by Edward Ripley's house at the upper turn of Broadway?"

"I do," said George. "There's a picket-fence at the further entrance of the field, and a path and turnstile lead through the orchard."

"Aye," said Colonel Hewes, "that's it. Have you ever marked the old gnarled apple-tree—the third one to the left of this same path?"

"I have," said George.

"On the further side," went on the Colonel, "is a hollow limb. When you have written out your paper, place it in the hollow as far back as you can reach. The next night go there, and you will find your answer. It will direct you in what way to proceed. It will not do for you to be seen talking with any one at first, for you must be a complete stranger. Now, there's a disguise—not much, for disguises excite suspicion. Young Blount has Indian blood; many good families up the Hudson have. Your hair is brown."

"Nearly red," put in George, laughing.

"We'll soon remedy that," said Mr. Hewes. "And you must change your walk, for Blount is slightly lame."

"Where is he?" asked George.

"He is safe enough," said Mr. Hewes, "and even without these papers it would be impossible for him to accomplish what you can with them. But I have forgotten to ask one thing."

"What's that?" inquired George.

"Whether you will go or not," replied Mr. Hewes.

"Of course I will," the lad answered, eagerly.

"Money will be given you, and you will receive more when you arrive in the city. Your companions in the scheme will make themselves known to you in their own way. I know not what it will be. They are clever people. Come over to-morrow early. You will start from here."

George jumped on his horse, and rode back on a run toward Stanham Mills. As he came up the lane, Aunt Clarissa was watching him from her retreat in the left wing. Her stern old face was set, but her eyes were red from weeping. She did not know what fruits the letter she had written William had already borne, and that he, now dressed in the King's red, was tossing on the bosom of the Atlantic. Neither did she have an inkling of what perils the renegade nephew was about to face in his country's service.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NEW YEAR.

Here you are, little Year. Did you come in the night,  
When I was asleep in my bed?  
And how did you find your way in before light,  
With no sun shining out overhead?  
Did you pass the old Year as he rushed out of sight  
With a pack that was heavy as lead?

He looked just like you, oh! so shining and slim,  
When he made his bow twelve months ago;  
We all said "Good-morning" politely to him—  
It was manners, dear Year, as you know,  
And his hand was outstretched, and his eye was not dim,  
As he stood in his first morning glow.

But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with work,  
And he had such a handful of days,  
That you couldn't expect, since he was not a shirk,  
He'd be chipper and cheery always;  
His story was mixed up with brightness and mirk,  
And we'll speak of him only with praise.

As for you, little Year, you are growing so fast  
As you stand in the other Year's place,  
That already the shadow that falls from the past  
Is weaving its veil o'er your face.  
Oh! happy new Year, may your happiness last,  
As you trot at the century's pace.



[Pg 245]

The All-New-York interscholastic football team for 1895 is as follows:

F. M. BRISSEL, <i>Pratt Institute</i>	left end.
JASPER BAYNE, <i>Berkeley School</i>	left tackle.
SANDS, <i>Cutler School</i>	left guard.
MARSHALL PAGE, <i>Trinity School</i>	centre.
H. J. BROWN, <i>St. Paul's School</i>	right guard.
PARSONS, <i>Poly. Prep. Inst.</i>	right tackle.
YOUNG, <i>Berkeley School</i>	right end.
S. V. M. STARR, <i>St. Paul's School</i>	quarter-back.
J. R. HIGGINS, <i>Pratt Institute</i>	left half-back.
CAREY, <i>Col. Gram. School</i>	right half-back.
F. BIEN, JUN., <i>Berkeley School</i>	full-back.



**S. V. M. STARR,  
Quarter-back.**

**J. BAYNE, Tackle.**



**YOUNG, End.**



**F. M. BRISSEL, End.**



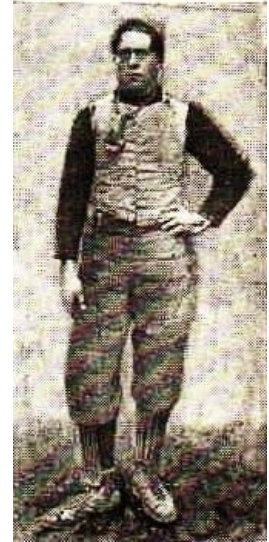
**H. J. BROWN,  
Guard.**







**F. BIEN, JUN.,**  
**Full-back.**



**J. R. HIGGINS,**  
**Half-back.**

The substitutes for this team are Hasbrouck, Berkeley, and Loraine, St. Paul's, ends; Jesup, Cutler's, and Bowie, Pratt, tackles; Ruppold, Pratt, and Perry, Cutler's, guards; Rand, Berkeley, centre; Scott, Berkeley, quarter; Homans, Cutler's, Bannerman, and Lutkins, Brooklyn Latin, half-backs; O'Rourke, Trinity, or Mason, Poly. Prep., full-back.

The make-up of this All-New-York eleven for 1895 has called for careful consideration of the characteristics of each individual player, their amenability to discipline, and aptitude for team instead of individual play. Only under the most rigid discipline, and cheerful submission to it by the players themselves, can harmonious and successful team-play be hoped for. Science, muscle, and sand are the three absolute requisites necessary to the make-up of a winning team. That spirit of dogged determination to win under adverse conditions, and against overwhelming odds—that spirit which inspires a man to stubbornly contest every inch of ground, win or lose—is called *sand*. Without it in each individual player and in the team as a whole no eleven can be considered in championship form.

The All-New-York eleven for 1895 embody these characteristics in a great degree; and while it has been a task of no small moment to select the team from among so large a number of candidates as are represented in the New York and Brooklyn schools, there seems little doubt, all things being considered, that this team will stand on its merits alone, and truly represent championship form.

The choice of ends has been a hard one, but Brissel of Pratt for left and Young of Berkeley for right make a pair that, with one exception, overshadow all others seen this season. The exception is Hasbrouck of Berkeley, who must rank as first substitute. Brissel is eighteen years of age, and weighs 151 pounds. His work this year has shown great improvement over former achievements. He is strong on his feet, runs and tackles well, and is in every play. His powerful chest and shoulder muscles greatly aid him in breaking up interference with a dash and abandon that have made him a terror to backs who try plays around his end. Rarely is he hurt, and he is equally at home in offensive or defensive work. At running with the ball in criss-cross plays he has been a great success this season, and his dogged determination to gain ground for his team or prevent the advance of the ball by opponents has been conspicuous in every game played.

The choice of right end for a time lay between Young and Hasbrouck. The merits of each were fully considered, and Young was selected for the reason that he was less liable than Hasbrouck to be drawn into a play too soon, and thus put out of it. This has been Hasbrouck's greatest fault this year, and with the improvement made this season it is safe to predict that he will be in a class by himself next year. Young is nineteen years old, and weighs 164 pounds. He came to Berkeley from Lawrenceville, where he played end in 1894. He is an all-round man with few equals, rarely misses a tackle, and is very speedy down the field on kicks. He follows the ball with undaunted persistency, is cool and courageous, and thoroughly understands the game. Both on the offensive and defensive he is aggressive, and every moment of a game plays good hard football.

Jasper Bayne, of Berkeley, at left, and Parsons, of Poly. Prep., at right, are the tackles. Bayne was captain of the Berkeley team this season. He is eighteen years old, and weighs 192 pounds. He is a plodding football-player, and makes every ounce of his weight and strength tell. His breaking through, tackling, and running with the ball place him beyond question in the championship class. He plays steady and hard from start to finish, and is calculated to hold down and steady the entire line by his hard, brilliant work. Parsons is also a strong player. He blocks well, is a sure

tackle, and runs very well with the ball. He is good in breaking through and in stopping plays, and has the knack of getting into every play.

Sands and Brown as guards make an almost invincible pair, and while they are both aggressive forwards, play only clean, hard football. Sands is from Cutler's, eighteen years of age, weighs 175 pounds, and is over six feet in height. He is built in proportion. His great strength makes, with his weight, a combination hard to get through, and to this must be added fleetness in running with the ball. Brown of St. Paul's is certainly a wonderful player for a boy. He is only fifteen years old, yet stands over six feet in height, and weighs 178 pounds. Possessed of great strength, he has learned to use it well and judiciously, and thus far has not met his equal on the gridiron. Cool, courageous, and determined, he plays steady and hard, and follows the ball very closely. At stopping centre plays he is a wonder. With Page in the centre this trio would put up a stone-wall defence, and on the offensive could not be held down or prevented from opening up big holes in the line for their backs.

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Marshall Page, from Trinity, makes a gritty, sandy player, and is well calculated to give a good account of himself. He is another young man, being only fifteen years of age. His weight is only 165 pounds, but he makes up for his lightness by agility and strength. Under all conditions he is a cool and heady player, aggressive and determined, and by his quickness alone outplayed Rand in the final game for the N.Y.I.S.A.A. championship. He will be pounds better next year.

Behind the line the All-New-York team shows great strength in her ground-gainers and generalship. S. Starr, of St. Paul's, at quarter, is the right man in the right place. Had he played quarter-back for his team the entire season, taking into consideration the later changes in the team, St. Paul's would probably have retained the championship. His work is of a high order, and he is most conscientious in doing it. He is nineteen years old, and weighs 166 pounds. His passing is steady and true, and he is sure to get the ball promptly to the runner, and just at the proper time. He follows the ball closely, gets into every play, and tackles well.

At right half no one can displace Carey of Columbia Grammar. He is seventeen years old, and weighs 165 pounds. His playing this season, on a team that failed to make any showing other than to demonstrate its sportsmanship and sand, drew the attention of the entire League to him. Fleet of foot, strong, and aggressive, and withal a very heady player, he has honestly won a place on the All-New-York team. Higgins of Pratt, at left half, is in a class by himself. He is twenty years of age, weighs 170 pounds, and is over six feet in height. As a line-backer he has few equals, and with such a line in front of him as this year's team proves itself to be, could, with the aid of his other backs, tear up opponents in great shape. He has a record of  $.10^3$  for 100 yards, and is a good general athlete.

The substitute half-backs are clever players too. Lutkins should be ranked first, with Bannerman and Homans following. Lutkins is stockily built, and reminds me of a pocket-edition of McClung. He resembles the Yale man in the peculiar way in which he runs, seeming to go faster with one foot than the other. He runs very low and hard, and when tackled has a trick of twisting himself away from the tackler and eventually shaking him off.

The all-important position of full-back goes to Franklin Bien, Jun., of Berkeley. His work this year stands out in clear contrast to that of his opponents as superior in every detail. His development has been very fast, and for the simple reason that he has been willing to learn, and has listened to the advice given him. He is seventeen years old, and weighs 155 pounds. Captain Bayne has entrusted to him several times this season the giving of the signals and running of the team, and in every instance he has proved himself to be a general who thoroughly appreciated the strength of his own team and the weakness of his opponents. Not only is he a sure tackle, but he is one of the most dogged line-breakers, and a most valuable man in interference. His catching is sure, and his punting of a very high order. With Bien giving the signals it is safe to predict that no interscholastic team of this season in the New York or Brooklyn League could score against the All-New-York eleven for 1895. For substitute full-back I should choose Mason of Poly. Prep. He is the best man that has played the position in Brooklyn for some time. His kicking, running, and plunging are of a high order. He is large for his age, and weighs 165 pounds. The average weight of the team is 170 pounds, most uniformly divided. Add to this the playing-strength of each member of the team, and it will very readily be seen that the eleven is a remarkable one to represent the composite playing-strength of New York and Brooklyn preparatory schools.

Of the formation of the National Interscholastic Amateur Athletic Association I can only say a few words this week, but I shall go into it more extensively at an early date. For the benefit of the many readers of this Department who may have no other means of learning what progress was made at the convention held in this city on December 28th, we give here the constitution which was adopted on that occasion by the delegates present from the New York, Massachusetts, Long Island, New Jersey, and Maine associations:

### **CONSTITUTION OF THE N.I.S.A.A.A.**

Article 1.—This organization shall be known as the National Interscholastic Amateur Athletic Association of the United States.

Article 2.—The objects of this association shall be to foster and promote physical exercise among all public, private, and preparatory schools of the United States.

Article 3.—Any interscholastic league, association, or club, composed of at least two schools, shall be eligible to membership.



Article 4.—The management of this association shall be entrusted to an Executive Committee, of which the President shall be a member ex-officio. They shall be elected for a term of one year, and no league, association, or club shall have more than one representative in the Executive Committee. Vacancies in the membership of the Executive Committee arising from any cause whatever shall be filled by the league, association, or club of which said student is a member.

Article 5.—Any league, association, or club desiring to join this association shall send to the Secretary a written application for membership, said application to be acted upon by the Executive Committee at the next Convention.

Article 6.—The annual Convention of this association shall be held on the evening of the annual meet at 8 o'clock, in the same city where the annual meet is held. The annual field meeting shall be held on the afternoon of the last Saturday in June of each year.

Article 7.—A special meeting may be called by the Secretary at a written request of any league, association, or club belonging to the National Interscholastic Athletic Association, provided that notice of such meeting be sent to every league, association, or club at least fifteen days before the date assigned for such meeting.

Article 8.—At all meetings each league, association, or club may be represented by no more than three delegates, each of whom may take part in a discussion, but in the discussion of any matter each league, association, or club shall be entitled to only one vote. No voting by proxies shall be allowed.

Article 9.—The annual dues shall be \$25, payable at the annual meeting, but no league, association, or club shall be considered a member until its first annual dues have been paid.

Article 10.—Any violation of the rules of this association by members shall render them liable to suspension by the Executive Committee until the next meeting of the association, and to expulsion by a two-thirds vote of the league, association, or club representing such meeting.

Article 11.—No one should represent any league, association, or club at the annual field meeting who has attained the age of twenty-one years.

Article 12.—The Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present only.

In addition to this constitution the following by-laws were adopted:

The Executive Committee shall assume entire control of the annual games, and shall decide all the protests.

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee shall be held the evening before the annual field meeting.

Winners and second men in each event in the field meeting in the league, association, or club may compete at the annual field meeting of this association.

These few paragraphs, which look so simple as printed on this page, represent a vast amount of work and thought, and the young men who formulated them at the convention, and spent many hours in discussing them, deserve the gratitude and support of all their sport-loving fellows. There may be some points upon which all scholastic sportsmen will not agree; but instead of picking out these weak points, let me urge them rather to overlook them, and to devote their energies toward insuring the prosperity of the new association. [Pg 247]

In the next number of the ROUND TABLE we shall continue the series of illustrations of "Field Sports in Detail" begun in No. 822, with a description and commentary upon throwing the hammer.

THE GRADUATE.

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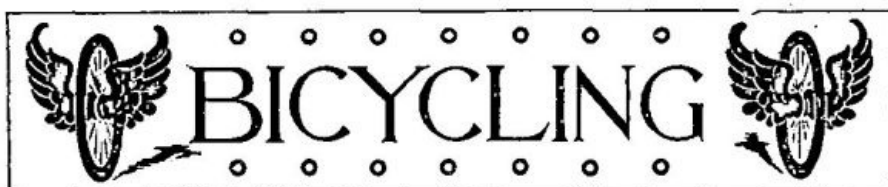
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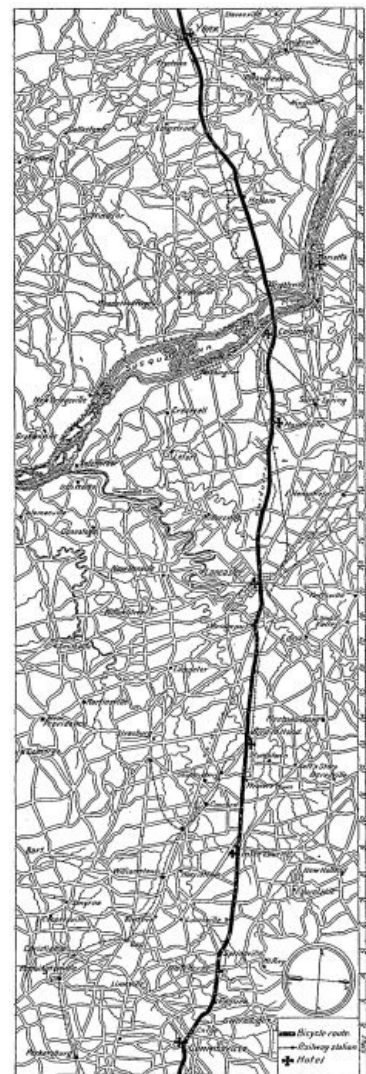


[Pg 248]

Last week we published a map and description of the first stage on the most attractive route from Philadelphia to Washington. This brought the rider to

Compassville, a distance of about 45 miles. Leaving Compassville the next day or in the afternoon of the same day, the rider proceeds by an almost unmistakable road to White Horse, a distance of a little under three miles, through a very attractive farming country. From this point to Intercourse the road is direct, except a short distance out of White Horse, where the rider should take the right fork, thence running direct to Intercourse, six miles or more away. Keeping to the main road, and not turning either to the right or left, there will be no difficulty in reaching Bridgeport, after running through Bird In Hand, on a straight level road. At Bridgeport the Lancaster Turnpike is rejoined, and following this through Lancaster and Mountville, the rider finally comes to Columbia, on the bank of the Susquehanna, 31 or 32 miles from Compassville.

If the trip is to be extended through a day, Lancaster is a good place to stop for dinner, although it is hardly half-way, and if the idea is to ride most of the distance in the morning and make a long noon stop, it may be wise to push on to Columbia, or at least to Mountville. At Columbia, however, there are good accommodations. Leaving Columbia, the rider should cross the bridge, which is a mile and a quarter long, paying five cents toll, and proceed thence through Wrightsville, Hellam, and Frystown to York, a distance of 44 miles from Compassville. Here is a good place to stop for the night. The road all the way is moderately level, and where there are any hills they are all rideable. But it would be difficult to find on the Atlantic coast a 40-mile stretch of road in such good condition and with so few hills as lies between Compassville and York and the next stage of the trip to Washington, which we shall give next week. In fact, this road, as was said last week, is somewhat roundabout, if one is anxious to make a quick journey from Philadelphia to Washington, but it is nevertheless one of the best road-beds in that part of the United States, and the rider is again earnestly urged to follow it rather than the more direct route through Wilmington. One of the great advantages of this circular route is that it brings you near enough to the field of Gettysburg to warrant a little detour over the historical battle-grounds, and this will be given next week, together with a map of the third stage of the journey.



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A word should be said here about winter bicycle-riding—for there is summer riding and winter riding. It is often the case that a bicyclist, or any human being for that matter, has better muscles than he has heart and lungs. Perhaps he never finds this out until he takes some exercise like bicycling, which stimulates his heart beyond its power. Then he discovers that he can ride a certain distance, and of a sudden, though perfectly free from any weariness, he is obliged to stop because he cannot breathe, or because he has a pain in his chest. He is surprised, and cannot understand it until his physician tells him he must not ride so fast or so far at any one time. These little irregularities come out more prominently in the cold air of winter-time than in the summer months. Furthermore, a young man who is blessed with a weak throat will catch cold by riding fast against a head wind in winter, where in summer he would never notice that his breathing had anything to do with bicycling. One should always remember, therefore, that in cold winter air, especially against the wind, speed is to be given up. In fact, it is wise to put on a thick woollen or silk handkerchief, spread across the whole chest under waistcoat or jacket like a fencer's shield. If this is done, many an unexplained cold may be avoided. Never stop in winter to rest. If you want rest, go into a house and take off some clothing, or keep walking after you dismount. A little thought in time saves much trouble and anxiety.



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.

Somebody asks me to talk about economy—a bright little somebody who has spent all her savings on the holidays, and now regretfully looks at the empty satin-lined box in her bureau drawer,



where usually she keeps her funds. Never mind, girlie, your allowance is paid you every month, and if you are a little bit self-denying, a wee bit careful, the box will presently be comfortably full once more.

We are apt to think of economy as scrimping and hoarding, and to speak of the economical person as if she were not generous and open-handed, but, instead, were close, and what the Scotch call "near." This is all wrong, a misunderstanding of the word, which is really a beautiful old picture-word, which came to us from the Greeks, and which means management. The economical girl is a good manager, and the good manager makes the most of whatever she has in her hands. A poor economist is cramped and worried even when she has a large income; a good economist has a margin, though her allowance happen to be small.

Speaking of margins, the late Prince Albert is always quoted as a man of singular good sense and sweetness of character. In writing to his daughter, then a young girl, now the Dowager Empress of Germany, mother of the reigning Kaiser, the wise father gave this advice: "Never spend all you have. Keep a margin for expenses which may be unforeseen."

This is a very safe rule for every one—always to reserve at least a little, a thing which can be done if we are very decided about the trifles. It is usually the little expenses, a few cents here, a few cents there, which make the big holes in a girl's income.

I do not think that boys are more saving than girls, though there is an opinion to that effect among some people. The fact is that such qualities as economy and prudence are not affairs of sex. They do not belong especially to boys or especially to girls, but depend on training, on conscience, and on disposition.

You ought to have a talk with mamma, and know precisely how much your allowance is meant to cover. Are you expected to buy your own gloves, your handkerchiefs, ties, ribbons, and the small odds and ends of your toilette? Then do you pay your car fares and daily expenses from this sum? And do your church and Sunday-school money, and your little charities, come out of this too? Be sure to have a clear understanding on the whole subject.

Having found out all about it, keep an account of what you receive and what you spend. A little book, with a pencil attached by a string, will be the greatest convenience here, and you can set down every day what you pay out for this or the other thing, and balance the sum at the end of the week. A girl who keeps her accounts with care need never be worried about money. It is not honest to spend what you do not possess. And it is very stupid to be a poor manager.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*



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

Sixteen Years' Subscriber asks where or how one could learn to use a kodak. Full directions for using a kodak accompany the camera; but if one has a friend who uses a camera, it would take but a little time for him to show him how to manipulate the instrument. The making of a good picture is only the result of experience and experiments. After spoiling two dozen plates one generally learns what the camera will and will not do. Directions for developing, etc., are given in the Camera Club Department. "Papers for Beginners" will be found very helpful.

J. C. P. R. says he made some paper according to formula given for plain paper, but in a day or two it had discolored so as to be unfit for use. He says he dried the paper by a gentle heat, wrapped it in brown paper, and put it in a tin box. If there was only a slight discoloration the paper would make good prints which would give clear whites when printed, toned, and washed. A yellowish brown tint does not affect the printing qualities of the paper. The paper gives best results if it can be used the day it is made. If made at night, it should be used the next day. Three days is the longest it can be warranted to keep.

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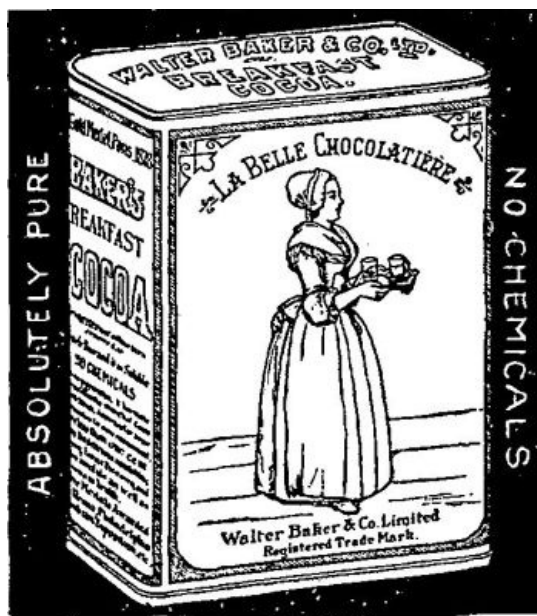
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The **FINEST SAMPLE BOOK** of Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards ever offered for a 2 cent stamp. These are **GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH.** UNION CARD CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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## **Harper's Catalogue,**

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

To Cincinnati belongs the honor of casting one of the largest of the world's bells. Its weight is about fifteen tons; diameter of rim, nine feet; circumference, nearly thirty feet; diameter of crown, five feet; height, seven feet. Six hundred and forty pounds is the weight of the clapper, and fifteen feet the diameter of the bell's wheel. The bell will be swung on a yoke, to which five silver plates will be attached bearing the history of the bell, together with that of the persons whose medallions adorn it. Among the latter is Joseph O. Buddeke, who bequeathed the sum of \$10,000, two-thirds of the cost of this giant bell.

Four designs ornament the bell's outer surface. They are in low Gothic relief. The low Gothic was used because high-relief ornaments are more apt to be broken in the casting, thus marring the tone of a bell. Immediately above the thickest portion of the bell is the Lord's prayer in Latin, inscribed in Gothic characters over half a foot in height. Around the crown are placed the phrases:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congreo clerum,  
Funera prango, fungere frango, sublata pango."

Of these, the latter phrase was the inscription commonly placed on church bells during the Middle Ages. It was usually accompanied by the phrase:

"Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos."

Originally, as will be borne out by their translation, these quaint expressions arose from the belief in the charm of a church bell's sound. Note the different occasions on which bells were, and are to some extent to-day, pealed—at sun down, at bed-time, at a wedding, and at funerals. Of the designs on the bell one is civic, the other ecclesiastical. Above the civic design an American eagle is perched. Below the eagle are the seals of the United States, of Ohio, and of Cincinnati. Around this design are grouped medallions of the donor of the bell and those of the members of his family. Two flags are draped on either side.

On the other side of the bell is the ecclesiastical design. Its parts are arranged similarly to those of the civic design. In place of the eagle there is the Pope's tiara. Under it in order are the medallion of Leo XIII., his seal, and the medallion of Archbishop Elder, the head of the diocese of Cincinnati. The Elder medallion, occupying the central position of this design, is flanked on either side by medallions of Bishop Purcell, Cincinnati's first bishop, and Archbishop Fenwick. The bell is formed of an alloy of copper and tin, in the proportion of seventy-eight to twenty-two. This is given by modern experts as the best proportions of the two metals that can be used in the composition of bell-metal. No silver is used in the alloy; for that, contrary to popular belief, injures the tone of a bell when mixed with the copper and tin.

When finished, the bell will be exhibited, and then hung in the belfry of St. Francis de Sales church. There it is to be one of a peal of twenty-five. The other bells of this peal are yet to be cast. How far our bell will compare in size with the other great bells of the world can be gleaned from the following:

The largest bell ever cast is the great bell of Moscow, now used as the dome of an underground chapel. Its height is nearly 22 feet, and its weight, 193 tons. The next in size is also a Moscovian affair weighing 80 tons. China has a great bell weighing, it is claimed, 60 tons. There is a bell in the cathedral at Montreal weighing 13½ tons. Other famous bells are, "The Great Peter," cast at York, 1843, weighing 10¾ tons; "Great Tom," at Lincoln, 5½ tons; and the great bell of St. Paul's, 5-1/10 tons.

SIMON THEODORE STERN.  
NEW YORK CITY.

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## The Ancients not so Slow.

I saw in the Table that query from a New York Knight about what the ancients believed concerning the roundness of the world. The error of thinking that the roundness is a modern discovery is common. The word *polus* is derived from the Greek πόλος, which means an axis. From this we see that the old Roman philosophers did believe that the world was round. Again, if this Knight had read carefully the First Book of the Aeneid, he would have noticed line 233, which reads,

"Cunctus of Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis."

If the Greeks and Romans did not know that the world was round, how can we account for the expression *orbis terrarum* which means "the *circle* of the earth," or simply "the world." Once more, in 46 B.C., Julius Cæsar, who was not only a warrior, but also a profound scholar, divided the year into twelve lunar months. To do this he must have been cognizant of the fact that the world is round. Virgil uses the word *polus* only as a



metonymy for *caelum*, which means heaven, or the sky in general. The primitive use of the word may be found in the writings of Ovid and Pliny.

HERBERT A. GIBBONS.  
PHILADELPHIA.

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### **The helping hand.**

The energetic Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter, of Cincinnati, which has already done its full share in helping the School Fund, sends us the following, which we print with pleasure.

### **A LETTER FOR EVERY MEMBER.**

Shall the Round Table fail in building its School?

Yes, if we do not make some effort.

No, if we follow the plan of this letter.

We have undertaken to build this school and have practically pledged our word to do so, and now are we to fail? You have it in your power to answer no. We have named our Chapters after great men, promising them to make these Chapters an honor to their names. Are we to make these men regret they have Chapters named for them? One of the Round Table editors recently said that if each Knight and Lady gave 5 cents (only 5 cents), the School Fund would be complete. This is the plan:

Below you will find a Good Will square. Fill it out and send 5 cents to the Fund. Let every one of the 25,000 Knights and Ladies respond to this and we will have our school. Fill out the "square" and send it as soon as you read this. Do not wait for others to contribute. Do not make us ashamed of the Round Table. Every member of our Chapter feels his honor and that of the Round Table at stake, and in this letter exhorts you as fellow-members to help. Let us make this a grand rally and not a last weak effort of fifty or sixty members to save the day.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CHAPTER.  
CINCINNATI.

### **GOOD WILL MITE**

### **HARPER'S ROUND TABLE**

### **INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND**

*Amount, \$.....*  
*.....*  
*Contributor.*

*This money is contributed, not because it is asked for, but because I want to give it.*

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If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be detached for filing. If the amount is given by more than one contributor, add blanks for their names, but attach the added sheet firmly to the Mite, that it may not become detached and lost. Include a given name in each case, and write plainly, to avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

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### **Word-Hunt Contests.**

Very great interest was taken in our "word" contests. We offered \$50 in money to those who could find the most words in Webster and Worcester that might be made from the letters composing the words "Harper's New Monthly"; and the same sum, to persons under eighteen, who did the same with the letters composing the words "Harper's' Round Table." In both cases the money was to be divided, \$25 to first, \$10 to second, \$5 to third, and \$1 each to the next ten.

Over eleven thousand persons took part in these contests. We had certain rules, but answers received were entered in the competitions whether contestants conformed to the rules or not. None were excluded. Where rules were not followed words were cut out, all contestants being treated precisely the same. Some of our rules were unknown to a few contestants, but no one suffered on that account. The winners are those who exercised the most diligence.

Some contestants counted in a most extraordinary fashion, hundreds claiming in their totals from two to five times as many words as they really had. Others included plurals, when plurals were

forbidden, and many did not number their words. Contestants who sent lists longer than the winning ones are assured that their lists, when subjected to our uniform and fair conditions, fell to much smaller proportions than when they left their hands.

It is an odd circumstance that almost all of the Junior winners live in Pennsylvania. But they resided in widely separated towns, and did not work together. The first Junior prize, of \$25, was won by John A. Contant, Titusville, Pa., whose list contains 4585 words. The other winners are: Second prize, \$10, M. W. Morton, Wingham, Canada, 4484 words; third prize, \$5, Chauncey Shackford Curtis, Pittsburg, Pa., 4340 words; and the next ten, \$1 each, James Norman McLeod, Scranton, Pa.; Willard O. Carpenter, Troy, N. Y.; George Conradson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hannah Adair, Fort Stevens—will she please give the State?—E. Lawrence Conwell, Upland, Pa.; Glen Skinner, Oak Valley, Kansas; Julia Ann Stiff, Maybrook, Va.; Henry O. Evans, Jun., who gives no address; Clarence Lessels, Troy, N. Y.; and Clayton Dovey, Latrobe, Pa. All of these ten had correct lists exceeding 4000 words.

Winners in the Senior contest were more widely distributed in the matter of residence. The sender of the longest list of words was Mrs. John D. Strange, Birmingham, Ala. Her list contained 4629 words, and she is awarded the first prize of \$25. The second prize-winner of \$10 is Miss Helen T. Littlefield, Avon, Mass., 4516 words; the third prize, \$5, Miss Jessie V. Shover, Baltimore, Md., 4463 words; and the next ten, \$1 each, were Miss Alice M. Chase, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Agnes R. Conwell, Chester, Pa.; Miss Bertha Fuller, Somerville, Mass.; Miss Mary E. Roebuck, Upland, Pa.; Miss Lavilla Humason, Portland, Ore.; Miss Rose Wood, South Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Edward G. Spencer, Penacook, N. H.; Miss Mary E. Chamberlain, Hudson, Mass.; Misses Irene and Ethel Bogert, Bayonne, N. J.; and Miss Mary Littlejohn, Fort Worth, Texas. All of the Senior winners had above 3800 words.

The prizes have been forwarded to reach winners at about the same time as this announcement of awards. While we congratulate the winners, we bid the losers to be of good cheer. It was a spirited contest, in which winners well earned their rewards.

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### Quite.

Here is an interesting question for ROUND TABLE readers. Take this sentence to your Latin teacher and ask him to translate it:

"Mater mea sus mala est."

He will probably make it, "My mother is a bad pig," or something equally nonsensical. But this is quite another story, "Hasten, mother, the pig is eating the apples!" Rather surprising, isn't it?

UPTON B. SINCLAIR, JUN., R.T.F.

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### Questions and Answers.

Frances de Berard, Coulter, Colo., has specimens of jasper, agate, and white topaz, and wants tin ore, copper, amethyst, gold, or silver ores. A member asks what chemicals are put in batteries that run electric lights. These lights are not run by batteries, but by dynamos. Emma Jennette Pratt asks if any belong to the Order who also belong to the Society of Friends (Quakers). We think so, though we cannot say so certainly. Lady Emma's address is 135 Algoma Street, Oshkosh, Wis., and she wants to hear from the secretary of any Chapter that wants a corresponding member. George Jillard, 92 Thompson Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., asks if some Knight living in the South will send him, now or whenever possible, a few cotton bolls as they come from the plant. He will remit postage. Sybel N. Stone, Selak, Colo., is interested in petrified wood and agate specimens, and wants to hear from you. She lives in a region where these are to be obtained.



Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible.  
Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

How to find the water-mark on stamps?

First, hold it to the light; if the water-mark is well made it can be fairly well seen. Second, lay the stamp face downward on a piece of black goods or a dark japanned surface; then hold it at various angles, in direct light, cross light, near the eye, at arm's-length, etc. It is wonderful how elusive a water-mark can be, and after an expert has shown it to you it seems to stand out so plainly that you wonder how you could have missed it. If not yet successful, then, third, soak the stamp in water, and then try the second method again. As some stamps are printed in fugitive colors (Russia, U.S. due stamps, etc.), they should not be soaked in water. The dealers usually have a bottle of pure benzine, or alcohol nearly pure. In these liquids they plunge the finest stamps, even if unused and with original gum; the effect is about the same as if soaked in water, and neither gum nor colors are affected.

Have you heard of the "Stamp Hospital," where damaged stamps are made to *look* as good as new? No stamp which has gone through the hospital is worth more than a fraction of the value of a perfect stamp, but it is worth two or three times as much as in its original damaged state. The doctor in charge of the stamp hospital is a clever German living in Berlin, who is a thorough philatelist, artist, and mechanic combined. One of the Round Table readers had a very rare stamp catalogued at \$350 to \$500 if in perfect condition. This stamp was sold to a dealer in New York city for \$100. A large piece had been torn off the right-hand side of the stamp, and the corners were uneven. The dealer sent it to the hospital in Germany, where it was put under a course of treatment, and returned to him with a bill of \$10 for repairs. Although the stamp was printed on very thin paper, the doctor had pasted on a piece of similar paper, and then painted the missing part in the exact color. When held up to the light no joint could be seen, and the whole appearance was that of a perfect copy, beautifully centred, wide margins, etc. The dealer has since sold the copy at a fair advance. Of course water must not touch the stamp; even a drop might loosen the patched up portion; but the collector who now has it in his album will watch it carefully and keep it from danger.

J. BALL.—The stamps of Afghanistan were cancelled by tearing out a piece. Used copies not torn are extremely scarce.

HANCOCK.—Send me a "rubbing" of the coin.

R. C. WILSON.—English coins are not collected in this country. If the date is undecipherable, even a rare coin would have little value. The two U.S. coins have no premium value.

F. W. DOBBS.—Dealers ask \$1.50 each for U. S. gold dollars of the common dates, and from \$2 to \$3 for those coined in the later years. The cents named are worth from 5c. to 50c., according to condition.

A. MEIENBORN.—We do not buy or sell stamps.

PHILATUS.

---

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99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> PURE

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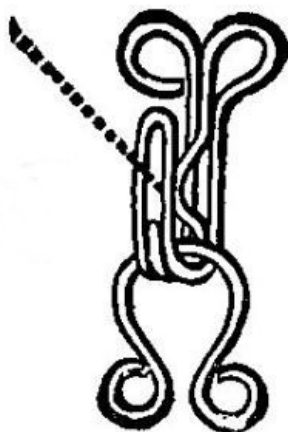
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**HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York**

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## BOBBIE'S DECLAMATION.

I'm very fond of talking,  
But I do not like to speak;  
This class in declamation  
Is a thing that makes me weak.

To speak a piece is not much fun,  
At least not to my eye;  
'Tis better far, as you'll agree,  
To eat a piece—of pie.

GASTON V. DRAKE.

---

## A GOOD REPLY.

A number of prominent literary men were at one time gathered together in a well-known chop-house in New York. The conversation was, of course, brilliant, and the repartee sparkled with mirth and wit. During a lull in the talk the door was slowly opened, and an old Southern ducky, grizzled with age, poked his head in, and then slowly drew his body after him. A waiter immediately started to eject him, when one of the gentlemen cried out, "Wait a moment! let's see what he wants!" The old ducky hobbled up to the table where this gentleman sat, and held out his hat. Throwing a wink to his neighbors, the gentleman took the hat, and making a show of placing something into it, bravely passed it on to the next gentleman, who did likewise. The hat made a tour of the entire room, to the puzzled wonder of the ducky. The last man to receive it solemnly handed it back, with a very polite bow, saying, "There, sir, don't you think you have something to be thankful for?" The old ducky looked slowly round the company, and mechanically taking the hat said, "Gen'men, I's indeed tankful dat I's eben got de hat back." The reply was so thoroughly enjoyed by the company that the old ducky left the place a much richer man than he had entered it.

---

"I don't see why it is," said Ethel, "that they begin the new year in January, when everything is all dead and cold and horrid. I should think they'd begin it in April, when the little buds begin to burst out on the trees, and the grass and crocuses and things begin to come up. Then everything looks new, and it would seem more 'propriate."

---

## WRONG AS TO SEX.

HEBER. "Papa, we call a war between people of the same nation an internecine war, don't we?"

FATHER. "Yes, my boy."

HEBER. "Wouldn't it be better to call it an internephew war? The nieces never have anything to do with war."

---

BOBBY. "Did you turn over a new leaf?"

JACK. "Yes, I did, December 31st."

BOBBY. "Why didn't you wait until New-Year's day?"

JACK. "Because, you see, if the leaf flies back again, I can say it was last year's leaf."

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## TWO BOOKS.

"I got a lovely book with movable pictures in it," said Tommy.

"Did you indeed?" said the visitor. "And what did the baby get!"

"He got a book with removable pictures," snickered Tommy.

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## A FAIRY JINGLE.

"Where are you going so fast, little maid?"

"To the beautiful story-book land," she said.

"And what do you think you'll see, little maid?"

"Just listen to me, and I'll tell you," she said.

I'll see Mother Goose with her cap and her broom;  
I'll kiss Cinderella in ashes at home;  
I'll climb up Jack's ladder, if only to beg  
A peep at the hen that can lay a gold egg;

"Or the harp that plays sweetly  
Whenever you move it—  
Nurse tells me that often,  
But never can prove it.

"I'll learn without doubt,  
If 'tis true all I feared  
Of the six headless wives  
Of cruel Bluebeard.

"I'll talk with Aladdin  
Of his magic lamp;  
In the seven-league boots  
I'll go for a tramp;

"Drink milk from the cow  
That jumped over the moon;  
And eat from the dish  
That ran off with the spoon.

"I'll dance to the fiddles  
Of merry King Cole;  
Hear the knell of Cock-Robin  
Most solemnly toll;

"Drop leaves on the graves  
Of the Babes in the Wood;  
And talk to the wolf  
That met Red Riding-Hood.

"I'll shake by the hand  
Each old and dear friend,  
My doubts all about them  
Forever at end."

K. L. G. D.

---



**A KID IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS.**

**MR. WILLIAM GOAT, JUN., IN THE CHARACTER OF  
CAPTAIN KIDD, MAKES QUITE A SUCCESS IN BARN  
THEATRICALS.**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JANUARY 7, 1896  
\*\*\*

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