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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A BOX OF GOLD IN VENEZUELA.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"I'm going to have a shy at that gold when we get up to Potosi, Jack. I tell you forty thousand dollars in gold is worth looking for these days."

Ned Peterson leaned back in one of the great rocking-chairs on the upper gallery of the Hôtel de France, in Port of Spain, on the island of Trinidad, and puffed his cigar as complacently as though the gold were already in his trunk. He was fresh out of the School of Mines of Columbia College, and so felt at liberty to lay down the law to his fourteen-year-old brother Jack. They were both on their way into the heart of Venezuela, to the gold-mines of Naparima, of which their father was superintendent and part owner.

"Oh, that's just one of your romantic notions," Jack replied, standing by his brother and looking through the jalousie-blinds at the coolies squatting in the park across the street. "You want a chance to write to your chums in New York that you're searching for lost gold in the bottom of the Orinoco River. It sounds well, but it won't amount to anything."

"You don't know what you're talking about," the young man retorted, with great dignity. "We know the gold is there, and it will be an easy matter to find out just about where the canoe was when it capsized and dumped it into the river. Of course there has been a great deal of searching for it, but never under as favorable circumstances as we shall find. Last November, when the gold was lost, the water in the Orinoco was sixty feet higher than it is now. At this time of year, midwinter, it is so low that the steamers cannot go further up the river than the City of Bolivar. At Potosi the water is not more than three or four feet deep just now, and by sounding in the mud we will have an excellent chance of finding the box. Anyhow, it's worth trying for. Forty-one thousand three hundred and forty dollars is the exact value of it."

"You have it down fine!" Jack laughed. "Couldn't you take off a dollar or two?"

"Not a cent," Ned answered. "They send the gold down from the mines in bars, two bars in a box, and each bar weighing exactly 1000 ounces. I suppose you know that gold is worth \$20.67 an ounce, always and in all countries. That price never varies. So it is easy to calculate the value of the two bars. It was a great setback to father's management, the loss of those two bars right at the beginning."

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"I've heard an awful lot about those two bars of gold," Jack said, "but I never quite understood the thing. How did they come to be lost?"

Ned was quite willing to show his superior knowledge by telling the story of the lost gold. "You see, father took charge of the mines at a very bad time," he began. "It had been a gilt-edged investment for a long time, and the two-hundred-dollar shares paid ten dollars a month in dividends. But the veins of ore contracted, and dividends went down to a dollar a month, and as father stepped in just at that time he got all the blame for the reduction. Then came the loss of the two bars, and that made matters worse.

"The mines, you know," he continued, "are on the Urubu River, a branch of the Orinoco, forty miles above Potosi. Potosi is a little native settlement at the junction of the two rivers, a hundred miles above Bolivar, and Bolivar, as you know, is two hundred and fifty miles up the Orinoco from here. They run the gold into bars at the mines, pack it two bars in a box, and send the box in a

big canoe down to Potosi, with a guard of three or four armed men. From Potosi it goes in the steamer to Bolivar, and from Bolivar it is carried, along with other things, by great teams of forty and sixty bullocks over the mountains to Caracas, the capital, where it is coined in the mint.

"There was where father met his great misfortune," Ned went on, "in the shipping. The gold was all right, and the guard was all right, but father didn't know that it was customary to lash the box to two big timbers, so that if anything happened to the canoe the gold would float. The men didn't care, and they came down the Urubu all right into the Orinoco, and in five minutes more they'd have had the box aboard the steamer. But the swift current or something else struck the canoe; over she went, and down went the box like a flash, and it's never been seen since. The question is how far the current would carry it in that swift water, sixty feet deep, and how far it would sink in the muddy bottom. They have spent a good many hundred dollars in searching for it, but not a trace has ever been found, though that was several months ago, and the water is low enough now.

"So you see," he concluded, "what a grand thing it would be if we could find it on our way to join the folks. I wanted to try it sooner, but they would not let us start till I had finished my course at the School of Mines."

"It wouldn't belong to us if we did find it," Jack objected.

"No, nor to father either," Ned answered. "But they've offered two thousand dollars reward for its recovery, and if we could find it, it would smooth everything out. We've got to go past Potosi in a canoe anyhow. The steamer that starts to-morrow evening goes only to Bolivar, and there we are to buy a canoe and do the rest of the journey on our own hook. Then you'll have a chance to show what you're made of, young fellow, with a hundred and forty miles to paddle in a canoe."

"Don't brag, Mr. School of Mines," Jack laughed. "I guess when it comes to paddling you'll find I'm with you."

The young Americans were surprised to find that it was a good American steamboat that was to carry them up the Orinoco on Saturday evening—a boat called the *Bolivar*, of about 600 tons. They knew that it was only one section of the river they would see, for the Orinoco empties into the sea through a hundred mouths, some flowing into the Gulf of Paria, others emptying into the ocean as far down the coast as Point Barrima, 230 miles away. There was not much to be seen on Saturday evening, for the boat had a long sail across the Gulf of Paria before entering the river, down past San Fernando and the pitchy shores of La Brea, near the great pitch lake. When Sunday morning dawned they were in one of the many channels of the mighty Orinoco, and then there was even less to see than before. The river was nearly a mile wide, but the shores were low and covered with mangrove bushes, and there was no sign of life or habitation.

"Say, Ned," Jack exclaimed, after they had gone through scores of miles of this low wet country, "what do you think of Venezuela? It would be a funny racket if two great nations should go to war over the boundaries of a country like this."

"It's a matter of honor with us," Ned replied, still in his dignified way.

"A matter of chills, I should say, here along the coast," Jack retorted, "though it's hot enough to cook eggs in the sand. I don't think the thermometer went below 90° all last night."

All the way up to the City of Bolivar the river was much the same, except that occasionally they passed a bluff; and wherever there was a bluff there was a little settlement, the houses having no walls but the posts that supported the thatched roofs. Nowhere was there a sign of cultivation or any land that looked as if it could be cultivated, and the only human beings were the Guaranno Indians, who lived in the huts on shore. The river water was thick with yellow mud, and well spiced with alligators and giant lizards five or six feet long.

"It will be different when we reach Bolivar," Ned said, half apologetically. "You know Bolivar is the fourth city of Venezuela, and quite a large place."

At daylight on Monday morning the steamboat lay in front of Bolivar, or, rather, at the feet of Bolivar, for the city is built on a bluff a hundred feet high, and half-way up the hill is a strong stone wharf. But the water was so low that the boat lay fifty feet beneath the wharf, and it was hard to realize that in flood-time the water is almost up to the top of the hill.

"So this is the great City of Bolivar, is it?" Jack exclaimed, after they had climbed the steep hill and passed the city wall, and stood among the yellow-walled, flat-roofed houses. "There's too much grass growing in the streets to suit a New-Yorker."

There were few wheeled vehicles in the streets, but plenty of donkeys carrying burdens. The principal buildings were the cathedral, standing on the summit of a little hill, and the jail, about which some red-capped soldiers were on guard.

"I did want to see one of those great teams of sixty bullocks starting out," Jack said; "but now that we've seen the town, the quicker you can get a canoe and let us be off, the better."

Ned was disappointed too in the appearance of Bolivar, about which he had heard so much, and before the sun was high he had bought a small dug-out canoe for eight dollars, about double its value, and the boys were off for their hundred-mile paddle against the current to Potosi, with canned provisions enough to last them all the way to the mines.

In the forty-eight hours that this journey consumed they saw just three men, all half-breed Indians, out in canoes fishing; but they tired of counting the alligators sunning themselves on mud banks. When at last a turn of the river brought Potosi into view, they shouted with laughter

at the appearance of the place, though both were tired and disgusted. The settlement stood on a high bluff, like Bolivar, but it consisted of four houses or huts, all without walls, and roofed with thatch.

"No matter," Ned laughed. "If there was nothing here but a cave I should stop, all the same, and find out where that gold was lost. You see there is hardly any water in the river. We will go up to the settlement and make inquiries, and it's a mighty good thing we have both studied Spanish. Even these half-breeds speak Spanish after a fashion."

"I guess they'll speak it better than we do," Jack replied. "I can read it all right, and I could understand them if they wouldn't talk so fast; they seem to rattle off about two or three hundred words a minute."

When they climbed the hill they found that, poor as the settlement was, it commanded a beautiful view of miles of the Orinoco and a long sweep of the Urubu, a much smaller stream, but more picturesque.

The occupant of the hut nearest the edge of the bluff professed to know all about the losing of the gold, and he agreed for a small consideration to give what information he could. He was willing, too, to take the young Americanos into his house to live during the two or three days that they thought they might stay in Potosi. There was plenty of room, for the cooking-place was a fire under the nearest tree, and the beds were only hammocks swung from the wattles that answered for rafters. The custom was to turn into the hammocks "all standing," as Jack called it, without any change in the toilet, so that a large family could sleep conveniently under the one small roof.

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The boy's new landlord, who called himself Felipe, lived alone in the hut with his daughter, a swarthy but handsome girl of about fifteen. Maria, the daughter, did all the work of the house, even to cutting the firewood; but the visitors soon had reason to believe that her father did not treat her very kindly. She was much interested in the newcomers, and did some little kindnesses for them. Of course Ned considered her entirely beneath his notice; but Jack saw that she had the soft brown eyes of her race, with the smooth copper-colored skin of our own Indians, though with more red in her cheeks, and a profusion of straight raven-black hair. He thought her a very pretty and intelligent-looking girl.

"Now, then, young chap," said Ned, after they had taken a short rest in the shade of the hut, "we're going to have a hunt for that gold. Felipe has gone out to cut some poles, and he's going with us in the canoe to point out the spot. It's a thousand dollars apiece to us, mind you, if we strike it, and a great help to father. Two thousand ounces of gold is only 125 pounds, and we can easily handle it if we can find it. Say," he went on, "I believe you've made a conquest, Jack. I notice that young Dago girl keeps looking at you and smiling at you half the time. I suppose she's not used to seeing such handsome kids as you."

"Get out!" Jack answered, blushing. "She wants to be hospitable to us, that's all. It makes me mad to see the way her father orders her around, for she's much more intelligent than he is."

"Humph!" Ned grunted, "Always keep on the right side of the cook; that's the advice of an old traveller."

Felipe was very liberal with his information when they went out in the canoe. There the steamer lay, here the boat was capsized and the box went down. The swift current was setting a little off shore at the time, so he pointed out the likeliest places for sounding the mud. "But think of sixty feet of water!" he exclaimed. The box might have been carried half a mile down stream before it touched bottom at all. The only chance was to make a thorough search over a large space.

"Say, Ned," Jack asked, in English, while they were prodding the mud with their poles, "if this fellow knows so well where the box went down, why didn't he get it himself?"

"I suppose because he couldn't find it, like the rest of them," Ned answered. "He seems to be an honest sort of fellow."

They kept up the search till noon without finding anything more valuable than a few big stones and water-soaked logs; and when they went up to the house to dinner the little girl squeezed a lime into a cup of cool water for each of the strangers, saying that they looked tired and hot.

"It's all on your account, Jack," Ned said, banteringly. "You're the attraction."

Jack made no reply; but after dinner he ran his hands through his pockets in search of some trifle that he might give the girl for her attentions to them. He could find nothing more suitable than his silver match-box; it made the little Indian's eyes sparkle when he handed it to her.

The afternoon's search was no more successful than the morning's, and early in the evening all the occupants of the hut lay down in their hammocks. Jack found that a small piece of mosquito-netting, large enough at any rate to cover his face, had been put in his hammock to help keep off the mosquitoes, and he saw that there was none in any of the other hammocks; but he made no remarks about it.

Before sunrise in the morning the others were all astir, but Jack felt sore and stiff, and he lay still.

"I'm afraid that hot sun rather knocked me out yesterday," he said to Ned. "I think I'll stay here a little while, and try to get another nap."

Ned anxiously felt his brother's temples and pulse, for such symptoms have to be watched in tropical countries; but finding no signs of fever, he went out and down the hill to look after the canoe before breakfast. Felipe also strolled out, leaving Maria in the hut getting the things ready

for breakfast. In a few minutes, however, Felipe returned, and said something angrily to the girl. Receiving no reply, he seized her by the arm and gave her a violent shake, and slapped her on the side of the head.

Jack could not help seeing it, and his blood began to boil. He lay still a moment longer, however, till Felipe reached up into the thatching and drew out a long heavy switch that he had evidently used before. This was more than Jack could stand, and he sprang out of the hammock.

"Hi, you Greaser!" he cried, in English, for he was too mad to bother with Spanish, "if you hit that girl again I'll spread you all over the bluff!"

Felipe did not understand the words, but Jack's attitude was plain enough to him. The boy stood in front of him with fists clinched, ready for instant battle.

Although only fourteen, Jack was several sizes larger and much more muscular than the half-breed, and in a fist fight would have whipped him in a minute. Besides, he was an American boy defending a helpless girl, and his blood was up. But Felipe had no fancy for such an encounter. He let go his hold and retreated a step, and with the instinct of his race his right hand went up to his bosom, and he drew out a long knife.

For an instant Jack did not know what to do. He was entirely unarmed, for Ned carried the only revolver they had, and Felipe with a knife was a dangerous customer. But it was only for an instant, for his eye fell upon a machete sticking in a leather cleat against one of the posts that supported the roof.

A machete is a cutlass, a broadsword about two feet long, used by the South Americans for scratching the ground and felling small trees, and it makes a terribly effective weapon.

"That's your game, is it?" Jack exclaimed, snatching up the machete. "Then come on!" and in his excitement he advanced upon the Venezuelan without further ceremony.

Felipe's knife was a trifle compared with the machete; and with the young Americano boiling over with rage, and the machete cutting circles in the air dangerously near his head, it was no wonder that the half-breed turned and fled ignominiously.

The flight gave the affair a humorous turn that Jack was quick to see, and he followed the native at a lively pace, more for sport than in anger, but shouting and waving the cutlass as if he intended to cut him to pieces.

Down the hill Felipe ran like a deer, looking neither to the right nor the left till he was by the side of Ned and under his protection.

"Never mind, Felipe," Ned said, with a sly look at Jack, after explanations had been made; "if he should kill you with the cutlass I'd give him a good trouncing for it, so you'd be avenged anyhow."

This was quite satisfactory to the Venezuelan, for he knew as little about a joke as he did about using his fists. But as Jack turned and went back to the house, Felipe cautiously waited to return with Ned.

This caution of Felipe's meant a great deal to the young Americans, though they little suspected it. It gave Jack five minutes alone with Maria in the hut, and that five minutes was of great importance. She thanked him with her velvety eyes for rescuing her, but said no word about it; what she did say was of much more account.

"It's no use for you to look in the river where you have been looking," she said, keeping a bright lookout for her father's return. "He is showing you the wrong places."

"Is that so?" Jack exclaimed. "Can you show us the right place?"

"It's no use to look anywhere," she answered, "for the gold is not there."

"Not there? Then has it been found?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And do you know where it is?"

"It is here," she said, stamping her little bare brown foot upon the earth floor of the hut near one of the posts.

"Buried!" Jack exclaimed. "Who found it?"

"You must not ask me that," the girl replied. "I suppose they will kill me for what I have told you already."

"Not if I know myself, they won't!" Jack exclaimed. "Is this fellow your father?"

"Not exactly," Maria answered. "My father died, and Felipe married my mother. And he treats me very badly," she added.

"Then, we must get out of here to-night with the gold," Jack hurriedly said, "and take you along. My mother will be glad to have a girl like you in the house, and it is only forty miles up the river to the mines. Is Felipe a sound sleeper?"

"I will see to it that he sleeps well to-night," Maria answered, with more meaning in her words than Jack understood at the time. "Hush! They are coming!"

While Felipe slept soundly in his hammock that night under the influence of an herb that Maria added to his tea, the two Americanos paddled their canoe rapidly up the Urubu River toward the mines. Maria sat demurely in the bow; for she was not quite as heavy as the box of gold, so that

was put in the stern. The thousand dollars that was her share of the reward made Maria one of the richest half-breed girls in Venezuela, and the boys still delight in counting over the five hundred dollars that fell to each of them. But Jack's mother says the greatest prize captured in that expedition was Maria, the copper-colored little Venezuelan.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

BY PATTY PEMBERTON BERMANN.

Dramatis Personæ:

Madge.
Bess.
A Stranger.
A Salesman.
A Cash-boy.

SCENE.—*The Upholstery Department of a fashionable shop. Screens, piles of rugs, sofa pillows, etc., in confusion. Three or four cane-seated chairs placed about at irregular distances. Across left end of stage extends a pole for the display of curtains. Behind these the actors may retire. There should be a second exit opposite, near back of stage. Right of centre an upright piano. As curtain rises, enter slowly, Cash-boy bearing check and small change.*

[An impression of space may be produced in two ways, either by hanging a background canvas, whereon is painted a perspective of counters, draperies, potteries, etc., or by the use of mirrors. As scene-painters do not grow on every twig, the better plan is to borrow long mirrors from a house-furnishing establishment, and arrange them so that they reflect a section of the stage behind the curtained pole. This section can be made to look as if sales of small articles were going on at another end of the shop from that in the foreground of stage. But take care that no part of the real stage setting is reflected. A pantomimic repetition of the play would bring down the house, and as certainly disturb the performers. Do not crowd the stage.]

Cash-boy. Now where's 792 gone, I wonder? That's just the way with 'em; always yelling for "check," and when you come racing and tearing, they ain't there. Glad I ain't down-stairs, to have them girls hollering "Cosh! Cosh!" (*mimicking*) fit to bust your ears. Guess I better chase after 792. (*Seats himself, and examines change.*) I'll toss up to see where he is—heads, he's skipped to lunch; tails (*enter, R., Madge and Bess unobserved*), he'll gimme ginger for keeping him waiting.

[*Sees girls, closes his hand over penny, and exits, making wry face.*]

Bess (*sighing*). Poor boy! Evidently he has a cruel step-father who ill-uses him.

Madge. His case is less pitiable than ours, for one can at least occasionally escape the society of a man. Besides, men never make things so unpleasant at home.

Bess. "Home!" Oh, Madge! I could weep to think how we have looked forward to a home of our own, after ten years of boarding-school. (*Enter, R., Stranger. She pauses on the threshold, listening.*) And now to have everything spoiled by this hateful step-mother. It is too bad.

Madge. Papa writes that she is lovely, and will be as much a companion to us as to him.

Bess. Nonsense. Who ever heard of a step-mother being a companion? I am sure she is an ugly old maid who has no sympathy with anything under fifty years of age.

Madge. It was rather nice of her to ask papa to let us furnish our rooms in the new house, though.

Bess. Policy—mere policy. She wants to get rid of the trouble of doing it herself.

Madge. Well, for papa's sake I think we ought to try to like her.

Bess. Oh, *you* will like her fast enough, but I *never, never* can!

Stranger (*approaching*). There seems to be nobody in this department to wait on me; or perhaps a clerk is attending to your orders?

Madge. No; we were so busy talking that we forgot how much we have to do, and did not notice the absence of clerks.

Stranger. Ah! here is some one coming. Let us hail him at once. (*Cash-boy loiters from behind curtains, L.*) Boy, please bring a salesman as quickly as possible.

Cash-boy. 'Ain't 792 come yet? Well, he is taking a corking feed. Wish I was him.

Bess (*compassionately*). Do not you have enough to eat at home?

Cash-boy. Do I look like I'm suffering?



Bess. No; but I thought perhaps your step-father—

Cash-boy (thrusting his hands in his pockets and laughing). 'Ain't got no step-father. The old lady, she's a step, though.

Stranger. Don't you think you should speak more respectfully of old persons?

Cash-boy. I'm a jollying you. She ain't much older than you, and she don't act a bit like a step. She's prime, I tell you.

Bess (impatiently). Go call some one to wait on us, and don't stand talking all day.

[*Exit Cash-boy, calling "Sales! Sales!"*]

Stranger (rising and looking behind curtains, L.). It is provoking to sit idle in this way when one has the furnishing of a house on hand.

Madge. I should think so. With only two rooms to fit up, Bess and I feel our responsibilities weighing on us.

[*Moves about among rolls of carpet, keeping near Stranger.*]

Stranger. How sweet of your mother to allow you to select everything for yourselves!

Madge (softly). We have no mother.

Stranger. Poor children!

[*Lays her hand on Madge's shoulder. They return thus to their seats. Bess walks over to R., and leans dejectedly against piano a moment, then turns impulsively.*]

Bess. Have you daughters?

Stranger. None of my own; but I'm going to adopt two in a few weeks.

Madge. Do you love them so much?

Stranger. I shall when we know each other better.

Bess. And they?

Stranger. I fear they are a trifle prejudiced at present, but love begets love, and we shall eventually become friends.

Madge. It would be difficult not to become friendly with you.

Stranger. Thank you, my dear. (*Again goes to curtains, L.*) Here is our salesman at last, and as we are all on the same errand, we may save time by looking at carpets and hangings together. (*To Bess.*) You shall have first opportunity, however.

Bess. No, no; you are entitled to take precedence.

Stranger. Age before beauty—eh? Well, then we will collectively examine rugs for your rooms. [*Pg 305*]
(*To Salesman.*) Something in delicate tints, please.

Salesman. What size, madam?

Bess (aghast). Size?

Madge. We did not once dream of measuring the floor.

Stranger. Never mind; we will not worry about such trifles as measurements. Let me see (*reflecting*); twelve feet square—no, twelve by fifteen will do. (*Salesman unrolls two rugs.*) That one is charmingly suggestive of spring-time and flowers. Just the thing for a débutante.

Bess. I think I prefer the other. What is the price?

Salesman. A hundred and fifty dollars.

Madge (springing up in surprise). A hundred and fifty! Goodness gracious! Why, we expected to furnish a whole room for less! How much is the other?

Salesman. Twenty-five.

Stranger. Don't let me influence your choice.

Bess. Imagine trampling on a hundred-and-fifty dollar rug.

Stranger. People trample on more valuable things every day.

Bess (aside). Now why should that speech make me uncomfortable? (*To Madge.*) Aren't we



inconsiderate in taking the time of a stranger for our affairs?

Stranger. That depends upon the stranger.

Bess. Then shall we look at curtains? Those are handsome—aren't they?

Stranger. I'm afraid they are more expensive even than the rug. You might try dotted muslin, perhaps. I shall have them for my room.

Bess (reluctantly). Well. What are you giggling about, Madge?

Madge. I was thinking that you said this morning nothing could induce you to have dotted muslin curtains.

Bess. People may change their minds—mayn't they?

Stranger. I trust you may change yours some time when more is at stake. (*To Salesman.*) Will you kindly find some pale blue draperies that I ordered from the fancy-goods counter down-stairs, and bring them here?

[*Exit Salesman.*]

Bess (going toward piano). I wonder if we shall have a piano at home?

Stranger (absently). Oh yes!

Madge (surprised). Why, how can you know?

Stranger (recovering herself). On general principles, my dear. Every house must need a piano.

Bess. Of course you play or sing?

Stranger. My repertoire is limited, and not classical. Association with young people has led me to devote more time than I ought to dance-music and light opera.

Madge. Do play us a two-step now, just for fun.

[*Stranger seats herself at piano and plays with spirit. The girls hesitate a moment, then push aside rugs and begin to dance.*]

Bess (stopping breathless). How sweet of you! Such a fascinating two-step, and played as if you like to take a turn yourself.

Stranger. I was quite devoted to it, but now that I am an old maid I have no sympathy with anything under fifty years of age.

Madge (aside). That's what Bess says about our prospective step-mother.

[*Enter Salesman with draperies.*]



Stranger. Thank you. Yes, we have finished our shopping in this department. (*To girls.*) I must say good-by to you, as you probably wish to purchase bedroom furniture, and I will first look after my parlor.

Madge. I am so sorry we cannot go on as we have begun. We shall miss having you to advise and consult with.

Bess. You have been so very kind to help us.

Stranger. Policy, my dear—mere policy.

Bess (aside). How strange! She quotes my very words. (*To her.*) I will not believe there was a scrap of policy about it.

Madge. Nor I. You were simply lovely to two ignorant girls who thought they knew everything.

Stranger. Well, good-by. Possibly we may meet again some day.

Girls (in unison). I'm sure we hope so.

Salesman (as Stranger starts to leave). To whom shall I charge your curtains and rugs, madam?

Stranger. To Charles Rockwood.

Girls. Why, that is papa's name.

Stranger. Yes? Quite a coincidence—isn't it?

Salesman. The address, please?

Stranger. Thirty-three West Blank Street.

Girls (in great excitement). The number of our new house!

Stranger. Really?

Bess. What does it all mean?

Madge. How perfectly exciting!

Bess. Is it possible that—

Madge. This is our—

Stranger. Future step-mother? Who ever heard of a step-mother being a companion, my dear girls?

Bess. Forgive me. I did not know—

Stranger. The marplot that was to spoil everything when her daughters returned from boarding-school.

[*Enter Cash-boy.*]

Cash-boy. Sev—en—nine—ty—two!

Salesman. Here, check, take this to the office.

Madge. Wait a moment, boy. You see we have gained a "step," too.

Madge (embracing Stranger). I was sure I should like you.

Bess. And I—

Stranger. Never, *never, never* can.

Bess (taking her hand affectionately). I thought so once, but now I know that circumstances alter cases.

JIM DANDY.

When I was last in the South, the gentleman at whose house I was visiting asked a trustworthy old colored man to get him a green boy from the country to be trained as a house servant. In a day or so the old man drove up to the door and put out of his wagon a sturdy-looking lad of fifteen or so, black as the ace of spades, and clad in raiment seemingly made of selections from a rag-bag. With a small bundle in his hand he approached the gallery—that is what a porch in some parts of the South is called—where I was sitting with my host, Mr. Prettyman. The boy took off his hat and made not a bow exactly but an inclination of his head, grinning from ear to ear, and displaying as white and useful a set of teeth as is often seen.

"What is your name?" Mr. Prettyman asked.

"Jim Dandy, sah," the boy answered.

"Whom do you live with?"

"I lives wid Aunty," the boy said, and his manner now showed that he was getting embarrassed, for he did not giggle, but smiled nervously.

"Where does Aunty live?" Mr. Prettyman inquired.

I suspect that this question made Jim Dandy fear that Mr. Prettyman did not have as much sense as a gentleman living in a fine house in town ought to have. He hesitated a moment, and then, moving his head sideways, said, "Aunty, she live over yonder."

This was most indefinite, but it was evidently the best that Jim Dandy could do for the moment, so Mr. Prettyman took him round to the kitchen at the back of the house and put him in charge of the cook, who was also the old housekeeper. And so Jim Dandy was engaged. In the course of an hour he was trying to learn his way about the house and feel comfortable in a suit of blue clothes with many brass buttons. But there was another ordeal for Jim Dandy. When Mrs. Prettyman reached home later in the day she decided that the new "buttons" must be called James. And so he was called on formal occasions, but with the children at least Jim Dandy stuck.

In a few days the new boy began to feel at home, and then set about justifying his worthiness of the distinguished name he had assumed. The first time he was sent down-town he came back in such a hurry that it seemed incredible that he could have done his errand. The next time he staid longer, and the third time—that was after he had been in service a week—he staid half a day. To one of the children he confessed that he had spent all his time in looking in the shop-windows. Hearing this, I felt a sympathy for Jim Dandy, for I waste much of my own time in that same occupation. But the shop-windows of this little Southern city seemed shabby and sorry to me after New York and Paris, and I felt sorry for Jim Dandy that such cheap splendors should make him forget his duty.

The fourth time Jim Dandy was sent into town he was told that he must not loiter on the way, but be back in a hurry. And, sure enough, he did not stay long. In less than an hour he was back. But he was not the smart-looking "buttons" who had started out shortly before. His clothes were muddy, his coat was slit in the back, his cap was gone, and there was blood on one of his cheeks. In appearance he looked sheepish and crestfallen. "Jim Dandy has had a licking," I said to myself, for I felt sure that some of the negro lads in town, envious of his whole clothes, had given the country boy a beating for revenge and for the fun of the thing. To inquiries Jim Dandy could make no intelligible reply. He went to the back of the house and sat on the kitchen steps. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and his great eyes were filled with trouble. Aunt Mandy, the cook, evidently diagnosed Jim Dandy's trouble as I had done, and she was voluble in her abuse of him for not "tending to his own bizness."

It had not been long, however, before there was an explanation of Jim Dandy's adventure. The

Mayor of the town called at Mr. Prettyman's to ask for the boy. As the Mayor was also a magistrate, we were afraid Jim Dandy must have done something very dreadful. This is what the Mayor said Jim had done:

A pony phaeton with four children in it was driving through Main Street. A trolley-car was approaching, and the pony took fright and became unmanageable, backing the phaeton on to the track. Jim was passing on his errand. Seeing the danger, he got behind the phaeton, and pushed it and the pony from the track. He was not so fortunate, for the fender of the car caught him and rolled him over and over in the mud until the car was stopped. This was how Jim Dandy's first suit of livery came to be spoiled. We were proud of Jim, and spoke to him as kindly as possible; but he was rather a sulky youth till his new suit of clothes arrived—a suit paid for, by-the-way, by the Mayor himself, for it was his children that Jim had saved from the trolley-car.

The first freshness had not been worn from Jim's new suit before we all went to a picnic on the banks of the little mountain river that flowed through the town. Jim was told to keep a sharp lookout on the younger children, who were fishing from the bank in shallow water. One of the little girls was a fidgety specimen of humanity, for she could never sit still two minutes at a time. Before she had been fishing ten minutes she fell into the river. The water was very shallow, but the current was swift, and there was surely enough water to drown little Margaret Prettyman, with a-plenty to spare. But Jim Dandy was there, and the child had hardly touched the water before he was in after her and had her in his arms. Not many seconds more had passed before Mrs. Prettyman had the very wet and much-frightened Margaret in her arms, and was weeping over that rescued infant.

Jim Dandy's smartness was again dimmed, and he was a sorry and bedraggled looking ducky. Mr. Prettyman looked his "buttons" over carefully, and Jim was evidently embarrassed by the gaze.

"Well, James," his master said, "you are rightly named, for you are a Jim Dandy—every inch a Jim Dandy."

This is what the country boy did to justify his name during the two weeks that I staid at Mr. Prettyman's. It may be that he has gone on and on from adventure to adventure, so that when I hear about them I will have to send the record of them to Mr. Kirk Munroe, so that he may have a biographer worthy of a daring career. When I left I gave some money to little Margaret, to be divided among the servants. She came to the gate just as I was going to the carriage, and said, "Aunt Mandy's obliged, and Hannah's obliged, and Jim Dandy's obliged," but Jim Dandy's obliged the most, 'cause he stood on his head."

THE MIDDLE DAUGHTER. ^[1]

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO LITTLE SCHOOLMARMS.

"And so you are your papa's good fairy? How happy you must be! How proud!" Amy's eyes shone as she talked to Grace, and smoothed down a fold of the pretty white alpaca gown which set off her friend's dainty beauty. The girls were in my mother's room at the Manse, and Mrs. Raeburn had left them together to talk over plans, while she went to the parlor to entertain a visitor who was engaged in getting up an autumn *fête* for a charitable purpose. Nothing of this kind was ever done without mother's aid.

There were few secrets between Wishing-Brae and the Manse, and Mrs. Wainwright had told our mother how opportunely Grace had been able to assist her father in his straits. Great was our joy.

"You must remember, dear," said mamma, when she returned from seeing Miss Gardner off, "that your purse is not exhaustless, though it is a long one for a girl. Debts have a way of eating up bank accounts; and what will you do when your money is gone if you still find that the wolf menaces the door at Wishing-Brae?"

"That is what I want to consult you about, Aunt Dorothy." (I ought to have said that our mother was Aunt Dorothy to the children at the Brae, and more beloved than many a real auntie, though one only by courtesy.) "Frances knows my ambitions," Grace went on, "I mean to be a money-maker as well as a money-spender; and I have two strings to my bow. First, I'd like to give interpretations."

The mother looked puzzled. "Interpretations?" she said. "Of what, pray?—Sanscrit or Egyptian or Greek? Are you a seeress or a witch, dear child?"

"Neither. In plain English I want to read stories and poems to my friends and to audiences—Miss Wilkins's and Mrs. Stuart's beautiful stories, and the poems of Holmes and Longfellow and others who speak to the heart. Not mere elocutionary reading, but simple reading, bringing out the author's meaning and giving people pleasure. I would charge an admission fee, and our dining-room would hold a good many; but I ought to have read somewhere else first, and to have a little background of city fame before I ask Highland neighbors to come and hear me. This is my initial

plan. I could branch out."

To the mother the new idea did not at once commend itself. She knew better than we girls did how many twenty-five-cent tickets must be sold to make a good round sum in dollars. She knew the thrifty people of Highland looked long at a quarter before they parted with it for mere amusement, and still further, she doubted whether Dr. Wainwright would like the thing. But Amy clapped her hands gleefully. She thought it fine.

"You must give a studio reading," she said. "I can manage that, mother; if Miss Antoinette Drury will lend her studio, and we send out invitations for 'Music and Reading, and Tea at Five,' the prestige part will be taken care of. The only difficulty that I can see is that Grace would have to go to a lot of places and travel about uncomfortably; and then she'd need a manager. Wouldn't she, Frances?"

"I see no trouble," said I, "in her being her own manager. She would go to a new town with a letter to the pastor of the leading church, or his wife, call in at the newspaper office and get a puff; puffs are always easily secured by enterprising young women, and they help to fill up the paper besides. Then she would hire a hall and pay for it out of her profits, and the business could be easily carried forward."

"Is this the New Woman breaking her shell?" said mother. "I don't think I quite like the interpretation scheme either as Amy or as you outline it, though I am open to persuasion. Here is the doctor. Let us hear what he says."

It was not Dr. Wainwright, but my father, Dr. Raeburn, except on a Friday, the most genial of men. Amy perched herself on his knee and ran her slim fingers through his thick dark hair. To him our plans were explained, and he at once gave them his approval.

"As I understand you, Gracie," Dr. Raeburn said, "you wish this reading business as a stepping-stone. You would form classes, would you not? And your music could also be utilized. You had good instruction, I fancy, both here and over the water."

"Indeed yes, Dr. Raeburn; and I could give lessons in music, but they wouldn't bring me in much, here at least."

"Come to my study," said the doctor, rising. "Amy, you have ruffled up my hair till I look like a cherub before the flood. Come, all of you, Dorothy and the kids."

"You don't call us kids, do you, papa?"

"Young ladies, then, at your service," said the doctor, with a low bow. "I've a letter from my old friend Vernon Hastings. I'll read it to you when I can find it," said the good man, rummaging among the books, papers, and correspondence with which his great table was littered. "Judge Hastings," the doctor went on, "lost his wife in Venice a year ago. He has three little girls in need of special advantages; he cannot bear to send them away to school, and his mother, who lives with him and orders the house, won't listen to having a resident governess. All, this is the letter!" The doctor read:

"I wish you could help me, Charley, in the dilemma in which I find myself. Lucy and Helen and my little Madge are to be educated, and the question is how, when, and where? They are delicate, and I cannot yet make up my mind to the desolate house I would have should they go to school. Grandmamma has pronounced against a governess, and I don't like the day-schools of the town. Now is not one of your daughters musical, and perhaps another sufficiently mistress of the elementary branches to teach these babies? I will pay liberally the right person or persons for three hours' work a day. But I must have well-bred girls, ladies, to be with my trio of bairns."

"I couldn't teach arithmetic or drawing," said Grace. "I would be glad to try my hand at music and geography and German and French. I might be weak on spelling."

"I don't think that of you, Grace," said mother.

"I am ashamed to say it's true," said Grace.

Amy interrupted. "How far away is Judge Hastings's home, papa?"

"An hour's ride, Amy dear. No, forty minutes' ride by rail. I'll go and see him. I've no doubt he will pay you generously, Grace, for your services, if you feel that you can take up this work seriously."

"I do; I will," said Grace, "and only too thankful will I be to undertake it; but what about the multiplication table, and the straight and the curved lines, and Webster's speller?"

"Papa," said Amy, gravely, "please mention me to the judge. I will teach those midgets the arithmetic and drawing and other fundamental studies which my gifted friend fears to touch."

"You?" said papa, in surprise.

"Why not, dear?" interposed mamma. "Amy's youth is against her, but the fact is she can count and she can draw, and I'm not afraid to recommend her, though she is only a chit of fifteen, as to her spelling."

"Going on sixteen, mamma, if you please, and nearly there," Amy remarked, drawing herself up to her fullest height, at which we all laughed merrily.

"I taught school myself at sixteen," our mother went on, "and though it made me feel like twenty-six, I had no trouble with thirty boys and girls of all ages from four to eighteen. You must

remember me, my love, in the old district school at Elmwood."

"Yes," said papa, "and your overpowering dignity was a sight for gods and men. All the same, you were a darling."

"So she is still." And we pounced upon her in a body and devoured her with kisses, the sweet little mother.

"Papa," Amy proceeded, when order had been restored, "why not take us when you go to interview the judge? Then he can behold his future schoolma'ams, arrange terms, and settle the thing at once. I presume Grace is anxious as I am to begin her career, now that it looms up before her. I am in the mood of the youth who bore through snow and ice the banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior.'"

"In the mean time, good people," said Frances, appearing in the doorway, "luncheon is served."

We had a pretty new dish—new to us—for luncheon, and as everybody may not know how nice it is, I'll just mention it in passing.

Take large ripe tomatoes, scoop out the pulp and mix it with finely minced canned salmon, adding a tiny pinch of salt. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, set them in a nest of crisp green lettuce leaves, and pour a mayonnaise into each ruby cup. The dish is extremely dainty and inviting, and tastes as good as it looks. It must be very cold.

"But," Doctor Raeburn said, in reply to a remark of mother's that she was pleased the girls had decided on teaching, it was so womanly and proper an employment for girls of good family, "I must insist that the 'interpretations' be not entirely dropped. I'll introduce you, my dear," he said, "when you give your first recital, and that will make it all right in the eyes of Highland."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Grace. "I would rather have your sanction than anything else in the world, except papa's approval."

"Why don't your King's Daughters give Grace a boom? You are always getting up private theatricals, and this is just the right time."

"Lawrence Raeburn, you are a trump!" said Amy, flying round to her brother and giving him a hug. "We'll propose it at the first meeting of the Ten, and it'll be carried by acclamation."

"Now," said Grace, rising and saying good-afternoon to my mother, with a courtesy to the rest of us, "I'm going straight home to break ground there and prepare my mother for great events."

Walking over the fields in great haste, for when one has news to communicate, one's feet are wings, Grace was arrested by a groan as of somebody in great pain. She looked about cautiously, but it was several minutes before she found, lying under the hedge, a boy with a broken pitcher at his side. He was deadly pale, and great drops of sweat rolled down his face.

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"Oh, you poor boy! what is the matter?" she cried, bending over him in great concern.

"I've broke mother's best china pitcher," said the lad, in a despairing voice.

"Poof!" replied Grace. "Pitchers can be mended or replaced. What else is wrong? You're not groaning over a broken pitcher, surely."

"You would, if it came over in the *Mayflower*, and was all of your ancestors' you had left to show that you could be a Colonial Dame. Ug-gh!" The boy tried to sit up, gasped, and fell back in a dead faint.

"Goodness!" said Grace; "he's broken his leg as well as his pitcher. Colonial Dames! What nonsense! Well, I can't leave him here."

She had her smelling-salts in her satchel, but before she could find them, Grace's satchel being an omnium gatherum of remarkable a miscellaneous character, the lad came to. A fainting person will usually regain consciousness soon if laid out flat, with the head a little lower than the body. I've seen people persist in keeping a fainting friend in a sitting position, which is very stupid and quite cruel.

"I am Doctor Wainwright's daughter," said Grace, "and I see my father's gig turning the corner of the road. You shall have help directly. Papa will know what to do, so lie still where you are."

The lad obeyed, there plainly being nothing else to be done. In a second Doctor Wainwright, at Grace's flag of distress, a white handkerchief waving from the top of her parasol, came toward her at the mare's fastest pace.

"Hello!" he said. "Here's Archie Vanderhoven in a pickle."

"As usual, doctor," said Archie, faintly. "I've broken mother's last pitcher."

"And your leg, I see," observed the doctor, with professional directness. "Well, my boy, you must be taken home. Grace, drive home for me, and tell the boys to bring a cot here as soon as possible. Meanwhile I'll set Archie's leg. It's only a simple fracture." And the doctor, from his black bag, brought out bandages and instruments. No army surgeon on the field of battle was quicker and gentler than Doctor Wainwright, whose skill was renowned all over our country-side.

"What is there about the Vanderhovens?" inquired Grace that night as they sat by the blaze of hickory logs in the cheery parlor of Wishing-Brae.

"The Vanderhovens are a decayed family," her father answered. "They were once very well off and lived in state, and from far and near gay parties were drawn at Easter and Christmas to dance under their roof. Now they are run

out. This boy and his mother are the last of the line. Archie's father was drowned in the ford when we had the freshet last spring. The Ramapo, that looks so peaceful now, overflowed its banks then, and ran like a mill-race. I don't know how they manage, but Archie is kept at school, and his mother does everything from ironing white frocks for summer boarders to making jellies and preserves for people in town, who send her orders."

"Is she an educated woman?" inquired Grace.

"That she is. Mrs. Vanderhoven is not only highly educated, but very elegant and accomplished. None of her attainments, except those in the domestic line, are available, unhappily, when earning a living is in question, and she can win her bread only by these housekeeping efforts."

"Might I go and see her?"

"Why yes, dear, you and the others not only might, but should. She will need help. I'll call and consult Mrs. Raeburn about her to-morrow. She isn't a woman one can treat like a pauper—as well born as any one in the land, and prouder than Lucifer.

It's too bad Archie had to meet with this accident; but boys are fragile creatures."

And the doctor, shaking the ashes from his pipe, went off to sit with his wife before going to bed.

"I do wonder," said Grace to Eva, "what the boy was doing with the old Puritan pitcher, and why a Vanderhoven should have boasted of coming over in the *Mayflower*?"

Eva said: "They're Dutch and English, Grace. The Vanderhovens are from Holland, but Archie's mother was a Standish, or something of that sort, and her kinsfolk, of course, belonged to the *Mayflower* crowd. I believe Archie meant to sell that pitcher, and if so, no wonder he broke his leg. By-the-way, what became of the pieces?"

"I picked them up," said Grace.



GRACE'S FLAG OF DISTRESS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR KING OR COUNTRY.

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A Story of the Revolution.

BY JAMES BARNES.

CHAPTER XV.

A SAFE DISGRACE.

George was so near that the heavy man could have touched him with his hand, but after scratching about the door, he found the latch at last, and stumbled sleepily out into the hall. Owing to the darkness within the room George could now see out of the curtainless window. There was no one on the roof! However, he could not tarry where he was; he must take the risk; and slipping the miniature and cipher into his pocket, he opened the window and slid over the wall to the alley. It was turning freezing cold; the ground crunched under his feet, and the little gate to the widow's diminutive front yard creaked shrilly. The young spy knocked softly on the door.

"Who's there?" came a voice from the second story.

"'Tis I, George Frothingham," he answered. "Mrs. Mack, I pray you let me in."

The old woman in a minute admitted him into the hallway.

"You will have to hide me somewhere, my good friend," he said, "for I am in great danger."

"The very place! the little room that you used to have," was the whispered response. "No one would think of looking for ye there; and if they did, there's a small attic over-head. Why should they think of my house?" she added.

Once more George found himself in the little room where he had passed so many lonely hours reading and writing, recalling pleasant scenes, and drawing bright pictures of what he hoped might be, before the great changes had arrived. Thinking that it might attract attention to have a light burning in the room at such an hour, he refrained from trying to read the despatches, putting it off until morning. He tumbled into the little bed that he had slept in so often, and, despite the excitement of the night, fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight—such a crisp sparkling day! Every twig on the trees shone like a branch of diamonds. The pools in the road were filled with white brittle ice that broke and shivered noisily beneath the feet of some school-boys going down the road.

"Oh, that I was only one of them!" thought George, looking out of the window. A curtain was tacked across the panes, and he could look out without being seen.

Suddenly he stopped, half dressed, although the room was intensely cold, and pulled out the despatch he had found in the hollow limb. There it was, neatly written in the cipher, and that also was at hand. But where were the magnifying-glass and the snuff-box? He could not find them, and strain his eyes to their utmost, he could not make out clearly the characters on the diminutive sheet of parchment. He hastily finished dressing, and called through the hallway for Mrs. Mack. There was no answer. Then he thought of a large round glass bowl that used to hang by a chain in the window below-stairs. He remembered that when filled with water it magnified extremely well. Mrs. Mack had evidently gone out, the house seemed deserted, so he slipped down the stairs, and found the bowl in its accustomed place. But as he reached it from the hook he paused. Two persons were softly talking at the back of the hall. He could feel, from the draught of air, that the door was open.

"'Tis very strange," said a man's voice; "but there's great excitement at the City Arms. I was there with the milk this morning, and they say as how a young gentleman from up the river has disappeared—murdered, maybe, for all they know. They are looking in all directions for him."

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"And what might be his name?"

George recognized Mrs. Mack's voice.

"I have forgotten," said the man; "but they say he was a handsome lad, and scattered his money as if he expected it to grow again."

Then followed some conversation about the milk, and the door was closed. Mrs. Mack started as she saw her guest approaching.

"You had better stay in your room, Mr. Frothingham," she said. "That is my neighbor, the milkman, an inquisitive blackguard."

"Mrs. Mack," responded George, "I am the young man who is missing from the City Arms. They must not find me."

"Shure you're safe here. But what are you doing with the bowl, sir?" inquired the woman.

"I am going to read with it," said George. "Will you fill it with water?"

Mrs. Mack looked at him as if she thought he had taken leave of his senses, but she complied, and brought the bowl up to his room. In a few minutes more George was easily able to decipher the despatch. It ran as follows:

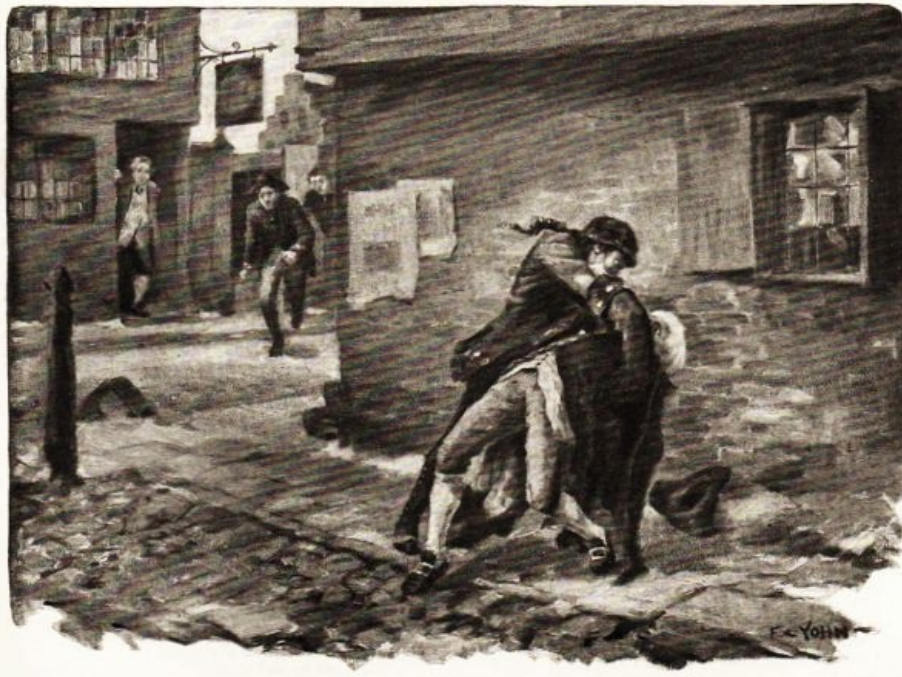
"To YOU,—Your number is four; initial B. Observe. We are glad to hear from our brother in New Jersey, and that he approves of the plan. It can be done. We are not suspected, and your arrival is most opportune. You have been seen by us; you are the young man for our purpose. It must be done on Friday night. A dinner will be given at a place to which you will receive an invitation. It is but a few steps from the river. After the dinner, cards will be proposed. Tables will be arranged in such a way that *he whom we wish* will be seated near the door. A note will arrive requesting his presence with the fleet. There will be no moon. A man-of-war's boat will be waiting; once in mid-stream, *he* will never reach the ships, for we know who mans the boat. The only difficulty will be to disarm suspicion of those who accompany him. They must be detained. You and another, who will be made known to you, will be playing at the farther table. You back him heavily with gold and lose your wager. This will keep the officers' attention. They will endeavor to stay after *he* is gone. When we have ten minutes' start pretend to be enraged, upset the table. There will be great confusion. The party will break up at once. Leave through the alley behind the house; go to Striker's Wharf. There you will find an able skiff. New Jersey is to the westward. We leave the rest to you. If we can keep enough of *his* friends from following him, it will be easy to accomplish our end of the undertaking. To-morrow at five o'clock be walking down the left-hand side of Johnson's Lane. Some one will pass you who will strike three times on the lid of his snuff-box. Turn and follow him. We hold no meetings, but he will give you some instructions. Final orders at the limb. You are number Four of Seven. Remember."

George read the strange epistle through. It was of little use to him now; he could not show himself in his assumed character. Richard Blount and the manner of his disappearance must remain a mystery. So far as he was concerned, he could lend no assistance in the proposed scheme. He tore the letter up, burning the scraps; but, after considering, he determined, however, to keep the appointment with the man with the snuff-box that evening.

At five o'clock, with a worsted shawl of Mrs. Mack's bound tightly about his throat and a heavy

fur cap drawn around his ears, he was stamping his heels together like a butcher's apprentice, a basket on his arm, at the corner of Johnson's Lane. Three or four people passed him, but he saw no signs of a man with a tendency to tap on his snuff-box. At last, as he looked down the lane, he perceived a small figure walking toward him with a quick nervous step. George did not know what to do, for he recognized at once that it was Mr. Anderson. Strange to say, as he was approaching he drew a snuff-box from his pocket. Then with a flood of light it dawned upon the lad that Mr. Anderson was one of the "Seven," and he understood why he had not been recognized, and also knew that there was an able hand at the helm.

As the little man approached, a tall figure also appeared about the corner, and strode after the schoolmaster with long swinging steps. George saw at once that it was the young officer who had breakfasted with him the day before. They would soon be within speaking distance. Taking a few hasty steps he darted about the corner, dropping his basket as he ran. So quick had been the movement that he was not in time to dodge a great lanky man who was walking quickly from the opposite direction, and he ran right into his arms. So great was his impetus that the man fell back against the wall of a brick house, and his huge watch flew out of his pocket and was dashed to pieces.



"FROTHINGHAM! FROTHINGHAM!" THE OLD CLERK TRIED TO SAY.

"You thieving villain! Stop thief—stop!" exclaimed the stranger, making a grasp for George's shoulder. But now the lad's great strength once more served him in good stead. He struck down the other's arm, and as he did so gasped, for the person he had run into was none other than Abel Norton, his old chief clerk. Abel's other hand had firm hold upon the woollen comforter, and George caught him by the throat and twisted him backwards across his knee. "Frothingham! Frothingham!" the old clerk tried to say.

Here was an added danger. He was recognized! The two men must now be almost at the corner. With a final effort George tore himself away, and started down the alley at a run. He knew that farther on there was a big lumber-yard that opened on the main street. If he could reach there ahead of the others, he might manage to escape.

Abel's first cries, however, had brought a number of people from the public-houses, and the young officer and Mr. Anderson came about the corner of the lane. George's fleeing figure was in plain sight.

"Stop thief!" the officer shouted, and leaped forward with the stride of a swift runner.

"Stop thief!" echoed Abel Norton, and strange to say, the old man caught up with the redcoat easily, and, stranger still, appeared to slip and fall upon his heels. Down they both went.

Schoolmaster Anderson in the mean time was at the head of four or five other pursuers, who had run from the tap-rooms. Before he reached the spot where the two leaders were gathering themselves together, he also tripped, and the two next fell over him. There was a general laugh, and by this time George had turned through the gateway into the lumber-yard. Here again he had to adapt himself to circumstances, for at the farther entrance was standing a group of soldiers throwing horseshoes at a peg in the frozen ground. He could not go out of that opposite gate without exciting suspicion. There were only two things left him to do; one to jump the fence to the left, or try to scale the high wall to the right. A glance at the latter decided matters. There was a clumsy-looking ladder leaning against the wall. He hastened up, and threw himself over the top, kicking the ladder from beneath him as he jumped. He came down in a little garden. He had doubled on his tracks, and could hear the pursuit going down the road behind him. Suddenly he glanced up at the small house; it bore a sign over the front door:

DRESSMAKER.

ROBES ET MANTEAUX.

He tried the door, it was unlocked, and he stepped in without knocking. A strange-looking woman with a long face and pale blue eyes was sitting there. George knew her at a glance to be Luke Bonsall's mother. She looked up from her sewing.

"What means this?" she asked, in a deep, hollow voice.

"I am a friend of your son's in the army. I have a message—a message from him to you," said George, panting. "Take me where we can be alone, and I will tell you."

The woman got up and slipped the bolt into the door.

"A message from my son!" she repeated. "He is dead."

George started. There would be no necessity to break the news. "I have a letter here," he said, fumbling in his pocket, "How did you know he died, might I ask, madam? It is true, and I was sorry to bear the tidings."

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"I dreamed it," said the woman. "See, I am in black."

George handed her the letter. She read it carefully, but did not weep or show that it had touched her.

"It's good news," she said. "I told him that I could not be the mother of a coward."

"Indeed he was none such," answered George, quickly. "He died like a brave soldier, and would have made his mark."

"It was not to be," responded the woman. "The Fates would not have it so."

"What a strange creature is this!" thought George to himself. But had he known all, it would have seemed stranger still, for Mrs. Bonsall was a believer in occult signs, and long ago she had had her son's horoscope cast. She had been informed that the sickly, pale-eyed youth was to die in battle. The idea then would have seemed most amusing to any one else, but to Mrs. Bonsall it had been a reality, and Luke himself had gone to the front with this cloud about him. He was brave indeed.

George suddenly remembered his own position, and extended his hand. There had come a confused babble of voices out in the yard.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Bonsall? They are after me! See," he said, "you must assist me. I must hide until dark, for if I am found my life is not worth a pine-tree shilling. They think I am a thief. I am not."

"Come," the woman said; "walk softly." She took him by the hand and led him back to a small stairway. They went up two flights until they reached a large empty hall. George stumbled over a heavy pair of boots, and looking through an open doorway on the right, he could see a cavalry sabre leaning against a chair.

"Sh! they have quartered them upon me," whispered Mrs. Bonsall. "But it's not for long, for despair and defeat await them. Ah yes! I know, I know!" Mrs. Bonsall pushed the fugitive into a little room beyond, and locked the door behind him.

He sat down on a chair near the window and looked out. He could see over the top of the wall that he had scaled. There were some soldiers and a number of men rummaging about the heaps of lumber. Then he heard a thump of the knocker on the door below. A rumbling sound followed. The strain was frightful on George's nerves.

"And think you I would shelter a pickpocket?" asked the woman, plainly.

George could not make out the reply, for a loud voice shouted, in a rich brogue: "Out, you fools! There's no one here. What do you take this spacious mansion for—a thieves' den? By the powers!"

"Don't let them in, Corporal Shaughnessy," pleaded the widow's voice.

The loud voice was now rumbling from below again. Some one in the crowd laughed, and George breathed easily as he heard them go out into the road.

It seemed to him now that it never would grow dark. He realized that he was very hungry, and he tried the door, but it was firmly locked. He was in Mrs. Bonsall's power, but he felt somehow that he could trust her. As he was deliberating whether to try the window or not, he heard the sound of footsteps.

"By the gun of Athlone!" said Corporal Shaughnessy's voice, "we will be moving soon, and sorry will I be, for though our landlady is the only female who ever failed to smile upon me, our quarters here are comfortable, and I would hate to be losing of them for a bed in the snows of the wilderness."

"They do be saying," put in another voice, "that it will be decided at the meeting to-night."

"And where's that to be held?" said the first speaker.

"At the Fraunces House. They always hold them there. I have been upon guard there."

"Come into me spacious apartment and have a pipe, McCune," said Shaughnessy.

The tones of the two men talking were familiar to George somehow. But when he heard the name "McCune," he recalled the whole thing to his memory. They were the two soldiers he and his brother had talked with years ago on that memorable day of parting.

The door closed behind them, and it had hardly done so when a soft grating of the key in the lock was heard. Mrs. Bonsall opened the door. Once more she took him by the hand and led the way down the stairs.

As they went through the front room the woman picked up a candle and looked intently at George's palm.

"Tribulations," she said; "but do not despair; success awaits you."

George did not smile, but gravely thanked her for all that she had done, and slipped out of the house.

It was pitch dark, and he remembered as he went along that he was far from accomplishing anything that he had made the perilous trip for. All his fine castles had tumbled about his ears, the smooth pathway that appeared to stretch before him had vanished, and nothing but obstacles loomed before his eyes. However, if he could not assist in the wild scheme of gaining possession of such a powerful hostage as Lord Howe or his brother, the General, any news that he could bring concerning the probable destination of the army would be of inestimable value to General Washington at Morristown. Why not find out as much as he could and get away?

So intently was he thinking, that he did not notice a figure that had stepped out of the doorway of a house and was walking, close at his heels.

"Oh, de ham fat it am good, an' de 'possum it am fine,"

hummed a voice.

George turned. "Cato, you imp of darkness," he said, "where did you come from?"

"From de State of New Jarsey," responded the old man, his white teeth gleaming plainly in the darkness. "Well, Mas'r George, I's done followed you, and it took de best horse on de place. I tink you mought need me."

"Then it was you that dodged over there in the road near West Point?"

"Yes, sah, I 'spect so. You come purty nigh gitting away from me once or twice, sah."

"How did you cross the river? How in the world?" exclaimed George, his astonishment driving all other thoughts out of his head.

"On a log raf, youn' mas'r, and it was purty col' work," answered the old negro.

"Cato," said George, impressively, "you must keep away from me, and you must get back as soon as you can."

"Can't I stay wid you, sah?" answered the old darky. "I'll be deaf, dumb, and blind. I knows you are here on some business dat—"

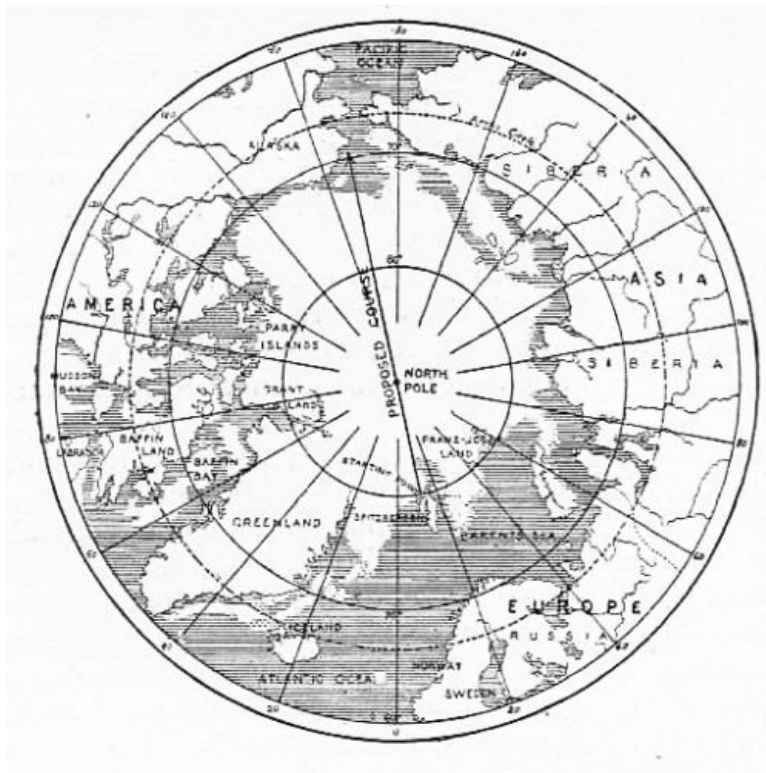
George interrupted him. "I hate to do it, Cato," he said; "but do you see that corner? You get back and around it as soon as you can, and if you meet me again, don't appear to know me, for by doing so you may place a rope around my neck."

The old man did not say another word, but scuttled off.

Now George determined upon a bold line of action. So well had he known the ins and outs of the town that he knew at once the room in which the officers were to meet, at Fraunces Tavern. He knew that through a stable in the rear he might gain a position from which he could hear or see something of the proceedings. But why not first go to the orchard? He had no sooner determined upon this plan than he had walked quickly to the north, and taking several short-cuts, reached the tree.

In the last few hours he had memorized the cipher until it was almost perfectly imprinted on his mind. There was a paper in the limb addressed to "No. 4." He drew it out, and finding where a fire had smouldered in the street, he picked out an ember and blew it into a flame. He made out the words: "B., Number Four, make your escape. Use all caution. We do not know you. It is for the best that you should be a stranger to us."

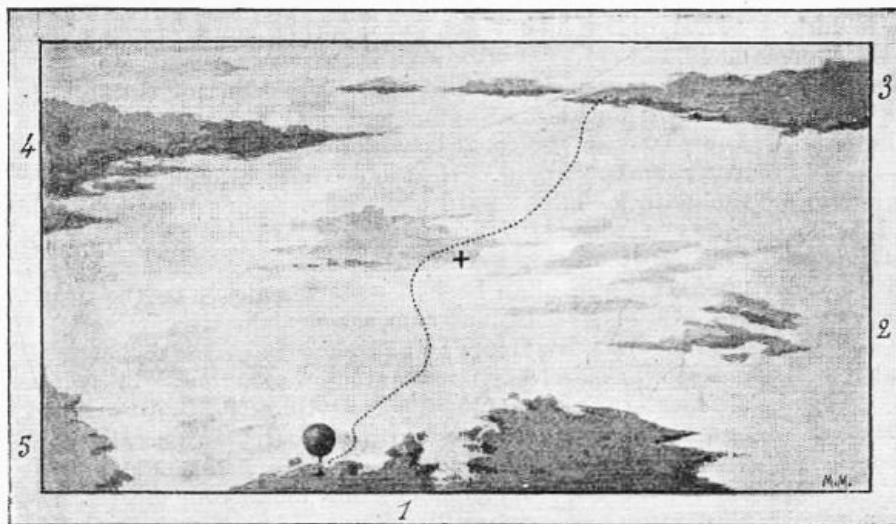
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PROPOSED TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE.

BY WILFRID DE FOUVIELLE.

Twelve months have scarcely elapsed since Mr. Andrée, the Swedish balloonist, first published the details of his scheme for reaching the North Pole by the smooth and easy but crooked paths of cloudland. During this short period the clever and hardy aeronaut has had his proposals favorably received by the Swedish and French academies of sciences, and obtained the \$36,000 required for his purpose from King Oscar, Mr. Nobel, and the Baron Oscar Dickson. Mr. Andrée has travelled all over Europe to consult the most competent specialists, and has completed all his preparations for the transportation of his huge balloon from Paris, where it is being constructed, to Spitzbergen early next May. The start will be made some time in July or at the beginning of August from Norskoärna, a small rocky and snowy archipelago situated on the northwestern coast of Spitzbergen, and the most accessible part of this famous territory. Norskoärna is almost under the eightieth parallel, and although sad and even grim in aspect, this remote spot will prove a convenient station for the departure, as the distance to the North Pole is only about 600 miles. Mr. Andrée's balloon, which will be called The Northern Pole, is to be made of triple French varnished silk, having a resistance of 250 pounds to the linear inch. It contains 130,000 cubic feet, and has a lifting power of more than 10,000 pounds. Besides the car and its three occupants—Messrs. Andrée, Ekholm, and Strindberg—the balloon will be supplied with scientific apparatus and 2000 prepared photographic plates, in charge of Dr. Strindberg. The Northern Pole will not carry sand for ballast, but use its large quantity of stores for throwing out in case of need. At Norskoärna the balloon can be kept waiting any length of time for a favorable wind. Held in place by sixteen tackles attached to the rocky soil, and connected by a system of ropes and pulleys with the whole netting, it can laugh at all the efforts of the strongest gale, and remain there for weeks ready for immediate despatch.

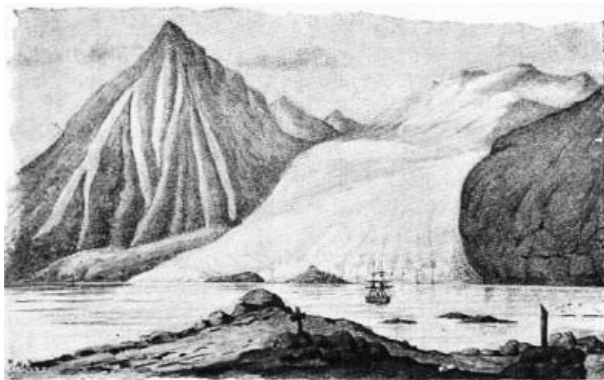


GRAPHIC PLAN OF THE NORTH POLE.

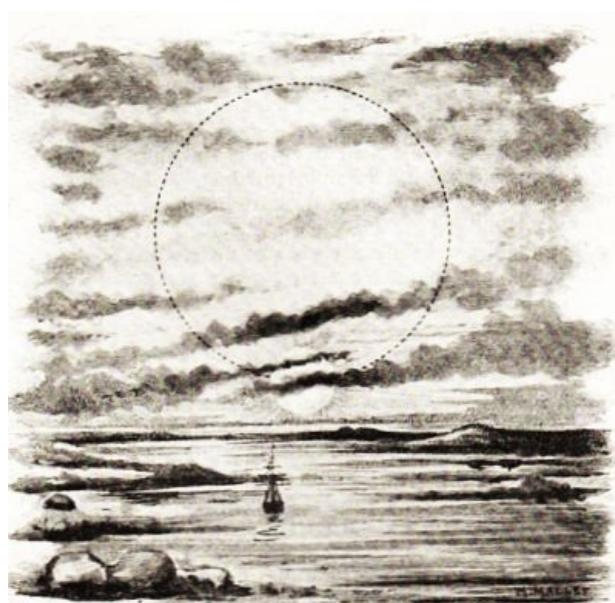
**1. Spitzbergen 2. Franz Josef Land. 3. Asia. 4. North America. 5. Greenland.
+ North Pole.**

Mr. Nils Ekholm, the celebrated meteorologist of Upsal University, will give the signal for the departure of this fearless expedition. This signal will not be given until Mr. Ekholm finds a northern breeze blowing briskly and with all the known signs of permanency—a frequent occurrence, however, in those regions and in such a season. As a professional aeronaut, I may be allowed to say that Mr. Ekholm will not be mistaken in his prognostications, and that, once started, Mr. Andrée's aerial craft will be carried away for hours in the direction of the North Pole. It would be almost unreasonable to hope that the aerial travellers will float exactly above the foremost point of our globe from the tropics. It would be enough for Mr. Andrée to make such a nearing as would enable him to bring back to civilization hundreds or thousands of photographs recording all the features of those unattainable regions. His most ambitious desires will be wholly satisfied, I am sure, if he obtains a clear view of the rocky mountains that Lieutenant Peary is said to have seen from the top of the Greenland glaciers on a far distant horizon.

For my own part, I believe that the three aerial explorers will have no difficulty in running the greater part of the 600 miles separating Norskoärna from the North Pole. If by some unaccountable misfortune there should be a notable change in the moving paths of cloudland, it is certain that Mr. Andrée will be able to direct his balloon in a suitable siding. Then he will resort to his ingenious combination of guide-ropeing and sailing which I described in a previous article. Since his first trial, in 1894, he has realized great improvements, as will be seen by comparing the aspect of his new balloon with that of the Swea sailing above the Swedish lake country, already published in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE. Instead of using only one medium-sized guide-rope, he will drag in the Polar solitudes not less than three heavy hemp lines. With the aid of these gigantic and ponderous guide-ropes, each one measuring 1200 feet and weighing 600 pounds, he can set three sails, supplied with yards and moved by rigging, and attached to the upper part of the balloon, independent of the netting, so that they may receive their full expanse. Their total surface amounts to more than 700 square feet, and they will, if skilfully managed, impart a remarkable deviating power to the balloon. So The Northern Pole will skip along like a sailing-craft with a stern wind.



SPITZBERGEN, THE STARTING-POINT.



THE COURSE OF THE SUN IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

It must be remembered that in summer-time the winds and storms of the North Pole are far less treacherous than those of the most attractive parts of the tropical, or even those of the temperate zones. The north polar regions are never visited by cyclones or thunder. The only danger to be encountered is a slight fall of snow, not more than four or five inches in the whole season. For meeting this almost trivial danger Mr. Andrée has had the upper part of his balloon covered with a silk canvas, so that the meshes of the net will be free from any accumulation of falling snowflakes.

In the desolate northern lands the sun is a trusty friend to the aeronaut. By constantly shining over the horizon during a number of months he develops almost a comfortable degree of heat, while without any intermission during the twenty-four hours of each day he supplies a sufficient quantity of light for all photographic purposes. In the mean time, owing to his moderate altitude, even when he crosses the meridian line at noon, he is never elevating the unfortunate aeronaut against

his will to a dangerous distance from the more than half-frozen soil.

The real difficulty is for the balloon, loaded with numberless precious documents, to find its way out before winter sets in with its long cold nights and horrors. This exit must be made at any cost by directing the balloon into a wind tending to some part of the south. Mr. Andrée will certainly not pay attention to the geographical position of the spot where he is to alight. He will not care whether he lands on land or on sea. It will make no difference to him whether he sets foot on rocks or on cracking ice. He will trust equally to the frozen

Atlantic or to the congelated Pacific if he can descend from cloudland above the horizon of a whaler. Russia, Siberia, Alaska, or the Northern Dominions are as good as his own country, if it is not beyond his power to reach some locality inhabited by Esquimos, Laplanders, or Samoyeds. The main point is to see The Northern Pole afloat for a long period, say a month. At all events, Mr. Ekholm calculates that the balloon will remain in the air at least fifteen or twenty days, and that during this time it will have passed over a distance of nearly four thousand miles.

In order to be quite sure to navigate in the atmosphere twelve times longer than any aeronautical run performed up to the present day (the thirty-six hours' voyage made in 1892 by M. Maurice Mallet, who has drawn the accompanying sketches), Mr. Andrée is having his balloon made absolutely impermeable, of the best and most costly material, with a new varnish and exceptional sewing. He has replaced even the usual valve at the top by two others a great deal smaller and fixed to the equator of the balloon, to be used only for ordinary manœuvres during the prolongation of the voyage, for he is determined not to make any pause, decided to fall from cloudland like a thunderbolt to the very spot selected by instantly opening his monstrous sphere with a tearing rope, to which will be attached a dagger for the grand and final moment.



The NORTHERN POLE.

EARLY DAYS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

BY LLOYD McKIM GARRISON.

If you have ever attended the Harvard-Yale football game at Springfield, and sat upon the Harvard side of the field, you must have been struck by the enthusiasm that ran along the crowded benches as a certain slender, youthful-looking gentleman passed by them looking for his seat. You might have seen the same enthusiasm break forth along those densely packed New York streets through which the great Columbian parade marched nearly two years ago, or, in Chicago, all the way from Lincoln Park to the White City, whenever among the group of Governors of the different States there appeared the same young-looking gentleman, managing his black horse with a strong hand, and sitting him with a firmness that showed the muscles of his lithe figure under his black official coat. That gentleman was William Eustis Russell, then Governor of Massachusetts, the leader of the Democratic party in his State, and the possessor of a personal popularity which is not limited by her boundaries.

When you are a Freshman in college you are apt to look upon the big Senior Captain of the university crew as a person of unusual strength and size. You never imagine that he could have been different when he was a Freshman. You think he must have been born so, and grieve because in your class there are no Freshmen like him. It is only when you yourself wake up one morning and find that you are no longer a Freshman, but a Senior and Captain of the crew, that you realize that all great men are first boys before they are anything else, and that what afterwards makes them great is pluck and character and their admiration and emulation of other great men. This is true of the greatest generals and statesmen, just as of 'varsity oarsmen. They were not always solemn men with black coats and white cravats, but boys, and probably jolly ones; and so it was with Governor Russell, whose boyhood was such a happy and hearty one that it has kept in his face the appearance of youth, which makes his accomplishments seem so remarkable.

He was born in 1857 in the old college town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Harvard College is. His father was Charles Theodore Russell, a leading lawyer in the town, and in politics a staunch Democrat. William, or, as he was then called (and as some of his older friends still dare to call him), "Billy" Russell, was the youngest of seven children, having three brothers and three sisters older than himself; and the traditional luck of a seventh son has followed him accordingly.

His father was a man of small income, which his interest in public life kept him from increasing. So his large family of children, brought up in what was then a small country town, were left largely to themselves for their amusement. He was strict in exacting from them industry, obedience, and truthfulness. On Sundays they went punctually to church near where the old Washington elm stands. Every evening they settled down to study, which came easily to them; but on holidays, and during the long afternoons after school hours, they were given almost absolute liberty, which taught them self-reliance, the greater because their father, who had a horror of extravagance, gave them no such allowance of spending-money as spoils too many a boy to-day; so they had to get their fun out of the fields, woods, and ponds, wherever it was most wholesome. They were passionately fond of animals, and always had a quantity of pets about, all of which, except a pony, they had either bought with their own savings or had given to them.

They built hutches, in which they kept delightful lop-eared rabbits, guinea-pigs, and big fluffy gray squirrels from the Waverly oaks, and many good-natured dogs of no known breed, which followed them on their expeditions.

Billy Russell was a delicate boy, and therefore was encouraged to lead an out-of-door life from earliest childhood. When he was but eight years old his father, who was a great fisherman, took him to the Maine woods for a summer at the forks of the Kennebec. He began to grow stronger then and there, and was soon as hearty as any boy, and much more nimble than most. There was scarcely any kind of sport at which he did not become expert, particularly the natural sports—skating, coasting, and swimming; and he rode the family pony till he went to college, and got a seat he never lost afterwards.

He loved the water, his boat, and his fish-lines, but most of all he longed for a gun; and as his father could not spare a small boy money for such a luxury, he determined to make it himself—and he did. From the inlet at Fresh Pond, and from the little green bays of Spy Pond near Arlington, two miles from Cambridge, he picked great bunches of water-lilies, and sold them for five cents a bunch to passers-by. He collected old horseshoes for the rag-man and did odd jobs for neighbors; and on the other side of the Charles River, where the bare-foot boy shouting at and belaboring some unruly steer was not likely to be recognized as a son of "Lawyer Russell," he many a time drove a herd of cattle from Boston to Brighton yards for a quarter of a dollar; and he was so industrious and clever that he had soon saved quite a handsome sum, and the coveted gun was at last bought; and he never afterwards had any possession that gave him such pleasure.

The ownership of a real gun made Billy the leader of a small set of boys, who went bushwhacking with him through all the neighboring country. They used to camp out on the shores of Walden Pond, cooking their own game, and learning to sleep in the open air in spite of the strange noises of the woods. They shot and fished the whole country-side over, from the Waverly Oaks and the woods towards Watertown out to Weston and Wayland; and in the other direction around Spy Pond, Spot Pond, the Mystic River, and the Middlesex Fells; they gathered nuts in big sacks along the old Concord Road, where the red-coats ran away in April, 1775, and sometimes even plundered the orchards around Lexington village, the leader of the young outlaws being the future Governor of the State.

Although he was such an excellent student, he was the despair of his teachers by reason of his mischievousness, which was usually of a most ingenious kind, but because of his excellent record they never did much more than take his Saturday afternoons away from him. His followers and he still kept up their sport ardently, and some of his achievements at this time were wonderful feats of daring. He was "stumped" to climb up the scaffolding surrounding the tall steeple of Dr. MacKenzie's church, and did so; and on another "dare" he climbed up the scaffolding to the top of the tower of Memorial Hall, then being built—a feat any one will appreciate who has ever seen that tremendous pile. In these undertakings he was aided, as he was in all athletic sports, by the fact of having the equal use of both hands. He prefers the left hand, and commonly uses it, but the right is equally strong; and when I last saw him he was writing with his right hand because he had just sprained his left thumb.

When he entered Harvard College in the class of '77, which has gone down to fame as the most brilliant (and disorderly) class that ever was, he was only sixteen, but quite old for his age. Just as at school, he treated all his classmates alike, without regard to what team or what society they were on, never himself belonging to any particular set or clique, but to the class at large, where he was universally known and liked. He kept up his studies only fairly well, as the prescribed courses did not interest him; but in the electives, where he chose history and political economy, he reached such high marks that his general average kept him in the first quarter of his class, and he did a great deal of independent reading along his favorite lines of study that was not counted in marks, but, nevertheless, was of the greatest service to him.

In the social life of the class he went along with the rest, without particular eminence, belonging to the "Institute," the "Dickey," and the "Hasty Pudding Club," whose initiations which were then quite elaborate he survived; the men who were "running" him, and calling out to him to "hit 'er up" when he was speeding through the Yard for them, little guessing whom they were ordering about. He kept up his athletics, and played half-back on the Harvard football team against Yale and All-Canada in the days when they played fifteen on a side, and Harvard teams won the games as much as a matter of course as Yale teams do nowadays. Young Russell's athletics made him quite a "horrible example" for parents to hold up, for before he was through college he had twice fractured his arm skating and coasting, broken a finger at baseball, and his nose at football; but his athletics had also given him a sound and sinewy body which has kept him in such good health that he has been able to undertake tasks such as no one else has ever attempted—as, for instance, when he travelled the length of Cape Cod and spoke to twenty different audiences in the same day, and to most of them from the steps of a car. So he is still devoted to athletics in spite of all his accidents, and is an enthusiastic wearer of the crimson at all its great games in spite of its recent ill-success.

In the summer of his Junior year he nearly lost his life in a sailing accident which attracted great attention at the time. He, three classmates of his, a New York boy and his tutor, were at Nantucket, and went out sailing in a twenty-five-foot centre-board on a very rough day, with the wind coming in puffs, and the sea, which had been raised by a storm the day before, running very high. About four miles from the shore the boat was caught in a squall, and in a moment had capsized and sunk, leaving all six struggling in the water. By the merest chance a fisherman who was crossing the bluffs above the beach on his way to his nets saw the white sail disappear in the water, and carried an alarm to the light-house, which was answered as soon as possible, though

it was an hour and a half before the dories had made their way out through the surf and picked up the scattered swimmers, each one of whom thought himself to be the sole survivor. Russell was the last to be picked up, and had swum three miles with the help of a strong flood-tide during the two hours he was in the water. One of the party, the New York boy, was found clinging unconscious to an oar, the only bit of wreckage left from the lost boat. His tutor and he were poor swimmers, and neither dared to try the long swim to the shore which the others all undertook, so the boy clung to the oar, and the tutor tried to keep afloat without it. After a few moments, however, he felt himself weakening, and called out, "Frank, pass me the oar or I'll sink!" The boy did so, and the frail stick sank beneath their combined weight.

The tutor never hesitated. "Frank," he said, "this will only drown us both;" and deliberately releasing his hold on the oar, he gave it up, with his life, to the boy whose life had been intrusted to him.

The accident and the rescue caused great excitement in the little island town. The old crier with his bell cried the news of the rescue about the place before the newspaper had out its extras, and every one was deeply moved by the heroism of Sampson, the brave fellow who had so cheerfully died to save his friend.

This experience was a very memorable one to young Russell, and it sobered and matured him, as a great struggle should; and from that moment his life became more settled and serious.

In his Senior year at college, which followed it, he did far better work than he had done in the three years before; and when he entered the law-school of Boston University he began to show his true measure; for he was not only first in his class, but such a first that, as with the old yacht America, there was no second. He took the only prize in the school—the William Beach Lawrence prize-essay—the first degree *summa cum laude* ever awarded, and was elected valedictorian of his class by unanimous vote of his classmates.

During all this time he had been working in his father's law-office, supporting himself from the day he left college, and had made six hundred dollars a year alone by revising and correcting the proofs of Wharton's books on criminal law, and verifying the references, which was the most tedious of tasks, but served him a good lesson in care and minuteness.

In 1879 he was a practising lawyer, with a small practice, and no particular ambition, except to increase it; and so he continued for two years, when, to his enormous surprise, he found that without his knowledge or permission he had been nominated for the Common Council of his native city of Cambridge. This was in the fall of 1881. The election was a hot one, and Russell was elected by one vote over his former High-school principal, which was said to have chagrined the latter excessively.

Russell was now twenty-four years old and at the beginning of his political career, which during the next dozen years was destined to be remarkable.

He had always had an interest in politics because of his father's interest in them, and in the Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876 he spoke for Tilden as a sort of experiment in public speaking, which gave him confidence enough to do considerable speaking during the Garfield-Hancock campaign in 1880. All this had been excellent training, but Russell had to show that he had other good qualities when he was elected to office.

Cambridge at this time had a dishonest government under Mayor Fox, who had put in office corrupt and incapable men, whose idea was that public officers were not elected to make a city pleasant and safe to live in, but to have an easy life on other people's money.

Young Russell was an American born, fresh from the ennobling associations of Harvard College, who knew what American government had been and ought to be, and he at once made himself so outspoken against this corrupt crowd as a Councilman that in the following year he was elected Alderman, a position of far greater power.

He was no sooner in office than the ring began its warfare against him and he against it, in which he gave as hard blows as he took. There were two rival horse railroads in the city. The Mayor was interested in one, and determined to destroy the other. Russell opposed him, and so skilfully and boldly that he carried the Aldermen with him, after one of the bitterest and most difficult fights in his long career.

In 1883 the ring carried every district but Mr. Russell's, and he was re-elected by forty plurality, and remained during the year a minority of one in the Board of Aldermen, but powerful for good because of his unsparing opposition to and exposure of the corruption he could not prevent.

His identification with opposition to the ring had become so absolute that when, in 1884, the citizens of Cambridge, without regard to party, united to overthrow it and set up a businesslike government, Mr. Russell became the natural candidate. He made speeches in all parts of the city, and his knowledge of the facts was so great that his speeches had deadly effect. His victory was complete, and the ring was so badly beaten that it has never regained power since. As Mayor Mr. Russell's course was most honorable and successful. Though not thirty years old, his thorough study of government, his reverence for American institutions, and his knowledge of the peculiar needs of Cambridge made him better able to serve the city than an older man of a different bringing up. He destroyed the ring, root and branch, and made his own appointments to office for fitness only. He saw that the laws were obeyed, even though they were laws he personally opposed. He reduced the city's debt, lowered its taxes, and made its name as respectable as it had been before the days of its local Tweed.

Indeed, so grateful were the citizens to him that they re-elected him without any opposition in

1885, 1886, and 1887; and in 1888, although he desired to retire, he withdrew his declination on being presented with a petition of three thousand names, and was elected again by two thousand majority, carrying every ward and every precinct but two, in spite of hostility to him because of his firmness in stopping disorder during the great railroad strike during the winter before.

His administration as Mayor had made him so conspicuous a leader in his own party that in 1886 he was offered the Congressional nomination for his district, which he declined to accept; and in 1888 he was made the Democratic candidate for Governor—city and State elections coming in different months in Massachusetts. As Massachusetts is strongly Republican, he did not expect to win, but his personal popularity gave him more votes for Governor than Mr. Cleveland received for President. In 1889 he was renominated by acclamation, and made a brilliant campaign of the State, which established his reputation as a debater of the highest ability; but although he made great gains in the Republican part of the State, he lost it by a small majority. In 1890 he was again renominated, and made his third canvass of the State, which was more thorough than ever, and resulted in his triumphant election as Governor.

His administration of his new office was like that of his other one. He never made a promise he did not keep, nor did he ever make a promise he could not keep; so he became the "reform Governor," and put out bad men to put in good ones, kept the taxes down, saw the State funds were properly spent, and that the government was the people's and not the politicians'. He accomplished a great deal, but most of all the converting of political opponents into personal followers, for he won over enough Republicans to make him Governor again in 1891, and still a third time in 1892; and he might, it would seem, have kept on being Governor as long as he had kept on being Mayor except that he refused, in spite of many entreaties to do so, to run again after his third term.

So he left public office, which he had had to undertake for a dozen years, and went quietly back to his law practice, which he makes as successful as his campaigns, and to his home, for he was married while he was Mayor, in 1885, and has a charming wife and three jolly children. You may see him any day in Boston going quietly about the streets, or riding his horse out to Cambridge over the Milldam. He spends his vacations, as he always did from boyhood, in the Maine woods, and loves fishing and shooting as much as if he were still a boy.

CAMERA CLUB PRIZE COMPETITION.

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Never since the ROUND TABLE first offered prizes for best specimens of photographic work has the competition been so widespread or so many pictures submitted for prizes. The pictures sent have been, as a rule, much finer than in former years, showing that our club is raising its standard of work, and that the members profit by the hints given in the Camera Club Department. This was shown especially in the finishing and mounting, very few pictures being sent in on small cards. The picture which won first prize in marines had no name. This picture is well finished and mounted, and justly merits first prize. The second prize for marines was won by a Lady of the ROUND TABLE, and this also having no name, it has been called "A Good Take," and is a picture of a number of fishermen just shaking out the last fishes from their net on a huge pile which lies on the ground; the boat is drawn up on the beach, and a number of interested spectators, fishermen, are looking on.

In landscapes the first prize was given to a Maryland landscape. A wooded hill slopes down to a winding river, glimpses, of which can be seen through the trees, and perspective and distance are given by the range of mountains on the horizon. A large log marks the foreground, and near the edge of the river can be seen figures of several boys about to build a camp fire, the figures being quite small, and not so conspicuous as to first attract the eye when looking at the picture. The point of view was well chosen, and the picture would make an excellent color study. The second-prize picture was entitled, "Here are cool Mosses deep," and was a fine picture.

The first prize for figure studies was given to a picture entitled, "Would you like a Piece?" and represents a young lady offering candy from a box of fine bonbons to three little children whom she has evidently met on her walk. The expressions on the faces of the children as they bashfully accept the proffered sweets are excellent, and, if they were posed for the picture, evidently entered into the spirit of the scene. The second prize was given to a picture entitled, "I won't stand still." The finishing of this picture showed much artistic taste and originality. The artist made a crayon drawing of a scroll, pinned a butterfly, a lace-winged fly, and two or three bugs on it, and photographed the whole. He then printed the picture in the centre of the scroll.

In the senior or "Open to All" competition the first prize in landscapes was awarded to a picture entitled, "Sun and Shade," and the second prize to a picture with no name, but showing a small stream in the foreground, with a road leading off into a wood. Both prize-winners sent in many other excellent specimens of work.

The first prize picture in figure studies was awarded to one entitled, "He cometh not." A young lady in evening costume, with opera cloak and a scarf, sits holding a watch, at which she is looking, evidently much annoyed at the non-appearance of her promised escort. The subject, though rather a hackneyed one, is well treated, the lighting, pose, and expression being above the average of photographic work. The mounting and finish of the picture are also very fine. The second prize was awarded to a picture entitled, the "Checker-Players." An elderly man is playing checkers with a young boy, perhaps his grandson. He has made a move which puts the younger

one in an unfortunate position, and the puzzled look on the boy's face as he studies the game is very good. A little girl, the boy's sister, sits at the side of the table, looking up into her brother's face, as much as to say, "Now you are in a box sure!"

THE CAMERA CLUB FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS.



First Prize, Senior Class—Figure Studies.

By H. E. Murdock.



First Prize, Junior Class—Marine Views.

By Sir Knight Joseph Lovering.



First Prize, Junior Class—Figure Studies.

By Sir Knight Andrew M. Phillips.



First Prize, Junior Class—Landscapes.

By Sir Knight Frank Smith.



First Prize, Senior Class—Landscapes.

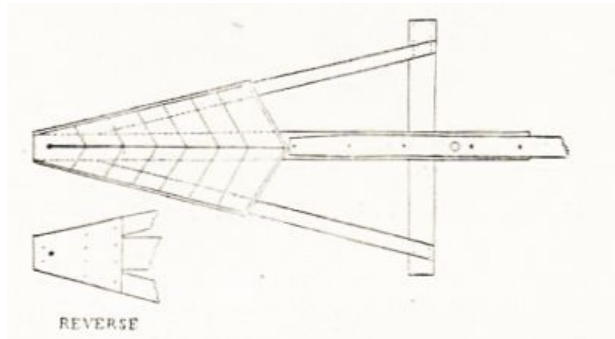
By R. Hamilton Craig.

[Pg 317]



Ice-boating is the sport that appeals most strongly at the present season to those of us who live near a lake or a river and have even the slightest knowledge of sailing. It is a sport that many people discourage because of the danger supposed to be connected with it, but as a matter of fact it is less dangerous to sail and handle an ice-boat than it is to sail and handle a cat-boat. The only two things to be guarded against while running an ice-boat are sailing upon weak ice or near the edge of open water, and getting the runners caught in a crevice. In the one case you risk drowning, in the second you will very probably smash your machine and get mixed up in the wreckage yourself. But, compared with the chances for a ducking when sailing a cat-boat, the probabilities of a plunge from an ice-boat are very remote; and as for getting the runners into a crevice, only the most careless or incompetent helmsman need fear such a mishap.

The idea prevails among those unacquainted with the sport that, because ice-boats skim along so rapidly over the frozen river, it is therefore particularly dangerous. This, however, is an incorrect conclusion to draw, for ice-boats are so easily controlled that they can be brought to a stop almost instantly, and they answer their helms so rapidly that they can be most easily steered and turned out of danger. As in everything else of this nature, however, the sportsman, whether he be young or old, must use judgment and care in the handling of his machine, otherwise he is bound to come to grief. But such an individual would undoubtedly come to grief on a bicycle or on skates, or even in walking through the crowded streets of a busy city.



PLAN FOR HOME MADE ICE BOAT.

The construction of an ice-boat is the point I want to touch on here, rather than upon the improbability of suffering bodily harm from taking part in the sport. Of course it is always possible to buy an ice-boat, new or second-hand; but it is much cheaper and certainly more pleasing and profitable to build your own craft, and it is by no means a difficult task. The boat proper is a triangular wooden frame, partly covered at the apex or stern. This covering, or deck, is necessary for the accommodation of the crew. The frame is built to rest on three skatelike runners, two of which are at the front—at either end of the base-line of the triangle—and one at the stern,

the latter being the rudder. This rudder is controlled by a tiller, similar to the tiller of a sail-boat, and it is with this that all the handling of the machine is done, for the sails are seldom touched after they have once been set.

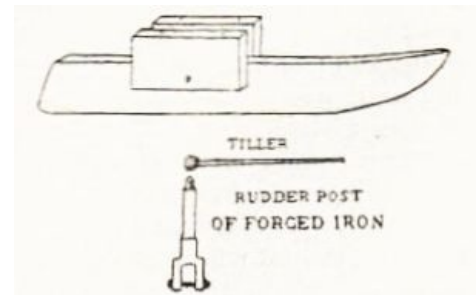
Many rigs have been tried on ice-boats, but experience has shown that the simple balanced jib-and-mainsail rig is the best. As a rule the jib sheet is set on a traveller, so that no trimming down is required for going about. If it is possible to avoid it, an ice-boat should never be made to run before the wind, because the craft cannot be made to behave well under such conditions. There being no resistance to speak of, such as a cat-boat meets in the water, the ice-boat behaves badly when sailing free, runs up against the wind, and falls back continually. The best plan when sailing

one of these machines off the wind is to take a zigzag course back and forth in the general direction of the wind, instead of running directly before it.

The best material for the construction of an ice-boat is oak, but good yellow pine will do for the frame if oak is found to be too expensive. The platform should be built of light pine, with a low railing around the edge. It is well to screw a few cleats and eye-bolts to this deck, to which it may be found convenient to fasten straps and ropes to hold on by when running fast or making turns. I give no proportions for construction, because it is best for amateur carpenters to adapt these to their resources. The general proportionate relation of the various parts of the machine can be easily seen from the diagrams.

The frame of an ice-boat is subject to severe strain, and ought, therefore, to be made as strong as possible. It should be put together with bolts and screws. Nails may be used for the platform, but screws are preferable. The mast should be of pine, and must be rigged with strong stays—of wire, if possible. The bowsprit in the same way. When it comes to the making of the rudder a blacksmith will have to be called in. The tiller and rudder-post will have to be forged of iron, as shown in the diagram, and should be carefully made, because much depends upon their strength and durability. The head of the rudder-post must be squared off, and the tiller fixed firmly upon it. The steering runner, or rudder proper, underneath, is secured to the iron rudder-post by a bolt, and it is advisable to slip a large iron washer over the post to give it a smooth bearing.

For the runner shoes I should recommend soft iron. This becomes very much heated, to be sure, when the boat is running, but the soft metal chills rapidly as soon as the machine comes to a stop. This alternate heating and chilling soon give the runner's edge a degree of hardness fully equal to that of steel. (Let me caution novices at ice-boating against touching their runners, for the metal becomes so heated that it can inflict painful burns.) The runners proper—that is, the wooden part before the metal shoe is put on—should be cut of stiff, heavy oak. They should be carefully bored, and attached to the frame with bolts. The blocks that hold the two forward runners should be firmly bolted to the forward plank of the frame—the one that forms the base of the triangle—and set so as to hold the runners firmly. The iron shoes are screwed to the runners. The metal must previously be drilled, and the screws which hold the shoes to the wood must be counter-sunk so that their heads may not touch the ice.



RUNNER AND BLOCKS.

[Pg 318]

To steer an ice-boat well considerable practice is required. There is no perceptive "feel" to the helm as there is to that of a water craft. The tiller turns so easily that great care and patience are required to attain the proper "touch," but when this is once acquired it is delightful to feel the power of a finger-touch over so great an engine. The manner of stopping an ice-boat is similar to that of stopping a sail-boat, in that you round up into the wind; but an ice-boat rounds up much more quickly, and is held fast by jamming the helm hard down so that the rudder lies parallel to the fore cross-beam—the base of the triangle.

The majority of pictures of ice-boats that I have seen show the machines keeled over and speeding along over the ice on two runners, with a lot of terrified-looking passengers gripping beams and ropes. This is all very well for purposes of illustration, but it is not in exact conformity with fact. Ice-boats do sometimes "rear" as the pictures show us, but it is not because the steersman desires such conduct. Rearing is a thing to be prevented and not to be encouraged. Ice-boats have three runners, and they are intended to run on three runners, not on two. A good sailor will keep his boat down on all three runners all the time. If the wind is so strong as to lift the windward runner, send a man out on the end to hold it down with his weight. There is no danger in this position, and considerable sport.

The speed of an ice-boat is greater than that of anything but a locomotive, and under favorable conditions the boat can even distance the engine. A mile a minute has frequently been made by such boats on the Hudson River. I should not advise young ice-yachtsmen to attempt too great speed, however, until they have become thoroughly familiar with their craft; until they have learned every trick of the machine, and have secured such control over the tiller that they are masters of the ice-boat, and the ice-boat never master of them. Above all things, shun thin ice as you would the open sea, and keep a constant lookout for cracks and rough spots. Under such conditions you are beyond danger, and you have at your command one of the finest of sports, and one of the keenest of sensations—rapid travel.

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C. G. McDAVITT, President.



**H. I. PRATT, Vice-
President.**



H. N. DUNBAR, Secretary.



**O. E. MICHAELIS,
Treasurer.**

The officers of the National Interscholastic Athletic Association, whose portraits appear this week, are all prominent workers in their respective organizations. Mr. McDavitt, in addition to being president of the National Association, is president of the New York I.S.A.A.; Mr. Pratt is president of the Long Island I.S.A.A.; Mr. Dunbar is president of the New England I.S.A.A.; and Mr. Michaelis is secretary of the Maine I.S.A.A.

The address of the secretary of the National I.S.A.A. is H. Nelson Dunbar, Esq., 552 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. All communications on matters connected with the association should be addressed to him.

Dr. White, of the Berkeley School, says that he feels sure "the head-masters of the preparatory schools throughout the country will look with anxiety upon the formation of a National Interscholastic Athletic Association," and he gives his reasons for this belief in a letter to a New York paper; but I believe a great many of his objections, if looked at from a slightly different point of view, can be turned to the favor of the new organization. Dr. White has, to a certain extent, condemned the weaknesses of the young association, instead of suggesting improvements and remedies. He begins, for instance, by saying that "the avidity for athletic competitions among boys has already been fostered too keenly," and he adds that "we already have so many contests of a competitive nature that the schools cannot without danger stand the pressure of still another and more engrossing series."

In advocating and encouraging the formation of a National Association, the main object of this Department was to secure the organization of a parent or controlling body that would bring order out of the present chaotic state of interscholastic contests. The holding of an annual field meeting was purely a secondary consideration, the principal desire in urging the formation of the association being to secure uniformity in the schedule of events contested at minor meets, establish a standard of record, and to fix a cast-iron definition of what constitutes an amateur with regard to athletic competition among schools. In favoring the holding of a field day this Department believed, and still believes, that the many smaller school meetings would be done away with, and that interscholastic sport would thus be rid of one of its worst features. Take New York city as an example. Almost every school in the local League holds a field day previous to the big meet in May controlled by the I.S.A.A. These little meetings could be done away with altogether. I am heartily in accord with Dr. White when he says that "the avidity for athletic competitions among boys has already been fostered too keenly."

That a National Association of schools can never be a representative one I think is not true. It is certainly not true if the object of the association is to be the promotion of pure sport, and the regulation of events that interscholastic associations in every part of the country shall compete in. And that, I hold, is the object of the association. I repeat that an annual field meeting is purely a secondary consideration. If it should be found convenient to hold one, the contest would be beneficial, and would doubtless be attended by representative athletes from widely separated localities; but such a contest would merely be a small evidence of the good work the association had done. It would also serve to establish a definite standard of record, which it is certainly advisable to have. But I cannot say too emphatically that in urging all these arguments I consider them as purely secondary to the main and fundamental objects of the association. When Dr. White says that the date fixed for the meeting (the last Saturday in June) would of necessity exclude a large percentage of the best athletes from the preparatory schools, I agree with him fully. This Department has already gone on record as being opposed to that date, and has suggested to the Executive Committee that an earlier time be chosen. This Department's objection, however, was not based upon the probable absence of a "large percentage of the best athletes," but on the ground that the date of the meeting would come at a time when senior school-boys must be giving all their time and attention to the college entrance examinations. Dr. White refers to this, too; and I don't think he would find any more evil in the holding of a national meet in May than in a league meet at about the same date.

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Where this Department fully agrees with Dr. White is in his objection to the newspaper notoriety connected with a big meet, and to the evil results of too much politics in the executive work. The latter is by all means the worse of the two, but I have hoped it could be vastly diminished by having the work distributed at centres so widely separated from one another that the petty jealousies of local efforts would be entirely done away with. As for the newspapers, they are a condition and not a theory. It is the mode of the century to treat events by columns rather than by lines, and I doubt if in the end (the small meetings being eliminated) there would be more type set about interscholastic matters to describe one great occasion than to record a swarm of lesser events. It is well for the principals of schools to take an honest interest in this new movement, and if the preponderance of opinion is that the objects desired cannot be attained along these lines, there ought to be enough wisdom among the older heads to point out the better way.

A new track-athletic league has been formed by the larger boarding-schools of the Eastern States, and it is proposed now to hold an annual field meeting in the spring, alternately at New Haven and Princeton. The present members of the new association are Lawrenceville, The Hill School, Westminster, and Hotchkiss; and it is probable that Worcester and Andover will join at the next convention of the managers, which is to be held during the Easter recess. This league ought to prove a very strong one, for the schools in it are all prominent in track sports. If they should become members of the National Association, as they doubtless will, they would send one of the strongest teams of any association excepting New York and Boston.

Interest in the National I.S.A.A. seems to be general among these large schools. The *Phillipian*, of Andover, has an editorial on the subject, and urges the track athletes to go into training at once, closing with the statement that a strong team is necessary this year, for "it means not only competing in Boston, but also the chance of winning laurels for Andover in the All-America competition in New York." If these large schools, such as Andover, and Worcester, and Lawrenceville, and the most important Boston schools, determine that a national championship is something worth working for—as it certainly is—they will give the New York athletes a hard tussle for supremacy, and the latter may as well realize at once that it is none too early for them to begin hard training.

Training for baseball has already begun in many quarters, especially at the large schools in the country. As soon as space permits, this Department will offer some suggestions for training and preparation which may prove of assistance to captains and players.

The Long Island League has already arranged its baseball schedule for this spring as follows:

- April 18—Brooklyn Latin School vs. St. Paul School.
- April 22—High-School vs. Adelphi Academy.
- April 25—Pratt Institute vs. Polytechnic Preparatory.
- April 29—Brooklyn High-School vs. Brooklyn Latin School.
- May 2—Pratt Institute vs. Brooklyn Latin School.
- May 6—Brooklyn High-School vs. St. Paul.
- May 6—Polytechnic Preparatory vs. Brooklyn Latin School.
- May 9—Pratt Institute vs. Adelphi Academy.
- May 16—Pratt Institute vs. Brooklyn High-School.
- May 16—Adelphi Academy vs. Brooklyn Latin School.
- May 16—Polytechnic Preparatory vs. St. Paul.
- May 23—Polytechnic Preparatory vs. Brooklyn High-School.
- May 23—Pratt Institute vs. St. Paul.
- May 27—Adelphi Academy vs. Polytechnic Preparatory.
- June 3—Adelphi Academy vs. St. Paul.

It will be seen that their season begins early, this being necessitated by the number of teams in the League. I hope the schedule will be carried out completely, and that the unfortunate system of forfeiting games—usually through fear of defeat—will not be carried on this spring as it was last fall in football.

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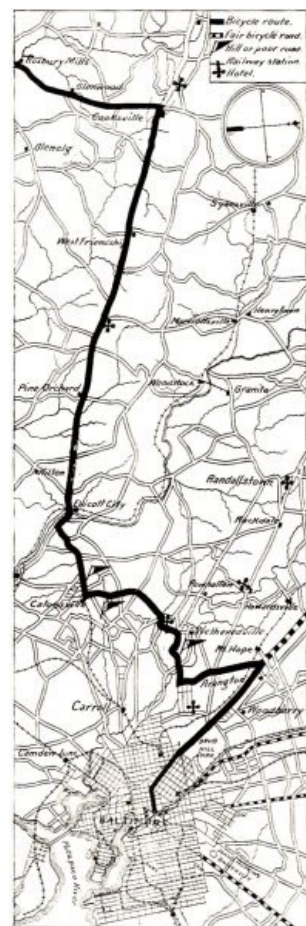


This Department is conducted in the Interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being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

To run from Baltimore on towards Washington it is necessary for the rider to retrace his "steps" over the journey of the day before from the Carrollton Hotel out through Druid Park to Arlington. Here a sharp turn is made to the left, and a run of two miles or more made southward on the road to Wetheredville. There are one or two climbs along this stretch of the road which will seem unusual to one who has come down from Philadelphia by the road we have been giving for the last few weeks. In fact, for the first ten or twelve miles of this stage of the journey the road runs through or across several valleys, winding about the sides of hills, and occasionally going over a hill. After passing Catonsville, however, and keeping sharp to the right, the run out to Ellicott City is very free from irregularity of ground, and from Ellicott City to Cooksville the road is straight, level, and moderately good. There is no difficulty in keeping to the correct road after you pass Ellicott City, as, in fact, you may easily see by reference to the accompanying map of the journey; but from the hotel in Baltimore to Ellicott City, or at least to Catonsville, there are several sharp turns and not a few opportunities for getting into the wrong road. There are two ways of avoiding this. One is to inquire as you go along, using the accompanying map, and only inquiring where a sharp turn on the map is hard to recognize along the way. Another plan is to secure a map of the environs of Baltimore at the hotel, and get yourself posted before leaving there as to the names of streets, particularly those which enter and leave Wetheredville.

In Baltimore itself the bicyclist should make it a point to see certain places of note, especially Johns Hopkins University, which, while it is in no way remarkable for buildings, is such a distinguished educational institution that no one should leave Baltimore, once having arrived there, without going over its buildings and seeing something of the methods of instruction and study there. There are many other points of interest in the city, and half a day can well be spent in going about seeing them. As the run to Cooksville is but thirty miles at most, a fair rider can easily make it in an afternoon, and can thus give a morning to the city.

It is our purpose, after the completion of this trip to Washington in the next number of the Round Table, to take up bicycle routes in the vicinity of Chicago. Many letters have been received complaining that routes in the Eastern parts of the United States were being given entirely, while the readers in the Western and Central parts of the United States had nothing to interest them. It is necessary for us to explain that in course of time bicycle trips will be given in the vicinity of the principal centres of the United States; and, meanwhile, by keeping the record of maps already published, which appears at the bottom of this column, any reader can find the number in which any map he may desire was published, and obtain it by sending to the Messrs. Harper & Brothers for it.



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Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia-Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827; Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829; Third Stage in No. 830; Fourth Stage in No. 831; Fifth Stage in No. 832; Sixth Stage in No. 833. Boston to Concord in No. 834. Boston in No. 835. Boston to Gloucester in No. 836. Boston to Newburyport in No. 837. Boston to New Bedford in No. 838. Boston to South Framingham in No. 839. Boston to Nahant in No. 840. Boston to Lowell in No. 841. Boston to Nantasket 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; Fourth Stage in No. 847.



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

"I haven't a talent worth speaking of," said Louise, throwing herself down on the rug before the fire, and looking as mournful as a red-cheeked, dimpled young person with merry black eyes and a laughing mouth could possibly do.

"That is really a great pity, Louise," said I, tossing her a pillow to put under the pretty head. In certain moods, and at certain hours, particularly when it is near supper-time, in the delightful hour between daylight and dark, there is nothing more pleasant and more conducive to thought and to a quiet talk with a friend whom you love than just to lie on a fur rug in front of an open fire with a soft cushion under your head. Try it, and see if you do not like it, my dear.

"Where were you going when I met you yesterday morning, Louise?" I inquired, casually.

"With the little basket and the bundle?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear."

"Oh, *then!* I was carrying some jelly and a sponge-cake to old Mrs. Andrews, who is ill and has no appetite. Her daughter goes out sewing, and the children can manage to cook for themselves; but the dear grandmother is neglected, so I thought she might enjoy something from our table. The bundle was from mamma, but I helped pack it, and there were enough things in it, if you'll believe me, to make the poor lady happy for the season—a warm flannel petticoat, a little shawl for her shoulders, and a pair of bedroom slippers. I never felt so glad in my life as when I saw how little a thing can make some people happy."

"We missed you from the pew on Sunday, Louise," I added, after a little interval of silence and reflection. "Your father and mother looked lonely without you sitting in the corner as usual."

"Yes," said Louise, "I did not like to miss a service, and, of course, mamma said that Dr. — never preached a lovelier sermon; but what could I do? Cousin Alice hasn't been to church a morning this winter. She does not like to leave the children with the nurse, who manages very well with the baby, but cannot amuse Harold and Sue. So I told her to go to church and be at ease, and I would entertain the little man and woman, and I did, and I had my hands full. I don't wonder that Cousin Alice looks tired out at the end of the day. Such fidgety, restless, uproarious, sweet little pickles as those tots of hers are I *never* saw! I'm going to help her with them at least once a month in the same way."

"I'm sure it's very considerate and kind in you to think of it," said I, "and Alice is fortunate in having such a thoughtful young cousin. By-the-way, who attends to the flowers in your house, dear? Your window-garden is my despair."

"I am looking after the flowers this winter," said Louise. "It occupies a good bit of my mornings to keep the ground loose around the roots, water them, spray the leaves, pick off dead ones, and turn the pots around to the sunshine. But it repays the trouble, for the plants grow and bloom as if they loved me, and we always have flowers to send to our friends. I'm head of the Committee on Flowers for the Christian Endeavor, too, and it's the most delightful work I ever did."

"Well, my darling," I said, "I'm rather of the opinion of your mother than of yourself about you. She told me the other day that 'Louise had practical talents, and was the dearest girl in the whole world.'"

Margaret E. Sangster.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Expert Opinion

The Canadian Government recently sent an appraiser to the principal bicycle factories in this country, to determine the exact value of various makes for import into Canada. After an exhaustive investigation, his report to his Government rated

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.



[Pg 322]

To Young Artists.

The Table offered prizes for best stories written by members under eighteen. The first-prize story is to be illustrated. Do you want to try to illustrate it? If so, write at once for a proof of the story. With the proof we send suggestions about size. You select any incident in the story, make your drawing, and return same to us. For the best illustration we offer \$10.

If you send for proof, and then find yourself unable to make a drawing satisfactory to yourself, you can then retire from the contest merely by failing to forward a drawing. That is, you incur no obligation to submit a drawing. There are already about ten who are to try their talents. There is room for more. We print prize drawing and prize story together, provided, of course, that we receive a creditable illustration. You would not expect us to print one that was not so, even if it were the best we received.

"Voyage of Discovery" Awards.

The Table offered to divide \$50 in money among the ten members of the Order who sent that

number of best answers to twenty-seven questions which were written into jingle descriptive of a Journey taken by the "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl." There were some riddles in the story, as that at a certain hotel in France the party was given a queer dish, described in a charade. But most of the questions were such as these: "Find a writer's tool in a Danish port"—*Co-pen*(17)-*hagen*—and "convenient coin in a Russian mart"—*Ar-change*(13)-*l*. Here are all the answers:

1, *La-brad-or* and *Winni-peg*; 2, *Ba-ham-a*; 3, *Au-gust-a*; 4, *Hi-malay-a*; 5, *Cam-peach-y*; 6, *La-dog-a*; 7, *C-hin-a*; 8, *Arti-choke*; 9, *Pen-saco-la*; 10, *Ar-ship-elago*; 11, *S-imp-lon* and *Little Saint Bernard* (dog); 13, *Mada-gas-car*; 14, *C-helm-sford*; 15, *K-hart-oum*; 16, *Draft, Draught, Draft*; 18, *Mis-sou-ri*; 19, *Ma-rat-hon*; 20, *Co-top-axi*; 21, *Cotop-ax-i*; 22, *Wis-Cass-et, Franklin-ville, Lincoln-ville, and Pitt-ston*; 23, *C-asp-ian*; 24, *As-par-a-gus*; 25, *Tar-sus* and *Man-Chester*; 26, *Villa-franc-a*; and 27, *Wig-ht*.

Three solvers found all of the answers, and we send them, with our congratulations, \$7 each. Their names are: Paul B. Pitkin, Ohio; and Frederic W. Darling and Joslyn Z. Smith, New York. Margaret Fendall James, New Jersey, erred in one question, but she gave a better answer than six others of the best ten, and we send her \$5. The following six failed on one question each—not always the same one—and we award them \$4 each: Mary G. Smith, Minnesota; Arthur M. Anderson, New Jersey; William C. Thayer, Michigan; Edith Starr Churchman, New Jersey; Gertrude G. Wilcox, Massachusetts; and Louise McKinney, Florida.

Winners who live near New York are asked to wait a few days for their prizes, to give time for this number to reach distant competitors. It is most pleasant for all to see awards in the paper, and hardly fair if some know in advance, as they would do were we to send prizes in advance of the paper's publication.

A Visit to a Mountain Palace.

One glorious September morning found us all awake bright and early, for at last, the day of our long-talked-of trip to Biltmore had arrived. Just as the sun rose from behind Glassy Mountain with merry good-byes we climbed into our coach, and rolled away down the avenue. The few miles from "Clovernook" to the queer little place called Buena Vista were soon covered, and we got a view of Asheville. But my eager eyes sought Biltmore. Miles away, up on the mountain-top, I caught a glimpse of gleaming white towers—the palace in the mountains.

We drove into the town of Biltmore, which, when finished, will seem like one of those cities built by the old kings for their amusement. On one side of the way costly buildings surrounded by asphalt walks and gardens; on the other side, manufacturing concerns. A turn in the road brought miles of the estate in view. Everywhere we looked hundreds of men were at work. Over the grassy hills roam the fine cattle, and here is the dairy farm, and there the nursery. At this point we came into the grand drive, which is only half completed. Trees of every variety border it.

Frowning down on us from a great height was what seemed to be a castle on the Rhine, vine-clad and impressive. By the winding road we reached the farther side of the palace; driving through a massive stone-vaulted hallway, on either side of which are the elegant stables, we passed out into a circular court. Across this and through another archway, and a palace of great architectural beauty rose before us. I was dazed at first, and can only remember a few things. The house seems to rise up around a semi-court paved in marble, in the centre of which is a fountain from Pompeii. The walls are carved in life-size statues. Dragons appear to hiss at us from above. Italian sculptors are at work everywhere. Even the ceilings are being carved in some rooms. My attention was called to a grand pavilion and terrace opposite the gardens, guarded by huge Assyrian monsters. Up marble steps and along another pavilion we could see the west side of the place. It reminded me of the Chateau of Chantilly, with its marble terrace and steps leading down to an arbor. Steps on the right lead to the greenhouses and gardens; to the left, beautiful little lakes.

The scenery from here is most beautiful. There are mountains for fifty miles around. At our feet the Swannanoa and French Broad rivers meet. No trees surround the palace. Mr. Vanderbilt expects to make this a winter house and wants the sunshine. I have built my "castles in the air," and just before we started homeward, as I stood there drinking in the beauty, I wondered if Mr. Vanderbilt dreamed in his boyhood days of such a place. We all dream, I suppose, but few can realize our dreams. At ten o'clock, we reached what now seemed plain "Clovernook." It looked so bright and homelike that we sang from our hearts—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

MAY INMAN MAGUIRE.
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

The Helping Hand.

The example of "Billy" is producing results. Following him comes "Sancho Panza," who sends, by the hand of his mistress, 25 cents, and "hopes everybody is as much interested as I am." Sancho Panza is a Yankee dog, at least he lives in Connecticut. Not to be behind him, here comes word from Washington:

"Two of us, Dick (the canary) and Polly (the parrot), are great travellers, as we have been out to St. Louis, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., and a great many towns and cities on the Mississippi River; we have also been in Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, and are now living in the District of Columbia, but hope to travel a great deal more, as the father of our master and mistress is a naval officer, and naval officers, you know, travel a great deal. We three little Paradise fish, Tom, Dick, and Harry, are new members of the family, so we have not travelled as Dick and Polly have, but hope to some day. We each send you a dime, and our master and mistress send a quarter each, making \$1 in all."

"Bruno Morgan," who is a greyhound and lives in New York, sends 50 cents. Antonio France, another Connecticut "Yankee," who says he has no tail, sends 10 cents and his mistress 10 more, and "Midget" a like sum all the way from Nebraska. But "Midget," is a pony who says:

"I have a great many friends who are not so well provided for. I see so many of them whipped and overworked and shouted at by cross, impatient drivers, who, I am sure, if they were brought up at Good Will Farm, where Bow-wow Billy says they have established a Band of Mercy, would never, I know, no matter how discouraged or ill-natured they might feel, vent their anger on us defenceless creatures. I want more boys brought up at this Good Will Farm, where they think of animals and treat them kindly."

Danbury and Its Hats.

Hatting is the leading occupation of the people of Danbury. This has been an occupation for at least a century, and now Danbury is probably the largest hatting town in the country. The factories, too, are extensive, and almost every manufacturer has a salesroom in every important city. All kinds of hats are manufactured—soft, stiff, and straw. We have fur factories, one of which has branches in Mexico, Canada, Great Britain, and other countries.

We have also silk manufactories, woollen-goods manufactories, and a machine-shop. Recently a Danburian invented a trolley that would be run by power passing through the tracks, thus doing away with overhanging wires. If this proves a success, Danbury will have a new industry, as all of the cars will be made here. We have, besides these manufactories, two stock-farms which have gained national notoriety. One, the Ridgewood, owns the famous horse Quartermaster, which has gained several Blue Ribbons at the National Horse Show in New York. Quatermarch is another horse of that farm which has gained several prizes, one of which was at the Grange Show, I think it is, of Orange, N. J. The other, Bekerle's, owns several famous horses. One was sold to the Emperor of Germany recently. May I write about a hat factory?

ROBERT BULKELEY, K.R.T.
DANBURY.

Yes, and tell us just how hats are made, especially the felt of the stiff-crown ones.

KINGSMAN, ARIZONA, *December* 30, 1896.

EDITOR HARPER'S ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR,—I wish to make a slight correction in my letter entitled "How Tortillas are Made." It should be yeast *powder* instead of yeast.

Very truly,
FLORENCE E. COWAN.

Questions and Answers.

Sir Knight W. D. Olmsted, 19 Orange Street, Worcester, Mass., asks to insert the following: "Will all who have sent stamps to addresses in the 'Want Corner,' and who have never heard from them again, please send me their address and a stamp or postal card for reply. Also send name of person to whom you sent the stamps, together with their address, value of stamps, and date of sending." First sergeants of companies A, B, etc., at West Point and in military companies rank alike. David Blondheim, 306 North Howard Street, Baltimore, Md., wants some correspondents.

The charge made by the publishers for the cover of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is fifty cents, post-paid. Any bookbinder can put it on. His charge is usually \$1.

John G. Saxe, 171 West 132d Street, New York, wants to buy a copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for November 27, 1894. Write him. John H. Campbell, Jun., 413 School Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., is, with two others, to begin in February the publication of *The Keystone Monthly*. Its price will be twenty-five cents a year, and for a limited time sample copies will be sent free. Original stories, poems, jingles, and letters to the editor are wanted. No pay for such contributions is offered, the paper being an amateur one. A. B. G., Jun.: Get *Mort d'Arthur*, through any bookseller or at the library, for references in the study of King Arthur, his Knights, and Round Table.

Amateur Soldier: At present enlistments in the regular army of the United States are suspended, the service having its complement of men. But this is only a temporary condition. Enlistments will begin again soon. Boys between sixteen and eighteen years of age may, with the consent of their parents, enlist as musicians; eighteen to twenty-one, with consent of parents, as regulars; over twenty-one, without consent of parents. The lad of sixteen who begins as a musician stands just as good chance of promotion as the older person who enlists a little later. Indeed, in many instances, if he be bright and faithful, he stands a better chance. The pay is \$13 per month, and the enlistment for three years; but one may purchase his discharge at the end of one year by paying \$120. Fannie E. May, Lee, Mass., is most desirous of obtaining the address of Edith A. Putnam. Will the latter write her?



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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.



In the ROUND TABLE for December 10, 1895, the stamps issued by the general government of the Confederate States were illustrated in reduced form. This week I give the first instalment of the "Confederate Locals," all of which are either scarce or rare. Counterfeits abound, however, and the wise collector will take expert advice before parting with his money. As a rule, collectors prefer to buy these stamps on the original envelope, and the prices given below are those asked by dealers for copies in good condition:

Athens, Ga., \$35 to \$100.



Baton Rouge, La., large size, \$50 to \$70; small size, \$100. (The 2c. and 10c. stamps are not generally accepted as genuine.)

Charleston, S.C., \$10 to \$15. Envelope stamps, four varieties, \$10 to \$15.

Columbia, S.C., \$15 to \$20. This is an envelope only.

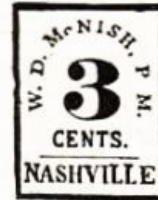


Fredericksburg, Va., \$7.50 to \$20. (10c. stamp, \$20 to \$30.)

Knoxville, Tenn., \$20 to \$25. The embossed envelope is worth from \$50 to \$100.

Nashville, Tenn., 3c., \$3.50 to \$20; 5c., \$15 to \$30; 10c., \$50 to \$100.

Mobile, Ala., 2c., \$25 to \$35; 5c., \$3 to \$6.



New Orleans, La., 2c. blue on white, \$2 to \$5; 2c. red on white, \$2 to \$6; 5c. brown on white or blue, \$1 to \$5; 5c. brilliant red on blue or white paper, \$250 to \$400. The so-called reprints of the New Orleans stamps are simply counterfeits.

PHILATUS.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

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We confess to have read every word of the journal with as much interest as we once read "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Swiss Family Robinson."—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York



[Pg 324]

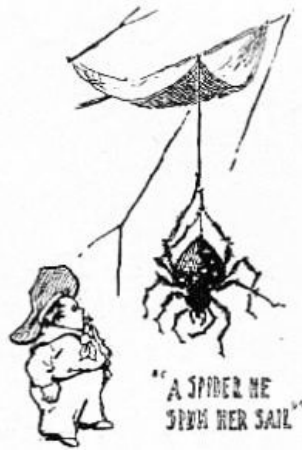
BY IRVING BACHELLER.

Jack Tot is as big as a baby's thumb,
And his belly can hold but a drop and a crumb,
And a wee little sailor is he.
Heigh ho!
A very fine sailor is he.

He made his boat of a cocoanut shell;
He sails her at night, and he steers her well
With the wing of a bumblebee.
Heigh ho!
The wing of a bumblebee.

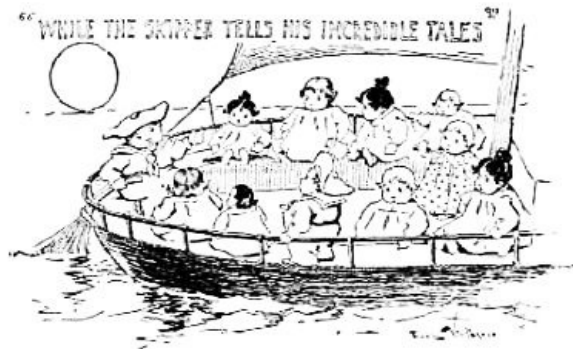
She is rigged with the hair of a lady's curl,
And her lantern is made of a gleaming pearl,

And it never goes out in a gale.
Heigh ho!
It never goes out in a gale.



Her mast is made of a very long thorn;
She's a bell for the fog, and a cricket's horn,
And a spider spun her sail.
Heigh ho!
A spider he spun her sail.

She carries a cargo of baby souls,
And she crosses the terrible Nightmare Shoals,
On her way to the Isles of Rest,
Heigh ho!
The beautiful Isles of Rest.



The Slumber Sea is the sea she sails,
While the skipper tells his incredible tales
With many a merry jest.
Ho! ho!
He's fond of a merry jest.



When the little folks yawn they're ready to go,
And the skipper is lifting his sail—he ho!
In the swell how the little folks nod!
Ha! ha!
Just see how the little folks nod!



And some have sailed off when the sky was all black,
And the poor little sailors have never come back,
But have steered for the City of God.
Heigh ho!
The beautiful City of God.

SAM GETS HIS SUIT OF SUNDAY CLOTHES.

Sam was a light-skinned darky of middle age, with an ever bright and ready reply for all. He was employed in the street department of the town of D—. One day a gentleman finding him at work tearing up some cobblestones from the street, and desiring to hear one of his witty replies, asked him what he was doing. Sam replied,

"Why, sah, I's er-pullin' up de street; by-and-by I's goin' to pull up de riber."

"Pull up the river! Why, Sam, that's a gigantic job. You'll have to pump and haul many a year before you can accomplish that."

"If youse want ter see me do it, I's willin'."

"Well, Sam, I would like to see how you would go about it; and if you can prove to me that you can finish such a job even within a year, I will treat you to a suit of Sunday clothes."

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed Sam. "Come 'long, sah, I's'll prove dat shuah!"

And off he started for the river with the gentleman and several other people who had gathered around during the conversation. Reaching the river, Sam piloted the gentleman and the crowd to an old skiff. Jumping into it, he seized the oars and started rowing, shouting as he did so, "Dere, sah! I's er-pullin' up de riber now!"

The gentleman gave in, and Sam got his clothes.

PAPA. "Why, Dick! Jack! how you quarrel, and all for a little penny!"

DICK. "Yes, papa; but you said the less we quarrel about the better."

ISAAC NEWTON AND HIS SERVANT.

A good story is told of Isaac Newton. It seems that one day, feeling chilly, he ordered his servant to build a good roaring fire in the grate, and when his orders had been obeyed he drew his chair up and enjoyed the cheerful warmth. In a short while he dropped into deep thought, and became unmindful of the heat of the fire until it grew so intense that he was compelled to notice it. He rang the bell violently for the servant, and when he came, ordered him to move the grate. The servant scratched his head in puzzled silence, and Newton, becoming thoroughly exasperated with the heat and the servant's disobedience, shouted, "Will you move that grate?"

The servant jumped this way and that in terror, and finally coming to his senses, said, "Would it not be better, sir, for you to move your chair?"

"Well! well! well!" said Newton. "Upon my word, I never thought of that."

TEACHER. "George, what excuse have you for being late?"

GEORGE. "Only a far-fetched one."

TEACHER. "What do you mean?"

GEORGE. "The conductor of the car carried me several blocks past the school."

PAPA. "I wonder why it is that when we drop a slice of bread it usually falls with the buttered side down?"

His LITTLE BOY. "I guess it's for the same reason that when we fall in winter we wonder why the ice freezes with the slippery side up."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 845.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JANUARY 28, 1896

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