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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE WRECK OF THE "MARIA HELENA."

BY REAR-ADMIRAL T. H. STEVENS, U.S.N.

On the 20th of December, 1848, I sailed from Honolulu, where I had been naval-store-keeper for many years. My vessel was the Chilean merchant-ship *Maria Helena*, and she carried as passengers several others who had long resided in the Hawaiian Islands, and who were now returning for a definite stay at home; among those were my wife, another lady, and two small children.

It was somewhat melancholy to bid farewell to the friends among whom we had lived so long, and whom we never expected to meet again, but never did a ship leave port under more favorable auspices. Wind and weather combined their happiest influences, and over the smooth water we sailed, until the island of Oahu, with its pleasant valleys and bold, romantic scenery, was lost to view. The next morning we saw Hawaii, with Kilauea breathing fire and smoke from its lofty crest, and Maui a cloudy speck in the distance. They also were soon lost to view, and nothing remained for the eye to rest on but the heaving ocean and here and there a solitary sea-bird. After losing sight of the islands, nothing of interest occurred until the 3d of January, when a large fish was harpooned, the liver of which was to have afforded a fine breakfast for the inmates of the cabin the next morning.

At one o'clock that night the Captain, supposing that we would pass Christmas Island about that time, took two observations of the stars for the latitude. These put us in the latitude of the island, but, as there was no indication of land, and as the chronometer put us forty miles to the eastward, the skipper felt secure, and turned in for the night. The cabin lights were put out and all was quiet; nothing disturbed the stillness of repose save the deep breathing of the tired sleeper, dreaming, perhaps, of the native land that he hoped to see so soon again. Suddenly a startling and alarmed voice was heard from the look-out on the fo'c's'le, "Breakers ahead! Hard alee! Hard alee!"

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Like an electric shock that sound passed through the souls of the sleepers, spreading consternation, and rousing them to a sense of dreadfully imminent danger. With one impulse all rushed on deck, to behold through the darkness of the night a long uninterrupted line of breakers, and to hear, above the stern words of command and the tread of hurrying feet, the wild angry roar of the surf. But even in that time of dread, hope was with us, and as the ship, still obedient to the will of her master, came slowly to the wind, there yet remained a chance of escape. The awed stillness of all on deck proclaimed how deep was the suspense. One brief moment more and the ship will be headed to sea; but suddenly she strikes; she trembles through all her strong timbers, and then resigns herself to her fate, and the breakers wash around her decks.

All hope of saving her was now at an end, and preparations were immediately begun to get the gig and whale-boat alongside in readiness to receive the women and children. Some delay occurred before this could be accomplished, and it was fully an hour before the boats were ready. During this time no expression of fear escaped from either of the ladies.

Notwithstanding the violent shocks that the ship received as she rose and fell upon the rocks with the heave of the sea, the children slept soundly, and when the boats were reported ready,

with a small quantity of provisions, water, and clothing, they and their mothers were passed into them without the smallest accident, although the exploit was attended with much danger, as the ship had by this time been driven close on to the roughest water about the reef.

As soon as the whale-boat had her full complement of passengers, I among them, she was hauled astern of the ship, which was lying parallel to the shore, and pulled seaward. When about a hundred yards away, the men lay on their oars, and all waited anxiously for the dawn to reveal the full extent of the danger.

Half an hour after we left the ship we heard an awful cracking of timbers above the roar of the breakers, and could just make out through the gloom of night the falling masts as they tottered one by one, and fell over to leeward. We immediately pulled toward the ship, and hailed her to inquire if any one was injured and how they were getting on. Some one replied that all was well, and that the vessel was lying much easier.

About half past four the waning moon rose, and we supposed that day was about to break, and that the sun would soon appear to show all the circumstances of our perilous position; but although we were in a condition of the most trying nature—our ship ashore on a frightful coast, and ourselves tossed about on the open sea in a leaky boat, totally ignorant of the character of the island and its extent—no one despaired.

At last, the day dawned, and revealed to our anxious eyes a line of low coast twenty or twenty-five miles in extent, making out in a considerable point to the north and west, the shore bounded, as far as the eye could reach, by a line of sullen breakers. In the indistinctness of the twilight some imagined that they could see houses, but these proved afterward to be clumps of low bushes scattered here and there upon a sandy and uninhabited island.

Soon after sunrise the Captain joined us in the gig, and, upon consulting together, we concluded to pull around the point referred to, and seek a landing under the lee side of the island. Had this plan been carried out we must all have suffered very much before we could have procured relief, as we had but a small breaker of water and a few biscuits in the boat, and would have had to pull a long distance before finding a suitable landing-place. After pulling about a mile to the westward we reflected on this want of provisions, and decided to return and try to land under the lee of the ship.

Preparatory to making the attempt, the gig was sent alongside to get a full crew, and then to land before us; but in attempting to board the ship she got into the rollers, and was capsized before she could be pulled clear. Some of the men were injured, but they finally reached the shore, although with a badly stove boat.

This was poor encouragement for us, but having come to the conclusion that there was only one course for us to take, we made all necessary preparations, and confiding the steering-oar to an experienced hand, waited for a smooth time to make our effort.

After waiting a few moments a favorable time came, and the boat was headed for the seething breakers. As we approached them all conversation ceased, and the compressed lip and rigid features showed our painful appreciation of the approaching crisis. Soon a huge roller lifted the little boat far above the surrounding water, and she sped on like an arrow. Scarcely had we begun to feel the swiftness of our flight before we struck the beach, and the ladies and children were landed and out of present danger. During the whole of the day they remained on the beach, with nothing but two small umbrellas to shelter them from the rays of a tropical sun, while the gentlemen, Captain, and crew were engaged in saving provisions and baggage from the wreck. This work continued until four in the afternoon, when the sea became so high and the surf so violent as to render further efforts impracticable.

We also saved some sails and spars, by means of which we erected a commodious tent for the ladies and passengers, and another for the men.

Shortly after being installed in our new quarters dinner was served, and was enjoyed by every one, as it was the first food we had had for twenty-four hours.

Before this, Mr. Christie, one of the passengers, had come in and announced that he had seen two sails in the offing, and without rest or refreshment he, the Captain, and a couple of sailors started off to make an effort to communicate with the welcome strangers. The rest of us retired to rest upon rude couches made from the wreckage, and after the fatigue and excitement of the day our sleep was sound.

About eight in the morning the exploring party returned with the news that they had found the wreck of the ship *Mozart* upon the eastern end of the island, that from a slip of paper they had found that she had gone ashore on the 7th of the previous December, and that the supposed sails in the offing were a couple of tents erected for shelter by her crew. Although our disappointment regarding the supposed ships was great, we were glad to learn from the note left that the crew of the *Mozart* had been taken from the island by a passing vessel within a week of her misfortune, and that therefore there seemed a reasonable prospect of our own early rescue.

Meanwhile we had to consider the necessities of a food and water supply. The water of the island was brackish and almost undrinkable, and food was scarce in the extreme, consisting mainly of the scanty stores taken from the *Maria Helena*, and some biscuits found aboard the *Mozart*. Sea-birds were plentiful, but difficult to capture.

The Captain and I soon overcame the water famine, however, by constructing a distiller from a rusty musket barrel and the remains of an old copper boiler.

About a week after the wreck the *Maria Helena* went to pieces during a storm, and in a short time her broken and ragged timbers strewn the shore. Soon after this the whale-boat, with Mr. Christie, the second mate, and four sailors started off to a low promontory about fifty miles away, to erect a signal for the attention of any passing ship, and to learn something of the character of the island.

In three days one of the men returned with the news that the boat had been upset in the breakers about forty miles away, and two seamen so badly injured that the rest of the party had been compelled to leave them behind with all the water that had been saved. The uninjured ones then started to return to the ship, which they reached after incredible difficulty and hardship, and a few days afterwards the wounded men were found and brought back.

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In the mean time the long-boat of the *Mozart* had been found and decked over for sea-service. We intended to send her to Honolulu to give intelligence of our precarious situation, and to beg for relief. During the time occupied in her refitting we passed many long hours in writing to our friends. At last the letters were finished, the boat ready, and we only awaited a smooth time for her launch. This came on a Sunday, but we all felt that our situation justified a seeming violation of the day.

The word was given to shove off, and with lusty strokes the little boat was impelled forward. Breaker after breaker followed each other in quick succession, like the sturdy blows of the smith; yet she rode safely. But like a stealthy thief in the night was the insidious wave that began to form beyond the breaking waters. At first but a barely perceptible undulation, it acquired volume and power as it approached the reef, and came thundering on as though conscious of its fearful majesty and might. Nearer and nearer came that dreaded enemy, rearing its horrid form aloft, until it struck the boat, and its work was accomplished. We watched the receding wave with straining eyes, and were right joyous to see all the crew clinging to the capsized boat or striking out manfully for the shore. All but one landed safely, and four or five of the watchers dashed in to his rescue. At last the Captain succeeded in hauling him ashore, but although for two hours we made every effort to restore him to consciousness, all our exertions failed.

After this fruitless attempt we were obliged to wait a fortnight until the surf was moderate enough to warrant another trial. On the 7th of February the boat was launched again, placed in charge of her crew, which consisted of the first mate and four men, and anchored outside the reef in safety. The rest of the day was passed in provisioning her for her cruise, and on the morning of the next day the little vessel weighed anchor, made sail to the northward and eastward, and went gallantly on her way amid our cheers and blessings.

A long period of suspense was now passed, but on the morning of the 16th of March a sail hove in sight, and soon proved to be the French frigate *Sarcelle*, which had been despatched to our assistance by the French consul at Honolulu as soon as he heard of our disaster from the first mate. The long-boat had made her perilous journey in twenty-two days.

The surf was too rough to attempt embarkation the morning after the *Sarcelle* arrived, and we sent a message off to her by a Kanaka, who was the only one of the party that could be trusted in the heavy sea—which no boat could have lived through. He was furnished with a small surf-board, and the note was hung in a bottle, which he tied around his neck. He then walked out to the edge of the breakers, and waited for a favorable opportunity before he attempted to breast them.

The enterprise that he was about to undertake was hazardous in the extreme, and his every movement was watched intently by all hands standing on the beach. The quick succession in which the rollers followed each other, their irregularity, and the sharp coral rocks just below the surface made the surf here particularly dangerous. Skill and courage were necessary to pass safely through the boiling waters.

For ten or fifteen minutes after the boy was ready he stood silently watching the breakers, waiting for a lull, and then sprang forward, keeping his surf-board extended before him. The skill and ease with which he ascended the perpendicular rollers as they came towering on, and the courage which he displayed throughout, were the admiration of all. As some huge breaker, more formidable than any that had preceded it, formed outside and came thundering on, all expected to see him thrown back before its tremendous power; but with his board raised perpendicularly before him, he climbed to the lofty crest, and was lost to view behind the conquered wave that came rushing on to break sullenly on the shore. Again and again he encountered his enemy, again and again to succeed.

In returning, the surf-board was thrown away, and awaiting a good opportunity as before, he swam boldly into the rollers, keeping his face toward them, and diving whenever they threatened to break. In this way he reached the shore without a single bruise, bringing an answer that the *Sarcelle* would go around to the lee side of the island, where we could embark in safety.

The next morning our caravan started, and after much suffering from fatigue and thirst, we reached the French camp at 11 P.M. of the second day.

We were treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy, and on the 26th of March got under way for Honolulu. By ten o'clock Christmas Island, the resting-place of so many weeks, sunk below the horizon, and in sixteen days we stood once more on the wharf at Honolulu, surrounded again by our welcoming friends.

SAN JACINTO CORN. [1]

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

There are thousands who remember the shout of sympathy
That rolled from the New England hills down to the Mexic sea
When the brave and gallant Houston, with his desperate little band,
On San Jacinto's flowery plain won freedom for the land.

They brought before him Santa Anna, the crafty and the bold,
The wretch who wrote the cruel words: "Slay both the young and old.
Spare no American you see; set all their homes ablaze;
For they are heretics in faith, foreign in speech and ways."

A fugitive, a captive bound, he stood that bright May day
Among the stern and angry men that he had vowed to slay,
And bowed with all his Spanish grace, and said, in accents bland:
"General, you are most fortunate to lead so brave a band!

"Are they Americans? If so, I do not understand
The men whom Mexico permits to settle in this land.
I am a soldier, but ne'er saw such men since I was born."
Then Houston took out of his pouch part of an ear of corn.

"No, sir, you do not understand," he, smiling proudly, said.
"For four days we have lived on corn, tasted not meat or bread.
How could you hope to e'er enslave men that were free men born?
And who can watch and march and fight upon an ear of corn?"

Young Zavala made answer swift: "The hope indeed is vain.
General, from off that ear of corn give me, I pray, one grain;
And I will plant the precious seed, and hoard whate'er it yields,
Till I can freely scatter it o'er all my pleasant fields!"

"And I a grain!" "And I a grain!" cried all the eager band.
Till Santa Anna surely felt he could not understand
The men who prized a grain of corn because in memory
It linked itself with a Texan fight for faith and liberty.

But in a few short years each grain increased a million-fold,
And over many a lovely mile the pleasant story told.
I heard it rustling in their leaves one sunny July morn
Camping among the tasselled ears of the San Jacinto corn.



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THE BUFFALO DOLL SHOW.

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.

All the Jenny Wrens of Buffalo were busy for weeks beforehand, preparing for the event of the season—the *News Doll Show* at Music Hall—and when the opening day arrived the result of their labor must have surprised even these industrious little workers. The first impression as one entered the great hall was that not only all the dolls in Buffalo, but in all the towns in the vicinity, had accepted the invitation to be present. There were dolls everywhere. They hung from the balcony, and clung to the fronts of the boxes; they clustered in pyramids against the walls, and crowded the boughs of huge Christmas trees; they stood on tables, and filled the evergreen arches; and each one seemed to be doing her "sawdust best" to make this the finest doll show ever given.

A more democratic gathering of dolls could hardly be imagined. They came in silks and velvets, in

calicoes and muslins, in wools and in laces; they wore gorgeous Worth costumes, tailor-made gowns, and party, walking, and working gowns. Two came in bloomers, but seemed rather ashamed of themselves, and tried to hide behind a group of demure-faced nuns. There were newsboys, college-boys, Indian warriors, boy choristers, brave knights in shining armor, and solemn priests with gown and book. There were nurses in caps and aprons, milkmaids with milking stools and pails, Salvation-Army lasses, royal queens of England, and Quakers in soft gray gowns, with looks of mild astonishment at finding themselves in such a mixed company.

The doll show was planned for the purpose of giving to every little girl in Buffalo, between the ages of two and ten years, whom Santa Claus seldom if ever visits, a doll at Christmas. All the dolls were to be given away, except some of the groups, and those which were to compete for prizes, and be afterward sold. The money taken for admission and from the sale of dolls was to be divided between the Buffalo Fitch Crèche and free kindergartens, so it was no wonder that every one was interested.

Dolls were arranged to illustrate scenes from stories and from real life, and, of course, the two charities which were to have the benefit of the show were represented. A perfect fac-simile of the interior of the crèche nursery, even to the wall-paper, was shown in miniature. The nurses and babies were dolls. Baby dolls were sleeping in cradles; others were playing in the fenced and cushioned "pond," where the little one learns to creep; and others were sitting in the laps of doll nurses, taking real milk out of tiny bottles. This group was made and donated by the pupils of St. Margaret's School, and over the nursery was suspended a beautiful doll representing St. Margaret, made after the figure of St. Margaret in the famous painting in Glasgow.

The representation of the other charity—the free kindergarten—was so perfect in every detail that it seemed as if a fairy must have touched a real kindergarten with her magic wand, causing both room and pupils to shrink to Lilliputian size. So natural were the attitudes of the dolls at their work, play, and study, that one almost expected them to move about like real kindergartners.



THE MAYPOLE DANCE.

One of the gayest groups was arranged on a raised platform in the centre of the hall. This was the Maypole dance, where, holding the ends of bright ribbons, merry-faced dolls danced about two Maypoles, which were festooned with flowers. "How natural!" was the exclamation of each spectator, while the dolls in the balcony looked down on this group as if envying them their good time, and wishing themselves in their places.

Two groups of special interest to the boys—for even boys condescended to visit the doll show—were the football game and the bowling-alley. For the football a ground had been marked off on green baize, and here a lively scrimmage was going on; the make-up of the players was exact, even to the long hair. One poor fellow, who had doubtless been in the thickest of the "rush," was limping off the ground, his clothes torn and muddy, his face stained with blood, and his football hair standing out in every direction. In direct contrast to this scrambling group were the tenpin-players in the bowling-alley. Two were playing—for it was a double alley—while the others stood in order, watching the game and waiting their turn at the bowls, each of them as silent and as grave as the famous tenpin-players of the Kaatskills.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

Whoever had read Chaucer's enchanting *Canterbury Tales* could not fail to recognize in one quaintly attired group the pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, with Chaucer riding in their midst. The stately knight was at the head; following him was the "younge squire," and "short was his gown with sleeves long and wide"; and bringing up the rear was the fat and jolly priest. Having seen this merry company, one longed to hear again the charming tales they told at the old Tabard Inn in Canterbury. Next to this Old-World group was what might be called nineteenth-century pilgrims—a band of Salvation-Army lasses marching to the sound of drum, waving their banners, and shouting their "War-Cry."



THE SALVATION ARMY.

The most elaborate group exhibited was called "A Hunt Breakfast" (reproduced at the beginning of this article), representing the annual "meet," when the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Bathurst join in a fox-hunt, an event of great importance among English sportsmen. The group surround a breakfast-table spread with every eatable found on an English breakfast-table on a "meet" morning, the food, both in form and color, being an exact imitation. The men were dressed in hunting costumes, the Duke of Beaufort and his huntsmen wearing blue broadcloth coats with buff facings, while the Earl of Bathurst and the "Vale of White Horse" men wore pink broadcloth, the cloth being imported from England expressly for these tiny huntsmen. Both parties wore white twill hunting-breeches and high top hunting-boots, and the latter would have taxed the skill of a fairy's boot-maker. At a side table one of the hostesses was pouring tea, the tea-set being of Dresden china, decorated in pink and blue, the sportsmen's colors. The whole scene was duplicated in a three-panelled mirror at the back, which was twined with holly and evergreens. At either side of the room was arranged an English park scene. Pink water-lilies floated on tiny ponds, statues showed amid the shrubbery, and a background of evergreen gave the appearance of a real wood. This peep at the way English aristocracy amuses itself was originated and arranged by Mrs. Harry Hamlin, of Buffalo, whose husband takes an active part in the well-known Genesee Valley hunts, which were described a short time ago in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*.

The doll which attracted the most attention was one which had come all the way from Paris—where she had just taken a prize at a doll show there—to attend the Buffalo doll show, and see how such things were done in America. From the tip of her fluffy parasol to the toe of her slender boot she was a true Parisian. Her gown was of pink brocaded satin, her coat and high poke bonnet were of moss-green velvet. In one hand she held a lace fan, and in the other a ruffled chiffon parasol, and a point-lace handkerchief peeped from a jewelled shopping-bag which she carried on her arm. Her clothing was not her chief attraction, for Mademoiselle could do wonderful things—for a doll. She turned her head, fanned herself, twirled her parasol, bowed gracefully, winked in a most coquettish manner, and shrugged her shoulders now and then as if the great doll show was all very well for America, but couldn't compare with Paris.



"THE LAST ONE!"

One group that attracted a great deal of attention represented a little newsboy, who is a well-known figure in Buffalo, selling his "last one" to a lady. The doll which won first prize was a copy of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, and was of perfect proportion, even to the base on which it stood. Instead of a torch, she held in her hand an incandescent light.

Saturday was children's day, and all of that day the hall was filled with them. All the children's institutions had been given tickets of admission, and not one child missed the show. To them it must have been a glimpse into fairy-land. An East-Side free kindergarten teacher took the precaution of tying the children under her charge all together with a rope, after the fashion of a Swiss mother who passed through Buffalo a few years ago on her way to the far West, with her ten children tied together with a clothes-line. The children exclaimed over and admired the grown-up dolls, but not one was heard to wish for one for her *very own*.

"Wouldn't you like that nice doll for yours?" said an older sister to the little maid in her charge, pointing to a doll in a wonderful Worth gown.

"No, I would not," came the quick reply. "She's far too old. Do you think I want to be a grandmother?"

"They're just lovely," said one little girl, as she walked round the stage looking at the prize dolls; "but they're not nice to play with. I want a doll that will wash."

"Here is the doll I like best of all," said a brown-eyed maid, stopping before a two-year-old baby doll with curly hair and laughing black eyes.

"And I! And I too!" said half a dozen others, crowding closer. "She's just the doll you could cuddle and take comfort with."

An agent of Santa Claus was at the show on children's day. A poorly clad child was gazing wistfully at a table loaded with "every-day" dolls. "Which of those would you like best?" said a voice at her elbow, and there stood a stout gentleman looking down at her in the most friendly manner. "This, sir, if you please, sir," pointing to a doll in pink gingham. In a moment it was in her arms, and the gentleman was gone; but he was heard from at various tables, though no one could keep track of him very long; and owing to his kindness many children who never had a "boughten" doll before carried one home then. No one found out who he was, but one five-year-old, who hugged a flaxen-haired doll to her heart, said she "guessed he was Santa Claus's brother."

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There were ten thousand dolls at the doll show, and the day before Christmas the police force and the members of the charity organizations distributed them, and on Christmas morning there were many happy doll mothers in Buffalo who, for the first time in their little lives, tended doll babies—thanks to the *News Doll Show* at Music Hall.

A PATIENT TUSSLE.

If I were you I wouldn't mind
A tussle with my Latin verb;
I'd rule myself in study hours

As if with steady rein and curb.
One day you'll find that Latin text,
If you'll have patience, just superb.

AMATEUR COOKING FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The amount of pleasure that a little girl can have with a cooking-stove that will really and truly cook is difficult for any one who has not tried it to realize. In these days toy cooking-stoves are so made that a real true fire can be made in them, and very good meals can be cooked, even if the stove is a small one.

Two little children, a boy and girl aged respectively six and eight, think there is no fun in the world like that of cooking their supper on their stove, which stands on the hearth in their nursery. Their mamma is a good housekeeper, and has a wonderful old-fashioned receipt-book, in which she has written receipts for grown-up people's food, but which she finds can be used by the children if only a third of the materials are taken. Last week these two children—we will call them Howard and Marion, although these are not their real names—were allowed to invite their cousin Ruth to take supper with them, and to cook the supper themselves. Howard made the fire very carefully, with only just enough paper to start the shavings of wood. Then when it blazed up and the draught was good he put in some more wood and some very fine coal. Marion in the mean time was busy preparing the materials for cooking; she had to get ready creamed chicken, creamed potatoes, and cup-cake. The chicken had already been roasted and the potatoes boiled, but she had to cut up both the meat and vegetable into small pieces.

The cream sauce had to be made by adding two teaspoonfuls of flour to a half-cup of cream, and stirring it well before putting on to warm. When the sauce was ready to heat, two saucepans were filled, one with the chicken and the other with the potatoes, and the sauce was poured over them. A pinch of salt was added, and they were left on the fire until thoroughly cooked. As the fire was burning well, this was about five minutes. Served hot, these were two delicious dishes, I can assure you.

The cake both children helped to make from the following receipt, called cup-cake: 1 cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 3 cups of flour, 1 cup of milk, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda. This receipt is for grown-up people, so the children only used a third of it; but it was quite as good. Marion beat the sugar and butter together until it looked like thick cream, while Howard was beating the eggs. Then the flour and beaten eggs were stirred up with the sugar and butter, and the soda (dissolved in milk) was added as a finishing touch. Then it was poured into the cunningest little patty-pan imaginable, all buttered so it would not stick to the bottom, and was put in the oven, where it only had to stay fifteen minutes, as the fire was burning just right.

There are many other things these children have learned to cook, but these three are their favorites, and they say they really can't tell which they enjoy most, the cooking or the eating.

THE MIDDLE DAUGHTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHAPTER III.

GRACE TAKES A HAND.

"Mother darling, may I have a good long talk with you to-day, a confidential talk, we two by ourselves?"

"Yes, Grace, I shall be delighted."

"And when can it be? You always have so many around you, dear: and no wonder, this is the centre of the house, this chair, which is your throne."

"Well, let me see," said Mrs. Wainwright, considering. "After dinner the children go to Sunday-school, and papa has always a few Sunday patients whom he must visit. Between two and four I am always alone on Sunday, and we can have a chat then. Mildred and Frances will probably walk home with Miriam, and want to carry you off to the Manse to tea."

"Not on my first home Sunday, mamma," said Grace. "I must have every littlest bit of that here, though I do expect to have good times with the Manse girls. Is Mrs. Raeburn as sweet as ever? I remember her standing at the station and waving me good-by when I went away with auntie, and Amy, the dearest wee fairy, was by her side."

"Amy is full of plans," said Mrs. Wainwright. "She is going to the League to study art if her mother can spare her. Mildred and Frances want to go on with their French, and one of the little boys, I forget which, has musical talent; but there is no one in Highland who can teach the piano. The Raeburn children are all clever and bright."

"They could hardly help being that, mamma, with such a father and mother, and the atmosphere of such a home."

All this time there was the hurry and bustle of Sunday morning in a large family where every one goes to church, and the time between breakfast and half past ten is a scramble. Grace kept quietly on with the work she had that morning assumed, straightening the quilts on the invalid's chair, bringing her a new book, and setting a little vase with a few late flowers on the table by her side. Out of Grace's trunks there had been produced gifts for the whole household, and many pretty things, pictures and curios, which lent attractiveness to the parlor, grown shabby and faded with use and poverty, but still a pretty and homelike parlor, as a room which is lived in by well-bred people must always be.

"Well, when the rest have gone to Sunday-school and papa has started on his afternoon rounds, I'll come here and take my seat, where I used to when I was a wee tot, and we'll have an old-fashioned confab. Now if the girls have finished dressing, I'll run and get ready for church. I'm so glad all through that I can again hear one of Dr. Raeburn's helpful sermons."

Mrs. Wainwright smiled.

"To hear Frances's and Amy's chatter, one would not think that so great a privilege, Grace."

"Oh, that amounts to nothing, mamma! Let somebody else criticise their father, and you'd hear another story. Ministers' families are apt to be a little less appreciative than outsiders, they are so used to the minister in all his moods. But Dr. Raeburn's *Every Morning* has been my companion book to the Bible ever since I was old enough to like and need such books, and though I was so small when I went that I remember only the music of his voice, I want to hear him preach again."

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"Grace," came a call from the floor above, "you can have your turn at the basin and the looking-glass if you'll come this minute. Hurry, dear, I'm keeping Eva off by strategy. You have your hair to do, and I want you to hook my collar. You must have finished in mother's room, and it's my belief you two are just chattering. Harry, please, dear!"

"Yes, Miriam, I'm coming. But let Eva go on. It takes only a second for me to slip into my jacket. I never dress for church," she explained to her mother. "This little black gown is what I always wear on Sundays."

"I wish you could have a room of your own, daughter. It's hard after you've had independence so long to be sandwiched in between Miriam and Eva. But we could not manage another room just now." The mother looked wistful.

"I'm doing very well, mamma. Never give it a thought. Why, it's fun being with my sisters as I always used to be. Miriam is the one entitled to a separate room, if anybody could have it."

Yet she stifled a sigh as she ran up to the large ill-appointed chamber which the three sisters used in common.

When you have had your own separate individual room for years, with every dainty belonging that is possible for a luxurious taste to provide, it is a bit of a trial to give it up and be satisfied with a cot at one end of a long barnlike place, with no chance for solitude, and only one mirror and one pitcher and basin to serve the needs of three persons. It can be borne, however, as every small trial in this world may, if there is a cheerful spirit and a strong loving heart to fall back on. Besides, most things may be improved if you know how to go about the task. The chief thing is first to accept the situation, and then bravely to undertake the changing it for the better.

"Doctor," said the mother, as her husband brushed his thin gray hair in front of his chiffonier, while the merry sound of their children's voices came floating down to them through open doors—"Doctor, thank the dear Lord for me in my stead when you sit in the pew to-day. I'll be with you in my thoughts. It's such a blessed thing that our little middle girl is at home with us."

The Doctor sighed. That bill in his pocket was burning like fire in his soul. He was not a cent nearer meeting it than he had been on Friday, and to-morrow was but twenty-four hours off. Yesterday he had tried to borrow from a cousin, but in vain.

"I fail to see a blessing anywhere, Charlotte," he said. "Things couldn't well be worse. This is a dark bit of the road." He checked himself. Why had he saddened her? It was not his custom.

"When things are at the very worst, Jack, I've always noticed that they take a turn for the better. It may not be my way; it may not be thy way; but yet in His own way the Lord will provide." Mrs. Wainwright spoke steadily and cheerfully. Her thin cheeks flushed with feeling. Her tones were strong. Her smile was like a sun-beam. Doctor Wainwright's courage rose.

"Anyway, darling wife, you are the best blessing a man ever had." He stooped and kissed her like a lover.

Presently the whole family, Grace walking proudly at her father's side, took their way across the fields to church.

Perhaps you may have seen lovely Sunday mornings, but I don't think there is a place in the whole world where Sunday sunshine is as clear, Sunday stillness as full of rest, Sunday flowers as fragrant, as in our hamlet among the hills, our own dear Highland. Far and near the roads wind past farms and fields, with simple happy homes nestling under the shadow of the mountains. You hear the church-bells, and their sound is soft and clear as they break the golden silence. Groups of people, rosy-cheeked children, and sturdy boys and pleasant-looking men and women pass you walking to church, exchanging greetings. Carriage-loads of old and young drive on, all going the

same way. It makes me think of a verse in the Psalm which my old Scottish mother loved:

"I joyed when to the house of God
'Go up,' they said to me,
'Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be."

"Oh, Paradise! oh, Paradise!" hummed Amy Raeburn that same Sunday morning as, the last to leave the Manse, she ran after her mother and sisters. The storm of the two previous days had newly brightened the landscape. Every twig and branch shone, and the red and yellow maple leaves, the wine-color of the oak, the burnished copper of the beech, were like jewels in the sun.

"If it were not Sunday I would dance," said Amy, subduing her steps to a sober walk as she saw approaching the majestic figure of Mrs. Cyril Bannington Barnes.



**"THIS BEING BEHIND TIME IS VERY
REPREHENSIBLE, MY LOVE."**

"You are late, Amy Raeburn," said this lady. "Your father went to church a half-hour ago, and the bell is tolling. Young people should cultivate a habit of being punctual. This being a few minutes behind time is very reprehensible—very rep-re-hen-sible indeed, my love."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Amy, meekly, walking slowly beside the also tardy Mrs. Barnes.

"I dare say," continued Mrs. Barnes, "that you are thinking to yourself that I also am late. But, Amy, I have no duty to the parish. I am an independent woman. You are a girl, and the minister's daughter at that. You are in a very different position. I do hope, Amy Raeburn, that you will not be late another Sunday morning. Your mother is not so good a disciplinarian as I could wish."

"No, Mrs. Barnes?" said Amy, with a gentle questioning manner, which would have irritated the matron still more had their progress not now ceased on the church steps. Amy, both resentful and amused, fluttered, like an alarmed chick to the brooding mother-wing, straight to the minister's pew. Mrs. Barnes, smoothing ruffled plumes, proceeded with stately and impressive tread to her place in front of the pulpit.

Doctor Raeburn was rising to pronounce the invocation. The church was full. Amy glanced over to the Wainwright pew, and saw Grace, and smiled. Into Amy's mind stole a text she was fond of, quite as if an angel had spoken it, and she forgot that she had been ruffled the wrong way by Mrs. Cyril Bannington Barnes. This was the text:

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

"You are a hateful, wicked girl, Amy," said Amy to herself. "Why, when you have so much to make you happy, are you so easily upset by a fretful old lady, who is, after all, your friend, and would stand by you if there were need?"

Amy did not know it, but it was Grace's sweet and tranquil look that had brought the text to her mind. One of the dearest things in life is that we may do good and not know that we are doing it.

When the Sunday hush fell on the house of which Mrs. Wainwright had spoken Grace came softly tapping at the door.

"Yes, dear," called her mother; "come right in."

"Mamma," said Grace, after a few minutes, "will you tell me plainly, if you don't mind, what is worrying papa? I don't mean generally, but what special trouble is on his mind to-day?"

"Potter's bill, I have no doubt," said the mother, quietly. "Other troubles come and go, but there is always Potter's bill in the background. And every little while it crops up and gets into the front."

"What is Potter's bill, dear mamma, and how do we come to owe it?"

"I can't fully explain to you, my child, how it comes to be so large. When Mr. Potter's father was living and carrying on the business, he used to say to your father: 'Just get all you want here, doctor; never give yourself a thought; pay when you can and what you can. We come to you for medical advice and remedies, and we'll strike a balance somehow.' The Potters have during years had very little occasion for a doctor's services, and we, with this great family, have had to have groceries, shoes, and every other thing, and Potter's bill has kept rolling up like a great snowball, bit by bit. We pay something now and then. I sold my old sideboard that came to me from my grandparents, and paid a hundred dollars on it six months ago. Old Mr. Potter died. Rufus reigns in his stead, as the Bible says, and he wants to collect his money. I do not blame him, Grace, but he torments poor papa. There are two hundred dollars due now, and papa has been trying to get money due him, and to pay Rufus fifty dollars, but he's afraid he can't raise the money."

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Grace reflected. Then she asked a question. "Dear mamma, don't think me prying, but is Potter's the only pressing obligation on papa just now?"

Mrs. Wainwright hesitated. Then she answered, a little slowly, "No, Grace, there are other accounts; but Potter's is the largest."

"I ask, because I can help my father," said Grace, modestly. "Uncle Ralph deposited five hundred dollars to my credit in a New York bank on my birthday. The money is mine, to do with absolutely as I please. I have nearly fifty dollars in my trunk. Uncle and auntie have always given me money lavishly. Papa can settle Potter's account to-morrow. I'm only too thankful I have the money. To think that money can do so much towards making people happy or making them miserable! Then, mother dear, we'll go into papa's accounts, and see how near I can come to relieving the present state of affairs; and if papa will consent, we'll collect his bills, and then later, I've another scheme—that is a fine, sweet-toned piano in the parlor. I mean to give lessons."

"Grace, it was an extravagance in our circumstances to get that piano, but the girls were so tired of the old one; it was worn out, a tin pan, and this is to be paid for on easy terms, so much a month."

Grace hated to have her mother apologize in this way. She hastened to say, "I'm glad it's here, and don't think me conceited, but I've had the best instruction uncle could secure for me here, and a short course in Berlin, and now I mean to make it of some use. I believe I can get pupils."

"Not many in Highland, I fear, Grace."

"If not in Highland, in New York. Leave that to me."

Mrs. Wainwright felt as if she had been taking a tonic. To the lady living her days out in her own chamber, and unaccustomed to excitement, there was something very surprising and very stimulating too in the swift way of settling things and the fearlessness of this young girl. Though she had yielded very reluctantly to her brother's wish to keep Grace apart from her family and wholly his own for so many years, she now saw that there was good in it. Her little girl had developed into a resolute, capable, and strong sort of young woman, who could make use of whatever tools her education had put into her hands.

"This hasn't been quite the right kind of Sunday talk, mother," said Grace, "but I haven't been here three days without seeing there's a cloud, and I don't like to give up to clouds. I'm like the old woman who must take her broom and sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

"God helping you, dear, you will succeed. You have swept some cobwebs out of my sky already."

"God helping me, yes, dear. Thank you for saying that. Now don't you want me to sing to you? I'll darken your room and set the door ajar, and then I'll go to the parlor and play soft, rippling, silvery things, and sing to you, and you will fall asleep while I'm singing, and have a lovely nap before they all come home."

As Grace went down the stairs, she paused a moment at the door of the big dining-room, "large as a town-hall," her father sometimes said. Everything at Wishing-Brae was of ample size—great rooms, lofty ceilings, big fire-places, broad windows.

"I missed the sideboard, the splendid old mahogany piece with its deep winy lustre, and the curious carved work. Mother must have grieved to part with it. Surely uncle and aunt couldn't have known of these straits. Well, I'm at home now, and they need somebody to manage for them. Uncle always said I had a business head. God helping me, I'll pull my people out of the slough of despond."

The young girl went into the parlor, where the amber light from the west was beginning to fall upon the old Wainwright portraits, the candelabra with their prisms pendent, and the faded cushions and rugs. Playing softly, as she had said, singing sweetly "Abide with me" and "Sun of my soul," the mother was soothed into a peaceful little half-hour of sleep, in which she dreamed that God had sent her an angel guest, whose name was Grace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Story of the Revolution.**BY JAMES BARNES.****CHAPTER XIV.****HIGH LIVING.**

The gift of mimicry had now served the young spy in good stead. He lay hidden for some time, chuckling over having barked to such good purpose. Then he retraced his steps, and at last he found the tree. No doubt the man he had seen there had been one of the mysterious people he was expected soon to meet.

By leaning far out from one branch to the other, George could insert his hand in the hole of the projecting limb. It was empty, and he dropped his letter into the hollow. Then he returned carefully through the town to the inn, and without much difficulty gained the top of the wall, the projecting roof, and once more his chamber window. The falling snow, he knew, would hide his footprints.

He was awakened the next morning by a loud knocking. He had slept late, and the glaring sunlight, reflected from the white expanse outside, was pouring into the room. He arose hastily and unlocked the door. One of the inn servants was standing there. He touched his finger to his forehead respectfully.

"The landlord's compliments, sir, and your box is here. Shall I bring it up?" he inquired.

George had made up his mind to be surprised at nothing. "By all means," he answered. "Glad it has arrived."

"Oh, it has been here this fortnight," returned the man.

"Of course," George laughed; "and longer, mayhap, eh?"

"I don't know, sir. Have you the key?"

The fictitious Mr. Blount did not know what to reply. "Mr. Gerry has it," he answered at last, mentioning the landlord's name at a venture.

"I will ask him, sir," said the servant, "and bring up the box at once."

He disappeared.

"What did it all mean?" thought George to himself.

In a few minutes the servant reappeared with a large leather-covered, nail-studded trunk. "And here's the key," he puffed. "Mr. Gerry had it, as you said, sir."

George raised the lid. Silk stockings, plush and velvet coats, satin waistcoats, and frilled shirts!—the wardrobe of a dandy—was exposed before his eyes. But instead of showing his astonishment, he merely closed the top and said:

"Is there naught else?"

"I think not, sir," said the servant, pocketing his tip.

When he had gone, "Mr. Richard Blount" took out the articles one by one.

"This may be part of the scheme," he said. "I suppose that I shall have to wear them. What's next to do?" He tried on the clothes. They fitted him as if made for him. He looked at himself in the greenish-yellow glass. "Whoever I look like," he said, "I do not resemble George Frothingham of the Twelfth New Jersey Infantry, that's one thing certain." Looking for a closet or a place to hang up his finery, he espied a small door at the farther side of the room. It opened upon a narrow stairway, and the odor of cooking showed that it led probably to the kitchen.

The only thing the trunk contained that George did not make use of was a white wig. The strong dye he had used had taken the curl out of his hair, and he drew it back from his forehead straight and glossy as an Indian's.

He chose a rather quiet wine-colored coat, crimson waistcoat, and pearl breeches, and setting the lace-trimmed hat jauntily on his head, went down into the coffee-room.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Blount!" said the landlord. "There was an officer of his Majesty's horse here this morning asking for you. But he requested that you should not be disturbed." George bowed his thanks, and asked the landlord to hurry with his breakfast.

As he turned about he could have fallen, for there, quite close to him, was standing Schoolmaster Anderson. He was not blind at all! His keen ferretlike eyes had the same quick glance, and his thin lips that same Sphinx-like expression. But the beauty of George's disguise was proved in an instant to his satisfaction, for Mr. Anderson looked at him curiously, and asked Mr. Gerry his name in a voice that was quite audible.

"Richard Blount," the latter replied.

"Ah, indeed!" answered the ex-schoolmaster. "The nephew of our friend—eh?"

"The same," the landlord replied, as his young guest seated himself at the table.

George's hands were shaking so with excitement that he could hardly hold his knife and fork at first, but he quickly got over it, and a feeling of exultation came into his mind. If Mr. Anderson had not recognized him, no one else would, surely. If no one who actually knew the real Richard Blount turned up, he was safe enough.

At this moment a loud blustering voice was heard, and a great figure came from the hallway into the coffee-room.

It was Rivington, the King's printer, the man the early patriots had wished to tar and feather for his utterances. He scarcely acknowledged Mr. Anderson's nod, but turned to an officer who was following him.

"How that little schoolmaster does put on airs!" he said. "Why he receives toleration I do not see."

"He is rather clever, I fancy," replied the officer. "His imitation of General Washington is most amusing."

"Yes, he is amusing," responded Rivington.

George looked at Mr. Anderson once more. His small head seemed to retreat into the folds of his neck-cloth, and the lace at his wristband hung below his finger-tips. His clothes were as gorgeous as the plumage of a peacock, and he had a way of bringing his heels together with a click like a dancing-master. But the keen eyes and that protruding chin would have told an accurate observer that a brain of no mean quality was hidden underneath the curled white wig. But Rivington and the officer were approaching.

"Ah, here's my friend of the other morning!" exclaimed the officer—"young Blount of Albany." The speaker was the young cavalry Captain who had met George on the hill-side two days before. "I see you have found your tailor," he went on.

"No; better luck, my wardrobe," answered George. "I feared me I had lost it."

"Good! Allow me to present our loyal friend, Mr. Rivington, long-time printer to his Majesty," replied the officer.

"Your service, sir," replied Mr. Rivington, looking at George thoughtfully. "You have not changed since I saw you last at Albany."

Imagine the surprise of the fictitious Richard Blount! Everything was certainly playing into his hands. But he merely bowed, and asked the two gentlemen to breakfast with him. They accepted, and seated themselves.

George once more had to recount the story of his supposed adventures on the way from the city up the river.

Occasionally Rivington would interrupt with leading questions. "Ah, from there you turned to the left and took the Lime Kiln Road beyond Hudson—eh? Then down into the valley by Cloverburgh?"

A fear welled into George's heart. Was this man trying to trip him? So to all questions he replied in the negative, and told of another way; to which Rivington agreed, generally speaking, thus:

"Yes, 'tis the better route, I understand. A very clever ruse, indeed. Think you not so, Captain?"

"Quite wonderful," the other replied. "Mr. Blount should tell it to General Howe. The Yankees are not so clever as he thinks."

"Oh, by no odds!" Rivington had responded.

"You mentioned having despatches to his Lordship and his brother," said the younger officer. "Do you not think it would be well to deliver them as soon as possible? Pardon my suggestion."

"'Tis my intention to deliver them to-day. Can you secure an interview?" inquired George, eagerly.

"Beyond all doubt I can," said Rivington, interrupting. "They will be glad to see you."

An hour or so later George was waiting, with the florid printer, in the little anteroom of the polished hallway of one of the large private houses that belonged to New York's most wealthy family. It was here that General Howe and his brother, the noble Lord, lived when on shore. They both had quarters also on board the flag-ship in the bay.

Something was going on, for aides and orderlies streamed in and out of the big house, and despatches were being taken to the various commands; secretaries, with their arms full of papers and with pens behind their ears came out occasionally, filled with importance.

At last an orderly stepped up to where our hero and Rivington were pleasantly chatting. "General Howe will see you, gentlemen," he said, saluting.

George caught himself in the act of replying to the salute. That would never do at all. He was supposed to be ignorant of military tactics, and he trembled at his narrow escape.

General Howe glanced over the despatches lazily. He appeared to be an easy-going man of indolent habits, for he lounged in his chair. He had a good-natured face.

"So the American General Schuyler is disgruntled, eh?" he said. "'Tis quite like opera-bouffe. And they say that Farmer Gates from Massachusetts may supersede him. Well, well, the plot thickens.

Burgoyne's army is obstructed by broken roads and felled trees. Let them take their time. They will encounter nothing worse. 'Tis my opinion that we forced things too hard in Now Jersey. I thank you for the news these despatches contain, my dear young sir," he said, "and it is good news to hear of our friends up the river. Can I do anything for you? You can most certainly command me. I trust I shall see you again."

A splendid hound was sprawled out on the rug before the fireplace. George looked at him carefully. He knew the dog in an instant. It was one that had been raised by Mr. Wyeth. General Howe followed the lad's glance.

"I see you know a good dog when you see him," he said. "'Twas a present to me from a soldier. He seems to have an antipathy for Yankees, but likes a scarlet coat."

The dog turned over on his back and lazily tapped the floor with his tail. Seeing George, he arose and stretched himself; but as he approached closer he suddenly grew excited, and jumped up on the young man's breast, trying his best to lick his hands and face.

"How strange!" said General Howe. "I have never seen him pay aught of attention to a stranger here before. Down, down! you devil!" The dog slunk beneath the table, and at last Rivington and "Richard Blount" stepped out in the hallway.

"'Tis strange about dogs," the older man was saying. "They are both faithful and capricious."

George went back to his hotel. On his way he had another proof that his disguise was quite impenetrable, for whom should he pass walking along the street but Abel Norton, the chief clerk. George held his breath. The old man, however, looked him in the face and passed on.

All this lack of recognition gave George the necessary assurance to carry on his fictitious position. He listened to the talk of the soldiers in the grill-room at the City Arms, but gained little knowledge of the plans even from the conversation of the officers. It was evident that the leaders of the British feared their divulgence. It was not Lord Howe's intention to let Washington know the destination of the fleet, which he could turn either northward to the assistance of Burgoyne, or southward into the Chesapeake and the Delaware. While this uncertainty remained, both forces were at a standstill.

It had thawed during the day, and a drizzling rain had set in. Late at night George opened the window, and once more stood upon the roof. Then he dropped over the wall to the ground. He had once more donned the old suit which he had worn as his first disguise, and with his collar drawn up to his ears he strode northward. He had not gone far when, as he turned about the corner of a lane, he thought he heard the sound of some one screaming. Then a doorway burst open, throwing a flood of light out into the darkness, and a female voice was heard screaming shrilly:

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"Thieves! robbers! help!"

A man's figure was seen struggling at the doorway with a woman, who had grasped him firmly by the throat.

George, animated by an impulse, jumped the fence and ran to the house. But before he reached there, a man turned the corner at top speed and disappeared.

George knew the little house well; it was in a room in the second story that he had passed many a night thinking of the past and planning for the future. It was Mrs. Mack's.

"For the love of Heaven, Mr. Frothingham!" exclaimed a voice.

George had come within the ray of light, and it was none other than the good washer-woman who was standing there.

"The blackguard tried to rob me," she said. "He stole in the back way, and I found him in the pantry; but he didn't get a thing," she added, "He might have murdered me intirely if you hadn't come up, sir."

George stepped inside the house and closed the door. "Would you have known me, Mrs. Mack?" he asked.

"Indade in a minute, sir," she said, "I think. No, but you have changed. Perhaps it was the way you leaped the fince. Your hair, sir—what has happened it?"

"Mrs. Mack," said George, "I must speak quickly. I am here on dangerous business. If you see me anywhere you must not recognize me—until you see me in my uniform. Do you understand?"

"Shure," said the good woman. "Now I recall your face, you're a perfect stranger, sir."

George smiled. "Have you seen the deaf-and-dumb man who brought the money to me?"

"I do now and then. And shure he often asks fer ye."

"And what do you tell him?" asked George.

"That I hope ye're well," she responded.

"Now, Mrs. Mack, how can you do it?"

"And indade and with signs, and why not?" she asked, giving the same answer that she had once before. "P'r'aps I have promised not to tell."

"Well," was the response, "remember, would you know me now? I have to hasten."

"I would not," replied the widow. "Good-by, and may the Lord bless ye!"

"It was strange that she recognized me and the others did not," George was thinking to himself, as he approached the lonely orchard, whose path was rarely used except by the occupants of the two farms that bordered it. "It may have been the walk," he added.

The snow had melted so that he could find no trace of any one having been there before him on this day, but when he reached his hand back into the limb of the tree, he touched a paper. How it thrilled him! Now he would find out what things meant. There was something else there also, and stretching out his fingers, he grasped a leather bag, which clinked musically as he drew it forth. It was more gold! He hurried back to the inn, and climbed to the top of the wall. But what was his dismay and horror when he saw a figure on the roof bending on its knees trying to look into the window of his room! A light was burning brightly within.

George lowered himself cautiously and turned about the corner. What was he to do? How was he to regain the second story? The papers must be read at once.

George did not know that the man on the roof had caught sight of his head as he had drawn himself up to the top of the wall, and had called: "Hist! Blount! Oh, Blount!" in a low tone.

Then the stranger had crawled to the edge of the roof, and whispered again: "Hist! Number Four! I am Number Two."

But he looked and listened in vain for an answer, for at this moment George had disappeared in the darkness. He had not heard the hail.

With the agility of a sailor the small figure slid to the ground and walked away quickly. If the young spy had heard the footsteps he would have known that it was his old friend the schoolmaster.

When George reached the corner he leaned back against a buttress, puzzling what to do.

Then he remembered with a start the door in his room that he had opened thinking it would be a closet, but had discovered it to be a narrow stairway that led down into a sort of servants' hall off the kitchen. If he could gain it now he might be able to see within his apartment and find out what was going on. The man on the roof prevented him, of course, from getting back the way he left.

The tap-room opened upon the alley. It was thick with the clouds of tobacco smoke, and noisy with the conversation of the crowd. He knew that if he could once get beyond it to the kitchen he might be able to find the door that led to the stairway. And now an idea struck him. The walls were covered with rough cartoons and sheets of somewhat vulgar songs, which most of the crowd had learned by heart. He had seen the men often edging along, with their faces close to the wall, as if they had been bookworms searching in a case for a mislaid volume. He stepped inside the room, and followed the same tactics. No one paid the least attention to him, and with his back to those seated about the tables, he made his way to the kitchen. Here good luck also favored him, for a fat man in a greasy apron snored in the corner. He was the only occupant, and a door partly ajar disclosed to him the servants' stairway.

George stole softly up, and reached a little landing, which he knew at once was the one he had looked at from his own room. He could hear the sound of voices from within. One was loud and hearty, and the other he knew at once as Landlord Gerry's.

"He is out on some escapade with the young officers, I promise you," said the landlord, "or mayhap he has gone over to the fleet, though all below-stairs say that they did not see him go out. Why don't you wait until the morning, sir? He appears a popular young gentleman, and may possibly stay out late."

"No, he is a sleepy-head, my nephew," responded the other. "And he will return soon if summat has not befallen him."

"He is a handsome lad," put in the landlord.

The other laughed. "Well, that depends where you look for beauty," he responded. "I never reckoned him as such."

George saw it all now. It was the uncle from Connecticut, who had returned, and, to use the expression, "the jig was up."

But what meant the man on the roof?

Seating himself on the stairway, his courage almost left him. What was he to do? A hiding-place must be found before morning.

He thought at once of Mrs. Mack's. There lay his only hope. But there was now some movement in the kitchen. The fat man, who had been sleeping, was stirring a rasher of bacon over the fire. The talking had ceased in his room, and suddenly he remembered with a start of fright that the cipher and locket he had left under the pillow of the bed. It almost made him sick with fear. He moved from his hiding-place, and putting his eye to the key-hole, looked within.

The candle was guttering, and a huge shadow wavered across the opposite wall. As his eye became accustomed to the light and the draught of air blowing through the key-hole, he made out the figure of the large man sitting in an easy-chair. His breast was rising and falling. He was asleep.



IN TWO STEPS HE WOULD BE IN FULL VIEW.

George tried the door. It moved, and in a moment he was standing in the room. Here he paused. In two steps more he would be in full view of the person looking through the window. He carefully measured the distance and the direction of objects about him; and drawing a long breath he blew with all his might at the candle on the dressing-case. It flickered and went out. Then he stepped across in the darkness and placed his hand beneath the pillow.

The heavy man drew a long breath and moved his head. "Confound that light!" he said, and George heard him arise to his feet and fumble along the wall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

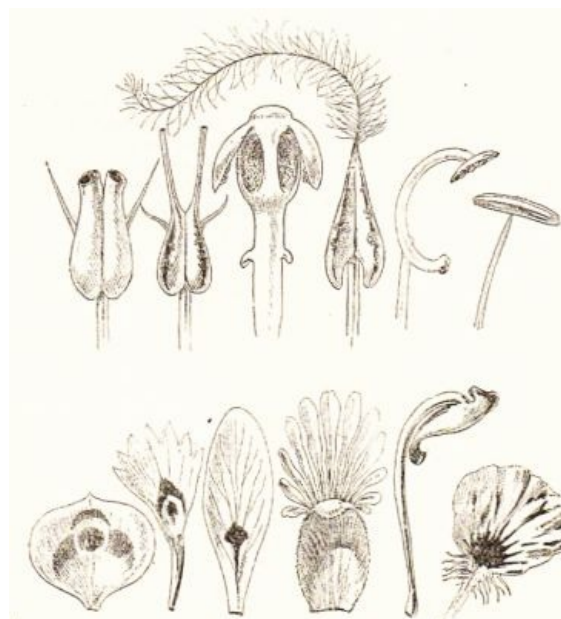
RIDDLES IN FLOWERS.

[Pg 288]

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," "SHARP EYES," ETC.

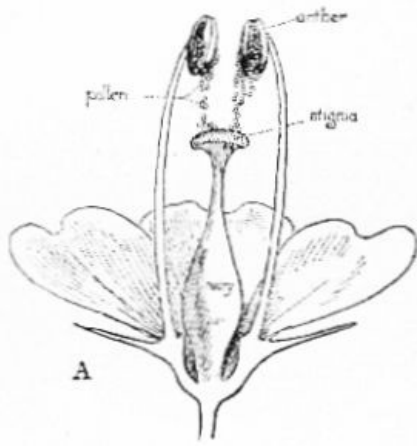
Indeed, are they not all riddles? Where is the flower which even to the most devoted of us has yet confided all its mysteries? In comparison with the insight of the earlier botanists, we have surely come much closer to the flowers, and they have imparted many of their secrets to us. Through the inspired vision of Sprengel, Darwin, and their followers, we have learned something of their meaning, in addition to the knowledge of their structure, which comprised the end and aim of the study of those early scholars, Linnæus, Lindley, Jassieu, and De Candolle. To these and other eminent worthies in botany we owe much of our knowledge of *how* the flowers are made, and of the classification based upon this structure, but if these great savants had been asked, "You have shown us that it *is so*, but *why* is it thus?" they could only have replied, "We know not; we only know that an all-wise Providence has so ordained and created it."



PUZZLING FORMS AND FACES.

Take this little collection, which I have here presented, of stamens and petals selected at random from common blossoms. What inexplicable riddles to the botanist of a hundred years ago, even of sixty years ago! For not until that time was their significance fully understood; and yet each of these presents but one of several equally puzzling features in the same flowers from which they were taken.

In that first anther, for example, why those pores at the tip of the cells, instead of the usual slits at the sides, and why that pair of horns at the back? And the next one, with longer tubes, and the same two horns besides! Then there is that queer specimen with flapping ears—one of six from the barberry blossom; and the pointed, arrow-headed



**FERTILIZATION OF A FLOWER
AS BELIEVED BY GREW AND
LINNÆUS.**

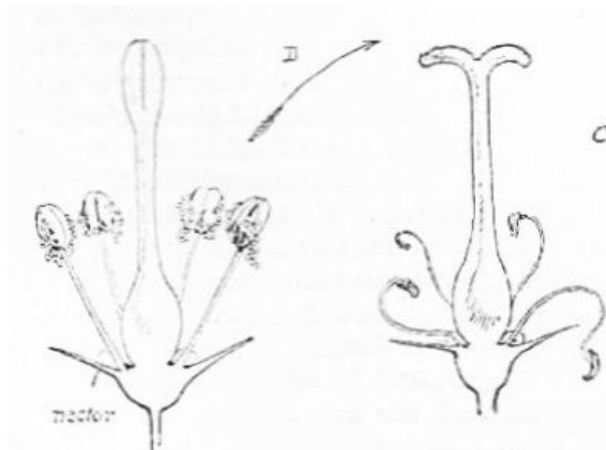
of its stalk?

These are but a dozen of the millions of similar challenges, riddles, puzzles, which the commonest flowers of field and garden present to us; and yet we claim to "know" our nasturtium, our pink, our monk's-hood larkspur, our daisy, and violet!

No; we must be *more* than "botanists" before we can hope to understand the flowers, with their endless, infinite variety of form, color, and fragrance.

It was not until the flowers were studied in connection with the insects which visit them that the true secret of these puzzling features became suspected.

We all know, or should know, that the anther in flowers secretes and releases the pollen. For years even the utility of this pollen was a mystery. Not until the year 1682 was its purpose guessed, when Nehemias Grew, an English botanist, discovered that unless its grains reached the stigma in the flower no seed would be produced. But the people refused to believe this, and it was not until fifty years later that Crew's statement was fully accepted, and then only because the great Linnæus assured the world that it *was* true. But about fifty years later another botanist in Germany, Sprengel, made the discovery that the flower could not be fertilized as these botanists had claimed, that in many blossoms the pollen could not fall on the stigma.



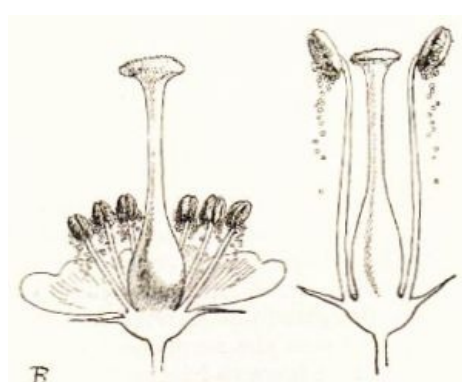
WHAT SPRENGEL DID NOT EXPLAIN.

all. Flowers by the hundreds were brought to his notice, like those two shown in Diagram C, in which the insect could not transfer the pollen from anther to stigma, as the stigma is closed when the pollen is ripe, and does not open until the pollen is shed. For seventy years this astonishing fact puzzled the world, and was at last solved by the great Darwin, who showed that nearly all flowers shun their own pollen, and are so constructed, by thousands of singular devices, that the *insect* shall bring to each the *pollen of another flower* of the same species, and thus effect what is known as *cross-fertilisation*.

We must then look at all flowers as expressions of welcome to some insect—day-flowering blossoms mostly to bees and butterflies, and night-bloomers to moths. And not only expressions of welcome, but each with some perfect little plan of its own to make this insect guest the bearer

individual with a long plume from its apex; and the curved C-shaped specimen—one of a pair of twins which hide beneath the hood of the sage blossom. The lily anther, which comes last, is poised in the centre. Why? What puzzles to the mere botanist! for it is because these eminent scholars *were mere* botanists—students and chroniclers of the structural facts of flowers—that this revelation of the truth about these blossom features was withheld from them. It was not until they had become philosophers and true seers, not until they sought the divine significance, the reason, which lay behind or beneath these facts, that the flowers disclosed their mysteries to them.

Look at that random row of petals too!—one with a peacock's eye, two others with dark spots, and next the queer-fingered petal of the mignonette, followed by one of that queer couple of the monk's-hood blossom which no one ever sees unless he tears the flower hood to pieces. We all know the nasturtium, but have we thought to ask it why these petals have such a deep crimson or orange colored spot, and why each one is so beautifully fringed at the edge



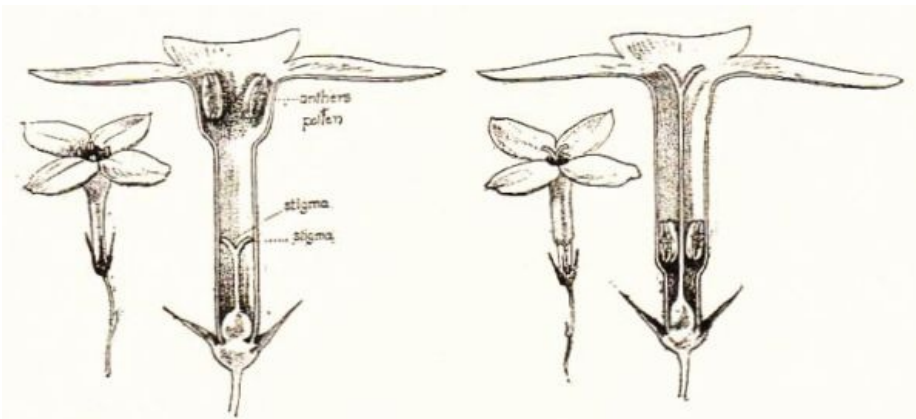
**LINNÆUS'S IDEA WAS
WRONG.**

Sprengel knew that this pollen must reach the stigma, but showed that in most flowers it could not do so by *itself*. He saw that insects were always working in the flowers, and that their hairy bodies were generally covered with pollen, and in this way pollen grains were continually carried to the stigma, as they could easily be in these two blossoms shown at B. Sprengel then announced to the world his theory—the dawn of discovery, the beginning of the solution of all these floral riddles. The *insect* explained it all. The bright colors and fragrance were intended to attract him, and the nectar to reward him, and while thus sipping he conveyed the pollen to the stigma, and fertilized the flower.

But now Sprengel himself was met with most discouraging opposition to his theory, showing that he had guessed but half the secret after

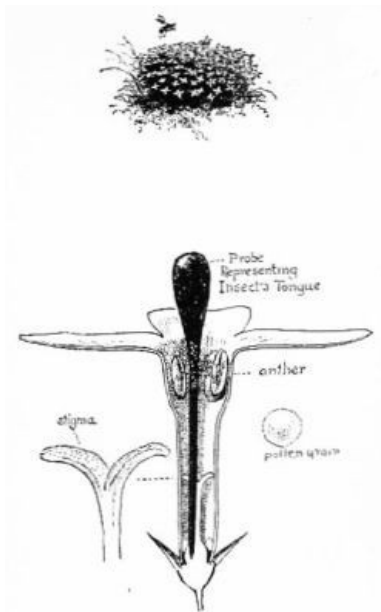
of its pollen to the stigma of another flower of the same species. And how endless are the plans and devices to insure this beautiful scheme! Some flowers make it certain by keeping the stigma closed tight until all its pollen is shed; others place the anther so far away from the stigma as to make pollen contact impossible; others actually imprison these pollen-bringing insects until they can send them away with fresh pollen all over their bodies.

Take almost any flower we chance to meet, and it will show us a mystery of form which the insect alone can explain.



THE TWO-FORMED FLOWERS.

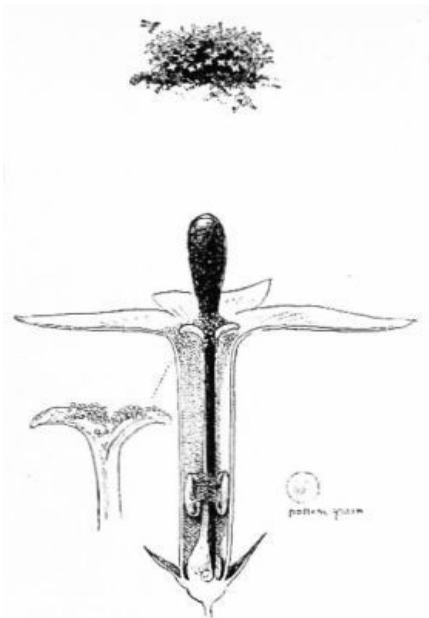
Here is one, growing just outside my door—a blossom "known" even to every child, and certainly to every reader of the ROUND TABLE—the pretty bluets, or *Houstonia*, whose galaxy of white or blue stars tints whole spring meadows like a light snowfall. We have "known" it all our lives. Perhaps we may have chanced to observe that the flowers are not all constructed alike, but the chances are that we have *seen* them *all our lives* without discovering this fact. If we pluck a few from this dense cluster beside the path, we observe that the throat of each is swollen larger than the tube beneath, and is almost closed by four tiny yellow anthers (Fig. 1). The next and the next clump may show us similar flowers; but after a little search we are sure of finding a cluster in which a new form appears, as shown in Fig. 3, in which the anthers at the opening are missing, and their place supplied with a little forked stigma! The tube below is larger than the first flower for about two-thirds its length, when it suddenly contracts, and if we cut it open we find the four anthers secreted near the wide base of the tube. What does it mean, this riddle of the bluets? For hundreds of years it puzzled the early botanists, only finally to be solved by Darwin. This is simply the little plan which the *Houstonia* has perfected to insure its cross-fertilization by an insect, to compel an insect to carry its pollen from one flower and deposit it upon the stigma of another. Once realizing this as the secret, we can readily see how perfectly the intention is fulfilled.



1st Clump.—Flower enlarged. Insect's Tongue inserted.



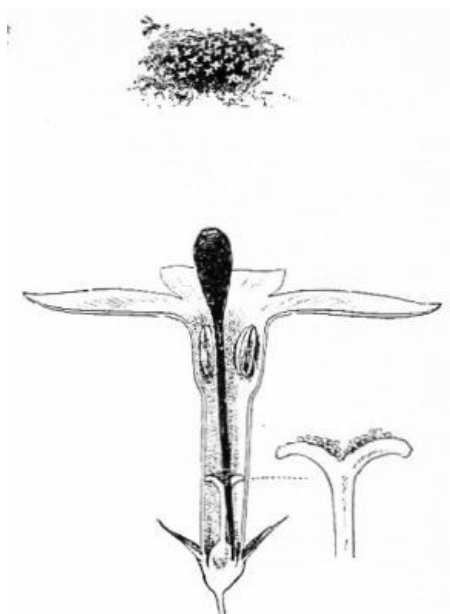
Pollen high on Insect's Tongue after withdrawal from Blossom.



**2d Clump.—Flower enlarged.
Pollen thrust against high
Stigma at top and touching
Pollen below.**



**Pollen
at
Base
of
Insect's
Tongue
after
withdrawal
from
Blossom.**



**3d Clump.—Flower enlarged.
Pollen thrust against low
Stigma.**

In order to make it clear I have drawn a progressive series of pictures which hardly require description. The flowers are visited by small bees, butterflies, and other insects. At the left is an insect just alighting on a clump of the blossoms of the high-anther form indicated below it. The black probe represents the insect's tongue, which, as it seeks the nectar at the bottom of the tube, gets dusted at its thickened top with the pollen from the anthers. We next see the insect flying away, the probe beneath indicating the condition of its tongue. It next alights on clump No. 2, in which the flowers happen to be of the high-stigma form, as shown below. The tongue now being inserted, brings the pollen against the high stigma, and fertilizes the flower, while at the same time its tip comes in contact with the low anthers, and gets pollen from them. We next see the insect flying to clump No. 3, the condition of its tongue being shown below. Clump No. 3 happens to be of the first low-stigma form of flowers, and as the tongue is inserted the pollen at its tip is carried directly to the low stigma, and *this* flower is fertilized from the pollen from the anthers on the same level in the previous flower. And thus the riddle is solved by the insect. From clump to clump he flies, and through his help each one of the pale blue blooms is sure to get its food, each flower fertilized by the pollen of another.

Another beautiful provision is seen in the difference in size of the pollen grain of the two flowers, those of the high anthers being much larger than those from the lower anthers. These larger grains are intended for the high stigma, which they are sure of reaching, while those of smaller size, on the top of the tongue, which should happen to be wiped off on the high stigma, are too small to be effective for fertilization.

HOW RUFUS TRAPPED THE BURGLARS.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

The squealing of dry snow under horses' hoofs awakened Rufus Walker. His room was the nearest to the turnpike crossing. Perhaps that was why he was the only sleeper in the railroad station at Winona to be aroused by the approaching sleigh. It was a sleigh, that was certain; for now Rufus could hear the smooth, easy, half-shuffling sound of the runners on the well-packed snow. Who could it be travelling at that time of night? The horses were going at a walk. Neither of them wore a bell. "Maybe some one has come to wake up father and send a telegram," thought Rufus, sleepily. But no, the sleigh bumped over the railroad tracks and passed on. The boy heard the shrill crunching of the snow a few times more, and then he fell asleep again. If he had only felt enough curiosity to get up and look out of the window he would have seen something to make his heart beat very fast indeed; but the cold air nipped the tip of his nose and made it numb, and he buried his face in the blankets and slept.

Rufus Walker's father was the station agent and telegraph operator at Winona, in the heart of a vast wheat-raising section of Dakota. For miles the country stretched away in gentle undulations. In the spring you looked out on a sea of waving, tossing green, crinkled and fretted by every passing breeze. In the fall the green sea had turned to gold, and those noisy ships, the mowing-machines, went clattering through it. Now the vast expanse lay white and still under its frosty blanket. The wheat harvest had been gathered into the barns, and for weeks little Rufus had heard the farmers talking about "number one hard," and "number one," and all the other varieties of the grain. Right opposite the station and across the railroad track stood a grain elevator. Its gigantic shape rose over the little station like a castle towering above a tiny cottage. The farmers for miles around would begin to haul wheat to the elevator to-morrow, for Mr. Price, Pillsbury's elevator superintendent, had arrived that day. He had brought a satchel full of packages of new crisp bank-notes, and fat little rolls of gold eagles and double-eagles. He always paid cash for the wheat as he bought it. That is the custom all through the wheat country.

The thick black bag of alligator-skin that held more than five thousand dollars was locked in the safe that stood in the office of the grain elevator. The money was the attraction that had brought the three men, who silently got out of the sleigh in the shadow of the tall building. They tied their horses to a ring near the office door, then stealthily crept through the snow to the railroad station.

Little Rufus Walker woke up with a start. A big man with a handkerchief tied across the lower part of his face was shaking him by the shoulder.

"How old are you, sonny?" asked the stranger.

"Ten years last August," Rufus answered, huskily.

"Well, you're old enough to have sense," said the man. "All you've got to do is to keep still. We're just goin' to relieve Mr. Price of that bag o' money. You keep still, d'ye hear?"

The big man strode out of Rufus's room and joined his two companions at the further end of the hallway. They had gathered Mr. Price, Rufus's father, Mrs. Walker, and big Tom Walker in one of the rooms. Evidently the strangers had awakened Rufus last of all. He sat up, shivering, with the blankets wrapped around him. His hair was standing up so straight that it seemed to bend backward. His teeth chattered.

"Where's the boy?" he heard a strange voice ask.

"Oh, I left him in his bed!" replied the voice of the big man. "He's no bigger than your thumb, and he—"

"Better bring him in here with the rest," said the strange voice.

"No; let him stay in his bed," said the big man's voice. "He ain't sizable enough to make trouble. He couldn't live to go two miles to the nearest house for help."

"All right," said the strange voice. "Now, Mr. Price, we don't aim to bust your safe. If you was a polite gentleman you'd just skip over and open her for us. However, we've got the little implements here, and we'll have her open in less than an hour fair an' easy. Bill, you keep these folks quiet till we whistle for you."

Rufus heard two men go down stairs. Then he heard them stamping through the snow toward the grain-elevator. There was silence for five minutes or so, and then he heard the "bink! bink! bink!" of hammers falling on steel wedges. Rufus suddenly wondered if he couldn't call help in a way the robbers hadn't thought of. He stealthily got out of bed and put on his coat, trousers, and thick woollen stockings. His heart fluttered and jumped so hard that he was afraid he'd lose it as he crept inch by inch to the stairs that led down to the ticket and telegraph office. How glad he was

when at last he stole in there as silently as a ghost! How glad he was that his father had encouraged him to learn how to telegraph! He wasn't a fine operator yet, but he thought he could manage to telegraph something useful. Very slowly he pulled out the plug in the switchboard that cut in the instrument on the telegraph line. He threw over a little brass lever so that the noisy "sounder" was cut off from the "relay" instrument. He screwed the points of the relay down so fine that the instrument ticked no louder than a watch. He tightened up the key, too. From upstairs he could hear the gruff voice of the big robber as he made jokes at the expense of his victims. Rufus knew that the night train-despatcher at Springfield was always at the wire, so he telegraphed,

"Sg—Sg—Wn!"

That meant, "Springfield, Winona is calling you!"

In a moment the relay ticked out, "Ay—ay—Sg." That meant that the despatcher heard the call. Then Rufus, his fingers stiff from the cold and clumsy with fright, bravely ticked this message:

"3 robbers hv held us up. 2 are brkg opn safe in elevator, and 1 is guardg our ppl. Pls send help qk. Do you 13?"

This meant: "Three robbers have held us up. Two are breaking open the safe in the elevator, and one is guarding our people. Please send help quickly. Do you understand!"

The despatcher gave a quick "Ay, ay!" closed his key, and rushed out into the railroad yard. Within two minutes a locomotive was running westward toward Winona, eighteen miles away. Besides the engineer and fireman, there were four freight brakemen in the cab. Each one had a rifle. The engineer kept the throttle wide open until he was within a mile of Winona. Then he shut off steam.

"Her headway'll carry her a long way," he remarked to his companions, "and it's all down grade from here."

Within a quarter of a mile of Winona the fireman put all his strength on the brake-wheel and brought the engine to a stop. The four brakemen cautiously plodded up the track.

Little Rufus sat in the dark office, numb with cold and fear. Every sense was on the alert. He thought the glare of the moonlight in the snow would blind him as he gazed down the track, minute after minute, through a knothole in the shutter. At last he saw a black dot away down the track. The dot turned into four dots as it swung around the curve. They came nearer, and he could make out the burly figure of Tim Ryan and the other three brakemen, each with a gun resting across the hollow of his left arm. The four figures silently passed by the office window, and crossed over to the grain elevator. Rufus could still hear the "bink! bink! bink!" of the hammers on the steel wedges. If he had dared to follow, he would have enjoyed what happened. The door of the safe was almost off when the robbers heard Tim Ryan's soft voice bidding them "Be aisy, now, an' lift yere hands above yere heads!" The two thieves almost fell over in their surprise.

[Pg 291]

The fourth brakeman easily captured the lone robber upstairs. Little Rufus went up stairs as soon as the excited men stopped talking. When the three thieves had been tied hand and foot, and Rufus had explained to his father and mother how he had summoned help, everybody looked at him in surprise.

"Weren't you scared?" asked his father.

"So scared I could hardly hold on to the key," said Rufus. "But I was too scared to let go of it, too."

THE JOYS OF WINTER.

Hurrah for the joys of winter!
For the jolly sparkling weather,
For the lake like glass where the skaters pass,
For the flying flake and feather!
Hurrah for the fun of rushing
Down the long toboggan slide,
For the dash ahead of the winning sled
Round the curve of the steep hill-side!

Hurrah for the joys of winter!
Jack Frost and the boys are friends;
To the girl's bright face what a witching grace
The touch of his pencil lends!
Hurrah for the wild northwester,
And the crisp cold wintry night
When the rough wind blows and we toast our toes
In the glow of the hearth-fire's light!

THAT BIT OF LOOSE FLAGGING.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

That piece of loose flagging should have been fixed long before. It was one of those wicked, insidious suggesters of temptation which are quite as bad in their moral effect as the temptation itself. Probably not a man or woman stepped on that wobbling piece of stone but thought of the possibilities that lay below it. Directly beneath were the vaults in which were kept the millions on millions of silver and gold dollars belonging to the government Treasury. The first thought that the loose flagging suggested to the mind was always: Suppose it should turn over and drop me into the vault where the gold is kept; and suppose it was as easy to get out as to get in; and suppose—for I do not believe there was any one wicked enough to want to steal the coin—suppose there was no objection on the part of any one to carrying away as much gold as the pockets would hold. What a jolly time one could have with it!

That is what Harry Holt thought every night when he left the Western Union Telegraph Building and started home. He always crossed over to the Treasury Department sidewalk and walked on the loose piece of stone. There was no harm, he thought, in imagining all of the delightful things that he could do with a pocketful of the gold. For he was quite sure that even if the flagging was as loose as it seemed to the pressure of his foot, and even if he could move it—and he was tempted often to stoop and see—the top of the vault below was of heavy steel, and the only thing he would get if the flagging gave way was a good bumping, if not a broken leg. So the loose flagging was only a touchstone to a little world in which Harry lived on his way home each night from his telegraph desk—a world where all the hot summer days were made of trips to Nova Scotia, and the winter of sunny sojourns in the everglades of Florida.

"My wire's clear at both ends; I think I'll go home," said Harry to the chief operator one hot night. It was five minutes before his time for leaving the operating-room, and Western Union orders are strict. The chief operator shook his head and went on. Harry turned sulkily back to his desk and picked up a fan. On a night like this, when every one in the room was steaming with the heat of the overcrowded room, the click of the instrument before him and the hum of the other instruments all about jarred on his nerves. He wanted to get to his little room uptown, where at least he could take a plunge in the bath-tub if his blood was overheated. He hated the slavery of the operating-room, and the set rules that made him only a part of the machine to earn dividends for a lot of New York people in whom he had no interest. Harry was not a philosopher, or he would have said to himself that the surest way of heating his blood still more, and increasing his discomfort on this trying night, was to worry about something, to fret, to be discontented.

Well, five minutes is not a very long time. Harry took his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand; for it was long past the hour when every one but a few night-workers and an occasional policeman had gone to bed. The electric lights sputtered and spit as he came out of the building, and the hot white light dazzled him a little. Then the steam from the overheated asphalt came up into his face as he cut across diagonally toward the Treasury building. It looked cool and comfortable in its dress of white marble, and Harry thought how pleasant the air must be down in the sub-basement, far below the heat of the street. Then he stepped on the loose flagging, his steps turning to it as naturally as though there had been no other path, and the flagging gave way. It was so sudden that he had no chance to struggle or to try to regain the solid ground. Before he could even spread his arms to catch the edges of the stones about the opening, he had fallen below the surface of the sidewalk.

He had an awful consciousness that he was doing something wrong—as though his dreams about that loose flagging had exercised some weird influence on it, and so far loosened it as to make it give way under the weight of his body. And he suddenly remembered that he had read somewhere of a little army of watchmen who guarded the treasure vaults with weapons in hand, and who had been known to shoot first and make inquiries afterward. That would be very awkward, thought Harry; and all of this passed through his mind in the little space of time which it took for a fall of—well, he thought it was one hundred yards, but every one knows that the Treasury vaults have ceilings no higher than the ceiling of your room.

"Hello!" said a voice at his elbow. Harry had alighted somewhere. Just how he had managed to do it after that tremendous fall without breaking a leg he could not understand; but here he was on his feet, with no evidence of any damage done, and opposite him was a pleasant-faced old gentleman with a white beard, wearing a pair of steel-bowed spectacles which gave his face a benevolent aspect. Just behind the old gentleman was a stack of wooden boxes as high as the ceiling—and Harry saw now that the ceiling was not so very high after all—and lying around the room were white canvas bags with figures stencilled on them. There was a table not far away, with a delightful-looking cold luncheon spread on it, and there was a bowl of lemonade or something that looked like lemonade with a big square piece of ice floating on its surface. Harry's tongue had been parched all evening in the hot operating-room. He longed for a little of that lemonade, but he hesitated to ask the stranger for it.

"You came by the balloon route," said the old gentleman, not inquiringly, but as though he stated a recognized fact.

"I really don't know how I came, sir," said Harry, finding his tongue. "I didn't know I was coming."

"I fancied you came in a hurry. I see you haven't had time to put on your coat," said the old

gentleman.

Harry felt very much ashamed of his shirt sleeves, and he tried very hard to put his coat on. But, curiously enough, whether it was from embarrassment or some other reason which he could not understand, he could not get his arms into the sleeves. Moreover, the more he tried, the more the sleeves of his shirt showed a disposition to come off his arms and leave him in a more embarrassing condition. In fact, all of his clothing felt loose and unstable, and Harry was much worried for fear that he would find himself in the presence of this critical old gentleman without a stitch of clothing on. The old gentleman came to his rescue.

"Never mind," he said; "we must make some allowance for the Czar's messenger. I suppose it is hot in America for one so recently in Russia."

Harry thought that the best way to do with his strange new acquaintance was to agree with him. He seemed kindly disposed, if he was a little eccentric. So Harry ventured to stammer out: "It is a little colder in St. Petersburg."

"Of course it is," said the old gentleman, sitting down on a pile of the canvas bags and rubbing his hands together. "The last messenger was actually sunstruck. But he came in his fur-lined robes of office. You were sensible to leave yours behind."

Harry accepted the tribute with a vague smile. He was a little puzzled, but even in his uncertain mental condition he felt reasonably sure that he had never owned any fur-lined robes. Still he was certain that any one who left fur-lined robes behind on a day like this, whether they were his own robes or those of some one else, was a very sensible person and deserving of commendation.

"I suppose you have come after the fifteen millions for the Grand Duke!" said the old gentleman.

"Not at all," said Harry, for he was seized with a fear that the old gentleman might deliver to him some other man's property, and then have him arrested for theft when the mistake was discovered.

"That's all right," said the old gentleman, reclining on the canvas bags, and nodding his head encouragingly. "You can trust me."

"But I have not come from the Grand Duke," said Harry.

"What's that?" said the old gentleman, jumping up and speaking very fiercely. Then he sat down again. "Of course you have," he said, calmly. "Otherwise how would you be here, and how would you be able to carry it away?" And Harry thought it best not to contradict him again.

"There is the lot over there," said the old gentleman, indicating another pile of canvas bags just beyond, and to Harry's left. "It isn't much of a load when you know how to carry it."

"Am I to carry all that?" asked Harry; for the bags looked as though they might weigh a ton.

"And a very light load," said the old gentleman, nodding and smiling. "Sit down." He pointed at the bags.

Harry was glad of the invitation, though an invitation to supper or to a drop of that cooling lemonade would have pleased him more. The old gentleman seemed to divine his thoughts, for he pointed at the lemonade bowl, and said, with a smack of his lips, "A little later." Then he motioned again to the pile of coin-bags. Harry threw himself down on them. Then a dreadful feeling went through him. He felt as though he were afire. The bags were hot—as hot as boiling water—so hot that he sprang from them with a scream.

"What's that?" said the old gentleman, springing up. "Then you're not the Czar's messenger. You haven't the key. You are an impostor. You are a thief."

He caught up one of the canvas bags on which he had been sitting. It burst, and the yellow gold pieces flew out in a shower on Harry's head. Each of them seemed to burn a hole where it struck. Harry fell to the floor. The old gentleman caught up another bag and poured its contents over Harry. His face had the expression of a fiend now. More and more gold he poured on Harry's prostrate form, until all but his head was quite hidden from view. Each gold piece burned, and burned, and burned. The heat was intolerable. Harry screamed with the pain of it.

"What's the matter with you, Holt?" said a voice in his ear. The chinking of the gold pieces as they fell seemed like some old familiar sound. Some one took hold of his shoulder, and the voice said again, "Here, what's the matter with you!" The chinking now was like the clicking of the telegraph instruments in the operating-room. Harry opened his eyes and looked about him. The old gentleman was gone; the bags of gold were gone. The old desk was under his arm, and the chief operator was bending over him.

"Your time's up, Harry," he said. "I thought you were in a hurry to get home. This isn't a very



"YOU ARE AN IMPOSTOR. YOU ARE A THIEF."

good place to sleep on a hot night, anyhow."

The clock on the wall opposite said half past two; it was twenty-five minutes past when Harry had told the chief operator that he wanted to go. He had been asleep perhaps three minutes, and every garment on him was wet with perspiration. His hat and coat were not in his hands. He looked for them, and then he remembered. They were still in the closet. He got them, and walked slowly down the four flights of stairs. When he came out on Fifteenth Street his footsteps turned instinctively in the direction of the Treasury building. But Harry resolutely turned them the other way.

"I don't want any more dreamland riches," he said, as he thought of the old gentleman and his red-hot coin.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS

[Pg 293]

In the lull following upon the activity of football, and preceding track athletics and baseball, I shall devote as much space as possible in this Department to comment on seasonable sports, and on the methods for training and preparation for spring work. So many letters come each week asking for suggestions about training, especially for the running events, and requesting information on the various outdoor sports for ice and snow, that it seems advisable to award to these subjects the preference, for the next few weeks at least. Concerning training for field sports, I shall endeavor to treat of putting the shot in an early number of the ROUND TABLE, and soon afterward we shall have hints and advice on training for the sprints and the middle distances. This week I want to devote almost all available space to the prime winter sport of curling, about which I have been asked for a description by a number of correspondents in the Northern and Western States and Canada.



A CURLING-MATCH.

Curling is essentially a Scottish game, and one over which the stolid Scotsmen manage to work up considerable enthusiasm and excitement. It has been imported into this country, and especially in Canada have American curlers become almost as proficient as any in the world. Few games afford better sport and exercise, and a certain amount of muscular strength is demanded of the players. The game is played on ice, of course, and the space marked out for playing is called a "rink." This is usually a strip of ice on a pond or a stream, forty-two yards long and eight or nine yards wide, swept clear of snow. A "tee," or goal, is set down at each end of the rink. The tees are 39½ yards apart. Seven feet behind each tee is a small circle called a "foot-circle," from which the curlers launch their stones. From each tee as a centre a circle must be drawn, with a radius of seven feet, and every stone which is not outside of this circle when it has stopped

moving counts as one point in the reckoning. Outside and beyond the tee circle a line is drawn across to the rink, and the stones which pass this boundary are called dead—that is, they do not count. Seven or eight yards inside of each tee another line is drawn across the rink, and every stone that does not pass this "hog-score," as this line is called, is removed from the ice, out of the way of coming stones. The "middle line" is drawn half-way between the tees across the rink. Perhaps a better idea of this complicated delineation of a curling-rink may be gathered from the diagram at the top of the next page.

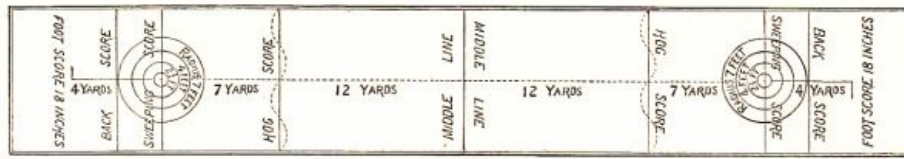


DIAGRAM OF A CURLING-RINK.

There are usually four players on a side, and each player is armed with two stones. These stones are of circular shape, with flattened sides, and must not weigh more than fifty pounds nor less than thirty pounds. Neither must they be more than thirty-six inches around, nor less in height than one-eighth of the greatest circumference. Curling enthusiasts attach great importance to their stones. They have them of various weights to suit their own fancy, and of every possible variation of form. Some players prefer flat stones, while others have a liking for high ones. As a rule, however, the favorite is that which is neither very flat nor very high, the reason for this being that such a stone is well "centred," having the centre of gravity about in the middle, and being therefore more easily handled. These stones are usually cut out of granite; they are then highly polished, and frequently fitted with very ornamental and highly expensive handles.

The players are also provided with brooms, with which they sweep off the snow and other obstacles from the rink. One point of judgment in curling is to know when to sweep the way clear for a coming stone and when not to, the sweeper knowing about how fast the stone will go for its weight, and about where it will land if allowed to travel over a rough or a smooth surface. The number of points ordinarily appointed as decisive of a curling-match is thirty-one, and the side which first scores that total is the winner. The chief aim in the game is to hurl the stone with the proper amount of strength, so that it will take its place close to the tee. Then a certain amount of generalship must be used by one side to so distribute its stones that the opponents may not be able to dislodge those nearest to the centre of the tee circle. It will be seen that curling is a sort of giant game of shuffle-board, but much more susceptible to scientific work than the latter. A close finish in curling frequently arouses both parties to the highest excitement, and many funny stories have been written about staid Scottish squires and dignified dominies who have found themselves hotly disputing with one another on a curling-rink. For those who may be interested in the sport, and who care to become more familiar with it or to learn the many rules which experience and practice have shown to be necessary, I recommend an article on curling in the volume on skating in the Badminton Library.

[Pg 294]

The many protests in the recent contests held by the New York I. S. A. A. have led the officers of that organization to formulate and adopt some new rules which will now make the conditions of contests perfectly clear. The changes in the constitution recently adopted are good ones, and have all been framed with a view to purifying sport, and with the intention of holding all New York school-boy athletes to the closest interpretation of the spirit of amateurism.

A very vague idea of the rules and regulations which govern amateur sport has been held by the majority of school athletes in this city until recently. I think this must have been because they were not as familiar as they might have been with the laws enacted by their own association. These laws were perhaps not as strict as they should have been, and I am now glad to see that the managers are tightening the reins. Every boy who goes into athletics here or anywhere else should know exactly what his rights and his duties are in matters of sport, and especially in the matter of eligibility in these days, when professionalism is so steadily trying to steal into the camp. I cannot but believe that if every scholar in this town had known by heart the N. Y. I. S. A. A. rules of eligibility last year, the errors of some misguided athletes would never have been made.

The new rules governing eligibility are clear and unequivocal, and it is hard to see how even the most professionally inclined can now beat about the stump. The first section of the new Article XI. states that "no one shall represent any school as a competitor in any athletic contest who has not been a member of that school from the first of January of the school year in which the contest is held, or who has actually been paid wages for services during the school year, or who has been enrolled as a member of any college, or who has attained the age of twenty years, or who is not in good standing with the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States."

The article proceeds to explain that having been a member of the sub-Freshman class of the College of the City of New York does not debar a scholar from competing, and this is eminently just. A most important provision follows, and I cannot urge too strongly upon the I.S.A.A. committee to enforce this rule to the letter if it results in having only one contest a year. It is to the effect that any school wishing to enter a team for the baseball, football, tennis, or track-athletic championship must file a list of all players or competitors with the chairman of the committee governing that special branch before such team can enter any contest. The next two sections specify that in such list the ages of all players or competitors shall be given, and the list must be signed by the principal of the school, to certify that all the intended players or

competitors are eligible.

In view of recent events, the revision of Article XIV. also cannot be too gladly welcomed: "Section 1. No school shall, through any of its officers or by any other means, directly or indirectly, by offering any inducements, influence or try to influence a pupil of any other school to sever his connection with said school. Section 2. The offering of a regularly established or other scholarship by any school or officer thereof, as an inducement to change from one school to another, shall be considered an inducement." Much annoyance would have been saved if these paragraphs had been in the constitution when it was first formulated, and I think that this revision might be even further fortified by inserting the words "directly or indirectly" in the second section as well as in the first.

It is a wise provision also that any school entering a team for the baseball or football championship must play all games for which they are scheduled under penalty of \$5 fine for each game forfeited. My only criticism is that the penalty might be doubled or trebled. The championship series of football games last fall, in Brooklyn, was greatly interfered with by the continual forfeiting of games by the weaker teams. This Department spoke of the evil at the time, and I would now urge the Long Island League legislators to insert some such by-law in their code as the New Yorkers have just established.

Athletics are progressing so vigorously in Philadelphia that a new interscholastic league, in addition to the Inter-Academic A. A. of some years standing, has been organized. The new association held a meeting a few weeks ago, at which delegates from the Central High-school, Wilmington High-school, and the Central and Northeast Manual Training schools were present. A committee was appointed to see the Friends' Central, Catholic High and Swarthmore College Grammar Schools, and invite them to join the association. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the call of the chair to receive the report of this committee. This committee should at once communicate with the officers of the National I. S. A. A., and apply for membership. The new league has some strong schools in it, as readers of this Department may see by glancing over the list. The Central High-school of Philadelphia is probably the largest school in that city, and both the Wilmington and Swarthmore Grammar schools have already acquired enviable records in sport.

An Interscholastic Polo League has been formed in Boston, under the auspices of the B.A.A., with the following schools as members: Melrose High, Cambridge High and Latin, Roxbury Latin, and English High. A provisional schedule has been arranged, but as the weather is an important factor in polo, it may be necessary to postpone several of the contests. The dates chosen are:

CAMBRIDGE H. AND L.

Dec. 31.—E. H. S. on Spy Pond.
Jan. 17.—Roxbury Latin on Spy Pond.
Jan. 25.—Melrose on Spy Pond.

ENGLISH HIGH.

Dec. 31.—Cambridge on Spy Pond.
Jan. 14.—Roxbury Latin (undecided).
Jan. 17.—Melrose at Melrose.

ROXBURY LATIN.

Jan. 14.—English High (undecided).
Jan. 17.—Cambridge on Spy Pond.
Jan. 21.—Melrose at Melrose.

MELROSE HIGH.

Jan. 17.—English High at Melrose.
Jan. 21.—Roxbury Latin at Melrose.
Jan. 25.—Cambridge at Spy Pond.

It is to be hoped, if the season proves a successful one and the cold weather holds out, that the winner in this Boston League will arrange for a championship game with the winner in the Connecticut League.



**H. D. CAREY,
JUN.,
Hamilton
Institute.**



**THEODORE
LUTKINS,
Brooklyn Latin
School.**

On account of this delay in receiving the portraits of Messrs. Carey and Lutkins, who were selected for members of the All-New-York football team, the pictures could not be reproduced until this week. Carey of the Hamilton Institute would play right half-back, and Lutkins would rank as first substitute on the All-New-York eleven, the full details of which were given in the ROUND TABLE of January 7th.

The game of basket-ball promises to become popular among the colleges and the larger schools of the country this winter. This Department will devote some space to the game at an early date, which is taking up the attention of scholastic sportsmen in Connecticut.

J. A. BAKER, B. BAY, MASSACHUSETTS.—There is no rule prohibiting tackling above the shoulders, unless Section B of Rule 27 of the Football Rules of 1895 can be construed as such. It is a matter for the umpire to decide in every case.

H. C. MORRIS, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.—There will be an article on running in this Department some time during the winter. I should advise you to use sprinting shoes without spikes to train in, but wear spikes in a contest or when running for time.

W. H. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—You can find out what you want to know in *Walter Camp's Book of College Sports* (The Century Company, New York), or in the *American Boy's Handy Book* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

J. J. SMITH, RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.—There is a very good chapter on "Toy-boat Making and Sailing" in *Coventry Pastimes for Boys* (Longmans, Green, & Company, New York).

H. C. D., MERIDEN.—The arrangement of players for the game of ice polo, described briefly in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for January 14th, is as follows:



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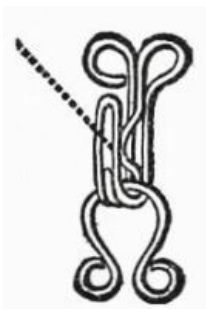
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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American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

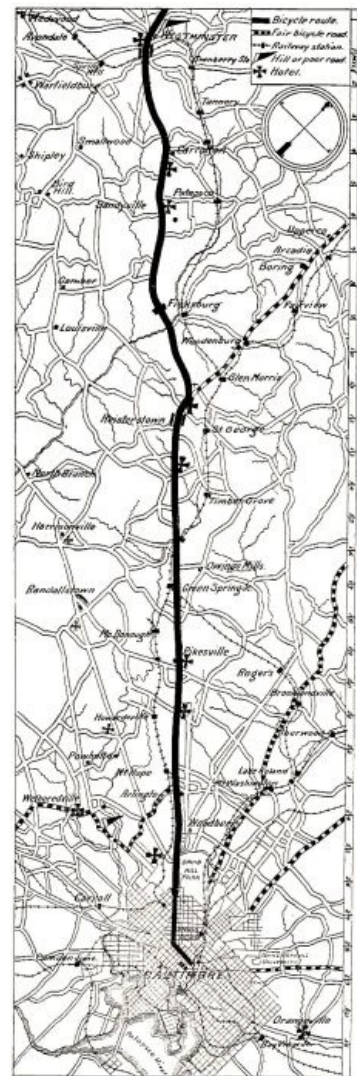
Continuing our trip from New York to Washington, we take up the journey at Westminster for the run thence in Baltimore. The road is a turnpike of limestone, as are most of the important roads in that part of the country. It is moderately level nearly all the way, and there is little difficulty in keeping to it on this particular stretch of the trip. Leaving Westminster you pass out of town under the railroad, and start out at once on the turnpike for Carrolton, taking care to take the left fork a little less than a mile out. From Carrolton through Sandyville to Finksburg, and thence to Reisterstown the way is direct and unmistakable, there being almost no road of an equal importance to the main pike, and therefore little opportunity for any one to get off the route. This makes up a run of about fourteen miles over an easy road, and you are strongly advised, therefore, not to make much of a stop here, but to run on to Pikesville at least, unless the company happens to be made up partly of women, when a stop may to advantage be made here, and another at Pikesville or Howardsville.

From Reisterstown the pike runs almost due southeast five miles to Greenspring Junction, and then two miles further on to Pikesville. Keeping straight on over a remarkably good road in pleasant weather, you pass through Howardsville less than two miles further, and finally bring up in Arlington, twenty-four or twenty-five miles from Westminster. If no stop is to be made at Baltimore, and the rider determines to include this run and the next day's run in one twenty-four hours, he should take the right fork here, and follow the road marked like a barber's pole on the map. For many reasons, however, it is better to go on, because Baltimore is a good and comfortable place to put up at, especially if you go to the Carrolton; and should you be making the trip in quicker or longer stages than we have been doing, you should make it a point to reach Baltimore at night, instead of putting up at Westminster.

Proceeding then from Arlington along the railroad, the rider soon comes in to Druid Hill Park, and through or along the edge of this enters the city, where it is easy to make his way to the centre of the town and reach the Carrolton.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to

Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson to No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827; Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829; Third Stage in No. 830; Fourth Stage in No. 831; Fifth Stage in No. 832; Sixth Stage in No. 833. Boston to Concord in No. 834. Boston in No. 835. Boston to Gloucester in No. 836. Boston to Newburyport in No. 837. Boston to New Bedford in No. 838. Boston to South Framingham in No. 839. Boston to Nahant in No. 840. Boston to Lowell in No. 841. Boston to Nantucket Beach in No. 842. Boston Circuit Ride in No. 843. Philadelphia to Washington—First Stage in No. 844; Second Stage in No. 845; Third Stage in No. 846.



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About New Zealand.

Auckland is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, situated on the southern bank of the Waitamata Harbor. It has a fine library and art gallery. To the former Sir George Grey gave a very valuable collection of books, and to the latter the late Mr. McKelvie left his entire collection of works of art. Not very far from the city is Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, from the top of which one has some of the most beautiful views in the world.

We live about six miles from town, and at the back of our place are the Three Kings, so called because it is supposed that three Maori kings were buried there—one on each peak. At the side of the mountain is the entrance to some caves. There is a tradition that before New Zealand was inhabited by white people there was a tribal war; the defeated tribe was driven into the cave, the successful one hoping to starve it into submission. The tribe in the cave, however, knew of an opening near the harbor by which it escaped to its canoes. The distance they had to traverse was several miles. There is a very beautiful tree here called Pohutukawa (*Metrosideros tomentosa*). The nearest approach to pronouncing it is, for the beginner, "poetry-cow." The tree grows to a great height, and at Christmas-time is covered with bright scarlet flowers. So it is generally called Christmas-tree.

ESTELLA ULRICH.
AUCKLAND, N. Z.



will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

A girl's luncheon? You mean the school luncheon? Let it be as nice as possible, and take pains to pack it very neatly for her, so that when the recess hour comes she may take an interest in what she eats.

Of course the ideal luncheon for Gertrude and Caroline is something hot, a nice hash or scrambled eggs, or else a chop and a baked potato, with some gingerbread, stewed fruit, oranges, or a cup-custard after it. A cup of chocolate or cocoa is good for growing girls at luncheon, and a glass of milk is a very nice addition to their bill of fare.

But these beautiful hot luncheons cannot always be managed at school. Often the girls must carry their noonday meal from home, and as a general thing they take very little care about the matter themselves. Mamma or sister Mary must think for them.

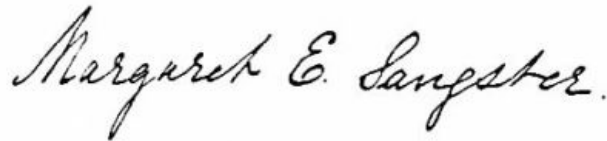
A dainty box or little basket, a fine soft napkin, and some paraffin paper are indispensable to the preparation of lunches. Sandwiches must be made of *thin* bread and butter, with potted meat, cream cheese, or jam spread between the slices. Rough edges and crusts must be cut off, and the bread and butter be of the very best. There are many delicious crackers, some salted, some sprinkled with cheese-flakes, some sweet and crisp like cookies, which are appetizing with one's luncheon. And fruit is always in order.

If it is possible, and it usually is, to get a little boiling water, let the school-girl make for herself a cup of bouillon at luncheon. There are several excellent kinds of bouillon which come in small jars and bottles, and of which a spoonful added to a glass or cup of either hot or cold water makes a very refreshing drink. I prefer hot bouillon myself, but cold bouillon is very refreshing too, and much better with bread and butter than cold water, if the luncheon is a simple affair of that.

A girl who eats her luncheon regularly, and avoids sweets, pastry, and candy between meals, will have bright eyes and a good complexion. She will not look sallow and pasty, nor have pimples and other signs of indigestion on her face.

Suppose a young girl wishes to give a luncheon to a few friends, what would be a nice menu? Well, she might begin with oranges or grape-fruit, cut in two and sprinkled with sugar; these are eaten with a rather sharp-pointed spoon. This might be followed by oysters on the half-shell, in a little bed of crushed ice, if the luncheon is to be elaborate. Then comes bouillon, served in pretty cups; there are covered cups for bouillon which are simply fascinating to the heart of the china-loving girl. After this course comes minced fish or scoloped oysters, in little china or silver shells. Follow this with dainty chops, Saratoga chips, and green pease. Then have a salad, with thin wafers or salted crackers, cream cheese, and guava jelly or gooseberry jam. After this may appear dessert, of charlotte-russe or ice-cream, or frozen pudding, or, if you please, a hot pudding with cold sauce. Have salted almonds and olives on the table, to pass between the courses, and finish everything up with bonbons, cream peppermints, or any pretty candies or confections which you like.

Of course this is the way to have a formal luncheon. I know a little girl; her name is Delsie, and she isn't very tall, but I wouldn't ask a better luncheon than she gave me one day, and she did everything about it herself. She had beautiful wheat cakes with maple syrup, and she baked them brown on the griddle like a fairy, and then she gave me the most beautiful heaping saucerful of popped corn, white and salted and buttered. I wish I had some of it now.



A Suggestion for the Founders.

Would you not like a temperance club or something of the sort in the Table? I think a society that wishes to be one of the noblest should have a place for one of the greatest questions in the world. I would like to correspond with some one interested in temperance. Winter set in some time ago, but last week it thawed nearly all the time, and as it has turned cold again the ground is covered with ice. All the horses that are not needed on the farm are turned loose in the winter, and as there are almost no fences they have a good time.

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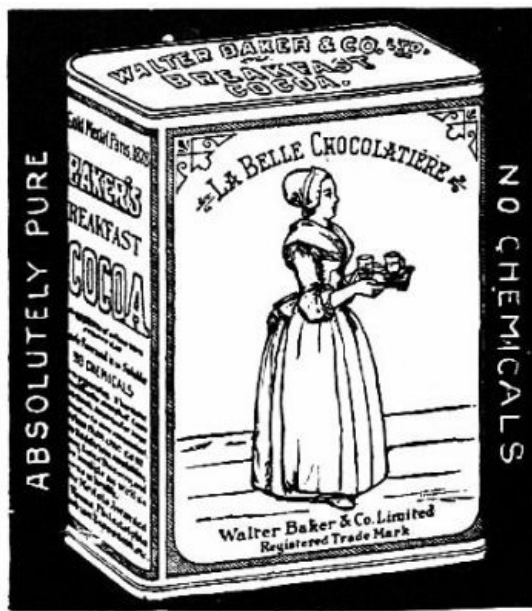
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Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

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FIRST PRIZE, \$25; H. E. Murdock, Patron, 204 Bank of Commerce Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

SECOND PRIZE, \$10; Mrs. Nils Holm, Patron, 710 S. Farwell Street, Eau Claire, Wis.

HONORABLE MENTION—JUNIORS.

MARINES.

W. C. Davids, Rutherford, N. J., Frederick Clapp, Boston, Mass., Octave de Maurice, Middletown, Conn., Kenneth M. Towner, Asbury Park, N. J., Albert B. Russell, Ilion, N. Y., Andrew Phillips, Nunda, N. Y., Paul Warren, Wauwautosa, Wis., Mary P. Kelsey, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., Susy Brown, Keyport, N. J., John W. Horr, Worcester, Mass., Samuel J. Castner, Philadelphia, Pa.

LANDSCAPES.

Emory J. Wendell, Albany, N. Y., Edmund C. Stone, Baird, Cal., W. H. Tobey, Washington, Kan., Ike Baum, Uniontown, Pa., Valverd Toof, St. Paul, Minn., May F. Barrett, Bloomfield, N. J., Stanley M. Dolan, Portland, Ore., Robert Woodward, Montclair, N. J., Albert Russell, Ilion, N. Y., J. A. Sinclair, Beamsville, Ont., Walter C. Bradley, Philadelphia, Penn., Roland C. Meisenbach, St. Louis, Mo., James G. Zimmerman, Milwaukee, Wis., Homer E. Bartlett, North Adams, Mass., Harry Bender, Allegheny, Pa., Edith Van Allen, Worcester, Mass., Fleurette Raplan, Cincinnati, O., H. P. Randall, Pasadena, Cal., Douglas Vandyke, Milwaukee, Wis., Paul G. Warren, Wauwautosa, Wis.

FIGURE STUDIES.

Roland Meisenbach, St. Louis, Mo., S. J. Castner, Philadelphia, Pa., Andrew Phillips, Nunda, N. Y., Edmund C. Stone, Baird, Cal., Constance F. Wheeler, New York City, James A. Sinclair, Beamsville, Ont., Luke Murdock, Cincinnati, O.

HONORABLE MENTION—SENIORS.

LANDSCAPES.

Norman J. Smith, Bellville, N. J., Virginia Wells, Parkersburg, W. Va., Wilbur F. Powers, Evanston, Ill., Harriet L. George, Thomaston, Me., Mrs. Ellen E. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill., M. Alison Martin, Toledo, O., Frank R. Gilbert, Chester, Pa., Norman J. Smith, New York City, Max H. Miner, Ithaca, N. Y., G. L. Blodgett, Cooperstown, N. Y., Louis H. Flanders, Chicago, Ill., Mary A. Dougall, Newark, N. J., Chester A. Darling, New York City, Jane Farnham Miller, Washington, D. C., Cora Blakeslee, Sparta, Wis., Harry Drinker, Scranton, Pa., William H. Brown, Greenville, E. Tenn., Frances H. Badeau, Washington, D. C., A. E. Pearson, Holyoke, Mass., Lee Stillman, Red Hook, N. Y., Mrs. Geo. Conn, Black Diamond, Wash., Warfield T. Longcope, Baltimore, Md., F. Elton Morse, Lyon, Mass., Newell W. Edson, Portland, Me., Frank Roe, Batchelder, Worcester, Mass., Herbert B. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., George H. Small, Everett, Mass., Arthur E. Mooney, St. Louis, Mo., Fred. E. Turner, Willimantic, Conn., Mrs. Claud Gatch, Salem, Ore., Francis E. Blake, Ithaca, N. Y., W. S. Thomas, Detroit, Mich., H. J. Sutton, Philadelphia, Penn., E. D. Bull,

Spartansburg, S. C., Mrs. A. O. Keplan, Cincinnati, O., E. M. Bixby, San Francisco, Cal., Miss Hattie Howard, Washington, D.C., H. L. Willoughby, Newport, R. I., Miss Annie E. Hartwell, Framingham, Mass., William H. Frink, Greenfield, Mass., Howard W. Page, Minneapolis, Minn.

FIGURE STUDIES.

H. E. Murdock, Minneapolis, Minn.: A Daughter of the Nile, See the Conquering Hero, Five I Cast Away, Day Dreams. Mrs. Nils Holm, Eau Claire, Wis.: A Descendant of the Vikings, Give Me a Bite? A Careless Boy, Mistress Mischief, Multiplication is Vexation, A Portrait. Mrs. Helen E. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.: A Little ROUND TABLE Artist, Sleep with Fairy Fingers. C. J. McLain, Fort Wayne, Ind.: A Little Bather. Miss Helen Owen, Okalona, Miss.: A Sliver. Horace William Dresser, Brooklyn, N. Y.: In Fairyland. George B. Phillips, Milwaukee, Wis.: Study of a Child. Miss Marian Otter, Doyleston, Pa.: Girl Reading. Hubert E. Hoge, Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Freedman. Kate Matthews, Pewee Valley, Ky.: Study of a Child, A Reverie. Jennie E. Smith, Iowa Falls, Ia.: Story of Three Little Pigs, Modern Wood-Nymph. W. E. Dickinson, Bradford, Ia.: How is That for High? Chas. H. Voorhees, New York City: In a New England Lane. Arthur E. Mooney, St. Louis, Mo.: Want Me to Read You a Story? Under the Old Apple-Tree. A. E. Pearson, Holyoke, Mass.: Ironing Day. Bertha Lothrop, Riverton, N. J.: Three Scamps, Dolly and Me. Capt. Berkeley Macaulay, U. S. A., Fort Apache, Ari.: Drop it, Tenderfoot. Theodore H. Hugo, Bridgeport, Conn.: Chores. Willis F. Lee, Brooklyn, Pa.: Tired Hands. W. J. Browning, Salt Lake City: Future Defenders of the Cup. Dorothy Roys, New York City: Berkshire Blackberries. W. C. Davis, Lieut. of Artillery, Fortress Monroe, Va.: A Youthful Granger. S. Roy Baker: Figure Studies.

ANIMAL STUDIES.

Louis H. Flanders, 512 Fullerton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.: Head of Jersey Cow. Orville Bassett, New Bedford, Mass.: Good Friends. Hubert Hoge, B.H.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Fallen Majesty. Louis Flanders, Chicago, Ill.: Waiting for the Master. Bertha Lothrop, Riverton, N. J.: Playmates. Franklin H. Conant, Providence, R. I.: Study of a Cat. W. Yost, Cumberland, Md.: Study of a Cat. Lieut. W. C. Davis, U.S.A., Fortress Monroe, Va.: A Fifteen-dollar Horse. Mrs. Claud Gatch, Salem, Ore.: A Good Square Meal.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

C. H. Voorhees, New York City: Lightning. Edward H. Murray, Watertown, N. Y.: Cows at Water's Edge. Newell W. Edson, Portland, Me.: Sunset Effect (Day is Dying in the West). Mrs. Geo. Conn, Black Diamond, Wash.: Snow Scene. Warfield T. Longcope, Baltimore, Md.: Moonlight. Arthur E. Mooney, St. Louis, Mo.: Above the House-tops (Cloud Effect).

In the Camera Club column of No. 844 (December 31st), in "Answers to Queries," a formula for a developing solution is given to Sir Knight Milton Pease. There is a mistake in Solution No. 1. It reads, "Add enough water to make the solution up to 8 oz." It should be, "Add enough water to make the solution up to 16 oz."

A Picture in a Word.

WHAT IS IT?

A bold headland on the coast of Spain, the headquarters of a band of Moorish robbers; fishermen's boats, merchants' vessels, ships of war sailing stealthily by in the darkness with muffled oars, or crowding all sail in a fair wind to escape, if possible, the extortions of the gang of pirates who exacted tribute from every passing vessel.

Answer.—Tariff, from Tarifa, a promontory on the Strait of Gibraltar.

That Virgil Query.

The ancients *did* have "some idea of the roundness of the earth." In fact, they possessed much knowledge of it. The great Aristotle, who lived about three centuries before Virgil, advanced substantially the same theories to prove the rotundity of our planet that are commonly taught to-day. But they were not considered conclusive, which, in truth, they are not. Going even further back than the time of Aristotle it is found that the ancient Pythagoreans believed the earth to be round. It was one of their philosophers who discovered this fact.

SIMON THEODORE STERN.
NEW YORK CITY.

I think Virgil's line, *intonnere poli*, has reference to the north pole of the heavens, which was part of the system of astronomy invented by Hipparchus. Instead of saying, "the poles thunder," I would use the derived meaning of *poli*, *heavens*. I would like to ask some Knight or Lady interested in astronomy why planets do not twinkle as the stars do.

C. F. HUNTER, R.T.F.
MELLENVILLE, N. Y.

Prizes for Funny Verses.

We offered five packets of fifty engraved visiting-cards bearing the winners' names, with copper plate for future use, to the five who sent us that number of ridiculous *funny* verses—the funnier the better. Here are the best five we received, with names of their authors:

Yankee Doodle had a cat,
Its tail was double-jointed;
He took it to the dentist shop,
And had its molars pointed.

SAMUEL BYERS.
PHILADELPHIA.

He received a prospectus of the Round Table—
Harper's,
And tried to read
The names of the Knights on the table of King
Arthur;
And now his need
Is the man who can fix his jaw—the Doctor.

CHARLES FREDERIC HOFFMANN.
NEW YORK.

A young man from old Honolulu
Met up with a terrible Zulu,
The Zulu's warm smile stretched forth nigh a mile,
And the young man was turned into tulu.

NED A. HIGGINS.
GALENA, ILL.

Said the Bishop to the Abbot,
I'd give a five-pound note
To see that ballet-dancer
Get the tip-top vote.

When the dancer got the vote
And the five-pound note,
Then the Bishop to the Abbot said,
I'm sorry that I spoke.

JOHN B. CAUTLEY.
WOBURN SANDS, BLETCHLEY, ENGLAND.

JUVENILE LOGIC.

"Pa, did Juno Juno?"
Asked curious little Ned.
"No, I didn't know Juno,"
His startled father said.
"But, pa, Juno was No-ju,
That you surely know.
And then if Juno No-ju,
Why didn't Juno Juno?"

UPTON E. SINCLAIR, JUN.
NEW YORK.

The prizes have been ordered, and will be forwarded as soon as ready.

Questions and Answers.

Frank Cope asks us to name an arithmetic well adapted to the needs of one who is compelled to study without an instructor. Good ones, for elementary study, are Fish's No. 1, 30 cents, and Fish's No. 2, 60 cents, to be had from the American Book Company, Chicago; or, if an advanced book is wanted, Harper's Advanced Arithmetic, \$1.20, Harper & Brothers, New York. Are you interested in plants and flowers? M. S. Newman, 111 Avenue B, New York, wants to hear from you if you are. Wyatt and Peyser, 82 Lexington Avenue, New York, publishers of *The Comet*, a clever amateur paper, want literary contributions from amateurs.

The Whittier Library Chapter, A. L. Kuhn, 615 Ninth Street, Milwaukee, Wis., seeks members, both those residing in and out of Milwaukee. Address as above. It is a delightful Chapter to belong to. A Lady asks how to get ready for a "Looking Backward" dance. Can anyone tell her? Paul H. Knoelk, 627 Greenfield Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., wants to form a literary Chapter, with corresponding members. He or any others may write to Arthur J. Johnston, Box 136, Dartmouth, N. S. The latter wants to join a corresponding Chapter, which, we may inform a third, a Lady who asks, is an organization kept together by correspondence, its members living in many States. The best combination is, we think, a Chapter having both local and absent members. We shall be glad to hear of the progress of the Lancelot Chapter, of Newtonville, Mass. Maximo Gomez is commander-in-chief of the Cuban forces. He has no naval force, and a land force variously estimated at from 25,000 to 50,000 men, the number being constantly added to. Jno. Pohland, Ahnapee, Wis., will send sketches to any amateur paper that applies to him for them. He wants samples.



[Pg 299]

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

The letter issued by the American S. S. S. S., addressed to those countries using "Seebeek" stamps, has already produced fruit. The President of Ecuador has issued a decree cancelling the contract for the supply of these stamps, on the ground "that it is unworthy of the dignity of Ecuador" to continue such an arrangement.

As enterprising firm in St. Louis has begun the issue of a daily stamp paper, edited by "The Office Cat," price \$3 per year, but the publishers reserve the right of discontinuing the paper and refunding subscriptions at any time the "Office Cat" gets tired. Although begun in fun, the editor has issued several numbers, and it looks as if the paper would be a success. Great is philately and many are its devotees. The time may come when a daily stamp paper will be issued in all the philatelic centres, both morning and evening editions.

Stories of great "finds" are current. Ever since the Louisville discovery of 137 St. Louis stamps, which the lucky finders (two porters) sold for over \$30,000, the attention of stamp-collectors all over the Union has been directed to unearthing old correspondence. The South has been a little backward so far, and yet there is no doubt that large numbers of the rarer Confederate "locals" are still in existence. To aid the ROUND TABLE readers to identify these stamps, I shall give reduced illustrations next week of some or all of the stamps. A complete list of the fourteen stamps issued by the general government of the Confederate States, together with illustrations of the same, and their comparative scarcity, will be found in the ROUND TABLE dated December 10, 1895.

J. DENNETT.—As there are at least sixteen different Prince Edward Island stamps, I cannot know to which you refer.

A. T. D.—An embossed stamp is, strictly speaking, one in which all or a portion of the stamp is in relief, but the word is frequently used for a *grilled* stamp—that is, one in which a series of indentations has been made. See ROUND TABLE, July 16, 1895, for illustrations of grills. Laid paper is one in which, held up to the light, there appear white lines. Ribbed paper is a paper embossed in lines very slightly raised above the surface.

H. MARRIETTA.—For value of cents see ROUND TABLE, December 17, 1895. For water-marks, ROUND TABLE, January 7, 1896. Zes is Dutch for six. A medallion looks like but is not a coin. The stamps and envelopes can be bought for double face.

H. MARTIN.—Your half-dollar is not 1813, but a worn 1843. Dealers ask 75c. for an

unworn copy.

M. B. GRIFFITHS, POST MASTER, M. PA., H. S. BERRY, W. SKATING, M. ZIMMERMAN.—See ROUND TABLE for December 17, 1895, and January 7, 1896, for prices *asked* by dealers for the coins.

J. A. W.—The stamps are current Mexican. The timbre stamp is a Mexican revenue.

L. A. S.—Foreign coins are not much collected in the U. S. For values of U. S. coins from 25 cents to \$1 see last number. The other coins mentioned do not command a premium.

A. A. MOSES.—See the ROUND TABLE dated January 7, 1896, for methods of seeing water-marks.

M. O. CONGER.—See ROUND TABLE dated December 17, 1895, for values of U. S. coins from 1 cent to 20 cents. The Confederate stamp is worth 5 cents.

PHILATUS.

IVORY SOAP

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An experienced laundress will tell you that shirts never look as white as when washed with Ivory Soap.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.



Over the hills
and far away
The whizzing wheels speed on to-day.
As they fly along the glad shouts ring—
"Ride MONARCH, the wheel that's best and king"



MONARCH

KING OF BICYCLES

Beloved by his subjects because he does right by them. There's goodness and merit in every inch of his kingly fame.

4 models. \$80 and \$100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the **Defiance** is made in 8 models, \$40 to \$75.

Send for Monarch book.



Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.

Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO.

88 Reade St., NEW YORK.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.



PRINTING OUTFIT 10c.

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type, Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Linen Market; worth \$1.00. Sample mailed FREE for 10c. stamps for postage on outfit and large catalogue of 1000 Bargains. Same outfit with figures 15c. Larger outfit for printing two lines 25c. post-paid. Ingersoll & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City

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There is nothing, we imagine, that the young reader would be likely to prize more.
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By Kirk Munroe

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WAKULLA.—THE FLAMINGO FEATHER.—DERRICK STERLING.—CHRYSTAL, JACK & Co., and DELTA BIXBY. Illustrated. Square 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00 each.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

[Pg 300]



THE CHASE OF THE BONNET BIRD.

"Oh what is the use," said the Fays from the Moon,
"Of spending the whole of an afternoon
 In fishing for fish,
 To serve on a dish,
When you can go birding for birds like that,
 With feathers upon it
 Just right for a bonnet,
 Or theatre hat?"

"All fishes are cheap—
E'en those from the deep—
But bonnets come high!
 That's why
'Stead of fishing for fish,
 To serve on a dish,
 We are birding instead
For that bird with the wonderful feathery head."

ALWAYS READY TO TELL.

"When I grow up," observed Walter, "I'm going to be the editor of a newspaper."
"You'll make a good one," put in Sallie, scornfully, "you're such a tattle-tale."

A POOR RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

"Don't you know, Clement," said Clement's mother, "that candy is very bad for your teeth?"
"No, ma'am," replied Clement. "I know that my teeth were bad for the candy, though."

I'm very fond of pa,
I dearly love my ma;
But when it comes to making pie,
The cook, I think, just takes my eye.

EARLY-MORNING PERSIFLAGE.

"Johnny, get up!" called his father, the other morning.
"Too cold," called Johnny, in return.
"If you are not up in five minutes I'll come up after you," returned his father.
"All right," said Johnny. "Bring an ice-pick with you."

A LITTLE MIXED.

"There she is," said Bobbie, pointing to the cruiser.
"She?" retorted Hal. "She ain't a she—she's a he. That boat's a *man*-of-war."

A COASTER'S CONCLUSION.

The down-hill glide takes my breath away,
As over the snow I pop;
And that is why, I suppose, I pant
When plodding up to the top.

A REASONABLE DEMAND.

"See here, papa," said Willie, "do you remember how badly you felt because I sent you a comic valentine last year?"
"Yes. What of it?"
"Well, if you want a nice one this year you'll have to double my allowance. I can't afford more 'n a cent on five cents a week."

NOT WHAT IT WAS CRACKED UP TO BE.

The tumblerful of cracked ice had melted, and little Mabel was peering curiously into the water that was left.

"Zat's verwy funny," she said. "Zat ice was all cwacked, an', now it's melted, ze cwacks is all gone."

THE SNOW MAN CRACKS A JOKE.

"You look very warm," said the Sun to the Snow-man.

"Why shouldn't I?" retorted the Snow-man. "I've got on my meltin' overcoat."

JOEY'S PLAN.

This poor little darky he wished to be white.
That was all that he wished for—heigho!
And he washed his brown face both day and night
With snow—
Poor Joe!
"Yo' face gits all soapy 'f yo' wash it wiv soap,
And dat is de reason, kind sir, dat I hope
In usin' dis snow 'twill git snowy,"
Said Joey.
Heigho!



A BIRD'S NESTING ADVENTURE, OR HOW A WICKED APE MET WITH HIS REWARD.

FOOTNOTES:

[\[1\]](#) The writer had this incident from one who was present on the occasion.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JANUARY 21, 1896

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