

November, 1905

THE NEW BOY

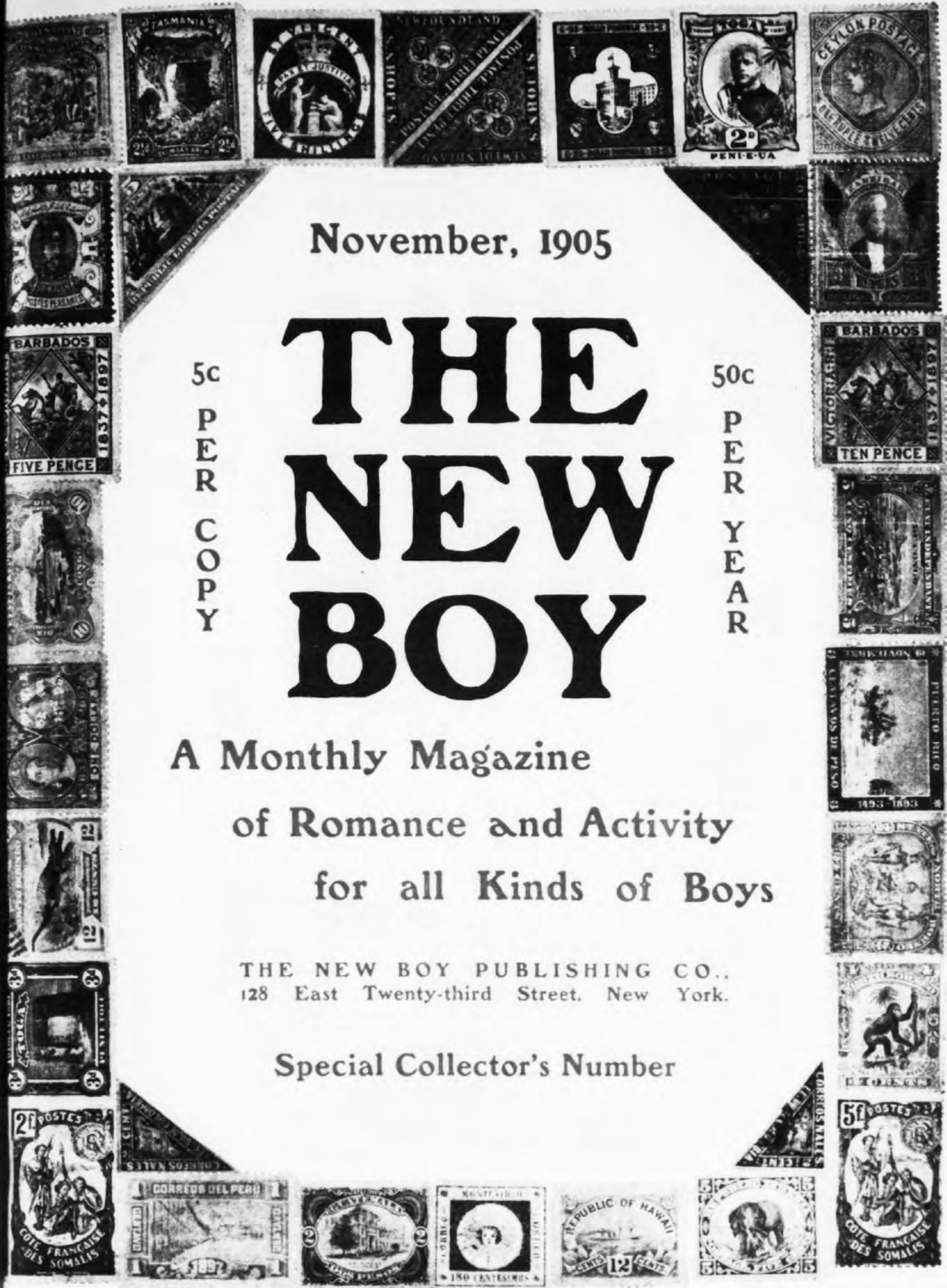
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A Monthly Magazine
of Romance and Activity
for all Kinds of Boys

THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

Special Collector's Number





A monthly Magazine of Romance and Activity for All Kinds of Boys. Published on the first day of every month. Subscription price 50 cents a year 5 cents a copy.

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Forms for December Issue close Nov. 29th.

Address everything to

THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,

128 East Twenty-third Street.

New York City.

No. 7. NOVEMBER, 1905. Vol. I.

In presenting this November number to our readers we take the opportunity of thanking the many boys and their parents throughout the country for the subscriptions they have sent us, as it is owing to their help that has made THE NEW BOY what it is. They may rest assured that we will do all in our power to give them the best boys paper ever published. This is the ideal of the publisher who has always had such ambition in view, to give out a clean and interesting paper, to educate, cultivate and refine the boys of America and the entire world.

The publisher, who is still a young man, will devote his life and energies to this beautiful cause. The boys can look forward, without possibility of disappointment, to new features in every issue.

We kindly request all our readers to show a copy of THE NEW BOY to their friends and to cooperate with us in the good work.

As it is only a matter of a few days before Thanksgiving will be here and many of our readers will be enjoying this glad some occasion, we embrace this time to extend to them the good wishes of the season.

A little history about Thanksgiving Day will not now be amiss. Contrary to the idea of many people it antedates the American Revolution. It was inaugurated by our forefathers at Plymouth, Mass., in November, 1621. The previous year they had very hard times, but for some months before that time their harvests had been good and in other respects they were quite fortunate. Governor Bradford therefore set a day in November of the above year as a special thanksgiving occasion to God for His kindness to them. Such custom of thanksgiving feasts has been faithfully observed from that time to date.

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Honduras, 1878, 1c to 1 Peso, complete, (catalogued 94c.)	.22
Hayti, 1904 issue, 1 to 50c., complete, unused	.35
Hawaii, 5 varieties for	.10
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“ “ 1893, 1c-24c., complete (catalogued \$1.38)	.35
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Shanghai, 1893, ½c to 20c., complete (catalogue 77c)	.25
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“ “ Buffalo or St. Louis issue, complete, each set	.12
“ “ Civil Revenues (Large), 25 varieties	.15
“ “ 1895 issue Postage, 50c, Orange 6c, 1.00 Black (cata. 50c.)	.17
Canal Zone (Panama), 1-2-5-8 and 10c., unused for	.40

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106 different stamps	.06
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1c Express.....	\$0 03	50c Passage Ticket.....	10
1c Playing Cards.....	1 35	50c Probate of Will.....	35
1c Proprietary.....	3	50c Surety Bond.....	4
1c Telegraph.....	8	60c Inland Exchange.....	5
2c Bank Check, blue.....	1	70c Foreign Exchange.....	5
2c Bank Check, orange.....	1	1d Conveyance.....	7
2c Certificate, blue.....	30	1d Entry of Goods.....	8
2c Certificate, orange.....	25	1d Foreign Exchange.....	1
2c Express, blue.....	3	1d Inland Exchange.....	1
2c Express, orange.....	4	1d Lease.....	6
2c Playing Cards, blue.....	10	1d Life Insurance.....	10
2c Playing Cards, orange.....	30	1d Manifest.....	35
2c Proprietary, blue.....	4	1d Mortgage.....	1 30
2c Proprietary, orange.....	55	1d Passage Ticket.....	2 25
2c U. S. Internal Revenue.....	1	1d Power of Attorney.....	5
3c Foreign Exchange.....	4	1d Probate of Will, cat. 1.25... .	40
3c Playing Cards.....	2 85	1d 30c Foreign Exchange.....	35
3c Proprietary.....	8	1d 50c Inland Exchange.....	8
3c Telegraph.....	10	1d 60c Foreign Exchange.....	95
4c Inland Exchange.....	4	1d 90c Foreign Exchange.....	60
4c Playing Cards.....	3 00	2d Conveyance.....	6
4c Proprietary.....	10	2d Mortgage.....	8
5c Agreement.....	2	2d Probate of Will.....	60
5c Certificate.....	1	2d 50c Inland Exchange.....	5
5c Express.....	3	3d Charter Party.....	8
5c Foreign Exchange.....	2	3d Manifest.....	10
5c Inland Exchange.....	1	3d 50c Inland Exchange.....	50
5c Playing Cards, cat. 75c....	20	5d Charter Party.....	15
5c Proprietary.....	35	5d Conveyance.....	10
6c Inland Exchange.....	8	5d Manifest.....	1 00
6c Proprietary.....	25 00	5d Mortgage.....	40
10c Bill of Lading.....	2	5d Probate of Will.....	35
10c Certificate.....	1	10d Charter Party.....	45
10c Contract.....	1	10d Conveyance.....	95
10c Foreign Exchange.....	20	10d Mortgage.....	45
10c Inland Exchange.....	1	10d Probate of Will.....	40
10c Power of Attorney.....	2	15d Mortgage.....	2 50
10c Proprietary.....	15	20d Conveyance.....	50
15c Foreign Exchange.....	20	20d Probate of Will.....	20 00
15c Inland Exchange.....	4	25d Mortgage.....	2 00
20c Foreign Exchange, cat. 1.00	20	50d U. S. Internal Revenue....	1 25
20c Inland Exchange.....	1	200d U. S. Internal Revenue... .	8 00
25c Bond.....	5		
25c Certificate.....	1		
25c Entry of Goods.....	5		
25c Insurance.....	2		
25c Life Insurance.....	10		
25c Power of Attorney.....	1		
25c Protest.....	15		
25c Warehouse Receipt.....	25		
30c Foreign Exchange.....	65		
40c Inland Exchange.....	4		
50c Conveyance.....	1		
50c Entry of Goods.....	3		
50c Foreign Exchange.....	30		
30c Lease.....	25		
50c Life Insurance.....	3		
50c Mortgage.....	2		
50c Original Process.....	2		

SECOND ISSUE REVENUE.

1c blue and black.....	35
2c " ".....	2
3c " ".....	15
4c " ".....	35
5c " ".....	3
6c " ".....	80
10c " ".....	1
15c " ".....	25
20c " ".....	20
25c " ".....	1
30c " ".....	35
40c " ".....	35
50c " ".....	1
60c " ".....	30
70c " ".....	35

1d 30c blue and black.....	2 00
1d 50c " ".....	15
1d 60c " ".....	6 00
1d 90c " ".....	1 45
2d " ".....	30
3d blue.....	25
3d 50c blue and black.....	2 00
5d " ".....	45
10d " ".....	1 50
20d " ".....	7 00
25d " ".....	8 00
50d " ".....	5 00
200d blue, black and red.....	85 00
500d blue, black, green and red	225 00

Third Issue.

1c black and claret.....	75
2c black and orange.....	1
4c black and brown.....	45
5c black and orange.....	3
6c black and orange.....	60
15c black and brown.....	20
30c black and orange.....	15
40c black and brown.....	35
60c black and orange.....	35
70c black and green.....	25
1d black and green.....	3
2d black and vermillion.....	20
2d 50c black and claret.....	25
3d black and green.....	65
5d black and vermillion.....	35
10d black and green.....	1 50
20d black and orange.....	7 00
2c black and orange inverted head.....	1 50

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- International Album**, 20th Century, No. 1..... 1.00
- National Album**, U. S. and Colonies, No. 1..... 1.50
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JOSEPH F. NEGREEN,
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128 East 23rd Street,
New York City.



A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

NUMBER 7.

THE NEW BOY IN EUROPE

AND HIS TRIP HOMEWARD—HIS FOURTH AND LAST LETTER

Munich, the Beautiful—Oberammergau, the Home of the Passion Play—Nurnburg, its Great Museum—Rhine River, Historical and Beautiful—Bremen, Embarks on Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse—Southampton, its Great Walls—Cherbourg, its Strong Forts—Old Ocean, the Majesty thereof—Wireless Telegraphy, Wonderful—Home Again, Sad Yet Happy!



New York.

The New Boy's last letter found him arrived at Munich after a beautiful ride through the picturesque Hungarian Tyrol, Switzerland and Salzburg. Munich is a modern and up-to-date city and made the New Boy feel as if he was back again on good old American soil. It is a city of parks, squares, theatres, art galleries, monuments and beautiful churches. It presents every variety of architecture from the ancient Basilica to the most modern styles. It is the capital of Bavaria and the residence of the King, having a population of about five hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the most important art centre in Germany, possessing also various scientific institu-

tions. Nor must we forget the other industries of Munich, for it has very many manufactories, some of which are regarded as the best in the world. Last, though not the least, is its famous beer exported everywhere throughout the world.

One of the most interesting features of the city observed by the New Boy was the merry and happy lives led by the people. You may find them in the afternoon and evening at the concerts listening to the music, striving to banish all care and worry. The people are very hospitable and are always glad to render strangers any assistance possible. The New Boy took a ride to the Royal Castle which is only on the suburbs. This

famous castle was built by the late King Lewis The Second and is of great splendor. The halls, galleries and rooms are of extreme richness and grandeur, which no money could buy. This famous royal castle cost over twelve million marks. It is reached by boat across a very beautiful lake. It made the New Boy think he was in a real dreamland and he could not quickly realize what a strange and magnificent country he was in. There are very fine views from the towers and bay windows. The vista is ideal and poetic. This wonderful castle is open to the public from May to the middle of October. The New Boy was quite at home here as he found many Americans. After spending the day

here he returned back to the city of Munich. At almost every store and business place he found signs saying: "English spoken here."

One great advantage of Munich is its proximity to many beautiful and interesting spots to which excursions may easily be made by means of the Isartalbahn or railway through the valley of the Isar. The Lakes of Starnberg and Ammer, and many parts of the Bavarian, Tyrolian and Algovian Alps are easily accessible by short and inexpensive trips.

King Otto is the sovereign of Bavaria, but as he is now mad and confined in his country palace Prince Luitpold reigns in his stead. Bavaria is one of the most interesting states of the German Federation.

His next trip was to Oberammergau, which is only a few hours ride on the train. This place 841 metres above the sea is a pretty mountain village with about 1400 inhabitants. Its charming cottages are spread irregularly through the valley and surrounded by little gardens; a number of them are orna-

their friendly greetings to the boys of America. All the higher schools in Bavaria instead of teaching Latin and French as before now teach English.

GARMISCH AND PARTENKIRCHEN.

The impression which the scenery of the Bavarian uplands makes to the visitor is overwhelming, and prominent is the Wettersten-group with the Zugspitze, which through the majesty of their forms call forth the admiration of the travelers.

On the fragrant green velvet of the meadows lie the Alpine and cheese huts. The wildly romantic valleys and ravines, enclosed by high precipitous rocks, collect the infinity of springs which form the much admired waterfalls and hideously wild precipices. Through the woods stalk the majestic deer, over the rocks hastens the fleet chamois, and high in air circles the eagle in proud flight. Here is heard not the groan of machines, nor is seen the thick factory smoke puffing through the district, nor pale work people going to their daily toil.

land or veritable eldorado. They think that fortunes are easily made here and that gold almost lies in the streets. They are very industrious and frugal, but despite all their industry and frugality are unable to rise above the station in which they were born. But they are very kind and hospitable to strangers with whom they get acquainted.

My next visit was to Augsburg which is one of the largest cities engaged in the manufacture of iron, steel and various novelties. From here the New Boy went to Wurzburg, another city where people take life easy. After that he went to Nurnburg. This is another beautiful ancient city, over five hundred years old. He visited the great German Museum, one of the largest and best in the world. Here are collections of almost every conceivable description, of war relics, coins stamps, agricultural implements and specimens of almost all other kinds of curiosities in the world. Most all of these things have been presented by the rulers of different states and countries.

After spending a very short time in



Oberammergau. Theater.

mented with religious frescoes, by the hands of different Oberammergau people. Since 1840 the famous passion play is performed every ten years in a large theater holding 4000 persons. The next passion play will not take place until 1910. While there he witnessed another scriptural play called: "The life of King David," which is rendered once a week during the summer months. Fully five hundred Americans were here to witness this play. Oberammergau people are good and merry folks. The refining influence of the occupation with wood-curving, and not the least the passion play have given the population's character an original shape and gifted it with a certain degree of self-education, which places it today on a scale of intelligence far above the level of ordinary peasants.

The New Boy had quite a little chat with the inhabitants of this beautiful village of the valley. He was charmed with their kind, and truthful ways. The people in this pretty little city of the passion play live almost like the ancient people in the time of Christ. They sent

With a hearty "Gruss Gott" is the stranger received by the mountain dweller with his sinewy limbs in picturesque garbs, the jacket, green hat with feathers, leather breeches and short stockings.

Garmisch with its 2000 inhabitants and Partenkirchen with its 1900 inhabitants, are celebrated for their air-cure, lying at the foot of the "Zugspitze." Large choice of Hotels and Boarding-Houses. Good food and service.

From Munich the terminus Garmisch-Partenkirchen is reached in 3 hours.

Among the many recreations that the New Boy found the young men liked were military manoeuvres, golf, tennis and other athletic games. The fads of the boys are principally the collecting of stamps, coins, souvenir cards, relics and curiosities, also they have other small hobbies. Almost all the boys that I talked to asked me to send them some souvenir cards of America as they are intensely interested in this ideal home of the brave and land of the free. The people have the most extravagant ideas of America, regarding it as a promised

this gay and interesting city the New Boy made a short trip on the River Rhine. He viewed the beautiful castles and vineyards on both sides of that famous stream. The vineyards were so numerous that they actually impregnated the air with a delightful aroma. The Rhine is perhaps the most beautiful, historical and romantic river on this earth. The New Boy finally ended his land journey at the city of Bremen, where he awaited the departure of his steamer. It was the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse one of the largest and fastest of vessels, a veritable floating city, palatial and magnificent.

Here the New Boy found quite an interesting state of affairs. Many Americans were returning home and the steamer was greatly crowded. Unless the passengers had engaged accommodations four or five weeks previously they could not be obtained at any price. At the port of Bremen Haven is one of the largest dry docks ever built. It was here that the New Boy had the pleasure of seeing the Deutschland of Hamburg, the fastest steamer crossing the Atlantic, a

regular ocean greyhound. It was then in the dry dock undergoing some slight repairs. There being no other port in all Europe having a dry dock sufficiently large to accommodate her, she was compelled to dock here. After the New Boy had got his state room and other matters arranged, the Kingly vessel, Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, slowly and majestically steamed out of port late in the afternoon. Next morning at seven o'clock he found the vessel again in port—but at Southampton, England. Here passed, as in panoramic form many of the forts and monster war vessels of Great Britain which were lined up in the bay. The boat was towed up by tugs to the pier which was situated in the center of the city. All of the passengers were allowed to leave the boat and have a view of the place. The New Boy embraced this opportunity to walk about this ancient city. He saw the old wall around the town which was built centuries ago. There are many houses built right into this great wall which is extremely wide. He saw a most unique race in the public square. Two hounds at opposite ends of this park, at the whistle of their masters, rushed swiftly toward each other. The one arriving at the centre of the park first was the winner. It was quite laughable and had many spectators. After the arrival of the Lloyd London special train which brings the passengers for this great steamer who are departing for America, the vessel left at 2 p. m. Her next landing was at Cherbourg, France, arriving there at dusk. It was quite a rough passage. One minute we would be engulfed by fogs and the next they would clear away, thus playing hide and seek with us. The special train from Paris brought in nearly five hundred passengers which further crowded the steamer. This is a very beautiful and ancient port. Many of the old forts which were built in Napoleon Bonaparte's time are still to be seen. This port is regarded as nearly impregnable. Indeed the New Boy could not see how any enemy could possibly enter the bay and capture the city. It was quite a refreshing and welcome sight to see the French people and their flags. The latter are red, white and blue and were gayly flying over the forts and buildings. They made me feel that I was so much nearer home and old friends.

When I was at Cherbourg there were perhaps more than two thousand Americans "stranded" in Paris. This statement at first may seem somewhat alarming, and to allay any disquieting fears let it be said at once that those Americans stranded in Paris were not victims of financial embarrassment, but were there solely owing to inability to return to America on account of the lack of accommodation on transatlantic steamships.

In fact, the situation was more than the companies could cope with. The steamship offices were absolutely besieged with persons anxious to return by an early steamship, and the reply in most cases given was "All berths are booked up until October."

Many people, however, had chosen to sail by slow boats, but the majority preferred to remain in Europe rather than endure a fourteen days journey.

This "stranding," however, had not been without effect on the tourist agencies. Although disappointments had been numerous, the large number of Americans had become reconciled to fate, and, instead of remaining in Paris

in the hope of obtaining the berths of those persons unable to use them at the last moment, they were making fresh tours on the Continent until it was time to sail.

Rarely has the attraction that Paris exercises over Americans been more manifest than during the last few months. When the 'rush to Europe' began, early in April, a record breaking season was confidently predicted. Representatives of the steamship line interviewed by the New Boy reported that 'advance bookings' were unusually heavy.

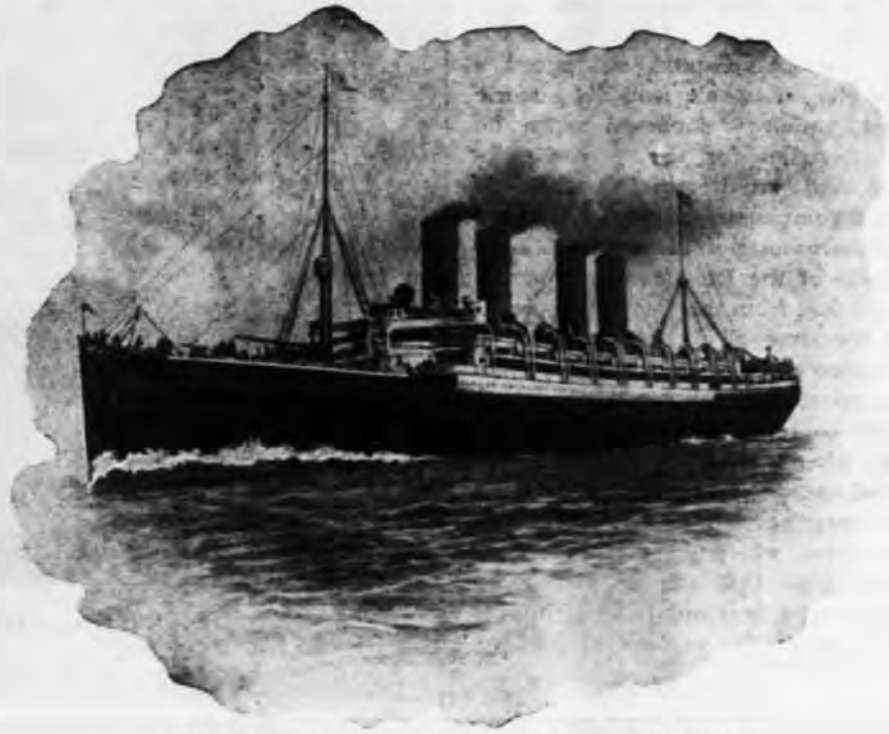
There was nothing surprising in this. Last year was one of great prosperity in the United States, and the outlook there was remarkably encouraging. Either one of these two conditions is sufficient to induce the average American to 'take a trip to Europe.' When they are combined the temptation is irresistible. A busy season in transatlantic travel, therefore, was expected.

"But the most optimistic anticipations have been surpassed. According to an official at the offices of the Norddeutsch-

After remaining several hours at Cherbourg the steamer sailed, and the passengers amused themselves looking at the incoming vessels whose lights could be seen quite a distance away. Soon land was invisible. On the second day it rained. The weather turned cold and the waves were high, heavy and angry, almost washing over the decks at times. But the huge vessel grandly continued her course. The steamer rocked so much owing to its great speed that many of the plates, dishes and other articles would have been thrown to the floor, but for the railings that were around the tables.

When within two days sight of land the passengers on the steamer were sending wireless messages to a Marconi station at Cape Cod. The smallest message that was transmitted was one of five words. This cost three dollars. Additional words fifty cents each.

There was no land to be seen till Sandy Hook was sighted at day break. This gladdened the hearts of the New Boy and other passengers to find them



STEAMSHIP "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE"

er Lloyd, about one hundred thousand Americans have visited Europe this season. This number has not been exceeded in any previous year, with the exception of 1900, the year of the last international exhibition in Paris.

"This computation is corroborated indirectly by the visitors' list at the offices of the *New York Herald*. During the last four months 10,515 American visitors have inscribed their names on the register in order that they could be cabled to New York for publication in the *Herald's* American edition, as a sort of greeting to relatives and friends at home."

"It should be noted that these names form only a fraction of the Americans who have really passed through Paris. In the majority of cases each signature represents a family or party of friends who are traveling together. One may reasonably conclude, therefore, that the great majority of the 100,000 Americans who have visited Europe this season have passed a portion of their holiday in Paris."

selves nearing dear old America again. This was a record breaking trip for the steamer as it made the journey in five days and a few hours from Cherbourg France to Sandy Hook. The speed, the waves, and rough cold weather off the lower banks of New Foundland were too much for me and I was made very seasick for the last two days. But this ailment is an excellent tonic, though many people are unaware of that fact. Physicians frequently advise their patients to take an ocean voyage and try sea sickness as a rejuvenator. But quite a number of people are unable to get ill during ocean voyages and thus have this expense and inconvenience without the desired result. After passing Sandy Hook the United States government boat came to the steamer which was soon boarded by the government physicians and custom house inspectors. Every passenger was examined.

The vessel steamed slowly up the bay, the statue of liberty and other objects of great interest gradually loomed up like a changing and beautiful panorama.

Finally puffing and fussy tug boats were attached to this giant leviathan and she was towed to her pier in the Hudson River. The pier was crowded with smiling humanity gathered to welcome their returning friends with flowers, music, presents and hearty hand shakes. The New Boy's heart gave a throb as he again set foot on terra firma, his own, his native land. He had previously bid good bye to the many friends he made

on ship board, people from almost every state in the union. The copies of the New Boy that he had distributed among the various passengers of the steamer were much appreciated.

As he stood on the pier surrounded by bustling and happy people the thought swept across his mind that however grand historical and interesting was Europe, it was not so grand, interesting or beloved as America, the home, sweet

home of his childhood and his youth! He was glad yet sad.

Glad to grasp the hands of friends and look into their smiling faces.

Yet sad to realize that his "dream" of years—a European tour, with all its thrilling and scintillating incidents, though fully realized in every particular, was over, perhaps never to be taken again.

Good bye, boys!

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

THE NEW BOY'S FEW REMARKS ABOUT WASHINGTON AS A BEAUTIFUL CITY

See Washington and be glad you are living in the great country of which it is the capitol.

It is almost a duty of every patriotic person to visit Washington at least once in his life.

Our National Capital is indeed a picture city, and aside from its historic interest, which is supposed to be its chief attraction for the patriotic, its natural and architectural beauty is sufficient compensation for a journey from the northernmost point of wooded Maine, the banks of the Rio Grande, or across the continent from the Pacific's shore.

And the time of all the year to visit Washington and see it decked in Nature's most gorgeous apparel, is when Autumn is about to relinquish the sceptre to Winter, when green-bordered and white-surfaced vistas unfold in every direction.

Whatever the visitor admires most in the features which go to make up a beautiful city, that will he find in its most advanced development. If he is a lover of Nature he will be inspired by



THE CAPITOL—EAST FRONT



CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

the magnificent outlook from every Washington vantagepoint, the seemingly endless rows of grand trees along each street and avenue; the confusing but charming variety of flowers and plants in the parks and Capitol grounds, and the sparkling fountains playing everywhere. If he revels in curiosities and antiquities, there are the National Museum with its unrivalled collection, and the Hall of the Ancients. If he loves art, there are the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Capitol rotunda and the novel exhibits in the Library of Congress. If his taste runs to modern statuary, he will find new pleasures in every circle, square and park. If grace, beauty and impressiveness in architecture appeal to him there is no one city in the world to equal Washington. In the Nation's Metropolis the buildings are notable chiefly on account of their height; in the Nation's Capitol they are attractive because of their beauty. The Capitol and the Library are included in the short list of the world's most architecturally perfect buildings. The Capitol, through



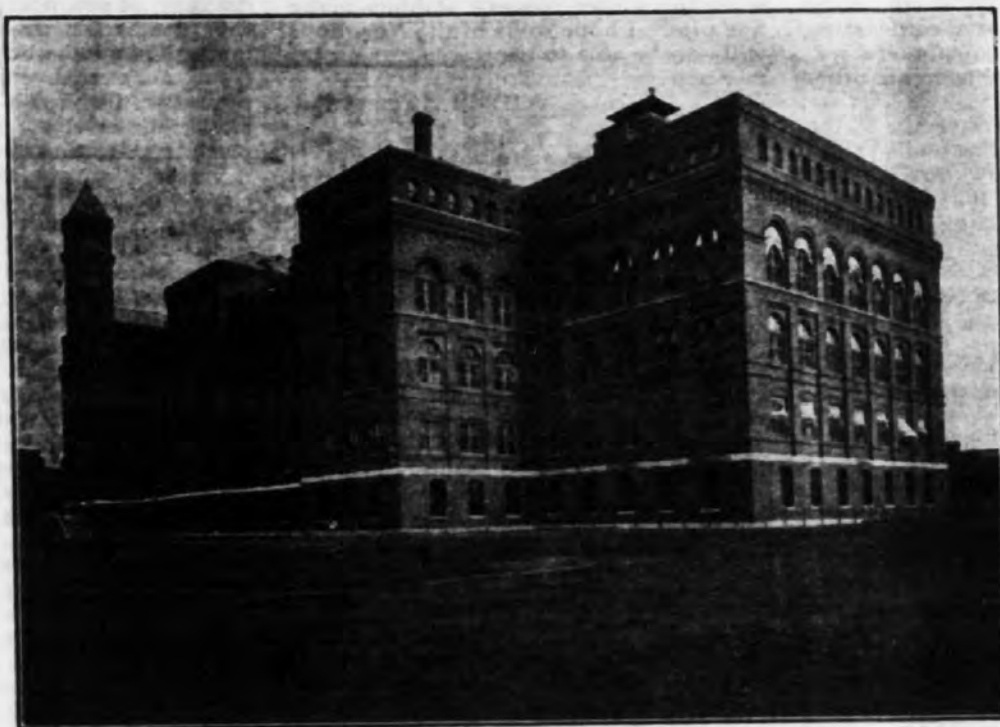
WHITE HOUSE

number, so we can only hope that many of our friends and readers will visit the National Capital and have the pleasure of seeing these and other beauties and wonders of the city of magnificent distances.

Visit Washington when the President is "at home," when members of the legations, the heads of the departments and officials of all ranks are in their places, when the Senators and Congressmen are gathering for another session, when the Nation's Capital is teeming with official society and commercial life, and everything is at its best.

It will be the event of a lifetime, to be remembered and talked about for years. Pictures of a few of the sights are published in this number but these are only a few. You want to see Washington sometime.

Make up your mind to see it and be glad you belong to Uncle Sam.



BUREAU OF ENGRAVING

illustrations, is as familiar to every reader as it is conspicuous in Washington, where the visitor meets with a surprise in every section of the city when he looks up the street and lo! there is the Capitol, arrarently at the end of it, until he concludes that all streets lead to the Capitol—an end there.

Across the grand plaza and the beautiful sward, just east of the Capitol, stands the Library of Congress, not so conspicuous and not so familiar, but more beautiful—one of the World's greatest triumphs in architectural art. It was begun in 1889 and completed in 1897, at a cost of a little over \$6,000,000. It is three stories in height, its outer walls are of New Hampshire white granite, its inner courts of Maryland granite and white enameled bricks. Its bronze doors and its mural decorations in paintings, mosaics and metals, allegorical and historical, are the wonder and admiration of every true lover of art.

A detailed description of its grandeur and beauty would more than fill this



WAR, STATE AND NAVY BUILDING

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

We have received several requests from the League members for names and addresses of other boys who are interested in the same hobbies with whom they desire to get into correspondence in exchanging or buying from them. We have sent each of these boys the names and addresses of many of the members who are interested in the same pursuit. The most of them being boys who are anxious to exchange stamps, souvenir cards and photographic prints. Now, boys take advantage of this wonderful League, as we have thousands of boys who are interested in almost all known fads. If you send us a postal card stating the fads you desire to obtain, we will supply free of charge the names of other boys

The certificate of membership to the "Activities League" will be mailed to all subscribers of THE NEW BOY, free of charge. This certificate, 10x12, is a work of art, in colors, fit to hang up in any boys room.

Now, boys, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to THE NEW BOY and become a member of the "Activities League."

The certificate will be sent immediately on receipt of your subscription.

AN "OLD BOY" SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW BOY.

The interesting letter which is here reproduced is far more convincing than anything we could say in regard to the merits of THE NEW BOY, and clearly proves that our publication meets the favor of both young and old.

Though 82 years of age, Mr. L. J. Browne, of Modesto, Cal., finds much to entertain him in our popular boys magazine, and looks forward eagerly to each succeeding issue. And that he is well pleased with what he sees therein is well borne out by the fact that he has warmly recommended the paper to his boyhood chum, another "old boy," Mr. "Petey" Ewing.

Not only does Mr. Browne take an active interest in the NEW BOY, but he is always on the alert to get us a new subscriber, and already has added many names to THE NEW BOY's swelling subscription list.

Modesto, Cal.,
Oct. 26, 1905.

To the Editor of THE NEW BOY,
128 East 23rd St., New York City.

Dear Sir:

I am rather an old boy, as on next Jan. 8th, I will be 82 years old. Still I am very fond of reading boys' papers, and also take two other magazines devoted to boys.

I wrote to "Petey" Ewing to subscribe for THE NEW BOY for his grandson. They live in Ludington, Mich.

I am devoted to several of the activities embraced by your League, the principal ones being stamp and mineral collecting. Yours respectfully,

L. J. BROWNE.
Box 678, Modesto, Cal.

Elmsford, N. Y.
Oct. 29, 1905.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am 13 years old and my brother Ed showed me your paper. I read about keeping rabbits and I kept a pair all summer so I know what I am writing about. It is no use to bother with rabbits when the cold comes—the best way is just to kill and eat them.

Being killed doesn't hurt them very much and then it is a good thing for them to help to keep your inside warm if you can't keep them warm inside when the winter comes. Rabbits make fine pies. I hope some of the New Boys will now be able to keep rabbits as summer pets.

Truly,
HUGH GREENAN.

Holyoke, Mass.,
Oct. 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE NEW BOY,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed the "New Boy Activities" and subscription to THE NEW BOY. I like your paper very much and am anxious to join your "Activities League." Another boy is in partnership with me in all of the activities checked off on the slip. My partner's father owns a barn and we got permission to use a part of the loft. We made a roomy house in one side of it and fixed it up with cigar boxes for pigeons to nest and roost in. Afterwards we fixed up a wire runway to the side of the barn, where we made small openings for them to get in and out. We wanted to keep homers but decided to start with a few pair of cheap ones, and let the flock grow to large proportions, then sell out and with the money thus acquired buy homers.

Well, I guess I'll stop telling about our pets, and let the other boys tell about theirs.

Yours truly,
EDW. J. DOWLING,
106 Beech St., Holyoke, Mass.

DOINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

GOATS—We hope quite to earn the goodwill of a large number of our boys, by giving this month a few brief hints about goats. They are written in reply to many queries on the subject. Well, the goat is one of the most useful little domestics or home-farm pets we can possess. It is a cheap animal to begin with, and fairly prolific. Nanny gives us milk and she gives us kids, and when dead we have her head to stuff and her skin to tan. Billy, if his nature can be subdued by firm or gentle treatment, makes a capital children's carriage horse. Before you buy your goat, however, you must prepare her a house and home, and have a store of food ready for her to commence the principal business of life, which, with a goat, is eating—apparently.

If you have to build, that will make the job more expensive. But mind that, healthy and hard as goats are, they will not thrive if kept in a draughty, rickety,

leaky shanty. Any kind of lean-to will do if it be dry and big enough—say six feet square. Put in your uprights first, make your door, then cover the whole with weather boarding, which is very cheap. If possible, thatch the roof with straw, ferns or furze. Let the floor be brick or cement—the latter is best—and it should slope downwards to a drain or gutter.

Find out for yourself some handy and safe plan of ventilation by door or roof or gables, as it is essential to life and health. The goat must not stand in a draught, or you will get its skin sooner than you expected. About five or six feet should be the height of the house in front, and over seven feet where it joins the wall. The bed is usually of straw or hay, and sawdust comes in handy to place beneath this.

You will want to keep the animal very clean, else the milk will suffer. All boy-farmers should know that milk, if exposed to bad air of any kind, poisons itself, and too often poisons those who drink it. It does not kill directly, but induces unpleasant ailments. Do not bed deeply, else the goat will be uncomfortable about the feet.

There should be a feeding-trough fixed in front, and this also must be kept clean. This box should be of convenient height, so that your pet may eat in comfort. Copy the hay rack horses have in their stables, and make a little one similar.

We believe it pays to keep a goat even in its house, with only the amount of exercise each day that is necessary to keep it healthy and keep its milk pure and good. It is best the animal should have a free range by day, and be taken into its house at night. The staple food of the goat is herbage, and this it can pick up in meadows. There is hardly any green stuff a goat will not eat, or try to eat. Vegetable matter which would kill many other creatures is relished by the goat. It will teach you habits of early rising, for on summer mornings the animal should be out as soon as possible, and taken in towards the evening. As your main object is to keep her in good milk, you must not let her live on green stuff alone, so get 14 or 15 pounds at a time of good chaff, and mix this with one part of clean corn and a hand full of bran. Besides this, there is a lot of garden stuff and vegetable parings, roots, etc., that a goat will delight in, if you try. So be economical. Do not throw anything away without first asking the question, "I wonder if Nanny would care for this?" Do not forget the fact that all goats must have an abundant supply of water. Put a large lump of rock-salt in a position where the goat can lick it. Groom your Nanny regularly out of doors, and keep her little house as sweet and clean as a walnut-shell.

THE PIGEON LOFT—You will begin to think ahead now in earnest. We hope you have been reading up some book about your pets, you may not be able to

buy, but if you are a good and earnest lad a pigeon-farcing neighbor will lend you one, and you could read and take notes. If you are going to change your stock, and go in for some other sort, you may as well do so now as later on. Only get young birds—strong, bold, healthy birds—and feed them well when you get them. The aviary or flight should be as large and roomy as possible, feed well this month, but do not fatten, be regular and see that in frosty weather the water does not get frozen.

THE RABBITRY—There is but little doing now in this department, only beware of neglecting your stock. A bran-mash will do good on cold or damp days, as will a run in the sunshine if there is any.

New Boy Photographer

The publisher wishes to announce to those readers of THE NEW BOY who are interested in photography work, that he has engaged the services of one of the most experienced and noted men in this line to write articles of interest. Each month there will be a page devoted to this interesting subject. Subscribers will be supplied with any information required by addressing us.

HEIGHT OF THE CAMERA.

The effect of raising or lowering the camera is one of those little matters which many beginners are apt to ignore, perhaps due to the fact that the ground-glass is inverted, the effect of position is not so quickly noticed. The effect of raising the position of the camera is to spread out the foreground more, and consequently the lower the camera is the more the foreground is compressed, and therefore small objects in the immediate foreground are emphasized in importance by their relative position being altered. For example, a tuft of long grass in the foreground may, by lowering the camera, be made to cover a large object like a tree or building in the distance. There is a tendency at the present day to have either a high horizon with a long expanse of foreground, or to select a low view point, and emphasize the size of objects in the foreground. It should be noted that most painters sit at their work, and consequently they see things from a lower point of view than does the photographer standing behind his tripod.

REMOVING PRINTS THAT HAVE BEEN SQUEEZED ON GLASS.

Place the glass or the polished metal plate, on which the print has been squeezed, flat on a table, and with a brush coat the back of the paper with a solution of formalin. The paper should be well wetted, so that the coating is thoroughly imbibed. Then dry, and when the drying is complete, the print leaves its support without the slightest difficulty.

GOOD ADVICE.

A negative you wish to keep should be thoroughly fixed; a second fresh hypo bath after clearing is advisable, well washed, carefully dried away from dust, and then varnished. Do not place several of them close together in a negative rack to dry, or they will dry unevenly and show the effect of having done so.

THE LEAK IN THE AIR LINE OR A DIVERS STORY.

BY ZALMON F. WEBBER.

The narrowest escape I ever had was when the air line sprung a leak, remarked an old Diver to a friend, as he sat by the warm fire in the month of January when the mercury was ten below zero. How was that asked his companion, as he relit his pipe and crossing his leg's leaned back to an easy position.

Well went on the other it was when I was at Rockpoint that a small tug owned by Captain Wheeler went down. The Captain and his crew were saved. Soon after the Captain came to me, wanting me to go down and get some valuable papers that had been left on the tug. As it was about eleven o'clock in the morning I told him that I would go down that afternoon.

So as soon as I had eaten my dinner I went with three good men out to where the tug went down.

I soon got into my diving suit and then stepping over the starboard side of the boat I was lowered.

It took about five minutes to reach the

did not find the key, so with my ax I knocked open that particular one.

After I had secured the papers in my pocket, I went up the companion-way, and just as I got to the top of it I felt something drop on my head as though a pebble had rolled down the air-line.

One after another dropped on me, and then I began to realize that the air-line had sprung a leak and the water was trickling down on my head. At first I did not know what to do but I knew something must be done, so grasping the signal line I gave it a jerk that must have rocked the boat above.

But the water was coming in faster, almost a stream was pouring down and I knew it would take me at least three minutes to reach the surface. At the rate the water was coming in my suit would be filled before that.

Of course when I gave the signal I began to rise, but I might as well have been on the tug as far as the stopping of the water was concerned, for I could feel



bottom and when I flashed my light I found that I was standing on the bow of the tug.

As I had been told by the Captain where the papers were, I at once made my way to the companion-way, but had some trouble in descending, for as you perhaps know that all the wood and other light substance will rise to the top of the boat if not fastened down. Well some of these things got wedged into the companion-way.

Among these things was a boat-hook which had got crossways of the opening. I struck it with an iron bar that I had taken down with me and one end of the boat-hook slipped off the casing of the opening and shot up past me like a shot out of a cannon.

I then signaled the men in the boat above, that I had started something toward the surface. Then after I had sent several other things up I went down to the Captain's room.

When I reach it I went to his desk and on opening it found that the drawer which contained the papers was locked.

I looked in all the other drawers but

it as it rose to my ankles, then to my knees, then to my hips; then I knew something must be done, and, the only thing I could think of was to bend the air-line double and in that way shut out the water.

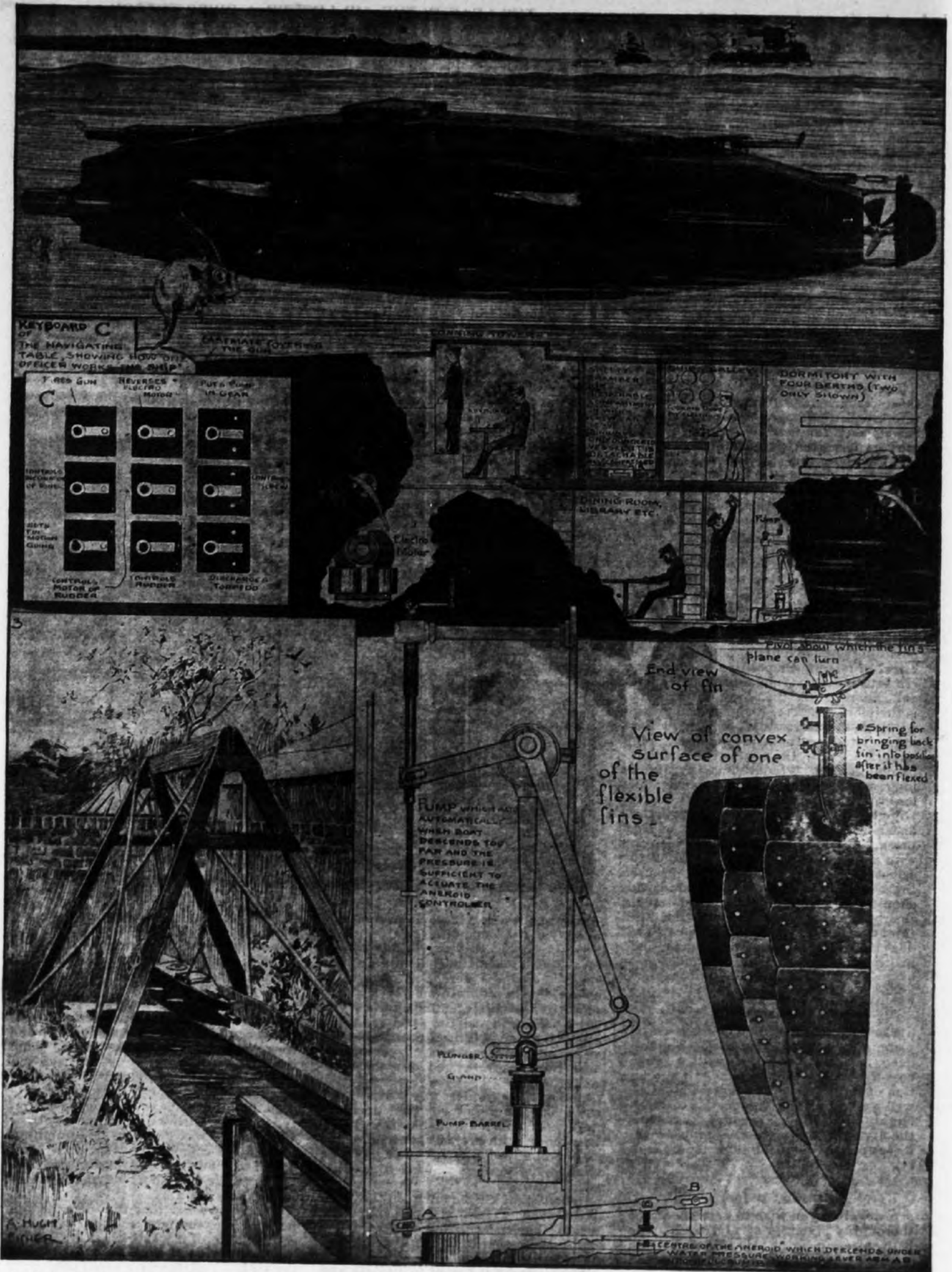
But that would shut out the air too but, nevertheless as I have said before something had to be done. I reached up and took hold of the line and going hand over hand a few feet so as to have the line slack, I managed to take in about two feet of it and double it together.

In doing that the water stopped entirely. But to go with-out air until the surface was reached was going to be something hard to do. Soon after that my head began to ache fearfully, almost before I could realize it, I shot out of the water like a fish after a fly.

I was so weak that the men had to help me into the boat and you can bet I soon got out of my suit.

After we reached land we examined the air line and found a small slit.

The only way I can account for the slit is that the boat-hook as it went up ran against the line, and cut it.



1. Nearly Crewless Sea-going Submarine. 2. Part of Boat with Side Broken Away to Show Internal Arrangements of a 300-ton Submarine. 3. Mr. Middleton's Trial Tank at Hove, with the 2-cwt. Model Slung Up to Show Fins

A NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

On the opposite page is an illustration of one of the latest developments in the system of under-water navigation. The salient peculiarity of this system is that the vessels are propelled, impelled, directed and controlled by fins, the screw propeller fitted in addition being purely to simplify the mechanism impressing the proper motion on the fins. The fins are a new instrument of impulsion invented for the purpose of enabling a vessel to be navigated in tridimensional space, and not merely in motion in two dimensions, like the screw propeller. A submarine vessel should be capable of moving even better in a vertical plane than a horizontal one, and the use of these fins enables it to raise and lower itself apart from alterations of buoyancy. Three men are sufficient to navigate the vessel and fight it. Six allows a change of watch. A and B represent the fins flexed for raising the boat.

ADVENTURES IN A BALLOON.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN.

"Let her go boys!" At which command twenty men relinquished their hold on the ropes and Dick Daredevil and Joe Fearnobing went sailing skyward. They were well provisioned, well armed, well clothed, and cared naught for the future.

Higher and higher they went till the voices of their shouting friends below were not heard. Still upward, till the city could not be seen except as a patch of indistinct buildings. While they were sailing around and having a high time generally, they saw what they supposed to be a small sized cloud approaching them. It seemed to move in a circle but got nearer and nearer. "I guess we will have a big gale, old man," said Dick. "So it seems," answered his friend, adjusting the powerful field glasses to his eyes and looking at the rapidly increasing supposed black cloud. "Why that's not a cloud," he suddenly exclaimed, "but a big flock of fierce hawks making directly for us. Hurry and get all the pistols ready!" Dick did so, having ten seven shooters at their disposal. They also had their faces covered with canvas, having punctured holes for the eyes. The blood thirsty hawks evidently thought our friends were intruders and had no business in their element. They swept down on them like a small tornado—but before they got ten yards away crack, crack, crack, went the pistols. The boys kept up a deadly fusillade against them till they killed sixty immense hawks. But still others flew viciously at them. Seizing their long sharp knives our heroes hacked at them for half a hour killing about a hundred. The dead yet graceful creatures with half folded wings descended slowly to earth. Many of them were picked up by the fellow townsmen of the balloonists. In fact quite a number of their friends had been witnessing the fight through powerful glasses. The remainder of the birds seeing they had no show left as suddenly as they came. Dick and Joe to celebrate their victory lit a couple of good cigars and had a quiet smoke as they gradually ascended heavenward. Beyond a few scratches on the hands they escaped unharmed.

"Say, Pard, I can hardly breath," said Joe. "Neither can I," answered the other. "And I believe its raining, for I

feel a few drops on my cheeks." "Raining, be hanged, lad, you are bleeding at the ears and nose!" So it was. For these men having ascended about four or five miles had reached an atmosphere so rare as hardly to support life. They let out some of the gas, descended to a lower lever and were soon all right again.

They never slept a wink that night but spent the time looking at the moon and stars. They looked larger and far more beautiful than when observed from terra firma.

Early in the morning as they were disporting around among the clouds they struck a current of wind that almost capsized them. It was running at the rate of seventy miles an hour. For hours and hours they were swiftly carried along and were as powerless as infant to prevent it. They were carried away out to Colorado and hovered far above the Rocky mountains. The storm gradually died away till they found themselves in beautiful, balmy atmosphere. They skirmished around for four days, then they flung out some of the sand and ascended higher. They were now above the regions of the clouds and storms. One day they witnessed a thunder storm which was terrific. It seemed so strange to see the lightning flash and hear the thunder crashing below them.

Six big ravenous eagles attacked them the next day before they had time to put the canvas masks over their faces. Their faithful pistols soon began to bark and four of the huge birds keeled downward. The two others were hard to dispose of. They kept out of the range of the revolvers and pecked a hole in the top of the balloon.

The immense affair slowly and lazily descended. Dick through his field glass could plainly see they would alight near an Indian Village and both probably be scalped. "Pistols ready, Pard!" he shouted. Joe loaded up the whole ten. All the Indians turned out and stood gazing at the strange sight in speechless wonder, never having seen a balloon before. When about four hundred feet from the ground the two adventurers opened fire on the savages. They killed or wounded about fifteen. The others fled panic stricken.

They cut loose the parachute and descended safely to the Earth—a little sore and cramped but otherwise none the worse for the journey.

They found a slightly wounded and very badly scared Indian who could talk English imperfectly. From him they found out the nearest Railroad Station. They went there, and bought tickets for Illinois. They arrived home after an absence of two weeks. Their friends had given them up for dead. But a monster ovation they received on their return.

SOLID ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY P. T. O'NEILL.

Boys are embryo, undeveloped men. They look forward with great expectancy to that supposed happy period that lies beyond the age of twenty one. Let me not mock your hopes, but very many older heads have said that boyhood was the happiest period of their lives. These hoary heads instead of looking forward, look backwards, to times that cannot be recalled or purchased by untold wealth. Those joyful days are yours, therefore enjoy them. Do not yearn for the cares, labors and grind of maturity. They will come quickly enough and though you

sigh deeply and say in your heart: "I would I were a boy again," that can never be.

Now I will talk to you in a parental manner, for I am old enough to be your father, yes even to be a grandfather. I love the young very much, because they are so guileless and natural. I take great interest in them and like to watch them in their sports and hear them talk.

Boys, don't try to ape men. It is ridiculous and unpleasing. You cannot force nature. Do your duty as you go through life and let God do the developing. For instance some boys think it manly to smoke, chew, use profane or improper language or even to drink intoxicating liquors. These acts "go against the grain" considerably at first, but by persistent efforts therein they become habits, so strong that it is almost impossible to throw them off. They bind like iron cables that cannot be broken. Instead of making you manly, the contrary is the case. Instead of developing they stunt your growth. It is said of mortals that they are bunches of habits. How important therefore that they have good instead of evil habits. If you want to be a true, brave, yet gentle boy, shun all bad habits and be courageous enough to advise the lads who are falling into them. Be kind and considerate of the rights and happiness of others. Love and revere your parents. They have had anxiety in bringing up children. Lighten their burdens as much as possible. Don't overdo things. To overdo is as bad and sometimes worse than to underdo. For instance, sports and recreations are well, but if carried to excess they do more harm than good. This especially applies to football, baseball, boating and various forms of physical culture. Over indulgence that way often results in serious accidents besides keeping the young from their studies. Therefore respect the happy medium. Be human and tenderhearted. You can be brave just the same.

In conclusion, make good books your companions. Read the works of the master minds, study the classics in literature and art. I close my advice to boys with the famous lines of Shakespeare embodying the blessing and advice of the worldly wise father Polonius to his gallant son, Loertes.

"Yet here, Loertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There—my blessing
with you;
And the few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that the opposer may beware of thee:
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy
For the apparel oft proclaims the man
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous choice in that
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee."

X-MAS PRESENT.

Give the boy a copy of the X-Mas Number, and he will spend a Merry X-Mas. Give him one year's subscription, and a Merry X-Mas will last one whole year. Single copies 5 cents; 50 cents per year.



THE JOYS OF STAMP COLLECTING.

BY R. R. THIRLE.

The joy of collecting is inborn in every human breast; it must be an abnormal specimen of humanity indeed which does not gather something or other. The directions, in which this collecting tendency develops, are legion; they all have their charms, but some of them are prohibitive for any but the rich. Among them all, however, there is hardly one which is so well adapted for all classes of mankind, no matter whether old or young, male or female, rich or poor—only a certain degree of intelligence and education is indispensable—as stamp collecting. Nor is this remarkable when we realize how many fields of human interest are touched by this hobby—some call it a science. Every intelligent boy who takes an interest in his studies—as he should—will find stamp collecting of the greatest aid in acquiring knowledge and culture, a broad point of view and a practical acquaintance with many subjects which do not usually come under the scope of the ordinary human being. Let me show you some few examples of what I mean.

To begin with, the stamp collector not only should be, but usually is, better informed on general geography than most other people. Obscure little islands, fourth rate states, unheard-of cities are as familiar to him as his album. For instance: when the terrible disaster overtook St. Pierre, Martinique, a great many confused it with the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, up near Newfoundland. Would any stamp collector make such a mistake? Not on your life. Just ask any other boy in school where to look for Labuan and Aitutaki, for Sungei Ujong or for Diego Suarez, for Lourenzo Marquez or Macao, and the chances are he would miserably fall down, but your stamp collector would scornfully ask you for something hard. All the foreign happenings of the day as recorded in the daily papers acquire a concrete tangibility to the stamp collector; he knows all about the places where they occur through his album. And likewise does the stamp collector know more about the inside working of recent history than most other people. At a time, for instance, when very few outside of diplomatic circles were aware of the storm brewing in Eastern Asia which eventually ended in the late terrible war, thousands of collectors knew it: Russian

stamps surcharged Kitai for use in Manchuria and Japanese stamps surcharged Cho-sen for use in Korea told the story. That is but one example of many; a true philatelist is of necessity a close student of modern history—for history to the stamp collector begins with 1840, the year of the first stamp. There is many a boy who thinks history a dreadful nuisance; not so the proper stamp collector. Need I quote another instance of the historical interest of philately? The divorce proceedings between Sweden and Norway have already born fruit in certain Norwegian provisionals intended to do away with the stamp portrait of deposed King Oscar; thus is current history at once recorded on the album page.

Postal history and postal arrangements are another topic on which a stamp collector is better informed than other people. The post office is to most people a mysterious something which daily brings certain letters to their door; of its workings they know next to nothing, especially as concerns foreign intercourse. I doubt that one in a hundred persons of average intelligence knows anything definite about the Universal Postal Union, which to the stamp collector is as familiar as the A B C. With what reverence do most non-collectors look upon an original cover, say, from anywhere in Australia! It may bear but a few of the very commonest Australian stamps, but the distance it has come lends it a halo in the non-philatelic eye. Not so to the collector for whom the Universal Postal Union has brought Australia as near as Podunk Corners. The various postmarks on a foreign letter tell a story to the genuine collector which throws a limelight on the way the wheels move in the great postal machine. For this reason I would advise every collector to start as a side-line a little collection of stamps on the original cover. Even the commonest foreign stamps are of interest in this shape, fortified with postmarks, registration labels and the like. I have quite a large collection of such covers and, as a rule non-collecting friends view this side-line with absorbed interest while they see the main collection with polite indifference.

Outside of professional circles few people, as a rule, know as much about engraving and the arts of reproduction as the stamp collector. Line engraving or surface-printing, lithography or photo-engraving; and all the branches of these and allied processes are familiar to the collector, because in these days of forg-

ery he simply has to know how any given stamp was printed. Of course only an advanced collector will be apt to know all about the different engravers and printing establishments to which we owe the stamps in our albums, but even a beginner may acquire knowledge in this respect which is apt to astonish the outsiders to whom, of course, Perkins Bacon & Co. and De la Rue & Co., National, Continental or American Bank Note Companies are as little known as as they are familiar to us collectors.

Of course the feature of a stamp which is most apt to attract the attention of a non-collector is the design and for this reason alone a stamp collector should endeavor to learn as much as possible about the designs of his stamps, so that he need not confess his ignorance when non-collecting friends to whom he may show his collection inquire: "Who is this? What building is that? What does this design represent?" And that they are very apt to do so every collector knows. Just think of the superior airs you can put on when you are able to introduce Shah Nasr-ed-din and Shah Muzaffer-ed-din, Sultan Abul Bekr and Sultan Sidi Abbas, Prince Arisugawa and Prince Kitashirakawa as old acquaintances, when dignitaries like Rivadavia, Juarez, Celman, Urquiza, Bolivar, Sucre, Barrois, Toussaint L'Ouverture are familiar friends, when you can tell all about Mount Kinebalu and the Kawa bird and and know the difference between the emu of New South Wales and the *crnithorhynchus* of Tasmania. But a collector, if he is of the right kind, will learn all these things about his stamps for their own sake, just so he may know them; how different a collection seems when one knows it from this standpoint! There are two kinds of stamp collectors—one who in showing you his collection will tell you of every other stamp: "This one is worth so and so much," or "That one cost me ten cents and is now catalogued at three dollars and fifty cents"—the other who in showing his collection will call your attention to stamps interesting because of their history, who can tell you why this stamp was issued and that one withdrawn, who engraved this one and what firm printed that one, who has the meaning of each design, the chief facts about each ruler or statesman portrayed on the stamps at his fingers ends. Which of these two is the ideal collector? Which of them, do you think, really gets most enjoyment out of his stamps? And which kind would you

rather be. It cannot be argued that only advanced collectors can belong to the better class. It takes no money to belong to this class, because this knowledge can be acquired at the hand of even the most common stamps—it only needs study and a little brains; but I can predict that the gain in general knowledge and broader culture is far and away beyond comparison with the trouble spent in acquiring it. For this reason also I would advise everybody to collect on general lines, if one does no more than acquire but one specimen of each type of each country. True, one will never reach completeness in this way, but is completeness a fetish we must worship? I for my part in looking at my own or anybody else's collection waste no time in shedding tears over the stamps which are not there, but rather rejoice to see those which are there. And if you see a beginner's collection put in your time telling him interesting things about the stamps he has rather than pointing out to him that he lacks just the rarest stamps. What of it? You haven't got them all, either, and still you get just as much pleasure out of your collection as Count Ferrary gets out of his.

In short, dear reader, if you will not strive after the unattainable, but will endeavor to learn all you can about what you have, you will find stamp collecting what it really is, the most fascinating and instructive hobby in the whole wide range of collecting.

NEW ISSUES OF STAMPS.

To be thoroughly posted on philately we must know something about the new stamps that will made their appearance in the near future, or have just been issued. We give below an outline of the principal changes.

Among the most interesting to us are the new stamps of the Philippines which are the first stamps ever issued bearing distinctive Filipino features. The new series will consist of the same number and denominations (expressed in centavos) as the present issue of U. S. stamps.

The 2 centavos (equal to one cent) has the bust of Rizal, the idol of the Filipinos who was executed by the Spaniards because of his activity in fighting for his country's freedom.

Four centavos—Bust of McKinley.

Six centavos—Bust of Magellan who discovered the Philippines.

Eight centavos—Bust of Legespie who first established civil government in the Philippines.

Ten Centavos—Bust of General Lawton who was killed in the Philippines.

Twelve centavos—Bust of Lincoln.

Sixteen Centavos—Admiral Sampson.

Twenty centavos—Washington.

Twenty-six centavos—Bust of Carriedo, the Spanish philanthropist who gave Manila its first water supply.

Thirty Centavos—Benjamin Franklin.

The 1, 2, 4 and 10 pesos bear the coat of arms of the Filipinos. The special delivery stamp has the figure of a Filipino messenger at one side and a picture of Mount Mayan on the other.

In German East Africa the money has been changed to hellers. One hundred hellers being equal to one rupee. This of course necessitates a new set of stamps to conform with the new money. They have been issued in the same type (ship) as the former ones and the denominations are 2½, 4, 7½, 15, 20, 30, 45, and 60 hellers.

The Netherlands will soon issue a new

high value stamp for ten guildens. It will be of the same type as the high values of the present issue. Ten guildens represents \$1.00 in our money, so it will readily be seen that this will be a hard stamp to get.



The new Chilean stamps have a new picture of Columbus and although Chili has issued very pretty stamps the new set bids fair to outdo them in popular favor. Columbus is shown without the cap and beard and the numerals of value are at one side only. The peso stamp is larger than the others.

The current two centavo stamp of Cuba is now appearing in pink instead of carmine. The plate has been retouched and the stamps are now being printed by the American Bank Note Co. (formerly printed by the U.S. Bureau of Engraving.



Guadeloupe has a new set, oblong in shape like the high values of French stamps. There are fifteen in all, from one centime to 5 francs.

Peru has issued a very pretty twelve centavo stamp showing the picture of the Municipal Institute of Hygiene.

Spain has adopted the express stamps and the first one to make its appearance is the 20 centavo, red, with a picture of a winged horse and a coat of arms.

The stamps of Horta, Angra and Ponta Delgada are to be replaced by a single set inscribed "Acores." This will probably make the issues of the little islands named, scarce.

Corea has issued a commemorative stamp, in remembrance of the Japanese taking over their post office. This stamp bears the chrysanthemum of Japan and the plum blossom of Corea. The effect is very graceful and pleasing. The stamp is for domestic use only, value three sen.

Collectors should watch Denmark. Several provisional surcharges have been issued for a short time and the new stamps bearing the King's head that were to be permanent are said to be unsatisfactory and a new lot is announced.

The new issue of Rhodesia showing the Victoria Falls over which the highest bridge in the world has been completed are said to be the finest from an artistic standpoint that has been issued by any country for some time. They are

about the size of the British New Guinea stamps. The set is made up of six values the 1, 2½ and 5 pence and the 1, 2 and 5 shillings.

New Caledonia has a new set, similar to those of Guadeloupe, except that the franc values are large and the centimes the ordinary size.

Italy is to have a new set of thirteen stamps. They will bear the portrait of King Victor Emmanuel III. The inland postage has been reduced from 20 centimes to 15 and in order to supply the increased demand for the 15 centimes the 20 centimes stamp has been surcharged "Vale 15." This surcharge will be used until the regular set is issued.

Norway has thrown out the high value stamps bearing the likeness of King Oscar and has surcharged the 2 skilling orange stamp of the 1907 issue Kr. 1.00, Kr. 1.50 and Kr. 2.00. As Norway will soon have a complete new set it will be wise for collectors to possess themselves of these surcharged stamps at their first opportunity.

Roumania is to have a jubilee set to commemorate the 40th year of the reign of King Charles I. There will be ten values with pictures representing historical events during his reign and a portrait of Prince in 1866 and the King of to-day.

Many of the British Colonies are appearing on multiple watermark paper, replacing the Crown and CA. Collectors should be careful to possess themselves of the Crown and CA stamps as many big jumps have been made in the prices lately. Chalk surface paper is also coming into favor in the British possessions and stamps printed on this paper have a much finer appearance and cannot be cleaned from pen marks.

Nicaragua presents another new set, similar to the 1895 issue.

Venezuela is reported to have a new set of stamps under way but particulars are not yet obtainable.

Rumor has it that a new set of stamps is to be issued for the Transvaal to be printed in one color instead of two.

The 30 cent current stamp of Dutch Indies has been surcharged 10 cents owing to the 10 cent values running short.

San Marino has surcharged its 20 centime stamp to 15 centimes.

Brazil has a new issue in contemplation and it is to be hoped that they will be better than the awful things this country has issued for the past number of years. It is intended to have them similar to the 1896-76 issue with portraits of some of the leading Brazilians.

Greece is about to issue a new set of the Olympian Games stamps which promise to be very interesting. The one and two lepta stamps will show a picture of Apollo throwing a disk. The 3 and 5 lepta, Atlas, taken from an ancient disk. Ten lepta, Victory sitting in an amphora with a scroll in her hand. 20 and 50 lepta, Hercules carrying the world on his shoulders and Atlas bringing him the apples of Hesperides. Twenty-five lepta, the fight of Hercules with Ante. Thirty lepta, wrestling. Forty lepta, shows a demon on a shield transformed into a winged youth holding a bird. The 1, 2 and 3 drachama, races, taken from Ancient tiles. The 5 drachama shows three torch bearers, Goddess of Victory and priests making offerings at the games.

New issues are comparatively easy to get and collectors should take them in preference to some of the old issues, because as shown above it is very frequently a case that a new set is not satisfactory, consequently is withdrawn and soon becomes scarce.

PHILO.

RULERS AND MILLIONAIRES THE RICHEST COLLECTORS OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The collectors of postage stamps count among their number, some august personages—such as the Prince of Wales, who began his collection while he was still the Duke of York. He is president of the London Philatelic Society and at one of the meetings of the Society in 1904 exhibited his collection of the stamps of Great Britain, which is probably the best in the world.

The Queen of Italy, and Czar Nicholas of Russia are likewise philatelists. The British museum possesses a collection valued at more than one hundred thousand pounds.

In France, among the great collectors,

subject. But the palm goes to M. de Ferrari without contest. It is he, who at this moment possesses the richest collection in the world. A Parisian banker, whose collection is well classified, showed to the public at the last world's exposition, some pages from his albums. The first issue of Hawaii, blue figures, with varieties of types, were worth not less than \$7,000. Three pages of the first issue of Canada represented \$20,000.

The King of Spain, on his recent visit to France, was presented with a complete collection of all the stamps of France and colonies neatly mounted in

we must not forget Doctor Legrand whose works are an authority on the albums—because the President found out he was an ardent philatelist, and that a gift of this sort would please him more than anything else.

In order to provide for these collections, both large and small, there must be specialists. A glance at the Parisian directory shows no less than sixty dealers in postage stamps.

The house of Arthur Maury is the oldest and most important. It was established in 1860 at 80 Rue Saint-Lazare, but the business increased so rapidly that Mr. Maury was obliged to open larger quarters, and since 1891 he has been at 6 Boulevard Montmartre, in the very centre of Parisian activity.

The front of the building is rather original—between the windows are some blue enamel signs which bear the words "Postage Stamps for Collections" in fourteen languages, including Sanscrit and Chinese. From the centre of the whole a head of Mercury, the messenger of the gods and the emblem of the post, stands out surrounded with rays of gold. The passage which leads to the sales-room is a sort of vast philatelic museum. Here are displayed, under glass, stamps of a thousand different shades of color. Several offices open out from the main office, each brilliantly lighted and containing tables upon which are kept drawers holding a large number of envelopes, filled with the stamps of each country in rotation. These drawers are placed in a vault each night to protect them, not so much from robbery as from fire.

On one side M. Maury has his private office, also the editorial room of his monthly journal *le Collectionneur de Timbres-Poste*.

M. Maury is the recognized authority on stamps in France, and is lovingly called the "King of Stamps" by those who know him best.



Mr. A. Maury expertizing rarities.



Approval department of a great Paris dealers store, Mr. A. Maury.



Stamps by the ton in shop of Maury.

PHILATELY AND THE NEW BOY.

BY VERNON WESTON HANWAY.

Where is the real, live, full-blooded American boy who does not love, honor, idolize our President? To him "imperialism" is an empty term—"Rooseveltism," the meaning for all that is live, strenuous, enjoyable in life. Any fad, hobby or pursuit in which our President has been known to indulge, and enjoy, at once becomes to him the ideal pursuit. And this is not a slavish following of another's whims, but a healthy idea that what the *man* Roosevelt finds worth while must certainly be worth while.

Admirers of Roosevelt and the hobby, Philately, will be pleased to learn that in his boyhood days he was a stamp collector. True this will not lead our boys to view philately with any higher esteem, for well does this New Boy know that many useful, noble-minded, well-known men have found it not only a boyish pastime, but a pastime worthy a manly man's attention.

There are few boys today who do not collect something. If not stamps, coins or curios, it is very likely marbles, fishing hooks, strings or jack knives. You see dear boys I understand your foibles, for the days when I was a *tom boy* and shared my brother's pleasures are not many mile stones past.

Most of you have friends whose collections and fancies you have often had aired before you, and you in turn air yours. "Piggy," (proper name William) dips into amateur journalism perhaps. You have often had a longing to see the inside of that wood shed from whence he emerges with inky fingers and a very learned look. Johnny collects old coins, and his collection, although often drawn upon to go into the voluminous trouser pockets of the "hokey-pokey" man, is a very good one. Bill has a fair sized collection of sea curios, while "Henrystone," known on dress up occasions as "Henry Livingstone Montgomery," has a passion for everything barbarian, so strong that he has been known to see tomahawks and find ancient Indian burying places while peacefully slumbering. "Jonesy" collects bird eggs, but while you admire the results you don't like the methods, while you yourself are known as the Philatelist (spelled with as large P as Professor.)

Ah, dear chum, my heart warms to you! I can see that "den" with stamps pasted upon the walls, and the battered, yet priceless album. The contents make up for the shabbiness of the cover, for it contains all the colors of Joseph's coat in all their glory. "The fellows" cast envious eyes at your collection. You occasionally permit them to feast their eyes upon a Persian issue, for which you paid the whole of a week's allowance, or a Japanese stamp whose design breathes of all things mystical.

Perhaps you have received on the last mail a *select* packet of a hundred stamps, and are even now in the den engaged in the ecstatic bliss of placing them in the album. Then tomorrow you will show the additions to the fellows with as much pride as the Steel King or the Copper King, or any other of those chaps display in the last million they have added to their collection of dollars.

There are few youths who have not at some time dabbled in stamp-collecting, or at least known of the possibilities for pleasure pure and simple to be found therein. In all the years of my collecting life I have never known but one

"young man" who really disdained our hobby. Poor chap! He had to turn to collecting as a refuge from my superior scorn and indignation. But he is still collecting.

We philatelists—you and I, brother-collector—have a hearty pity for the misguided persons who can't appreciate the science.

There are few of us who can find a sweeter pleasure in our lives than the moments spent in either *dillitante* or serious collecting, as our taste demands. But this pleasure is as inexplicable to the novice as the pleasure which some find in *haski*. It is a psychological principle that what has been never felt, realized or enjoyed, can only be explained by comparison with some similar sensation. The pleasure to be garnered from the following of philately, is unlike any other pursuit. Therefore it cannot be depicted or described, but like a certain other emotion, must be felt.

Many recruits will be added to philately through the influence of this stamp number of THE NEW BOY. To such I tender the assurance that never will their lots be cast in more pleasant paths.

A NEW FEATURE.

The publishers of THE NEW BOY have secured the services of Mr. H. J. Hasselbauer, an illustrator who has been on the staffs of several publications in New York City and elsewhere, who will give, in the coming issues of THE NEW BOY, hints and articles on a subject which we are certain will interest most of the readers of this paper—pen and ink drawing.

This new feature will be a source of pleasure as well as an instructive study to a majority of boys who have a liking or natural talent for drawing, and if Mr. Hasselbauer's articles and suggestions will be carefully followed boys will soon succeed in turning out creditable sketches and in a short time will be able to surprise their friends by showing them their drawings illustrating almost anything they can conceive or copy from objects that will attract their attention and appeal to their minds. Their home, their games, their pets, and familiar

scenes around their neighborhood will afford them studies for many sketches.

Mr. Hasselbauer's first article will appear in the columns of THE NEW BOY next month, so begin at the beginning by following carefully his instructions and start right.

THIS MONTH

We have sent out many copies of THE NEW BOY to stamp collectors asking them to subscribe. Don't miss our Christmas and New Year numbers. Stamp, coin, curio, souvenir card, photographic prints, and other collectors should subscribe at once. 50 cents per year; 3 years for \$1.

E. T. PARKER,

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Issues at frequent intervals a priced list of bargains in stamps. These lists are sent free of charge to all stamp collectors. Among other special bargains are the following:

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4 varieties Peru "Gobierno".....	63	12
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WHY I COLLECT STAMPS.

BY DOUGLAS R. A. HUNT.

When I was a boy I wanted to be as much of a new boy as possible and as all the new boys collected stamps I started in.

How I used to look forward to Saturday, my great stamp day. That was the day spent in searching the waste paper bins at my father's office for the enticing little pasters. All the foreign consuls in my city were faithfully called upon and many were the treasures handed out to me. Next came the wholesale sugar houses with lots of Cuban stamps, the china-ware houses which always had Hong Kong and Japanese stamps for me. The leather houses saved me the stamps from Argentine and Uruguay, and when the day had ended and I had made my rounds, hundreds of stamps were my reward. Then came the cleaning (that is removing the paper) counting and putting in books. All the following week my boy friends could buy from me or exchange if they had any stamps not in my book. How the boys used to wonder how I got so many stamps, but, as my only chums were my stamps, they never knew.

When school days were over my Saturdays were lost to me and my only opportunity was to buy my stamps from dealers. Like other boys my money came in very small lots and buying stamps was almost out of the question. How was I still to get my beloved stamps.

There was an old man near our office who was a stamp dealer that I had scraped an acquaintance with. One day I told him my troubles and there I found my remedy. He gave me a few sheets of stamps and told me to sell them and half of what I got for them was to be mine to buy stamps with.

By this time many of my boy friends were like myself, working. Evenings I sold the stamps and many the fine stamp the old dealer gave me for my work.

Years went by, my little collection still climbing a little every week. Now there are the stamp clubs, the stamp papers and magazines and I no longer think about what lots of stamps I may get, but the kind of stamps, and many are the hours spent in testing a stamp for the intricate perforations, water-marks, errors and combinations of colors.

After many years, experience has taught me that money spent in stamps, if it is spent judiciously, is as good as money put in bank as the old stamps are getting older and rarer and collectors are more numerous every day, making the demand keener.

Now I am going to drop my little story, and, in just one statement, I'll tell you why I collect stamps. "Because I can spend my money and get it back again any time I want it."

Hope I won't have to, though.

X-MAS PRESENT.

Give the boy a copy of the X-Mas Number, and he will spend a Merry X-Mas. Give him one years' subscription, and a Merry X-Mas will last one whole year. Single copies 5 cents; 50 cents per year.

Subscribe now and get the big Christmas and New Year's numbers. 50c per year; 3 years for \$1.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

D. E. A. HUNT.

The first annual entertainment and ball given by the New York Stamp Society was held in the large ball room at Terrace Garden, New York City, Thursday evening, October 19th.

It is many years since so many stamp friends and their friends were together under the same roof. Although the weather was very bad the large hall was comfortably full.

Mr. Julius Levy, the president of the society, preceded the entertainment by a short address of welcome. He showed much pride in a society that was able, though only 18 months old, to gather so many members of the cult together.

The principal attractions of the entertainment were the zither duet by Prof. Loewy's sons, Alphonso and Bernard, the club swinging by H. H. Doolittle, violin solo by Otto Kruger and the wonderful card tricks of Prof. Loewy. Besides the above several ladies favored the club with singing.

The unique part of the evening's performance were the Philo Pictures, meaning philatelic pictures.

The first illustration was the current issue one gulden stamp of Holland. All but the Queen's head was painted upon a stiff board in exact reproduction of the stamp except in size which was about two feet high. Through the hole in the center of the painting, made up like the young Queen of Holland, was the head of Miss Trujillo.

The next picture was of the Cuban 8 centavo, 1898, with Alphonso Loewy as the boy king of Spain.

Dr. Heath made a very good Mikado in one of the Japanese jubilee stamps.

Austria was represented by the 5 kreuzer stamp of 1867 with Prof. Loewy as the Austrian monarch.

The old black one penny stamp of Great Britain was the next feature with Miss Cook as Queen Victoria.

Last, but not least, was the \$5.00 Columbian stamp of our own country. The execution of this picture was very fine and Mr. Platz made a perfect Columbus.

The drawing for prizes for holders of the lucky tickets followed. The first prize was won by Bogert & Durbin of Philadelphia.

After the prizes were awarded about 75 couples enjoyed dancing until the wee small hours.

Worthy of mention were tickets of admission, which were printed over a Guatemalan postal card. The dance orders were enclosed in a double Honduras postal card, the name of the owner being written on the address side. These cards were similar to our return postal cards.

Much credit is due the officers of the club and their various committees for their success, also for the general good which is bound to accrue to our hobby.

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SOME NEW JOKES.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN.

A man ravenously hungry was advised to go to Constantinople and eat Turkey, after which to emigrate to Athens and fill up on Greece.

People that like everything so nice should emigrate to Nice, France.

Talk about banks being "busted" by a run upon them by depositors, I've known many a bank completely demolished by the Sun who never deposited a dollar in them—snow banks.

A bad bank in which to deposit your money and valuables. A sand bank.

A worse bank than that. A mud bank.

A burglar tried to steal a mattress from under a sleeping man. He mistook the mattress for a watch, because of the tick.

I went into a hardware store and asked the proprietor to change me a ten penny nail. He gave me two five penny nails in exchange.

He had many kegs full of five penny, ten penny and twenty penny nails. I told him to extract all of those pennies from the nails and be wealthy.

A man got a job sampling glue. From every barrel he was required to drink a pint to see if it was any good. But they fixed him on the fourth day. He drank so much glue that he got stuck on himself.

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An unused set of Venezuela maps, 1896, cat. 42c, to each buyer. Orders under \$1 postage extra.

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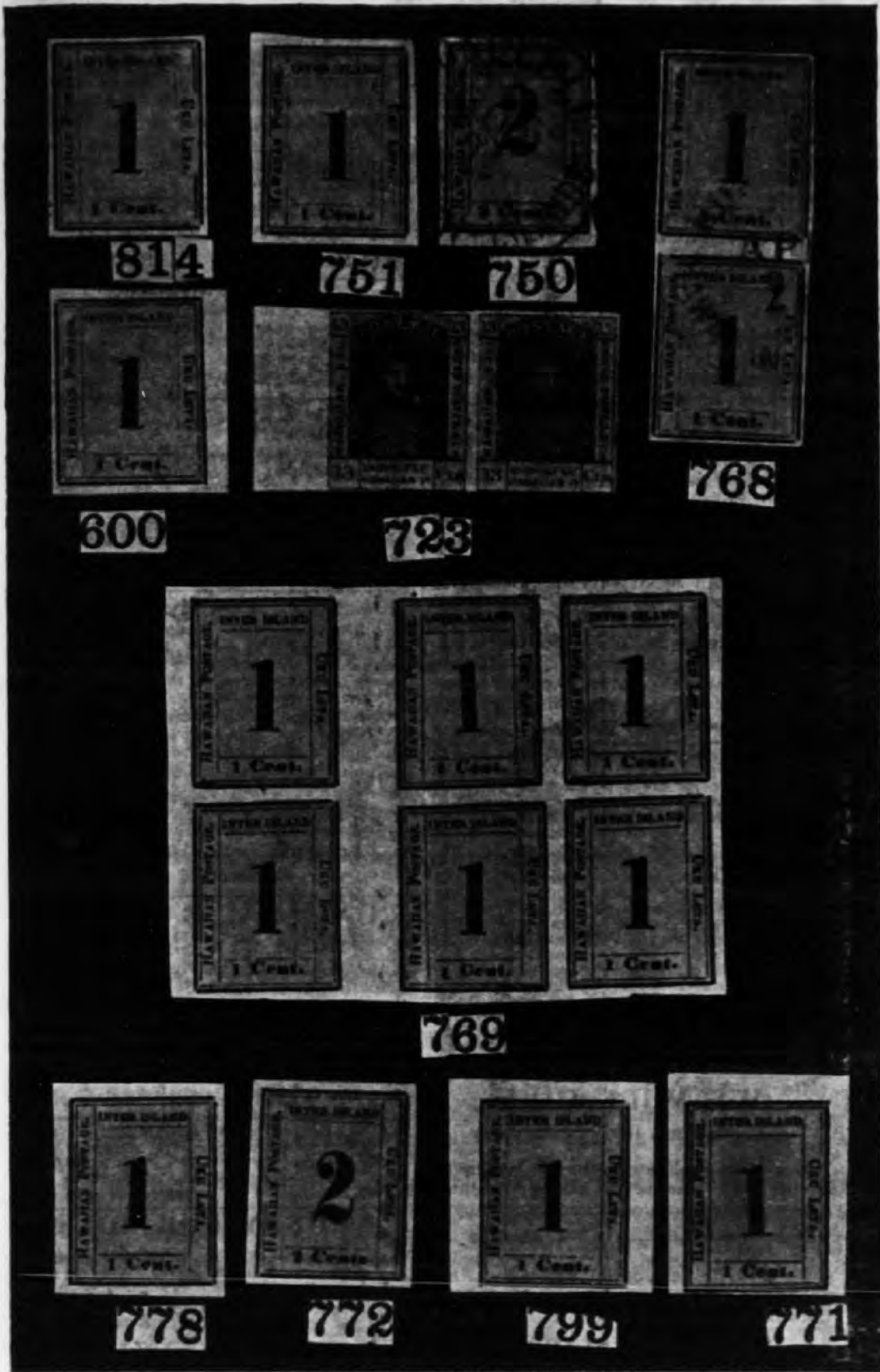
Including specimens from Siam, Zululand, Seychelles, Diego Suarez, etc., post free. Approval sheets sent to responsible parties. Want lists a specialty. Write for particulars.

PERCY G. DOANE, Tribune Bld., N. Y.

FREE A stamp cat price 40c to all who buy \$1 worth from our approval sheets. 125 var. Foreign.....\$ 10 | 100 var U S.....\$ 15 | 1000 mixed Foreign 20 | 1000 mixed U. S..... 25

ELITE STAMP CO.,

6 Wooldridge Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.



RARE HAWAIIAN STAMPS
SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION NOVEMBER 14th.

The above rare stamps were formerly in the collection of Mr. Manning of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. They were sold by Drew & Co., in N. Y. to the highest bidder. The prices realized were from \$15 to \$180 each.

Mr. Manning specialized in U.S. and Colonies, and the condition of the stamps in this class, run from very fine to superb, and should satisfy the requirements of any reasonable collector. The Hawaiian Numerals are the finest lot that every passed through their hands. They deserved the highest consideration and brought the highest prices.

The 1906 Standard is out and again may be seen the advanced collectors attending auction sales and buying rarities for their collections.

CHEAP PACKETS

Special packets which have given immense satisfaction. Contain no United States, Revenues or post cards.

- Packet A, 150 varieties.....\$ 15
- Packet B, 200 varieties..... 25
- Packet C, 250 varieties..... 50
- Packet D, 300 varieties..... 65
- Packet E, 500 varieties.....1 50

Missionary Mixture (Continental's) original packets containing 1000 stamps, 20 cents. Any of these sent on receipt of price. Post free.

G. W. STETSON,
26 East 43rd Street, New York City.

Approval sheet sent to parties furnishing bank references. 50 per cent discount.

FREE!

A fine stamp worth at least ten cents to all who apply for my unexcelled approval sheets at 50 per cent discount.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

All in fine condition.

- U. S., 1869, 10c yellow.....\$ 40
- U. S., 1869, 15c brown and blue..... 75
- U. S. Col. (1868) 15c green..... 20
- U. S. Col. (1868) 30c brown..... 25
- U. S. Col. (1868) 50c slate..... 30
- U. S. Col. (1868) 42c red.....1 00
- Care of Good Hope, 1865, 5sh orange..... 20
- Chili, 1874, provisional, 1, 2, 5 and 10c..... 10
- *Cuba, 1898, 20c violet..... 10
- *Cuba, 1898, 10c blue..... 10
- *Cuba, 1898, surch on U. S., complete..... 35
- Curacao, old, 2, 2½, 5, 10, 12½ and 25..... 12
- Curacao, new, 2½, 5, 10, 12½ and 25..... 15
- Guatemala, 1902, 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 20 and 50..... 12
- Hayti, 1898, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10..... 15
- *Hayti, 1904, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20 and 50c, all..... 30
- Netherlands, 1899, 5 gulden..... 50
- Newfoundland, 1897, ¼, 1, 2, 3 and 5c..... 07
- Nicaragua, 1900, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 and 15c..... 11
- Nicaragua, 1901, 10c on 2p salmon..... 10
- Nicaragua, 1901, 1, 2, 5 and 10c surcharge..... 10
- Nicaragua, 1901, 20c on 5p black..... 10
- Panama, 1892, 1, 2, 5, 10 and 20c map..... 15
- Panama, 1908, 1, 2, 5 and 10c surch..... 15
- Venezuela, 1904, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 1B..... 08

Postage extra on orders under 50 cents.

L. W. CHARLAT,

245 Broadway, New York City.

STAMPS FREE 100 all different for the names of 2 collectors and 2c postage. 20 Russian stamps, 10c; 20 Norway 10c; 30 Sweden 10c; 20 Japan 10c; 40 Japan Postage and Revenue mounted on sheet 25c; Dime Album 5c; Imperial Album, holds 3,500 30c; 50 blank sheets 10c; 10 blank approval books 15c; 1000 hir ges 8c; 5000 30c; Big lists free. Wholesale list for dealers. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

STAMP COLLECTORS

Subscribe for the "New Boy," best magazine in the world. 50c per year; 3 years for \$1.00.

THE AL-DO-GRAPH. The very latest. Enables you to tell instantly the age of any person. Surprise and mystify your friends. Pose as a mind reader. Acres of fun and mystery for only 10c. 3 for 25c.

D. OKLA. MFG. CO.,
Anadarko, Okla.

HERE YOU ARE BOYS—The Largest, Best and Cheapest Offers Yet.

2 Benin, 2 Bosnia, 3 Salvador, 4 Venezuela, 100 mixed stamps, 500 hinges, Dup. Album—All for 10c if accompanied by names and addresses of several stamp collectors. We want YOUR name and 9,999 more within the next 30 days that do not appear on our records now.

Venezuela '98, 1b, cat. 20c; Venezuela Reg. 25c, cat. 15c; 8 French Colonies, Seychelles 1903, 2c, 10 diff. So and Cen. America, 3 Anjouan, Ivory Coast, Nossi Be—All for 10c and names of several stamp collectors. This lot consists of nly unused stamps, and we know you want them. Price List Free. Send for some of our new approval sheets at 50% commission.

IF you want the best stamps at lowest prices, we are the people you want to know. Anything from "2 for a cent" up.

TIFFIN STAMP CO., 160 E. ST., TIFFIN, OHIO

STAMPS THIRTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY L. G. DORPAT.

When I was a boy stamp collecting was boy's play, and men of that period hardly thought it worth while to bestow any attention to those used bits of paper which denoted that some one had somewhere paid postage on some letter or parcel. But few men saw that in these bits of paper was any more than a past and gone value. Boys, inquisitive as they naturally are and should be, saw one value in stamps which men could not easily discern, the value they have as objects of amusement and curiosity, coming as they do from so many different countries, out of so many variously constituted workshops and in such a diversity of forms and designs, that a classification and study of them must certainly afford a highly pleasant pastime. Boys who had a chance to see many different stamps almost instinctively fell to collecting them. One thing boys did not know, and in fact nobody did or could know, is that in time those little stickers, or at least some of them, would on account of rarity and because stamp collecting would increase to wonderful dimensions, be worth more than they were ever intended to be by the authorities who issued them, some of them becoming more valuable than gold, diamond or pearl.

In those times "a stamp was a stamp," and we generally traded even, stamp for stamp, with little regard for rarity. In fact the rarity of stamps was not known thirty years ago as it is now; it was brought out by the incessant and multiplied demand for certain stamps that could rarely or never be supplied. Some stamps were not even known to exist, except to a very few collectors. Now we are in a much better position. The pastime has grown into a science and the play into a study. We have catalogues, books and journals which give us information of which the boys three decades ago hardly dreamed. The boys of then grew into men, and they carried their stamps with them; the boyish pursuit is a manly one now, and many a stamp which a boy may have swapped for an apple may now pass hands at the price of a handsome residence with a whole orchard to boot. Had we known the changes that would come in the future we would no doubt have looked at our little treasures differently from what we did. There are stamps the rarity of which is not known. There is a time in every stamp's life when the boy can get it for the asking, or at least for very little more. The difficulty is to see that opportunity when it presents itself and to improve it. Don't put off collecting because you cannot buy the stamps that are now known to be rare, but go right to work and collect all that is within your reach; keep at it and do not stop until you have tried it for 30, 40 or 50 years; then you will wonder too at the rarity of some of your acquisitions which came to you so easily. In England there was a boy who got a certain stamp for a couple of pennies, and recently that very same stamp was sold at public auction for more than a thousand pounds sterling (\$5,000). A similar occurrence may happen again. It may happen to you if you are quick enough to see your chances and make use of them. Besides that it is a very pleasant occupation for a man to look over a fine, large collection brought up from boyhood days. Every stamp tells its tale, and the whole serves

to show youthful energy and perseverance.

The best collections were first started on a small scale, but they grew as the owners grew. They reflect the character of the owners. A nice, clean and tidily arranged stamp collection should always be a recommendation for its owner, provided the stamps contained therein were obtained by fair and honest means. On the other hand, a collection gotten together by illicit operations will prove a continual reproach for its maker and will most likely betray him by its ill and slovenly condition. Stamps should not be collected only; they should be studied. The most successful collectors are students who try to learn about their stamps all they can. Their superior knowledge will in time enable them to reap many an advantage and the pleasure accruing the study and emanating from the knowledge is alone worth about again as much as the stamps themselves.

Thirty years hence the names of our present boys will shine out bright as the names of accomplished philatelists, and out of the small beginnings of today will then have grown magnificent collections, valuable both as objects of curiosity as well as objects of rarity. How small and insignificant will then appear what we now stare at as grand and rich. There are thousands of stamps to come and our boy collectors are ready to receive them. Watch them do it and see what they will make of them!

HAWAII \$3 catalog value, all different only \$ 80
 6c green, No. 33, o. g. cat 60c. only... 25
 8 12c 1875, No. 36, fine, o. g. cat \$1 50, only... 75
 4 10c 1882, No. 40, fine, used, cat. \$1 25, only... 50
 5 15c 1882, No. 41, fine, used, cat. \$2 50, only... 1 00
 8 10c 1883-86, No. 41, fine used (10c) o. g. cat 1 50... 60
 7 10c 1883-86, No. 45 fine used (65c) o. g. cat 1 25... 55
 8 12c 1883-86, No. 46 fine used (1 25) o. g. cat 2 25 1 00
 9 25c 1883-86, No. 47, fine used (1 50) o. g. cat 3 50 1 75
 10 50c 1883-86, No. 48 fine used (3 75) o. g. cat 8 00 6 00
 11 \$1 1883-86, No. 49, fine used (5 00) o. g. cat. 13 50 7 00
 12 \$1 1883-86, No. 49, maltese cross cancellation 1 25
 13 5c 1890-01, No. 52-a, fine, o. g. cat \$1 50, only 70
 14 12c 1893, No. 63, red lilac, (res. sur.) cat 5 00 2 00
 15 2c 1893, No. 64, dk violet (rrd sur.) cat 1 50. 60
 16 2c 1893, No. 65, rosy ver. (blk sur.) cat 3 50, 1 50
 17 12c 1893, No. 69, red lilac (blk sur.) cat. 16 50, 8 00
 18 \$1 1893, No. 73 rose red (blk sur.) cat 8 50... 2 00
 Post free. All other Hawaiians off set. U. S. Post, Revs. and Cols at low rates. Lists free. F. B. KIRBY, 48 N. Main Street, New Bedford, Mass.

WE WILL GIVE

A Canadian 1859 5c Beaver

with every application for our approval sheets and the name of 1 active collector.

- 7000 hinges.....\$ 25
- U. S. 1868, 2c..... 09
- " 1870, 6c, catalogue 12c..... 05
- St. Louis, 10c..... 05
- Columbian, 8c..... 08

CO-OPERATIVE STAMP CO.,

Canal Dover, Ohio.

- 1-4 lb. U. S. sta'ps (about 50 var.) \$ 10
- Foreign (over 100 var.).. 10
- 1 lb. (about 5000) (from Ton Lot) absolutely unpicked, only..... 75
- 500 var. stamps and album, only..... 70
- 1000 varieties stamps from all part of the world..... 2 25
- 100 var. U. S., cat. over \$2.75, only... 15
- Mixtures for Approval Sheets
- 1000 fine, many varieties, catalogue over \$25, no cheap 1c stamps, only good salable stamps..... 1 25
- 1000 fair, for packets, etc., good value, only..... 59
- 1000 Continentals, only..... 12

Approval sheets at 60% discount

P. G. BEALS,

38 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

BARGAINS BARGAINS IN JAPANESE

FREE—1 Japanese Post Card, 50 var. Foreign to any one applying for our approval sheets and books. Our stamps are a nice clean lot, good variety mounted on sheets or in books. Prices are the lowest. Send now and get the free packet. Collectors Own Catalogue 10c post paid. Scotts Catalog 60c post paid.

JAPANESE STAMP CO.,

741 E. Pine St., Portland, Ore.

THE MIDGET

Approval book holds 60 stamps all diff. only 10c. With 50 var. Br. Col. 15 | With 50 var. Aus'n 20
 With 50 var. Asiatic 25 | With 50 var. Atri'n 30
 5000 mixed stamps. 50 | Approvals 40 to 60¢ dis.

REV. EDWIN EWELL, Anoka, Minn.

SPECIALS FOR THIS MONTH

	Cat. price	My price
70 Bavaria 1900, 3m olive gray.....	\$1 00	\$ 40
68 Germany 1900, 2m gray blue.....	12	04
64 Germany 1900, 3m black violet.....	70	85
35 gray and black revenue, cut.....	15	04
110 gray and black revenue, cut.....	40	09

For thousands of other bargains get my price-lists.

E. T. PARKER, Bethlehem, Pa.

105 VAR. FOREIGN STAMPS.

Korea, Crete, Siam, Tonga, etc. Album and 44 large page list for 5c post free. Reliable agents wanted, 50% commission.

South Australia, Nos. 16, 66, 78, 80, 94, 116, 117, 250, 285, 281 and 285.

South Nigeria, Kings Head, used, 7 varieties, 80c net.

Spain, Nos. 1, 46, 47, 51, 57, 68, 69, 93, 222, 245, etc. Belgium Nos. 51, 152, 158, 217, 218, 219, 284, 285, 289, 240.

Denmark, Nos. 17, 52, 54, 80 and 83.

Any of above at 50% discount from Scotts.

J. T. STARR STAMP COMPANY, Coldwater, Mich.

UNUSUAL BARGAINS

- U. S. 1902-08, 50c-7c, \$1.00..... \$ 20
- Canada, 1902, 7c Queens Head, mint 10
- Newfoundland, 1898-01, 1/2c, 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c and 5c. mint..... 20
- 100 Pre-cancelled U. S. 25
- Scott's 1906 Catalog, post paid..... 60

Condition the finest. Postage extra.

WENDOVER NEEFUS, Hudson, N. Y.

FREE 7 varieties unused Philippine stamps for the names and addresses of two active stamp collectors. Send 2c stamp for return postage. EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., Dept. R, 88 Clarkson Street, Dorchester, Mass.

MONEY FOR BOYS

My popular books contain 60 good stamps all priced way under the catalogue. You can easily sell the stamps for \$1.00.

A complete book of stamps worth ONE DOLLAR cost you only FORTY CENTS.

You make 60 cents on every book you sell and give your friends genuine bargains.

To show you are in earnest send me a deposit of 25 cents on each book wanted and I will send them to you by return mail.

When you have sold a book I trust you to send me the balance of 15 cents.

Remit in 1 cent unused U. S. stamps.

All books are different. Reference, the editor.

D. E. A. HUNT,

40 W. 28th St., New York City.

FOR COLLECTORS, DEALERS & SPECULATORS

150 different Postage Stamps from South America, Central America and the West Indies only, no others. Catalogue value \$4 16.

100 different United States Postage and Revenue Stamps 1851-1902. Catalogue value \$1.10. 1000 well mixed U. S. Stamps, about 75 different kinds.

1000 well mixed Foreign Postage Stamps, about 200 different kinds.

The Four Packets for \$1.

Postage and registration 14 cents extra.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Thomas Stamp Co., 189 Broadway, N. Y. City.

THE STANDARD POSTAGE STAMP CATALOGUE

The Sixty-Fifth Edition (for 1906)

IS JUST PUBLISHED

It is too well known to need any introduction to American collectors.

Price 50 Cents. Post Free 60 Cents.

Remember We are headquarters for Stamps, Albums and Philatelic Supplies of all kinds in the United States.

Scott Stamp & Coin Company,

18 East 23rd Street,

New York City.

BOYS, GIRLS, EVERYBODY! DO YOU COLLECT?

Stamps, Paper Money and Postal Cards for Collectors, Dealers and for Business Purposes

I have a fine stock of unused Foreign Postal Cards, very attractive, many designs, colors, etc. Nice for a collection or can be used as Souvenirs, and can be mailed to friends by placing a one cent U. S. stamp on them and the address. Also can be used for business cards, notices etc. 6 varieties sent for 10 cents; 25 varieties for 50 cents; 100 assorted sent for \$1.00. Samples and price list of many varieties sent for two cent stamp. Wholesale List Free.

PAPER MONEY FROM THE SOUTH, OF WAR TIMES

A 25 cent and 50 cent note from Alabama for 5 cents. A \$10 and a \$20 from Richmond, Va., issued in 1864, sent for 12 cents. The four varieties for 15 cents. These are genuine and were once good money. They are now curiosities.

STAMPS! STAMPS! I HAVE THEM BY THE 1,000,000

- A set of Nyassa giraffe stamps, 7 varieties, very attractive.....\$ 15
- A set of Honduras 1891, 10 stamps, unused, for..... 25
- A set of Costa Rica stamps, 1892, complete, unused, cat. value about \$2, my price. 40
- Any set of Seebeck stamps sent for..... 35

FOR DEALERS

- 100 25 and 50 cent Alabama notes 35
- 1000 sent for.....2 50
- 300 Army franks, 3 varieties, attractive..... 40
- 1000 Cuban Revenues, unused, 3 varieties..... 45
- 1000 2c Columbians 13
- 1000 assorted U. S 13
- 200 assorted foreign stamps, catalogue value over \$3.00, sent for..... 50

Send for lists. If you send an order from this advertisement I will send you two unused Porto Rico Postal Cards free. Twenty-five years a dealer. Address

J. E. HANDSHAW, SMITHTOWN BRANCH, N. Y.

THE NEW BOY.

ALL BARGAINS IN STAMPS & ALBUMS

Costa Rica 1892 1c to 10 pesos complete, cataloged at \$2 84	
Our price	\$ 60
Hayti 1894 1c to 50c complete unused (regular price 65c)...	30
Honduras 1878 1c to 1 peso complete set, catalog 94c ...	19
North Borneo 1893 1c to 24c complete, catalog \$1.38, price.	35
Nyassa (Giraffe) 2½ to 300r, complete	65
U. S. Columbian, Buffalo, Omaha, or St. Louis 1 to 10c complete, each set for...	15
U. S. Columbian 1893 15c green	12
U. S. Columbian 1893, 30c brown.....	20
U. S. Columbian 1893, 50c blue.....	30
U. S. Columbian 1893, \$1.00 salmon	10

PACKETS

OF

SMALL COLLECTIONS

All Fine Stamps (no trash).

100 different.....	10
200 different.....	20
325 different.....	50
1000 different (cataloged over \$27).....	3 50

All orders filled the day received.

New 1906 Scott's Standard Catalogue (over 730 pages) is now out, price postfree...	60
International Album, bound in half Cloth, postfree.....	1 50
International Album, full Cloth, gilt, postfree.....	2 50
Modern Album bound in full cloth, spaces for 10,000 stamps, postfree, illustrated with pictures of 2200 stamps	1 15
Imperial Album, spaces for 4000 stamps, postfree.....	30

GRAND STAMP CO.,

342 E. 15th St., New York City.



SOME RARE STAMPS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER AT AN AUCTION IN NEW YORK ON NOVEMBER 14TH.

UNPROFITABLE SWAPPING

Here's a Good Stamp Story From "The Captain."

Some boys are a bit sharper than they need be in their own interest. Some boys dearly love a bargain in stamps. It is a failing that runs through all grades of stamp collectors, from the boy to the specialist.

One day a sharp-looking lad entered a stamp dealer's shop in New York, and asked for some United States stamps.

"There you are, my lad," said the

dealer, as he placed a book of stamps on the counter in front of him. "Pick what you want." The boy made his selection, paid his money, and left the shop.

In a few minutes he was back.

"See here, Mister. this stamp has got a corner off."

"Has it, my lad?" said the dealer, taking the stamp and examining it, and adding, "Very well, there's the book. Pick another."

The boy selected another and more perfect copy, but when he got outside the door he turned round and, with a broad grin, shouted, "Done ye, Mister."

THE NEW BOY.

That old torn stamp was out of my collection, and now I've swapped it for a nice clean one."

The stamp dealer, still holding that stamp, looked after the boy with a quiet smile. The stamp was slightly torn at one corner. Nevertheless, it was a very saleable specimen of a great rarity, known as the 15 cent United States of 1869, with inverted centre, and was worth from \$100 to \$150.

THE FASCINATION OF STAMP COLLECTING.

BY ACHE L. ECKTA.

Who can explain the charm which surrounds a postage stamp? What is it that makes a little piece of paper usually found rectangular in shape with a face on one side, and sticky stuff on the other and with saw-like edges so attractive—more than that, actually fascinating? All interested and absorbed in the collection of postage stamps clearly understand and appreciate amongst themselves without question or argument exactly wherein lies this fascination. But to explain it to a non-collector, one of those poor persons "without the pale"—is another matter.

Let us try to do it. Which phase of the subject will appeal to a non-collector first? What point will his mind first seize upon and hold him spell-bound? Will it be the artistic side of the question or the scientific, historical or the geographical side? Neither to begin with—his higher feelings will develop later if he becomes a collector. The first hit must be made upon his bump of acquisitiveness.

Attack him through his cupidity! Show him a stamp which you once found in an old bureau drawer and tell him its worth \$25.00 in cold cash and you've got him all right, all right! The same night he will probably retire hours later than usual leaving his library or office floor pretty well covered with old envelopes. By degrees you can instruct him in the mysteries of watermarks and counting dots and perforations. After a while he will be the proud possessor of a magnifying glass and will occupy his spare hours searching for secret marks and counting dots, lines and curve. A peep at our friend any night will find him redolent of benzine with a pair of tongs in one hand and a perforation gauge in the other. After a while we shall find that he is able to talk learnedly about re-engraved stamps, surcharges, "full ornaments," busts pointing to notches, cleaned plates, remainders, et cetera and so forth, and then we shall know that we have converted our almost lost brother into a valuable member of society, and a genuine, good old, dear old stamp "fiend."

And now how surprised and delighted our friend will be to find himself in such good company. Stamp collectors include among their number the best intellects of all grades of society from royalty down. The King of Portugal, the King of England, and Czar of all the Russias have each a magnificent collection of high value in which they take great interest and pride. Among noblemen, literary men, doctors, clergymen, merchants, great and small, will be found many collectors of stamps. Whenever you run across a man who strikes you as being above the average in intelligence and of a studious or thoughtful turn of

mind, you may be sure that the chances are in favor of his being a stamp collector.

The fine points of stamp collecting are so many and varied and come upon you so fast and furious that you are completely carried away by this attraction and fascination before you are aware that you have "got the fever."

In concluding this little article the writer feels constrained to sing the praises of those brilliant and painstaking gentlemen who have made stamp collecting as a delightful pastime possible. How many collectors of stamps—how many dealers in stamps would there be today if the wonderful catalogues and other books of reference compiled and written by great authorities and experts did not exist? Many sentiments are suppressed for one reason or another, but it is well to remember the truth of the maxim—"Let him who deserves the palm bear it."

X-MAS PRESENT.

Give the boy a copy of the X-Mas Number, and he will spend a Merry X-Mas. Give him one year's subscription, and a Merry X-Mas will last one whole year. Single copies 5 cents; 50 cents per year.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL

At less than half catalogue. Agents wanted. Any of the following sent prepaid for 25c: 500 U. S. Revenues, 2000 U. S. postage, 2000 foreign, 6000 hinges, 12 Confederate or 10 broken bank bills, 20 foreign coins, 10 old U. S. Coppers.

Selling catalogue 10c; buying catalogue 5c. A very large stock of valuable stamps and coins always on sale. Collections bought.

STAMP & COIN EXCHANGE,
61 Nassau St., New York City.

STAMPS 100 China, Java, etc. stamp dictionary and large list 2c. Agents 50%. Catalogue of stamps of all nations, illustrated, 10c. **A. BULLARD & CO.,**
446 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS 2c 100 Honduras, etc. album and catalogue, all for 2c. Agents 50%. Big Globe Album 10 cents. **HILL STAMP CO.,** So. End, Boston, Mass.

75% on Columbian Republic stamps. 18 varieties of unused and surcharged, value 83c, only 24c—100 var stamps, 500 hinges, 1 stamp catalogue, 1 stamp book, 2 varieties Cuba envelopes, 12 varieties U. S. and Canada revenues and 5 varieties S. Australia postage, all 32c. —Tobago* 2d env., Dom. Rep. '79, *1r and Colon. Rep. '08, *50 and *1p, all 19c.—*5 var Costa Rica '05, 5c—*5 var Mexico 1872 (R) 12c—100 damaged stamps, not suitable for sheets, 13c—Fine approvals 50%—Others 60 to 75%, depending on sales. Electric pocket lights given as presents for large sales. **W. C. WHITE,**
Box 187 B, Lewiston, Maine.

MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS

IS THE

"King of Stamp Papers."

Issued every Saturday, 8 large pages, 32 columns filled with the latest news about stamps and stamp collectors. Thousands of bargains every week. Official organ of the National, Boston, Chicago, and a dozen other stamp clubs. No stamp collector can afford to be without this paper.

6 MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS

If a NEW subscriber we offer you

Your Choice of These Premiums

FIRST—200 clean foreign stamps, all different. No postcards, revenues, envelopes, or other rubbish.

SECOND—The book "What Philately Teaches," by John W. Luff. A splendid work on Stamp Collecting, freely illustrated. Every Collector should have it.

THIRD—1000 peelable hinges, such as are usually sold at 15c per thousand. A fine hinge.

FOURTH—We have had made up some packets of stamps, all different, and all foreign. Catalogue value nearly \$3.00. Free with a 6 months subscription.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. WRITE TODAY.

Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News,
R 508 Kast Bdg., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW BOY.

ABOUT MATCH AND MEDICINE STAMPS.

BY CHARLES A. NAST, DENVER, COL.

I have been asked to say something on this subject for THE NEW BOY. It is not often one sees space taken up in the philatelic journals of the day with discussions about match and medicine stamps and there are very many good reasons for it.

In the first place few people possess anything like a large collection of them; secondly, they were issued years ago; there are no new issues coming out every few days, as there is of other kinds and countries; thirdly, the source of supply is being in a great measure exhausted; fourthly, a great many of these stamps catalogue at very high prices, and lastly, dealers have no stock of them to sell. Now all this together makes news items about them very scarce, hence we do not hear much about them, although they are listed in Scott's Catalogue right along.

Now I am going to point out a few things in their favor. First, they are very beautiful and more interest and history attaches to them than many other stamps much sought after. Again, a large number of them are listed very cheap, many at only five cents each. Hundreds of them catalogued at 10 and 20 cents and more can be bought at large discounts, and you have no idea how beautiful a few sheets of these will look in your album. You don't have a whole set of six, eight or ten stamps, all of the same design and color, and all looking alike except the numeral of value in the corners. And you don't see a whole series repeated with a minute change of design or a difference of color. No, indeed! The few series that do exist are short. As a rule the sizes and shapes and designs vary a great deal. The stamp itself either reflects the individual taste of the proprietor or it indicates in a great many instances the nature and use of the compound for which the tax brought it into existence.

For rarity of design, for beauty of engraving and execution, and for brilliancy of color nothing exceeds them in the stamp line. In the history of the world's emissions they are unique.

Under the head of "Match and Medicine" we include, of course, "perfumery" and "playing card" stamps.

Lately a new album has been issued called "Carter's U. S. Revenue Album," which sells at \$2.00 and which is an excellent book. I advise boys to get one. They will never regret it. It cost so much to produce this work, that no one will very soon have the courage to undertake another such task. Then again the wars which were the cause of these stamps coming out are all over, and there will not likely be any more revenues issued for years to come.

This album beside having spaces for all kinds of U. S. Revenues, has spaces and frames, with full instructions in each square, for every variety of match and medicine stamp ever issued, and there is just as much fun and pleasure in filling up one of these albums as there is in any other kind.

But now I am going to tell the boys how to go about filling up this book cheaply.

You boys who live in eastern cities no doubt know of drug stores that have

been doing business in the same place for years. Perhaps your family deals at one of these stores, if so, all the better. Go down to the druggist some evening when he is not very busy, and ask him to give you the stamps off the old bottles and packages. Many drug stores have lots of this old stuff stored away in closets and upper shelves, and sometimes in basements and cellars. Sometimes the medicine is so old they can't sell it. You know drug stores generally cannot sell patent medicines unless they are advertised and few of the firms who put up proprietary medicines forty years ago still exist.

Now right after the war all these people were compelled by law to put a tax stamp on each bottle or package at the rate of 1c for each 25c selling price. So if a bottle sold for \$1.50 or \$2.00 it had either a 6c or an 8c stamp on it.

The highest priced revenue of the first issue is the 6c orange Proprietary. This was used only on "Osgood's Indian Chologog." All the used specimens ever seen of these stamps are cancelled with the name of Charles Osgood in a circle with date. Later he used a great many of the 6c blue and violet of the 1873 issue (value \$50.00). You can afford to pay the price for this medicine if you find a bottle of it with the orange stamp on it.

Then another medicine was called "Swaines Panacea." It had a great big 6c orange stamp of very peculiar design, this is catalogued now at \$100. Wouldn't you like to find a few bottles of this stuff and pay \$1.50 per bottle?

But these are the great rarities, there are plenty of other good stamps still to be had which list at \$1.00 to \$10.00 each and I only mention the above, because a specimen of each was recently turned up in my town in a drug store I used to pass twice a day, but I never thought to go in and look.

I have a friend now who is a druggist, and he keeps on the look out for me, and although he gives me lots of cheap stamps, still the other day he handed me a 10c blue proprietary of the 1878 issue which lists at \$12.00 and it is the finest specimen I ever saw.

Every day these things are still turning up, and you boys ought to go right after them. Always take a few stamps along to show the clerk what you want, as they are sometimes supremely dense on the subject.

Although the 1c black "Dalleys Pain Extractor" was issued thirty five years ago, it is only recently that the difference in the two dies was discovered. One was printed "Price \$1.00" and the other "Price \$100." That little period, boys, made it read instead of one dollar, one hundred dollars; well that stamp lately sold for \$63.00 cash at an auction in Chicago.

And so I might keep on telling you about these things till I filled a book. All I have to say is get all you can. You can trade your duplicates for other stamps you need, and if you are lucky enough to find a great rarity you can sell it for a good price. The prices of these stamps are going up. Many collectors feel that it is too much to collect all the countries in the world, so they restrict themselves to several, and always, of course, their own country comes first, and what is more natural than to wish to do that well in all its departments.

So here is a chance boys to look for gold, and you don't have to have a pick and shovel and a wash pan, all you have to do is to "ask the man."

UNITED STATES STAMPS

Unused, full original gum, condition fine.
LOWEST PRICES ON EARTH.
 Every stamp off-red in this advertisement is priced below cost, some are

PRICED BELOW THEIR FACE VALUE.

1894 \$5.00 green, not watermark	\$4.85
1898 \$5.00 black, Columbian	4.85
1898 \$4.00 lake, Columbian	3.85
1898 \$5.00 green, Columbian	2.90
1898 \$2.00 brown red, Columbian	1.95
1898 1c to 5c set of 16, face \$10.50, Columbian	15.95
1898 2c camellia, imperforate, block of 4	4.00
1898 90c purple	cat pr. \$3.00 net 1.85
1898 2c orange brown	.65, " 40
1879 30c black	" 2.00, " 75
1887 1c blue, embossed 11x19	" 3.00, " 3.10
1851 2c red, imperforate	" 1.50, " 1.0
War, 2c dull vermilion	" 1.50, " 25
1874, 12c purple, used	" .50, " 15
Justice, 6c purple, used	" 1.0, " 80
Navy, 12c blue, used	" 2.00, " 35
Post Office, 9c black, used	" 2.00, " 65
Treasury, 7c brown, used	" 1.50, " 40
War, 30c rose, used	" .50, " 10

Scott Stamp & Coin Co's latest (1906) Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue post free 61 cents.
 Please remit by Bills or P. O. Money Order.

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 3 Savin Street, Roxbury, Mass.

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My approval sheets contain a fine line of stamps marked 10 per cent. to 60 per cent. below current catalogue prices and I allow 50 per cent. discount from marked prices.

Agents make big sales from my sheets.

Collectors save money buying from my sheets. Send reference for a trial selection stating about what priced stamps you want and I will send you a selection that will please you and also send you absolutely free 10 beautiful Australian stamps catalogued at 30 cents.

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Wanted for Cash.

FRANK MCCHESENEY, ELKTON, MD.

China 10c green

Free to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 5%
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Costa Rica, 1892, comp (cat. \$2.81) 75c; 10 sets \$8.00	
" " 1, 2, 5p (cat \$1.05) 30c; 10 sets 1.25	
" " 1, 2, 5p (cat \$1.05) 30c; 10 sets 1.25	
* Venezuela, 1901, 5c to 20c (cat \$1) set	32
* Guatemala, 1897, 11 var. (cat \$1.71) 50c; 10 sets 3.25	
N. Borneo, 1893, 9 var. (cat \$1.88) 4c; 10 sets 2.25	
* Peru, 1886, in brown (cat. 30c) 12c; 10 for	80
" " 1894, 5c green (cat. 40c) 10c; per 10	75
* Leeward Is., 1880, 1/2 to 7p, set	65
" " 1880, 1/2 to 5h, set	2.50
Belgium P. P., 1862, 4 var. (cat. 6c) 20c; 10 sets	80
" " 6 var. (cat. 20c) 10c; 10 sets	40
Paraguay, 1901-5, 1c, 2 var., per 100	40
Approval sheets 50% below cat. Ref. required.	
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 Tasmania, 1900, (Picture) 1 and 2p, cat. 9c..... .08
 Netherlands, 12 var., cat 17c..... .08
 Guatemala, 4 var., cat. 18c..... .04
 Portugal, 10 var..... .04
 Australia, 20 var..... .10
 Cuba, 6 var., cat. 19..... .04
 Salvador, 1903, 5 var., 1c to 10c..... .08
 China, 1898, 1/2 to 50c, cat 74c..... .30
 Mexico, late issues, 10 var..... .08
 Mexico, 1861, 3 var. unused..... .08

Postage extra. Price list free. My approval selections at 50% are as good as any on the market. Do you want a trial selection? Send reference. I buy stamp collections, duplicates, etc.
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105 VARIETIES

USED AND UNUSED STAMPS

Including Corea (soon to be out of use), India, Portugal, Japan, Russia, Australia, Philippines, etc., \$1 and \$2 U. S. Revenues, 250 Faultless hinges, and 5 entire postal cards all for 10 cents in silver and 2 cent stamp for postage.

CHAS. A. TOWNSEND,
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**PRICE LIST
OF THE
STAMPS OF BOLIVAR**

1888 ISSUE WHITE, WOVE PAPER

	EACH
5c Blue.....	7c
10c Lilac.....	4c
20c Red.....	8c
40c Brown.....	10c
80c Green.....	20c
1p Orange.....	35c
Complete Set, 6 varieties.....	76c

1879 ISSUE, WHITE WOVE PAPER,

	EACH
5c Blue.....	5c
10c Violet.....	12c
20c Red.....	20c
40c Brown.....	30c
Complete Set, 4 varieties.....	80c

1879 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	5c
10c Violet.....	12c
20c Red.....	20c
40c Brown.....	30c
Complete Set, 4 vars., scarce.....	65c

1880 ISSUE, WHITE WOVE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	10c
10c Violet.....	7c
20c Red.....	8c
40c Brown.....	10c
Set, 4 vars., scarce.....	32c

1880 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	10c
20c Red.....	40c
40c Brown.....	45c
Set of 3 varieties.....	85c

1882 ISSUE, WHITE WOVE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	8c
10c Lilac.....	4c
20c Red.....	8c
40c Brown.....	18c
80c Green.....	80c
1p Orange.....	45c
Complete Sets, 6 varieties.....	1.50

5p Blue and Rose, large.....	90c
10p Brown and Blue, large.....	1.10
Set of 2.....	1.90
Same Imperforated per set of 2.....	3.25

1884 ISSUE.

5c Blue.....	12c
10c Lilac.....	4c
20c Red.....	8c
40c Brown.....	12c
80c Green.....	20c
1p Orange.....	35c
Complete Set, 6 varieties.....	1.00

1885 ISSUE.

5c Blue.....	7c
10c Lilac.....	4c
20c Red.....	12c
40c Brown.....	12c
80c Green.....	25c
1p Orange.....	40c
Complete Set, 6 varieties.....	1.00

On orders for a complete set of the 8 issues 10% discount will be allowed.

Besides the above there are also a limited number that are imperforated of the following, which I will furnish at the prices quoted:

1879 ISSUE, WHITE PAPER.

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--------------	-----

1879 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

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20c Red.....	1.40
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1880 ISSUE, WHITE PAPER.

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--------------	-----

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UNITED STATES, 1851, 3c; 1857, 3c; 1861, 3c; 1867, 3c; 1869, 3c; 1870, 2c; 1873, 2c, 3c; 1875, 2c; 1879, 1c, 2c, 3c, 6c, 10c; 1882, 1c, 3c, 5c, 10c; 1883, 4c; 1888, 4c, 5c; 1890, 3c, 4c, 5c, 8c, 10c; 1893, 4c, 5c, 10c; 1895, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c; 1896, 4c, 5c, 6c, 10c; Omaha, 1c, 2c; 1911, 1c, 2c; 1902, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c; Special Delivery, 1814 1895, 1902; Unpaid, 1891, 1c, 2c; 1895, 1c, 2c, 3c, 10c; Telegrams—W U, 1889-1900; Postal Telegraph, 1900 1901; Official, magenta, 1900; Civil War Revenues, 2c Bank Check, blue, 2c Bank Check, orange, 5c Certificate, 5c Inland Exchange, 10c Certificate, 10c Contract, 10c Inland Exchange, 20c Inland Exchange, 25c Certificate, 25c Insurance, 25c Power of Attorney, 50c Courthouse, 50c Mortgage, 50c Original Process, \$1 Foreign Exchange, \$1 Inland Exchange; Second Issue, 2c, 10c, 25c, 50c; 1896 Proprietary, 1/2c, 1/2c, 1/2c, 1/2c; Documentary, 1/2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c; \$1, 1c, 2c; Internal Revenue Alexandria, French, 1899, 1c Anjouan, French, 1872, 1c, 2c Angola, 1881, 2c Angra, 1896, 2 1/2c, 5c Argentine Republic, 1877, 8c; 1880, 1/2c; 1890, 2c, 5c; 1892, 1/2c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 12c; 1899, 1/2c, 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c. Austria, 1840, 3k, 6k, 9k; 1848, 5k, 15k; 1861, 5k, 10k, 15c; 1861, 5k, 15k; 1883, 20k; 1890, 1k, 12k, 15k, 1891, 20k, 24k, 30k, 50k; 1900, 2h, 6h, 1g; Unpaid, 1893, 3k, 5k, 10k; 1910, Unpaid, *1h, 1900, *1h, *2h. Austria Levant, 1867, 10c; 1890, 10 on 8; 1890, 1 on 10; 1900, 1 on 25. Lombardy Venice, 1851, 15c; 1878, 5s; 1883, 5s Azores, 1876, *2 1/2 live Baden, 1894, 3k. Barbados, 1882, 1/2d, 1d; 1892, 1/2d Bavaria, 1862, 3k; 1870, 3k; 1881, 1mk; 1885, 25pf; 1890, 25pf, 50pf; 1910, 30pf, 4pf; Unpaid, 1881, 10pf Bermuda, 1881, 1d; 1901, *11 on 1s Belgium, 1861, 10c, 20c; 1864, 20c; 1896, 10c, 20c; 1870, 2c; 1875, 20c; 1881, 10c; 1896, 5c, 10c; Postal Packet, 1892, 50c; 1895, 50c. Bolivia, 1891, *1c; 1899, *1c; 1901, 1c. Bosnia, 1879, 3k, 5k, 10k, 15k; 1901, *1k, 2k, 5k, 10k. Brazil, 1898, 100r; 1888, 100r; 1890, 200r; 1891, 10r, 20r, 100r, 200r, 300r; 1900, 50r, 100r, 200r. British Guiana, 1889, 2c, 1c green. Bulgaria, 1886, 1c; 1889, 10c, 15c, 25c; 1895, 1 on 2; 1896, 1c; 1901, 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, 15c; Unpaid, 1896, 5c. Canada, 1882, 1/2c, 2c; 1892, 8c; 1897, Jubilee, 3c; 1897, 1/2c, 1c, 3c, 5c; 1898, 1/2c, 5c; Map, 2c lavender, 2c blue; Register, 5c. Canton, French, 1901, 1c Cape of Good Hope, 1885, 1/2d; 1898, 1d Ceylon, 1883, 2c; 1886, 5c; 1900, 2c; 1895, service, 5c. China, 1898, 1/2c, 1c, 2c. Chili, 1847, 5c; 1878, 2c, 5c; 1885, 5c, 10c, 20c; 1891, 1c, 2c; 1900, 5c, 10c; 1902, 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c; Telegraph, 1894, 2c, 10c, 2c.

Send for a complete list, or upon receipt of a cash deposit or best reference we will send these on approval and you can select what you wish and return balance. They are arranged alphabetically and very easy to go over. FREE—Our large price list of sets, single stamps, packets, etc.

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5000 varieties, unused and used at, 50% discount.

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SOUVENIR CARDS.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Argentina, S. America.

I have before me some cards from the set issued by the Argentine Republic on May 23rd, of the year 1908, in honor of the visit of a Chilean embassy to the Argentine capital. This visit was of such importance as to justify the issue of a special card because it consummated the settlement by arbitration of the long-pending dispute between the two republics concerning certain territory in the Andes, which difficulty not long ago almost involved the two countries in war. The stamp—a very large one, at the left of the card shows two ideal female figures symbolizing the two republics; the two Coats of Arms are at their feet, while in the foreground appears the harbor of Buenos Ayres and the Andes tower in the distance. The back of the cards shows views from the disputed territory; there are 23 different ones, but only a few are before me.

One shows a certain Crest of a much traversed pass of the Andes, and travelers on donkeys are seen along the way-side. A second view shows the famous chain of Cordilleras mountains in the Province of Mendoza,—better known as the Cordilleras de los Andes. Mendozalies south of San Juan and east of Chile. It was the point where Sans Martin made his celebrated march over the Andes on March 20th, 1861.

Mendoza was entirely destroyed by an earthquake some time ago in which 18,900 perished, only 1,900 reviving. The main chain of the Andes was created by upheaval at some remote date, but no one can say when it occurred or how long it took. It may be of a year, or was spread over thousands of years. A third view shows the mountain chain Cordon de los Tobas in the Province Chubut of Arg, also the famous Mount Aconcagua, the giant of Arg, which was first climbed in 1886 by the Fitz Gerald party from England, and two years later by Sir William Conway. It is probable that they would not have reached the top if they had not been accompanied by Swiss guides.

Much of the credit for the conspicuous ascents in recent years is due to these professional mountain climbers. Aconcagua is counted as the highest peak of South America, although Sir Wm. Conway is of the opinion that Sorata overtops it by at least several hundred feet. This distinction cannot be given to the latter mountain, until it is shown that it is the culminating point of South America.

Another card shows another mountain scene of the Andes, the Recuerdo del Lago Nahuel Huapi, at the foot of which are seen a party of ascenders.

Still another shows a view of a mountain in Mendoza, the Calaversa—a very high chain, snow covered and picturesque to look at.

Riga, Russia, on Cards.

We will now see some of the fine sights of Riga, the seaport of Russia, situated on the Duema, on new cards. Our first view shows the Riga cathedral, which is said to contain the largest pipe organ in

the world, having 6826 pipes, with a gas engine of 4 horse-power. St Peter's church, with its beautiful tower of 440 feet high, graces one card as well as the castle, built by the Master of the Knights of Sword, Walter von Plettenberg.

Still another view is one showing the noted Votive chapel, erected on the spot where Alexander was killed. It is built in a beautiful Russian style of architecture.

Next, we see a granite column erected in commemoration of the defeat of Napoleon I. Some of Riga's finest streets and buildings come to our eye as well as older streets which still preserves its Hanseatic features—high storehouses and narrow winding streets.

The Bastei place is one street which shows the old Powder magazine. Most of these scenes depict Riga as it appears by night, being illuminated cards.

Various park scenes are from the parks, "Wohrman's," and the "Kayserlich" park, and the sea-bathing resorts of Bilderlingshof.

Other cards show the theatre, a fine structure built in greek style. The streets shown are Elizabeth street, and the Bastei Place, the Market Places and other squares.

Boys—Join our Souvenir Post Card Club and receive cards from all over the world. Six handsome cards in colors and list of collectors 10c. **UNIVERSAL SOUVENIR EXCHANGE,** Rossmoyne, Ohio.

BOYS MAKE MONEY

by selling Christmas and New Years Post Cards to your friends. Send 10 or 25 cents for samples.

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\$80,000.00 IN ONE YEAR

The U. S. Agricultural Department states that \$1 per pound is frequently paid for Mushrooms and that two pounds can be grown on one square foot of surface. At this rate, an acre of surface would produce \$80,000.00 in less than one year. Send for a free copy of my 50 page book on Ginseng, Golden Seal and Mushrooms and learn how you can make thousands of dollars from small garden space. Don't fail to send for this free book. **ARTHUR C. THOMPSON,** Dept. 212, Thompson Building, Scranton Pa.

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30 Day offer. 12 article Secretary outfit complete, Fountain Pen, Nickle Penholder, Automatic Pencil and 8 Leads, Glass Penholder, 6 Golding Pens, Package Ink Powder. \$2.00 value 25c, and 10 names and addresses. **HART, HADDON & CO.,** Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

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Stamps Free

100 Hamburg, etc., catalogued over \$1.00 free. Also big book on stamps. If possible send names of two collectors. Agents **LEE STAMP COMPANY,** Station A, Boston, Mass.



LUCKY OLD SHOES Two shoes on a pin, two pins by mail 10c, stamps or coin, or 45c for one dozen. Shell scarf pin 10c; one dozen 50c. **J. F. POWELL,** Waukegan, Ill.

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100 all different stamps—1000 hinges—1 dime Album—1 Millimetre Scale—all for 12c.
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400 all diff. stamps—1 Imperial Album—1000 hinges—1 Col'rs Cat.—1 mil. scale—1 pocket stamp book—1 \$5 Confederate Bill—all for \$1.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

1000 all different stamps mounted—1 \$1.50 International Album—1 Scott's 1903 Catalogue—1000 hinges—1 millimeter scale—\$5, \$10 Confederate bill—1 Japanese stamp book—1 pocket stamp book.—This is an exceptional offer and will

only be held open till Christmas. Write soon if you wish one—Can be shipped later if you wish. Price for the entire lot \$5.

Express 25c extra.

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One Cent Sets
7 Austria 1890
2 Belgium P P.
2 Br. Guiana
8 Cape of G. H.
8 Egypt
5 France
5 Italy
10 Netherlands
4 Queensland
2 Tasmania
2 Turkey
5 U. S. '98 Rev.
2 Venezuela
2 Victoria
2 Venezuela
5 Brazil
8 China
2 Paraguay
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Two Cent Sets
2 Foochow
2 Inhambane
2 Leewards
3 Shanghai
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2 Tasmania 1900
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5 Finland
8 Ecuador

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2 Dhar
2 Duttia
2 Gibraltar
2 Hawaii
2 Holkar
3 Horta
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2 Lagos
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2 Sirmoor

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10 Germany 1902 2m, cat 8c 10c
10 Bavaria 1900 80pf, cat 8c 12c
10 Austria Unpaid 1900 20h, cat 8c 8c
10 Am. Rapid Tel. 20c, cat 8c 5c
10 Hayti 1904 1c, cat 2c 5c
10,000 hinges 40c
10,000 large peelable hinges 80c
10 millimetre scales 25c

10 sets Guatemala 1886, 4 var, cat 50c a set 50c
10 sets Chili Tel. 3 var 10c
10 sets Guatemala 1902, 4 var 15c
10 sets Nicaragua official 1890, 4 var 25c
10 blank approval books 15c
50 blank sheets 10c
10 dime albums 25c

DEALERS STOCKS

10c STOCK—1000 hinges, 5 blank sheets, 1 approval book, 1 100 variety packet, 1 millimetre scale, 1 Confederate bill. Retail value 33c, postage 2c extra.

des, 2000 peelable hinges, 10 millimetre scales, 3000 mixed stamps, 100 blank approval sheets, 10 extra heavy approval sheets, 10 blank approval books, 3 40 var U. S., 2 100 var U. S., 2 50 var unused stamps, 1 stamp button. Retail value \$5.50, postage 10c extra.

50c STOCK—2000 hinges, 10 blank sheets, 3 appr. books, 5 millimetre scales, 2 100 var packets, 100 stamps to sell at 1c each, 1000 mixed foreign, 2 Confederate bills, 10 return blanks, 1 pocket stock book, 1 collectors cat. Retail value \$2.35, postage 10c extra.

\$5 STOCK—10 50 var packets, 10 100 var packets, 3 150 var packets, 3 200 var packets, 1 300 var packets, 10 000 die cut hinges, 3000 peelable hinges, 10 millimetre scales, 100 blank approval sheets, 50 better approval sheets, 25 blank approval books, 1 No. stock book, 5 dime albums, 5 board cover albums, 1 Imperial album, 3 No. 6 stock books, 100 appr sheet return blanks, 5 50 var U. S., 5 100 var U. S., 5000 mixed stamps, 2000 mixed U. S. stamps, 2 stamp buttons. Retail value \$10.50, express 25c extra.

\$1 STOCK—5 50 var packets, 5 100 var packets, 1 150 var packets, 5000 die cut hinges, 10 millimetre scales, 1000 mixed stamps, 50 blank approval sheets, 10 blank approval books, 2 50 var U. S., 2 100 var U. S., 1 stamp button. Retail value \$2.90, postage 5c extra.

\$2 STOCK—10 50 var packets, 5 100 var packets, 2 150 var packets, 2 200 var packets, 1 300 var packet, 5000 die cut hinges.

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Stamps Free

A set of Venezuela 1896 Map Stamps, Cat. 42c for the names of two Collector Friends and 2c Postage.



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West Indian Packet—Contains 35 stamps. Price 25 cents. Includes Curacao, Trinidad, Guadeloupe, Jamaica Official, etc. Price 25c. Packet No. 58.

1000 Var. Packet—Contains 1000 stamps. Price \$4. Contains 1000 stamps from all over the World mounted on sheets. Many new issues, cat from \$16-\$20. Price \$4. Packet No. 27.

Cent. Amer. Packet—Contains 25 stamps. Price 25c. Includes Honduras, Central America, Salvador, etc. A packet of pretty stamps. Price 25c. Order by number. Packet No. 20.

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FIRST U. S. COINS.

The treasurer of the United States just redeemed two half cent pieces. This is the first time in the history of the country that any such coins have been presented for redemption. It is more than a century since the first half cent piece was coined, and it is nearly fifty years since the government discontinued minting them.

Possibly not one person in a thousand now living in the United States ever saw a half cent piece.

The last annual report of the director of the mint, shows that 7,896,222 of these coins, representing \$39,476 11, were issued. For almost half a century each annual report of the Treasury Department has included them among the "outstanding" obligations of the government.

The half cent piece was the coin of the smallest denomination ever made by this country. It enjoys the distinction also of being the first coin issued and also the first whose denomination was discontinued. The United States mint was established in 1792 and copper half cents and cents were issued in 1793. Half the total number of half cents were coined previous to 1810, after which year their coinage, with few exceptions was limited. None was coined for circulation from 1812 to 1825, nor from 1836 to 1848. Finally, in 1857, their coinage, with that of the big copper cent, was discontinued. On account of their limited issue in the last years of their coinage they practically had disappeared from the channels of trade.

The needs of adopting the half cent as the lowest value computing factor for a coin were made in the early days of the republic. Colonial half cents and British farthings of the same commercial value were then in circulation, and many articles were priced and sold in half-cents. With the progress of the nation values rose and the needs for a half cent disappeared, and their use following the first decade of the century was almost entirely confined to multiples.

While all other discontinued types and denominations of United States coin have found oblivion, the half cent is the only one of which the treasury reports do not record some portion of the issue redeemed. This singular and unexplained fact has been one of frequent comment and inquiry from mint and treasury official.

Large quantities of half cents are to be found in the stocks of coin dealers. The most common dates are sold at a good premium (20c) and the extremely rare ones are worth their weight in gold.

\$.0001.

The smallest coin in actual circulation is a sort of wafer made from a resinous

juice and used by the natives of the Malay peninsula. It has a value of one ten-thousandth of a cent.

The smallest metal coin is the Portuguese three reis piece, worth six-twenty-fifths of a cent, while the smallest English coin is a Gibraltar piece, the five millesima, worth one-quarter of a cent. There has been put into use in the canal zone a small silver coin worth about one penny, and this is probably the smallest silver piece ever coined.

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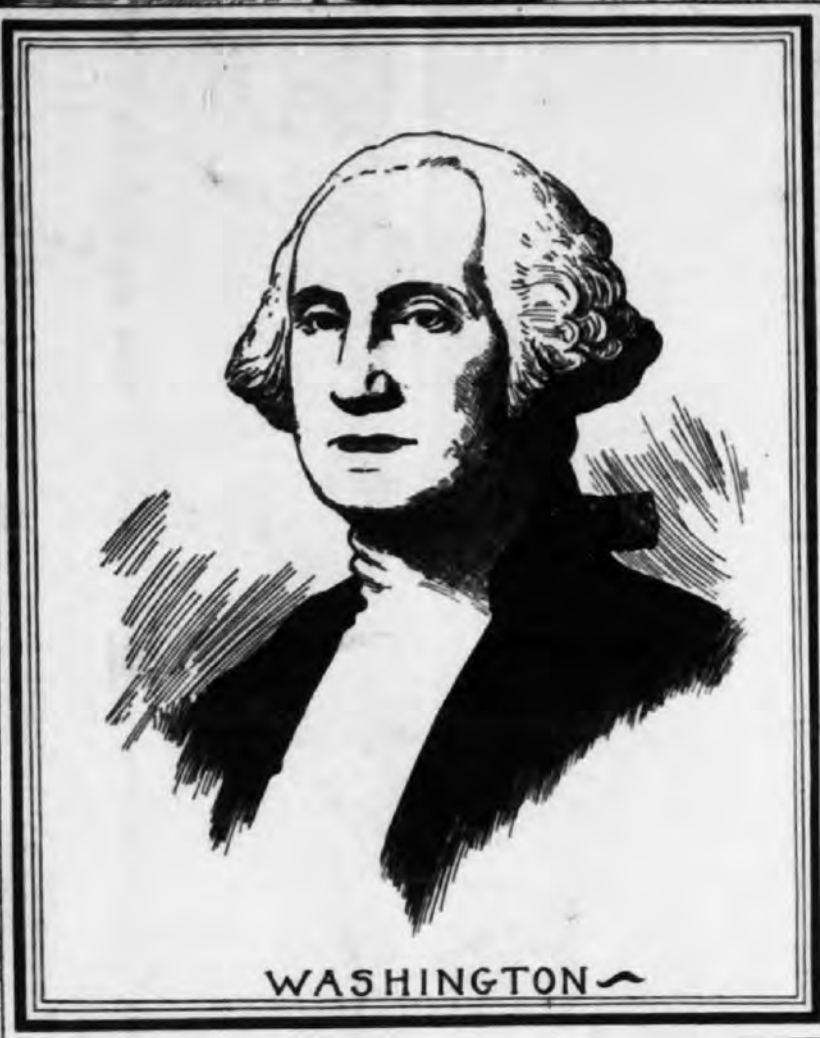
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No. 10. FEBRUARY, 1906. Vol. I.

Without any desire to criticize the author, or the many persons who in public are quoting this sentimental saying, "The boy of today is the man of tomorrow," or even going very deep into argument about it—as every boy knows the evident truth of it, as well as he knows that the day after Monday is Tuesday—I will use it in a reverse way i. e., the men of today are the boys of yesterday, so that we may take some lessons from it, and at the same time answer the author and quoters in such a way that they will understand that the new boy of today is not easily susceptible to flattery or led by sentiment. It is quite natural that all boys admire heroes and doers of great and glorious things. There have been many men in this generation who have been admired, lauded to the sky and emanated. Great corporations, institutions, societies have been honored by their names appearing in their list of directors, the boys idealized them—suddenly one of these men steps out in the open and expresses the hypocrisy, the dishonesty and selfishness of many of them. The investigations that are going on now are teaching the boy of today that the men of today have no sense of honor of country, of home nor of their individual selves, they have been so long fooling the people that they think themselves impervious to all attacks. However, they have learned the truth of that expression of our Abraham Lincoln about fooling the people all the time, and remorse and all the misery that follows it is now their lot. They do not consider the future of the boy of today.

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A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

NUMBER 10.

OUR COVER DESIGN

GEORGE WASHINGTON

WE wish to call the attention of the readers of *THE NEW BOY* to the special design we publish for the cover this month, drawn by our artist, Mr. H. J. Hasselbauer.

We do so for the reason that it not only makes an attractive cover, but it affords a source of study to most of our young readers.

In the centre of the design is the head of Washington, drawn after the famous painting by Stuart, and around his head are some of the incidents of his life, which, handed down to us, makes him the famous man, soldier, and patriot that he was.

The first drawing shows the plain old-fashioned dwelling of the time, in which Washington was born. The house does not exist any more, but a slab of stone still marks the spot. The well known story of the cherry tree is the subject of the second sketch, and is too well known to need further comment.

The third picture shows young George astride of a vicious colt, which had grown almost to maturity unbroken. It had such a fierce and ungovernable nature that it was generally believed he could not be tamed, but one morning George managed to put the bit in his mouth, and leaped on his back. The angered beast rushed madly around the field, and struggled vainly to dislodge his youthful rider. Finally making a last desperate effort the colt burst a blood-vessel, and fell, dying, to the ground.

When George told his mother afterwards how it happened, she said cheer-

fully,—“It is well, but while I regret the loss of my favorite animal, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.”

The next drawing shows Washington in his 19th year, when he was employed as a surveyor by Lord Fairfax, who always thought the most of him, and gave him the most difficult tasks to perform, knowing well that the work would be done the best the young surveyor knew how.

Most of our readers know how Washington in the Revolutionary War, after crossing the Delaware River, and routing the British and their Hessian followers out of Trenton, immediately repaired to Princeton, where, at the head of his soldiers, he drove the enemy on before him, and succeeded in gaining a decided victory for his country. This was one of the earlier battles of the Revolution, and Washington knew well that there was an almost unaccomplishable task before him in saving his country, but that he did attain his object, was all owing to his strength of mind, the knowledge when to fight and when to retreat, and the grand statesmanship he showed throughout the whole period, and when he fired off the first gun at the British works at Yorktown, the closing battle of the Revolution followed immediately by the surrender of Cornwallis, you can almost imagine what countless thoughts mounted into the head of Washington, and how his breast heaved when he felt that the object he had been fighting and suffering so many years for had been so gloriously attained, and that he succeeded in getting freedom for his beloved land.

Then, as the last drawing shows, follows the time when the people as a whole, rose in their patriotic eagerness and earnest desire to have Washington still at their head, and he was called from his quiet home from Mount Vernon to take the oath of office as the first President.

His whole journey to New York City was one long triumphal march, attended by the ringing of bells, the boom of cannon, and the shouts of a joyous multitude.

When he arrived at Elizabethport, N. J., a committee of both houses of Congress awaited him.

Here he went on board of a splendid barge, manned by thirteen pilots in white uniform. As he passed through, other boats fell in line. The vessels in the Harbor dressed ship, and fired salute as the General's barge approached them.

Amid the ringing of bells, the crash of artillery, and the shouts of the people, Washington landed at the foot of Wall Street, New York, where he was met and received by Governor Clinton, General Knox and Chancellor Livingstone.

The inauguration took place at the old City Hall on Wall St., where Livingstone administered the oath on the balcony of the building. Washington, laying his hand upon the Bible presented to him, took the oath, and bending reverentially kissed the book. Livingstone then stepped forward, and raising his hand, exclaimed,

“Long live George Washington,
President of the United States.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

On the 12th of the present month, we celebrated the anniversary of the birth of one of our noblest Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, and a few words about his boyhood would not be amiss. Furthermore, it would be a very good idea for our readers to look up the subject of his life, and go deeper into the accounts of the days when Lincoln was just an ordinary back woods boy, chopping wood, running errands and doing other things that boys of his age did at that time.

Lincoln went to school only a few weeks in Kentucky, the state in which he was born, but when they moved to Indiana his mother sent him to a school, where, in addition to the ordinary simple branches of education, was also taught "manners." One scholar would be introduced by another, while walking around the log schoolroom, to all the boys and girls, and taught to bow properly and otherwise acquire the ordinary courtesies of life.

Abraham distinguished himself in spelling, which has always been a favorite object for competition in rural America, and he soon began to write original articles, though composition formed no part of the studies.

It was characteristic of the boy that his first essays were against cruelty to animals. His mates were in the habit of catching land turtles, and putting live coals on their backs to make them walk, which greatly annoyed Abraham. All who knew him, in boyhood or in later life, bear witness that his tenderness was equal to his calm courage and tremendous physical strength.

At the age of sixteen Abraham had almost attained the height, which he

afterwards reached of six feet four inches.

He was very dark, his skin was shrivelled even in boyhood by constant exposure, and he habitually wore low shoes, a woolen shirt, a cap made from the skin of a raccoon, and buckskin breeches, which were invariably about twelve inches



too short for him. When not working for his father he was hired out as a farm-laborer to the neighbors. While working he laughed, told stories and cracked jokes, and his leisure moments he passed in hard study or reading. He would study arithmetic at night by the light of the fire, and cipher with a piece of coal on the wooden shovel or a board. When

this was full, he would shave it off with his father's knife, and begin again.

Young Lincoln made it a point to attend not only religious, but political meetings, and the next day he mounted the stump of a tree and repeated with great accuracy what he had heard. He could even mimic with great skill the tones of the different orators and also their gestures and facial expressions.

Anything like cruelty to man or beast would always inspire him to an original address, in which he would preach vigorously against inflicting pain, and whenever he spoke an audience was sure to assemble. His wit and humor, his inexhaustible fund of stories, and above all, his kind heart, made him everywhere a favorite.

There are many incidents narrated of his honesty towards customers, when he was clerk at the polls during an election—of his strict integrity in trifles—his bravery when the weak were annoyed by bullies—and of his prowess against a gang of ruffians who infested and ruled the town. He is said to have more than once walked several miles after business hours to return six cents, or some equally trifling sum, when he had been overpaid. All these several instances of his boyhood combined in making him the grand and noble President, beloved by his people, and mourned by the whole world, when he died by the hand of his assassin.

Boys of the present time should follow the example of young Lincoln, and try to model after him as best they can. By doing so, they will be, like him, truthful, fearless, charitable, kind and honest.

FORTY MILES HIGH IN A BALLOON.

OR THE BOLD AERIAL ADVENTURERS.

Slaughter of the Apaches. Fighting Fierce Wolves and more Indians. Arrived at Fort Safety. The Brilliant Reception. Fight with the Train Wreckers. Fazy Marks.

SECOND CHAPTER.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMB DIN. Illustrated by H. J. HASSELBAUER.

(This story began in the January issue.

New subscribers will receive that number free).

But our heroes, divining their intentions, rained deadly hand grenades upon them. They fell upon them like murderous hail. Many of the Indians had their whole heads blown off. Others were blown to pieces. Canisters of shot could hardly have done greater execution. The ground looked like a battle field after the carnage and a vast slaughter pen combined.

The balloon was now about an eighth of a mile from the ground. Our heroes were relentless and inviting. Their faces,

usually so calm and placid, now seemed to flash fire as did their rifles. They did not look like the same persons. They seemed like fiends incarnate—the terrible and resistless aerial avengers of the West.

"Mow them down! Mow them down! Let none escape! The cowardly murderers of women and children," they said.

The horrible balloon hovered over the savages like a pitiless Nemesis. Being no woods or shelter near, there was no escape. At last some of the Indians knowing that certain death was their portion, showed fight. They fired at our boys and came near "putting them to sleep." For one of the bullets went through the rim of Horace's hat. Another bullet went through the right sleeve

of Fred's coat. But the most audacious leaden missile of all was one that knocked a Colt's revolver out of Horace's hand just as he was about to blaze away. The Redskin who did it yelled in triumph, thinking he had killed or wounded his man. But brief was his triumph, for quietly catching up another pistol, Horace sent a leaden souvenir that went wallowing through the brain of the barbarian. They gleaned off every straggler till not an Indian stood erect.

They let out some of the gas and descended to terra firma. Had a fierce cyclone and tornado struck the place the destruction could not have been more complete. The deadly work done by the hand grenades and dynamite bomb shells

baffles description. Men were literally blown to pieces. Some with their heads off, others with their legs and arms torn asunder. The place looked like a grave yard with the graves opened and the bodies scattered around.

As they were walking along, Fred a little ahead, he heard a pistol shot. Quickly turning around, he saw Horace with a smoking revolver in his hand.

"Well," he said, "I just saved your life then by a hair's breadth. That rascally Indian over there, who was wounded, had drawn a bead on you. In another second he would have fixed you, but I laid him low, with a bullet in his thick skull."

"Thanks, awfully much, old boy," answered Fred, "you saved my life. But let's see to the poor women and children."

They were found about a quarter of a mile away tied to the stake with under-bush and wood piled about them, ready to be burned, but the torch had not been applied, owing to the advent of the balloonists. These people being behind a hillock were not harmed by the exploding bomb shells and other missiles rained upon the Indians.

The captives were quickly released and given food and water by their deliverers. The group consisted of ten women, eight small children, and four big boys. The latter were aged respectively seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty years. The balloonists hunted around and found some horses and wagons that the Indians had captured from the settlers. They put the women and children in the wagons and the four boys acted as drivers. They found that the wagons were well stocked with provisions. They were one hundred miles from the nearest settlement or government fort and the route thereto was infested with the red imps. To thus set these people adrift was to invite destruction. The poor people were in despair, but our heroes knew exactly what to do. They told them to go ahead and that they, Fred and Horace, would hover over them in the balloon, thus acting as a body guard.

"If any of those red imps try so much as to harm a hair of your head," said Horace, "it will be sure death to them," and his face glowed with fury as he talked. "Now go ahead, and don't be afraid of anything," he said. "Remember we are near."

At which injunction the four stalwart boys mounted the wagons, cracked their whips and the teams moved along at a good rate. The women and children had been snugly packed away in the wagons, indeed some of the dear chubby little babes were asleep on their mothers' breasts. These four boys knew the way to the settlement and were all heavily armed with repeating rifles.

Our heroes got in their balloon, detached the ropes from the big rocks, threw out some sand ballast and soon were mounting skyward. They struck, as luck would have it, a placidly moving current of air blowing in the same direction as that of the teams. They were up about two miles high. Thus they continued going, keeping each other in sight.

After they had thus proceeded for about two hours the people in the moving caravan could hear far off in the distance the savage and merciless war cry of another band of bloodthirsty Apaches. Gradually it sounded louder and louder. They knew what it meant. Sure death unless they were delivered.

"Heaven save us!" they cried among themselves. "Perhaps the balloonists do

do not see the red fiends." But our boys had seen them.

With their strong telescopes they were continually scouring the country for miles around. The fiercest eagle eyes were not near so keen as theirs. They could not forget those dear little cherub faces of the children, or the helplessness and weakness of the women. Nothing should harm them if they could help it. They would willingly sacrifice their lives for them if necessary. In fact long before the poor people had heard those savage yells, our boys had seen the Indians. On, on the red skins came yelling like so many maniacs. The balloonists quickly descended to within one half mile of the Earth. The savages had not yet seen them, not bothering themselves about looking upward being too intent upon their supposed prizes.

At last the savages were directly under the balloon. There they halted a few minutes to make preparations for the assault, as they considered the capture certain. But the boys dropped two dynamite bomb shells upon them that came

they were overtaken by nightfall. It was very cloudy and foggy. No moon or stars could be seen. The settlers were afraid to light any fires, dreading to attract the Indians. The darkness increased till it was black as ink. They stopped to rest for the night. The poor people in the wagons could hear the yelping, hungry wolves, as the sounds got nearer and nearer. They could also hear the savage war cry of other Indians far off in the distance. The wolves had found them before the redskins. There must have been two hundred of the fierce beasts. They completely surrounded the little band. The people were in a quandary. They did not know what to do. If they made fires it was true it might keep the wolves away to a great extent, but the lights would attract the Indians. Whereas if there were no lights the balloonists could not locate them. As they could not afford to lose their deliverers they therefore concluded to run the risk and trust to Providence for the results. Accordingly a lantern was hung outside of each wagon. The wolves by this time



"They dropped some dynamite bombshells upon the savages, that came down like meteors."

down like meteors. When they struck the earth they exploded with the noise of dull, sullen, savage thunder. They burst into smotherings scattering death and destruction among the wretches.

They were in a panic and did not know which way to turn. But before the bomb shells struck the ground, Horace and Fred rained down on them a perfect storm of lead from their guns and rifles. The consternation was complete. The Indians threw away their guns and tried to escape in any direction. As they passed the caravan the four big boys opened fire on them with their repeating rifles. They mowed down the bloodthirsty Apaches. Safe in their balloon perch our terrible aerial avengers continued to blaze away till every savage bit the dust. The whole band was exterminated. They were one hundred strong. Now they were one hundred weak and dead. The journey was resumed as before. After they had progressed about fifteen miles,

had grown fiercer and bolder. They sniffed around the wagons, and their hungry eyes glowed like coals of fire. The people thought that if they fired upon them it would attract the Indians, but as they did not want to be torn to pieces by the wolves, they would take the chances. Guiding their aim by the glowing eye balls of the beasts, the four boys and some of the women drew a bead on the wolves and blazed away. Bang! Bang! Went the repeaters till it sounded like a small size battle. The yelping of the brutes added to the pandemonium. They were slaughtered right and left. Having ample ammunition and arms and the rifles being reloaded by the other women, the firing was continuous till all the yelping pack was destroyed.

But it was just as they dreaded—the noise and lights attracted the red skins. They came with savage war whoops intent on the total annihilation of the entire party. Never were they so distress-

ed. "God save us!" they cried. The cry was heard and answered.

Previous to the hanging out of the lanterns and the firing, our aerial friends had no idea of the whereabouts of the pilgrims. But when they saw the lights and heard the noise they steered their balloon directly over the little settlement about half a mile from the ground. They also hung out lanterns which were seen by the people.

"Heaven be praised," they said. "For now we are indeed safe." They said aright, though they were completely surrounded by the barbarians. The yelling of the savages were heard by our balloonists. They dared not fire at the Indians. Knowing that it being night they would be liable to hit their friends, they therefore concluded to frighten off the dusky wretches. They had a rope a quarter of a mile long around which was wrapped a powder fuse. To this was tied about three hundred giant or cannon crackers. All this had been previously fixed during the day for just such a contingency. They lit the fuse, then they paid out the rope. The first giant cracker was timed to explode in about five minutes. By that time they had the entire rope of a quarter of a mile passed out, dangling from the balloon. Then the fun commenced. The first tremendous cracker exploded like the firing of a cannon. The fire ran up the fuse on the rope exploding giant crackers at frequent intervals. It seemed like a hissing fiery serpent and the deafening noise made by those big cannon crackers, sounded like the rapid firing of heavy artillery in a battle. The sounds could be heard miles away like rolling thunder. As for the stupid Indians they were taken completely by surprise. Looking up in the air from whence the sound came and seeing such an avalanche of fire they were terror stricken. They fled in dismay forgetting all about their intended victims. To add to the redskins' discomfiture our boys started off a lot of fireworks, of sky rockets, Roman candles, fiery dragons, etc., till the very heavens seemed to be lit. It was one of the most beautiful of sights and though the people in the wagons appreciated it immensely, the Indians were almost frightened out of their wits and were only too glad to make their escape. They thought that either the Great Father or the Great Devil was about to plunge them into some fiery pit of everlasting destruction and this was merely a little prelude or by-play thereto. Nothing could ever induce those wretches to make a night attack on any pale faces again.

The lanterns on Earth and those in the skies were kept burning all night for obvious reasons. At last the grey dawn lazily and gradually appeared.

Early in the morning the party resumed its journey, the balloonists at the height of two miles, still acting in the capacity of a strange yet powerful body guard. It would be sure death for any beasts or savages to even attempt to attack those people.

With their big telescope Horace and Fred could now have a clear and unobstructed view of the country in every direction for many miles. The fogs and clouds had cleared away. It was one of the most beautiful mornings they ever beheld. They had a most magnificent view of the sun rise from their high attitude. It was indescribably grand and magnificent. The whole eastern horizon seemed to be aflame and gilded creation with transcending beauty.

They made good progress that day an

about 7 p. m. encamped for the night by a stream. After watering and feeding the horses, and partaking of supper themselves the party turned in for the night. They first hung out their lanterns and our aerial friends did likewise so they would not get parted. The caravan started early the next day and by six o'clock in the afternoon arrived O. K. at Fort Safety much to the indiscernible joy of their friends and relatives, who thought they had been murdered by the red fiends. They were almost smothered with caresses and congratulations. As yet the people of the fort had not seen the balloon which now hovered about a mile above them. But the travellers told them how they were delivered by Horace and Fred. Then the soldiers looked up! There floated the gay and beautiful balloon like some gigantic guardian angel from the Heavens. Gradually it descended till within half a mile of Earth. The boys threw out the stars and stripes. As its ample folds fluttered in the breeze, the military band of the fort played the

for their thrilling and matchless adventures. They were bronzed and toughened by their unique experience. They were strong and healthy as bucks. They had been up in the air about two weeks. Owing to their long and cramped position in the car of the balloon, they felt something like sailors do when they first land after a long voyage, that is "groggy at the knees." It was some time before they could get their "land legs" again. But they found them all right and used them to good advantage that night at the dance given in their honor in the fort. The soldiers came out with the big military band. They shook hands so much till our boys arms almost ached. Then they were placed in a carriage which was drawn by the soldiers. They were escorted to the fort, the band playing the exhilarating tune; "See, the Conquering Heroes Come!"

Arrived at the fort there was more hand shaking and congratulations. Then they all had a sumptuous dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, vegetables,



"At last twelve villainous, unwashed ruffians came out of the cave."

beautiful tune of: "America 'Tis of Thee!" As its clear and inspiring strains reached our heroes they thought it never sounded one tenth so sweet as now. After it had finished Horace and Fred, as a salute, tied about twenty giant crackers together, fixed them to a rope and fired 'em all off simultaneously. The sound was terrific. The soldiers of the fort returned the salute by firing about twenty five cannon at once. The report was so great that it made the very ground to tremble. These salutes were continued by the soldiers and balloonists at intervals of about ten minutes. It was now dusk. Our aerial friends treated the people to a brilliant pyrotechnical display that seemed to rival a meteoric shower. Rockets, roman candles, etc., were profusely fired off. The boys covered themselves with glory.

All of this over, gradually the air ship descended. It was securely fixed to some strong stout posts and the boys alighted on terra firma none the worse

plum pudding, etc. This disposed of them repaired to the entertainment hall, for a great ball was given in their honor. The soldiers were dressed in their best. The officers attired in their gay and brilliant costumes, the ladies dressed in their very finest, together with the lovely decorations and the inspiring music, made the place seem something like a fairy grotto. The village beauties were there, sweet almost as human angels. Our boys had their pick, as they "tipped the light fantastic toe." All went as smooth and pleasant as a marriage ball. The dancing was continued at intervals till two o'clock in the morning. After which there was some general and friendly conversation till 3 a. m., during which the orchestra of stringed instruments, discoursed some most beautiful tunes in a low and subdued manner, so as not to interfere with the conversation.

But the most blissful times must end. So after three in the morning they repaired to their couches and got a most

needed rest. Our boys were not disturbed, but slept on till ten a. m., for it was the first time they had been in a regular bed in two weeks. After breakfast, having plenty of money with them, they gave away a couple of thousands of dollars to the private soldiers. They picked up a newspaper and read about some miscreants wrecking and robbing a train. That fifty people were killed in the wreck, that the express safe was blown open and two hundred thousand dollars stolen, that the wretches escaped and left no clue behind them. A heavy reward was offered for their capture dead or alive.

"That suits us to a T," said Horace, "we will rid the country of these varmints. If we win the reward we will give it to the poor for we don't need it. To the balloon, Fred!"

Hastily bidding their newly made friends good-bye they entered the car of the balloon, had the ropes untied and were soon soaring skyward. Midst waving handkerchiefs, and booming cannon, they continued to ascend till they were now three miles high.

They had, the previous night, laid in an ample stock of food, water and ammunition. A current of air blowing at rate of thirty miles an hour took them westward much to their delight.

They went merrily along for hours scouring the country with their telescope, but saw no sign of the robbers. They even descended to within only one eighth of a mile and searched every yard of the country in the neighborhood of the rob-

bery. They were beginning to think that they would never bag their game, when Horace pulled Fred's sleeve, and pointing to a cave in the mountain, remarked: "Let's watch that hole, it looks suspicious. I see dying embers of a fire and scraps of food and clothing lying around."

To prevent being easily seen they ascended about three miles high and with their fine telescope watched the cave for hours. At last twelve villainous, unwashed ruffians came out of the cave, armed with pistols, Winchester rifles and bowie knives. Some of them carried crowbars, pick axes and other tools. They were about as mean and scurvy a lot of wretches as ever disgraced the name of white men. They had a sneaking, hang dog look on their faces and seemed to be ripe for any rascality.

"That's them, sure as you are born," said Fred.

"Right you are, pard. Let's watch them like hawks!"

Watch them they did. The wretches shading their eyes with their hands looked north, south, east and west, but they failed to look upward. Thinking the coast clear they proceeded to the railroad track. They lost no time removing the spikes and rails. They were caught in the very act. They were train wreckers and intended throwing the lightning express from the track, rob it and if necessary kill some of the passengers and trainmen. Far away in the distance could our boys, with their glasses see the train coming along. So far away that it

looked like a toy train that children play with. Just the faintest bit of a whistle could be heard. It would have rushed on to sure destruction had it not been for these brave lads. They rapidly descended to within half a mile of Earth and immediately proceeded to business. They knew they had ample time to kill them all and warn the train's men, so each, taking up a repeating rifle, took deadly aim and fired. Seven train wreckers immediately "passed in their checks." The five others were dumfounded, not knowing from whence the thunderbolts came. The wretches looked in every direction but could see no enemies. Besides the ground was quite level in that locality, with no hills, or trees, or bushes to conceal foes.

"Let's have a little sport," said Horace. "This is a cinch for us anyway. Don't kill them all too quick."

Fred was just about to rain warm lead upon them and wipe them all out, but at the words of his friend he laid aside his rifle. Three of the bandits happened to gaze skyward and saw our aerial avengers hovering over them. They, unlike the Indians, had quite a number of times before seen balloons, hence they were not panic stricken. Besides which they were fighters. Seizing their guns, they pointed them at the balloon. Quick as a flash, before the robbers pulled the triggers, our boys shifted the position of the air ship.

END OF SECOND CHAPTER.

(To be continued).

A CRUISER WITH A VARIED HISTORY



PROTECTED CRUISER "BALTIMORE" OF THE U. S. NAVY.

The cruiser "Baltimore," which is upholding the dignity of the American flag at Shanghai, is one of the oldest ships of the American navy. She was built in 1887.

One of the first duties performed by the ship was to convey the body of John Ericsson to his native land. This distinguished Swedish engineer, the builder of the famous "Monitor," had requested, before he died, in New York, on March 8, 1889, that he should be buried in the town where he was born. The "Baltimore" was selected for the service and shared in the honors with which the Swedes received the remains of their great fellow-countryman.

During the Spanish-American war the "Baltimore," which is a protected cruiser of high speed, was among the ships actively employed in the service.

This big and powerful ship, co-operating with the British, landed a force of marines at Shanghai on account of

serious conditions arising from Chinese animosity to foreigners.

EDISON'S WAY.

"What was the first really important thing you did, Mr. Edison?" asked a friend.

"I saved a boy's life."

"How?"

"The boy was playing on the track at the depot. I saw he was in danger, and caught him, getting him out of the way just in time. His father was station master, and taught me telegraphy in return."

The brave deed of the young lad led to the very opportunity he needed, and today he is the foremost inventor and electrician in the world. The boy that is ever ready to do his duty, even if it is neces-

sary to dare, will likely find recognition and the opportunity to make a man of himself.

When Edison was just beginning his career as a telegraph operator he was in Memphis, Tenn., and happened to be out of a job. He received a telegram from Louisville, Ky., telling him to come at once to that city, and promising him employment. He had no money, but he had a pair of legs which he was not afraid to venture on, and, though the distance was nearly four hundred miles, he turned up in Louisville on time.

Difficulties vanish before the boy or man that determines to win success in spite of them.

After Edison had become famous some one asked him if any of his discoveries were accidents. "No," replied the great man. "I never did anything by accident. When I have fully decided that a thing is worth doing, I go about it and make trial after trial until it comes."

GULAB SINGH:

A STORY OF PERIL AND HEROISM.

By R. Martin.



"Grappled him."

NOTE—This story began in the December and January issues; to all new subscribers we will send these numbers free.

CHAPTER V.—THE FAKKER'S FEAST.

They had no sooner opened the door than they were surrounded by a number of persons who had been waiting for them, for the fame of the great Baba had gathered many together. Among them Gulab knew there must be some who had known Mohun Lal, or at least seen him. He was convinced that, as far as his appearance went, he should be able to pass muster, especially in the darkness; but, lest his voice should betray him, he preserved a dignified silence.

All those who had gathered together bowed themselves down before him with deep obeisance. Of this he took no notice, but, followed by Alick and Jack, made his way through the suburb of the city in which they were, and then along the high road to the town of Rohtak. They were still followed by a crowd, but after a short distance he, with a wave of his hand, dismissed them.

After walking a few miles he struck off the main road on to one that led off to some villages to the left, for he was still apprehensive of discovery, and going westward they were going in a direction which would never lead them to where the English still preserved their power in their last conquered province, the Punjab, and so it was the direction in which fugitives were least likely to be sought.

That night walk was one of great fatigue, especially for Jack. Neither he

nor Alick had recovered from the effects of their flight of the day before. Their feet were blistered and sore, and their joints stiff and tired. They soon discarded their shoes, which Gulab carried, as they preferred walking in bare feet. The moon, which rose early, helped them considerably, by enabling them to avoid the great cart ruts which existed in the road.

Gulab was very anxious to reach a village that night which lay twenty-four miles from Delhi; but, when they got only fourteen miles from the city, Jack was unable to move farther. Gulab had to leave Alick with him, as he lay on the ground seized with a severe attack of malarious fever, while he went to find a place where they could rest with comparative comfort during the next day.

He had the good fortune to meet one who was in charge of the rest house, built here for the district officers when engaged in their tours through the districts under them; and when he asked this man where he and his disciples could remain during the day, announcing himself as Mohun Lal, the man at once suggested that the Baba should occupy the bungalow that he had the keys of. Mohun Lal told him to go and open it while he went back for his disciples. At this the man opened his eyes, and said,

"Oh, Babal! What sort of disciples are these who rest while their master searches out their lodgings?"

"Cease thy babbling, thou fool, possessed of no understanding," replied Gulab. "When thou knowest Mohun Lal thou wilt learn that he never spares himself trouble."

He then returned to the youths. The house lay on the near side of the village, and was not much more than half a mile from them, and, though the fever was still on Jack, it was thought best to move him to the bungalow, which they did with some difficulty.

The malarious fever so prevalent in India is a non-infectious fever, and is intermittent in character. It comes for a few hours, then passes off, and returns the next day at the same time; or, in some types, omitting one day and attacking its subject every second day. More rarely it omits two days, and comes every third.

When a person is weak he is more liable to fever than at another time; indeed, with many people it seems to come with the slightest provocation. Over-fatigue, exposure to the sun, a chill—all of these are, with many persons, but the preludes to an attack of fever.

Jack now lay on a charpai, or native bed, trembling in every limb with shivering fits, while at the same time his skin was dry and hot, his head burning, and every joint aching with pain. After a time a violent perspiration set in, which is the last stage of an attack, and he soon fell into a deep sleep, as also did Alick, though both he and Gulab slept on the floor, as Gulab thought it was better, if possible, to maintain a character of indifference to luxuries. They were only able to sleep for a few hours, as the stars were already paling in the early dawn before their anxiety for Jack enabled them to lie down themselves. Gulab, indeed, arose in an hour, as he did not wish to be caught asleep by any one who might come to visit him attracted by the fame of his name, for he knew the advent of so celebrated a fakcer as Mohun Lal would soon spread through the village. It was not till two hours later that a party of men were seen approaching, and then Gulab awoke Alick, as it would be suspicious for the master to be awake while his disciples slept. They took up their positions on the verandah. Their visitors carried breakfast with them for their distinguished guests.

The bill of fare consisted of a number of chippatees, plentifully soaked in ghee (i. e., clarified butter), a bowl containing some vegetable curry, in which the chief vegetable seemed to poor Alick to be chili pepper. One small mouthful of this sufficed for him. There was also a saucer containing melted ghee, thickened with sugar, in which they might dip their bread; there was some excellent pickles of various sorts, and a small round basket filled with mittai, or native sweetmeats—something like very greasy, uncooked toffee, flavored with different spices.

It was fare for a king, and Gulab showed his appreciation. Alick was hungry, but chippatees and pickles soon took off the edge of his appetite. His hosts pressed him with true Oriental politeness to eat some more, till at last Gulab, who saw that he could not eat keenly food so different from that to which he was ac-

customed, interferred and said that his disciple was not permitted by him to eat more than a certain quantity. No one could blame Gulab for not eating; he had hardly eaten anything for two days, for he, as a Brahman, could not eat what Hosein prepared, nor had he been able for the same reason to eat the food which he had procured in the ruined city on the day of their flight for his English companions.

Now his rich Bunnia host had conveyed food for him by the hands of his own Brahman cook. All casts will receive food or drink from the hands of a Brahman, though they will not eat anything which has been cooked by any one else except one of their own caste. Poor Brahmans are therefore largely employed as cooks.

Gulab's scruples being overcome, he attacked the viands with true relish. The way those chippatees and pickles, that curry and melted butter, and finally the sweetmeats, disappeared was wonderful! The fat old Bunnia shopkeeper sat opposite, rubbing his greasy hands together in an ecstasy of delight. To feed a fakeer or Brahman was a work of high religious merit, and the more the holy man eats the greater the future reward in store for him who provides the feast. The Bunnia had fed many fakeers before, but never had he seen such justice done to his worthy efforts, and pictures of the great reward that was in store for him delighted his heart. At last Gulab Singh, when nearly satisfied, took a long drink of fresh milk from a brass lota, and declared that he had finished. But now it was his turn to be the subject of his host's solicitations. The choicest morsels were picked out by the Brahman cook, while the Bunnia, clasping his hands, implored his highness to eat just another mouthful. A few times Gulab Singh acceded to the request, each time the pressing being of a more urgent nature, and then at last the Bunnia offered him a rupee—a silver coin worth two shillings—if he would eat one sweetmeat more.

Fortunately Gulab knew Mohun Lal and some of his customers. He knew that sometimes a fakeer, led by his cupidity, had died of a surfeit through being bribed to eat just another morsel. Against this practice Mohun Lal had set his face, and so Gulab drew up his body and erected his head as he proudly said, "Mohun Lal is not covetous. He is not one who can be bribed into doing an action against his judgment."

That was final, and the Bunnia ceased his solicitations.

CHAPTER VI.—"DISCOVERED."

Jack was very sick, and it was impossible for the party to leave Najafghar. They were only fourteen miles from Delhi, and Gulab Singh and Alick were in a state of constant apprehension lest they should be discovered, for troopers were busily engaged in gathering supplies of forage and grain for the large army that was now collecting in Delhi. One day at sunset Jack was in the midst of an attack of great violence, and was raving in delirium, when a young man from the town came to pay his respects to the great religious teacher. He had prostrated himself before Gulab Singh, and implored the blessing of Mohun Lal, when Jack's ravings burst out afresh. Loudly calling upon Alick to fly, he shouted out.

"The sepoys, Alick! Fly for your life!"

The young native sprang up in evident surprise and consternation.

"The English!" he cried out. "English!" he again repeated, staring wildly at Jack and Alick, and before Gulab, who for the moment had lost his presence of mind, could stop him, he fled.

Gulab and Alick followed in hot pursuit, and before the youth reached the gate of the enclosure Alick caught him. The next second Gulab also seized him, and, throwing him on his back on the ground, grasped him by the throat and vowed that he would strangle him if he uttered a sound. Quickly tearing a strip of cloth from the garment with which he was clad, Alick gagged him as he lay, and then he was ordered to rise and go to the bungalow. This he did in evident fear and trepidation, which was not lessened when he was thrust into an inner room and bound securely hand and foot. Gulab warned him of certain death if he stirred or made a noise, and, leaving him, went with Alick to the verandah, where, beside Jack, who was still restlessly tossing from side to side, they consulted on what was to be done.

Gulab wished to kill him at once, and to bury the body during the night, for already darkness had set in, but Alick sternly refused. He could not and would not be a party to murder, even though it seemed that in the young man's death alone lay their own chance of life. It was in vain that Gulab pointed out that their disguise was penetrated, and that if this youth were allowed to escape they could not hope to reach Beri in their disguise; and even if they did they would not be safe. Alick was firm; he was only supported now by the echo of his mother's voice, "My son, God is with you," and he knew that voice would not sound if he consented to such a deed.

"I have no right," he said to Gulab, "to bind you. You have saved our lives. Leave us, faithful friend. I do not wish to endanger your life, but I would rather die, and so I am sure would Jack, than that this murder should take place."

"Is it my own life I seek?" replied Gulab, much moved. "Sahib, sahib, what is my life? It is yours and Jack's sahib. How should I live if those whose salt I had eaten were lost?" and he fell before Alick and touched the ground with his head.

The next instant there was a rush of men; Gulab, as he was rising was hurled violently to the earth, and pinioned by powerful hands. Alick had barely time to jump to his feet when a man rushed at him. A quick left-hander under the chin sent the man flying backwards; but two strong men had their arms round him almost immediately. Even then he kept his feet as he struggled to get free; but the man whom he had knocked down speedily came to the help of his comrades, and Alick was borne to the ground and his arms were tied behind him.

The party who had captured them consisted of five men, of whom the leader was an elderly Sikh, a man of the same race to which Gulab also belonged. He held a position in the government of a neighboring prince, and had been to see the fakeers more than once, accompanied by his four sons, three of whom were among the captors, and the fourth—the youngest—was the prisoner whom Alick and Gulab had captured.

One of the captors then entered the bungalow and soon appeared with the young man who had penetrated the disguise.

"Art thou hurt, my son?" asked Go-

bind Sahai, the elderly Sikh, who acted as leader of the party.

"No, my father, somewhat stiff from lying an hour or so securely bound, and my jaws ache from the gag."

"It is not half an hour," replied the father; "but time is long to those who lie in the hands of others."

"And yet I was not without hope, my father," said the son, "for I knew that you were close behind me."

"Tell us, my father, and you, my brother," broke in one of the others, "what has happened, for we hardly know what has taken place."

Gobind Sahai made a sign to his son to speak, and the young man commenced.

"After my father and I left the house to pay the visit we promised to these holy men, who turn out to be impostors, he bade me to go on quickly and announce his approach to our holy father—'Cursed be thy locks, thou madman,' he said, 'my throat is still sore from the grasp of thy finers'—and this, I did, my brothers, and prostrated myself to Mohun Lal, little thinking how I demeaned myself. But for this," and he shook his fist in Gulab's face, "thy blood shall pay, ay! and that of the English swine—"

"Cease, my son; you and your brothers know that I care not for bragging over a defeated foe," said Gobind Sahai.

Alick's heart beat with hope at hearing words that betokened a nobleness of spirit in the father of their late captive.

The young man continued, after making a salaam of respect to his father.

"As I lay before him, the young fakeer with the fever cried out to his companion in words which, from my studies in the Government College in Delhi, I knew to be English. I started up in amazement. They were struck with terror, and so was I, and turned to fly, but an antelope could not escape from him," pointing to Alick. "Then they bound me and laid me in the chamber where you found me."

"And I," said his father, "heard the cry of 'The English! The English!' from your brother, and, dropping the basket of sweetmeats that I carried, I fled to the town for help, and fortunately met you, my sons, and you, my son-in-law, at the gate, and led you hither to save your brother."

This he had done with great caution. They saw Alick and Gulab coming out of the house and sitting down evidently to consult together, and then, by keeping the house between themselves and the party in the verandah, they had crept up till they reached the corner of the house within a few yards of where Alick and Gulab were talking. They heard Alick's warm refusal to murder his captive, and Gulab Singh's faithful reply, and then rushed forth with the result that has been described.

Now, lighting a little wick of cotton which hung over the edge of an earthenware saucer filled with oil, they proceeded to consult together in low tones. Alick, understanding the Urdu language very imperfectly, could not catch what they said; but Gulab, though affecting to be unconcerned, strained his ears to listen, and although the voices occasionally sank very low, he was able to make out the general drift of the conversation.

The sons were eager that the prisoners should be at once conveyed to Delhi and delivered over to the King of Delhi, who had proclaimed the re-establishment of the Mogul Empire. But Gobind Sahai hesitated. He had fought in the Sikh wars against the English, and had been taken prisoner and had received great kindness at the hands of an English offi-

cer. He had, moreover, been struck with Alick's refusal to kill his son, though as long as his son lived his own life was endangered.

As he hesitated, Gulab Singh spoke.

"Listen to me, even though I be your prisoner. I adjure you, by the memory of Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, whose name will be dear to you Sikhs, my fellow-countrymen. Was a Sikh ever untrue to his salt? I am a sawar. For years I have been orderly to a sahib who has ever treated me well. His son I have carried on my back when he was but a little lad. There lies my master's son. It may be that he is dying" (and he pointed to Jack, who was calling for Alick and for water). "The slaughter began a few days ago. My master I could not save. His son and his son's friend I tried to save, and them would I have saved but for the ravings of fever. Them would I have brought safe to their English friends. See! I am a Sikh, I am your brother. Slay me; but may Bhagwan, the god whom you acknowledge, slay you if a hair of his head be injured who even now refused to slay your son."

While Gulab was speaking, Gobind Sahai's son-in-law, who hitherto had been least interested, had turned sharply towards him; and now, when he had finished, he seized the light and held it to Gulab's face, which he scanned eagerly and with intense excitement. Golab did not notice him, his eyes were fixed on Gobind Sahai, who was evidently hesitating as the course he should adopt.

"What number is your regiment?" asked the young man who held the lamp, his voice quivering with suppressed excitement.

"The 31st," replied Gulab, without taking his eyes from the face of Gobind Sahai.

"My father," said the questioner, turning to Gobind Sahai. "My father, the fakeer is Gulab Singh, my brother."

At once the party sprang to their feet, and Gulab recognized the brother to whom he was flying.

He who had been their captive was the first to seize a knife and sever the cords that bound their prisoners. And while Alick turned to soothe Jack, hasty explanations took place between Gulab Singh and his brother; the other natives standing round him. An eager consultation again took place, but now the question was not whether they should be handed over to the sepoy, but how they were to be saved.

CHAPTER VII.—GULAB SINGH'S BROTHER

Hira Singh, Gulab's brother, had come a few days before from his home in Beri, with his wife and family, to visit his father-in-law. It was most fortunate for the fugitives that when Gobind Sahai had fled for help he had not met any one till he found his sons and son-in-law, who had resolved to follow him and pay their respects to Mohun Lal.

The secret was known only to himself, his four sons, and his son-in-law, and each promised absolute secrecy.

It was determined to take no further action that night, but if they could manage it the fakeers were to start on the following evening, an hour after dark, while Hira Singh would start about the same time from Gobind Sahai's house in his bullock cart. He would meet the fakeers a short distance outside the town.

He would have to go by another road, but the two roads joined a mile from the town, where they appointed to meet, and it would excite no remark even if the fa-

keers were seen to ascend the cart, though it was most improbable that any one would see them. Jack's fever had by this time abated, and he was much distressed at hearing how nearly he had been the cause of their lives being lost. But Gulab pointed out that evil had turned into good, for now the difficulty of their journey to Beri was over.

Indeed, other advantages arose from their disguises having been penetrated, for whereas it was impossible for a fakeer to ask for quinine at a dispensary—for they would be considered far too much above any tampering with foreign drugs—there was no such impossibility in the case of their new friends; and on hearing Alick lament the want of this most useful preventative and cure for malarious fever, Gobind Sahai at once offered to procure a supply at a branch dispensary in a town six miles away, and promptly sent one of his sons to get it. Travelling by night is so common in the hot weather that a demand for medicine at the late hour that the messenger would reach him would excite no remark from the native doctor; and in four hours the young man returned, and Jack was given as large a dose as was considered safe in his weak state.

The next morning at daybreak Gobind Sahai and Hira Singh again appeared, bearing a quantity of food, but they were met by Gulab, who told them that he so dreaded lest another accident should lead to exposure, that it would be well for them both to return at once and announce at the gates of the town Mohun Lal's determination to devote that day to meditation, which he desired should not be disturbed.

As soon as they departed Gulab Singh placed himself in the position adopted by a devotee in meditation, which he with commendable patience preserved throughout the day, for although no one entered the enclosure, many of the townspeople flocked to see the fakeers, and the slightest movement on Gulab's part would have broken the spell of meditation, and the gazers would, without doubt, have disturbed their privacy.

At last the weary day of enforced idleness passed, none of the three daring to speak to each other, and at nightfall the onlookers departed, and an hour later the three fakeers started, Jack very weak indeed, but, thanks to the quinine, free from fever.

On arriving at the junction of the roads, they waited in the shade of some trees till Hira Singh's bullock-cart appeared. With it came Gobind Sahai, who had taken such an interest in the escape of the English youths that he had determined to accompany Hira Singh to his house in Beri, so as aid by his presence and counsel in any danger of detection that might ensue.

Slowly the bullocks lumbered on at the rate of two miles an hour, and though the great cart was without springs, and the road very rough, yet Alick and Jack, in the sense of security which now inspired them, slept soundly, and it was not till the sun had been up an hour that they were awakened by the cart stopping.

They had travelled over eight hours but had still five hours of travel before them; and Hira Singh proposed to rest his bullocks for the day in a small wood of stunted trees near the roadside. Here the day passed without anything of a startling nature taking place; a few natives from a village a mile away came and chatted with Hira Singh and Gobind Sahai, the fakeers meditating under dif-

ferent trees, while in answer to questions Gobind Sahai answered that they had come across the holy men in the night, and offered them a ride in the cart. In the afternoon a start was again made, and though the heat was terrible, yet the fierce hot west wind prevented them from feeling that sense of suffocation which heat in a still atmosphere produces.

An hour after sunset they arrived at the mud wall which surrounds the pleasant little town of Beri. Here they were unexpectedly stopped by some armed villagers, but when it was seen that it was only Hira Singh, who was well known, with his father-in-law, whom the armed men had also often seen, with some holy men who were to be their guests, they were allowed to pass. Hira Singh had a comfortable house, one of the largest in the village, and did his utmost to make his guests comfortable. They were given water in which to bathe their limbs, and then sat down before a steaming dish of hot rice and an exquisite vegetable curry, to which they did ample justice.

On the way there had been much debate as to the next course to be pursued by Alick and Jack. Gobind Sahai suggested that they should be given a courtyard in Hira Singh's house, and never be allowed to stir outside it, and to this Hira Singh was also inclined to accede; but both Alick and Jack felt that this was not a wise plan. It would be sure to be noticed that there was some mystery attached to the house, and suspicion would be excited. It was much better for them to go in and out with the others, preserving their vow of silence when amongst those who did not know of the disguise, and to this Gulab Singh also consented, as in reality the wiser, although the bolder course. But while they were still consulting and debating the matter, it was settled for them by the entrance of a fat old Hindoo merchant. News had been brought by a man from Delhi of the doings there and he had incidentally mentioned that as he passed through Najafgar he saw Mohun Lal with two disciples.

Now Janki Das, the fat old merchant, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mohun Lal's whose disciple he professed to be, and whose guest for a month Mohun Lal had been some ten years before, when Janki Das lived near Lahore, before he moved to Beri, which was the town of his forefathers for many generations. He had never tired of speaking of this visit, and what Mohun Lal had said and done. Now, hearing of Gobind Sahai's arrival, with Hira Singh, from Najafgar, with three fakeers in their company, he at once jumped to the conclusion that these were Mohun Lal and his two disciples, who had come to Beri. He speedily left the bazaar, where he had been gossiping, and, forgetting the etiquette demanded of a visitor, he entered Hira Singh's house, and threw himself panting before Gulab Singh.

"Babaji!" he gasped. "Babaji! To think of this honor! Again is thy servant honoured by thy presence. Once more do I kiss the feet of my guru, Mohun Lal."

The fat old man gasped this forth, taking breath between every word, and much distressed from the unusual haste which he had made. He was fortunately so discomposed himself that he did not notice the agitation into which he had thrown the party into the midst of which he had so uncerimoniously obtruded himself. Even when he stopped speaking

neither Gulab nor his brother had sufficiently recovered their presence of mind to address him; but indeed it was not needed, for poor Janki Das was hardly in a state to notice any of them. Despite the danger that threatened, Jack could not help laughing at the quaint figure of the old man. He was short, and extremely corpulent, and his unaccustomed haste to embrace the feet of his guru had put him into a great heat. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and the linen garment which covered his body had been burst open, and left him a picture of distress. He squatted down on his haunches when he had finished speaking, and was mopping his forehead with a cloth, while his whole body heaved, his head the while spasmodically nodding.

Hira Singh was the first to recover composure sufficiently to address him.

"Brother, you do not seem to remember that this is not your own house into which you have entered.

Janki Das tried to speak, but failed, and shook his head, while the scene became still more ludicrous by the poor "Fatty" (as Jack persisted in afterwards calling him) blinking his eyes as well, his eyelids and wagging head keeping time together.

Gulab Singh consulted a moment with the others; Gobind Sahai hesitated, but Alick saw that the mistake must be brazened out, and Jack, by an expressive sign, showed that this was also his opinion, and so Gulab Singh braced himself for what might prove a most awkward position. He sat down opposite Janki Das, and regarded him with apparent indifference. Soon fatty tried to speak again, but was interrupted by Gulab, who, holding up his hand, said,

"Peace, fool; peace—speak not."

Janki Das, at hearing himself called a fool, gave a gasp, compared with which his former attempts to get breath seemed very insignificant. His eyes stopped blinking, and, with his hands clasped, he looked humbly at Gulab, though unable to cease the motion of his jaws, which seemed to work on springs, opening as he drew in his breath, and closing as he emptied his lungs, puffing and panting the while like a lunatic steam engine.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Jack and Alick could refrain from laughing, and at last they were forced to retreat into the court that had been arranged for them, where they relieved themselves by indulging in a hearty peal of laughter.

"Did you ever see such a puffing grammar?" said Jack.

"And did you notice how he had burst his coat, or waistcoat, or shirt, or whatever that garment is that seems to do duty for all three?" asked Alick in return.

And then again they burst out laughing, till, recollecting their vow of silence, they went to the doorway between the two courtyards, where they were able to see, though Janki Das could not see them, as his back was turned towards them. He had now sufficiently recovered to be able to prostrate himself before Gulab Singh. The latter touched him and motioned to him to sit as before and then spoke very slowly.

"Hast thou not learn't, my son"—the old man was old enough, by the way, to be Gulab's father—"that Mohun Lal loves not to be disturbed when he seeks to be private?"

"My father, forgive me," said Fatty. "I have sinned, but methought that your son, in whose house you dwelt at Amrit-

sar for the space of a month, might rush to embrace the knees of the father whose every word and look he treasures up. Dost thou not remember me—Janki Das—my father?"

"Mohun Lal never forgets one whom he has seen," replied Gulab remembering that this was one most remarkable fact about the celebrated fakeer, and congratulating himself on having learnt something already from the fat old mortal opposite. And Janki Das showed that his love of talking would soon tell more if only he was given the opportunity.

"Truly, my father's memory is wonderful! How long since is it, my father? Surely I have not forgotten, but my father knows."

"Mohun Lal knows," answered Gulab, with a firm conviction that he was speaking the truth.

"It is," continued Janki Das, "wonderful how you remember all things, maharaj (great king), my father. It is ten—or is it eleven—years. Nay, ten; but it will be eleven in three months, time," and then the garrulous old man continued to pour forth the story he had told so often of how the maharaj had graced his house, and what he had said and done. Once only it seemed as if the ground was again growing dangerous, when Janki Das said, "But maharaj, my father, is younger-looking now than he was then. Hast thou found the secret of youth, my lord, as thou hast the secret of strength."

"The secret of strength have I not forgotten," said Gulab, seizing Janki's fat right hand in his and ringing it till the old man in his pain begged the maharaj not to prove his strength on him, and then in the tingling of his fingers forgot his awkward queries as to youth, and rested satisfied in the perfect assurance that it was Mohun Lal in very deed, for none other could have hurt his hand so much.

In few moments he withdrew on a hint from Gulab, and then Alick and Jack came into the courtyard where their friends were, and again and again burst out laughing, to the grave surprise of Gobind Sahai and the alarm of Hira Singh, who was afraid that his neighbors would hear the hearty English laugh, so unlike anything that an Indian would ever dream of. All united in praising Gulab Singh for the excellent way in which he had managed the poor old merchant.

The next day many visitors came to Mohun Lal, and when several were gathered together Gulab Singh told them of the visit that Mohun Lal had paid to Janki Das in Amritsar, and, for once, forsaking his habit of reticence, he told them as much as he could remember of what Janki Das had so considerably told him before, and expressed his sorrow that the poor merchant was so ill from his excitement of the day before that he could not come to make his obeisance that day. This was a politic step, for most of the audience went straight from the guru to Janki Das and repeated to him the fakeer's sayings, and how he had recounted in detail the incidents of his visit to him so many years before. The old man was so flattered by the notice that had been taken of him in his absence that his love and admiration for the great guru grew stronger and stronger, and he never for an instant doubted that Gulab Singh was in reality the object of his devotion.

(To be continued.)

WHAT A YOUNG MAN DID WITH SEVEN DOLLARS A WEEK.

We know a young man who saved a hundred dollars last year from a salary of seven dollars a week. This, of course, left him only about five dollars a week for his living. The young man always dressed neatly, his clothes were always clean and up-to-date, his shoes always polished, and no one could tell by his appearance that he was living on such a small sum.

"I share my room with a friend," he says. "It costs us eight dollars a month with gas and laundry. We eat meat once a day, and we eat a regular supper which costs us twenty cents each. There remains two dollars and sixty cents for breakfasts. We are not stingy but we live economically.

"After paying my regular expenses and laying up two dollars, I had one dollar left. In this dollar a week lies the mystery. I always bear in mind that it contains one hundred cents. I go to the theatre once a week. I generally go to hear free lectures, and derive great pleasure from them. I read the best books, which I obtain from the free library. With clothes I am very careful. The suit I have on now has been worn for the last two years. I press it myself every week, and it looks like new. I spend twenty-five dollars a year on clothes, neckwear and shoes.

"I generally buy everything where I get my money's worth. I never throw anything away. My shoes I have repaired as long as they can be worn, and I shine them myself.

"Instead of worrying, with five dollars a week I live like a sport."

BOYS GROWING LARGER.

The English boys in Marlborough school today, at the age of thirteen, average five and a half pounds more than boy of thirteen in 1874. The Rugby boys is two and a half inches taller, and averages over six pounds more than the boy of the same age in 1874.

This improvement in size and height is said to be due to the physical exercises practiced in the schools, though better food and more healthful living may have something to do with it.

When you hear a croaker lamenting that "boys are not what they used to be," kindly remind him of these facts, which no doubt hold good in regard to American schoolboys.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Is life worth living? That depends Upon the objects, aims and ends. If through the world we grov'ling go, Seeking things sordid, mean and low, If arrogating all to self, The pride of birth, the pomp of pelf, Scant kindness we to others show— Is life worth living? No, no, no!

But if, though born in humble sphere, We try some drooping heart to cheer; If we the generous impulse know Of friendship's ever genial glow, And if all other things above, We know the joys of mutual love; In these we all the world possess— Is life worth living? Yes, yes, yes.

N. Y. Sun.

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The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

The Window Garden—We promised to bring this branch of our doings to the front this month, and now do so. We hardly ever drive along the best streets in springtime without a feeling of pleasure in noticing how prettily many of the balconies and windows are decorated and beautified with spring flowers; and when summer is in its prime the same wealth of beauty, and even more, is still to be seen around them, because now the climbing and trailing things are all in their leafy and floral glory.

And yet it does not take a great deal to make even a charming display of color, nor is the expense great.

We have already given many hints during the last few months about making window boxes. These are, of course, simply arranged on the window sill, and, if tastefully made, very pretty they look. The box itself ought to be as roomy and large as the outer ledge of the window will sustain with safety. This is a hint worth remembering, or you may come to grief. If the box is in an upper window, get a carpenter to secure it. We have known terrible accidents occur, from the blowing down in a squall of window boxes and flower pots.

There ought to be a little awning or screen fitted above the window boxes. This is to draw down when necessary, and so cover the flowers from over-much sun or rain. As for the soil, it will be best to get a compost from the nurseryman. But good garden soil will do if mixed with leafy manure and sand. The soil, you see, must be open, and rich withal. By the time this reaches you it will, of course, be rather late to put in bulbs. But you may still transplant them if you take up a good ball of earth therewith. Last spring we transplanted to a window box lovely hyacinths and crocuses, making quite a show. Before any one had come down to breakfast, and these flowers bloomed well for a whole month nearly.

For a show in early spring we can, then, always fall back upon crocuses, blue, yellow, and white; snowdrops, double or single; tulips, the dwarf species in front, and arranged as to color; hyacinths arranged in the same way; daffodils, and primroses.

When spring advances somewhat, we have in front, perhaps, a row of the pale green pyrethrum, next a row of dark blue lobelia, with a background of cyclamens, cinerarias, and calceolarias. For an early growing and lovely creeper, you can hardly beat the wild convolvulus. Simply get the roots and lay a few in, and, if you water and manure well, they will be up your window-trellis work, and taking your thoughts away to fairyland ere May is well advanced. The fuchsias and geraniums will come in in May, and now you can have ferns and mosses—the loveliest will still be in bloom; and the pyrethrum should not, we think, be allowed to flower, its foliage being its chief charm.

Keep everything about your boxes clean and tidy. Do not forget that the

plants breathe through their leaves, so keep them free from dust. Keep the earth well stirred too, and water in the evenings. Do not have the box always in a sop. Of course you have drained it before you filled it, but, despite this, too much water will do more harm than good. We will give further hints as the summer goes on.

The Poultry Run—For many and many a past year the subject of how to make poul'try pay has been mooted and disputed till it is tiring. Hitherto we believe poultry farming on a large scale has not been a financial success. Almost every one in the country are miniature farmers or land owners, and "grow" their own eggs. So you see what cannot be done on a grand scale is possible on a small, and this should be good news—if news it be—to our boys.

On the subject of feeding for flesh or egg-producing, chemistry and science are often brought to bear, but as often as not without very happy results. We know, for instance, that fowls require so much of flesh-forming constituents in their food, and so much bone-producing and fattening material. Well, take peas and beans, and analyse them. Here we get of starch 48 parts, fat 2, gluten, etc., flesh-formers, 26, bone-making material, say 8 parts. Oats, on the other hand, would have 10 parts less of flesh-forming matter, but more starch and oil, the heat givers. Well, suppose we choose—chemically—a food for "tuckie," are we certain that "tuckie" will thrive on it? By no means, and there is where the worry comes in. However, chemistry's assistance is not to be despised. Take a case in point. We know a man who keeps an immense quantity of fowls, and when he wants to fatten a few dozen, he pens them, and feeds almost wholly on rice with a little milk. Well, there is science here, for rice contains no less than 80 per cent. of starch, or fattening material. People going to the market will choose the biggest fowl, although the fat is useless to a great extent. On the question of feeding we will have more to say next month. Meanwhile, we trust you have plenty of eggs, and that you have young chickens as well. Be most careful to guard these latter from damp and cold, and feed from morn till dewy eve, and feed well. No occasion for waste, but they ought to have enough. Attend to your run. Do not let the gravel get foul. It would be a good plan to turn the yard all over, and put down new gravel, for a place that fowls occupy season after season stands greatly in need of disinfection.

The Pigeon Loft—Some months ago we advised our readers to go in for a garden pigeonry. This has much to recommend it: One of the most successful breeders of the age, has his pigeonry in the garden. We have not space here to describe what such a place should be like. Briefly, it consists of the breeding

houses, a covered shed with perches, and an aviary, or the shed itself may be the aviary. Willesden paper does excellently for a roof.

Attend now to spring repairs, and finish your spring cleaning, if you have not already done so. Beware of overcrowding. Keep everything clean, and have your fountains and your hoppers always well filled. Buy tick beans and other seeds when cheapest; have your grain boxes well protected from mice. If you have many pigeons, and are much troubled with mice, it is a good plan to train up a kitten as a guard of the loft.

Your birds must be mated now. The pairs must be young, strong, and bold.

The Aviary—Your breeding cages may be now taken out and seen to. Perhaps a thorough clean and scour out may be necessary before you use them, but if you did this before putting them away, it will not take you long now to make fit. Mate about the middle of the month, if the weather be not too cold. Commence from the first day the pair is together to feed on egg and bread crumb.

The Rabbitry—Your bunnies will be now looking fresh and lively. We trust that everything in and around the hutch is sweet and clean, and that you study regularity in feeding, and cleaning, and bedding. If not, skin complaints, debility, and all sorts of troubles are sure to come.

One of Two—Yes, too much riding on horseback tends to make the young bow-legged, if there be a tendency that way—that is, if the bone constituents be deficient.

H. R. N.—1. To bend wood, boil it, or steam it, or bury it in hot sand; and when it is hot, fix it in the position you want. 2. To relax the wings of butterflies, steam them. Pin them to a cork, put them into a tin box, and half fill the tin box with boiling water.

J. L. D.—To make your boots watertight, varnish the soles with copal varnish, and oil the uppers with castor oil.

Hurrah For The American Hen.

Eighteen American hens have been sent to Sydney, Australia, to engage in an egg-laying contest which it be held at the Agricultural College. Although they were a trifle seasick at first, the American hens laid eggs most of the way over, and the ship's table had new-laid eggs.

When they landed they began to lay for dear life, and at once ran (or laid) so far ahead of all the others in the race that it looks as if none would be able to catch up with them.

We are justly proud of the American war-like eagle; let us be proud of the peaceful American hen, and resolve to be like her in never bragging about a thing until we have done it, and then only once.

Every Boy is Good at Something



E have known and read of dunces at school becoming useful and even celebrated men, not, of course, because of their youthful stupidity, but because talent and genius are slow in developing, and because on leaving school the "dunce" sometimes finds new spheres of activity which interest him more than the sometimes dry subjects of Arithmetic, Grammar and Spelling.

You may be head of your class, lessons may come easy to you, you may be tempted to laugh and sneer at the boy who, spending twice as much time at his books, knows his lessons only half as well next day. That boy, however, may pass you in the race of life. And he certainly will do so if he have more common sense and perseverance.

School is not everything. We do not want to discourage you to work less to be head of your class, but you must have other interests outside of school for your leisure hours. Take stamp collecting, for instance, the most popular of juvenile hobbies. The boy who has never known even the delights of a "hundred varieties for ten cents" has missed part of his education, and yet few teachers encourage such work in the class room.

Stamp Collecting, Amateur Printing and Journalism, Coins, Butterfly Collecting, Natural History, Amateur Carpentering and Photography, and all other such interests are subjects not taught in schools but which are none the less necessary to a boy's development. They form pursuits and studies oftentimes for the boy who cannot get the multiplication table straight or analyze a compound sentence.

The world's greatest natural philosopher, Sir Charles Darwin, was considered anything but a prodigy at school. "When I left school," he says, "I was, for my age, neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Darwin says he had "strong and diversified tastes." So has many a boy who is considered dull and stupid because his tastes do not coincide with those of his companions, or are not of the kind that his parents and teachers consider most profitable. The tastes of young Darwin lay in the direction of insects, especially of beetles. He had much zeal for studying them, because they interested him as "seven times seven" and "ran is a verb" did not. He was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the barn and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their play.

It is splendid for boys to play football, baseball and learn to row, swim and hunt, but why should the boy who does not care greatly for these things be despised? It takes all sorts to make a world, and we have no sympathy with the tyranny which makes a boy uncomfortable because he is not like every one else. We respect every boy, for we know not what possibilities of usefulness are buttoned up under his coat. *He is sure to be good at something.*

Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment, while judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure

ACTIVITIES

- Amateur Printing
- Amateur Journalism
- Butterfly Collecting
- Stamp Collecting
- Toy Shop
- Magic and Legerdemain
- Camping Out
- Natural History
- Amateur Circus
- Experimental Electricity
- Newspaper Clipping Library
- Pictorial Poster Collecting
- Boat Sailing for Amateurs
- Pigeon Loft
- Autograph Collecting
- Amateur Athletics
- Coin Collecting
- Kitchen Garden
- Physical Culture
- Fernery
- Amateur Theatricals
- Aviary
- Picture Collecting
- Amateur Photography
- Poultry Run
- Rabbitry
- Kennel
- Flower Garden
- Window Garden
- Football
- Baseball
- Pushball
- Skating
- Swimming
- Curio Collecting
- Post Card Collecting
- Coupon Collecting
- Crest Collecting
- Souvenir Collecting
- Carpentry
- Taxidermy
- Ventriloquism
- Fishing
- Canoeing
- Indian Relic Collecting
- Postmark Collecting
- Amateur Advertising
- Mineral Collecting

Fill out one or two of the blank lines with the name of other Activities not listed above that you are interested in, and then mark an X in front of all Activities you like best. Then fill out the blank at the bottom with your name and address and send this coupon with

subscription to THE NEW BOY and Life Membership in THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE.

Name _____
 Street and No. _____
 Town _____
 State _____



PEN DRAWING FROM NATURE

BY H. J. HASSELBAUER.

You have often heard that commonly used expression "it's easy when you know how," but those desiring to learn to draw will never know how unless they commence right, and if we change the words around a little to "it's easy when you start right," the application will be more easily understood.

Many of the greatest illustrators of modern times remember well their first attempts at pen and ink drawing and the discouraging results. Most of them started in without even a knowledge of the kind of materials to use, say nothing of the essential rudimentary principles of light and shade, proportion, contrast, balance, technic, etc. In those earlier days there were few who could teach, and many a lesson was learned by a long experience and hard knocks.

Nowadays, the beginner can gain in a few days, or weeks at the most, the knowledge that cost those earlier amateurs who tried their ability in this fascinating line of study, many patient years of labor.

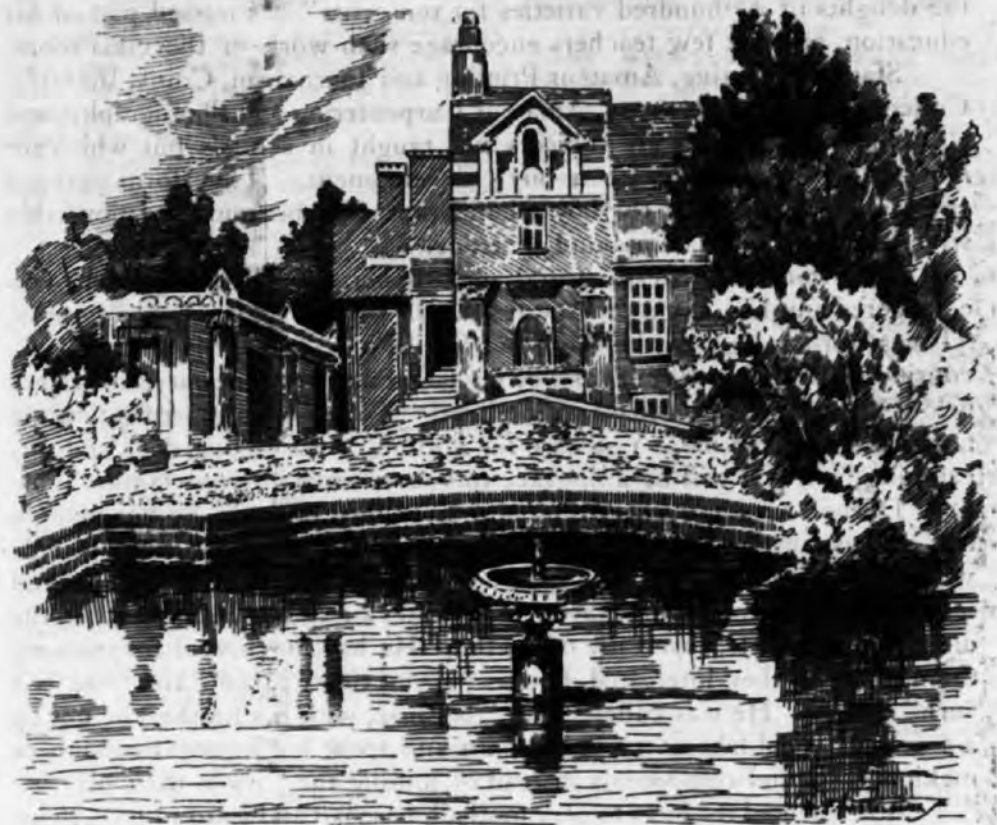
The most common fault of the beginner is to make his drawings altogether too small. He attempts to imitate the work of the engraver by making his drawings have the same "fine" effect as the engraved prints, not realizing that the original drawings were several times larger than the engravings from which the prints were made.

Therefore, we would advise our readers to accustom themselves to making their drawings always a fairly good size,

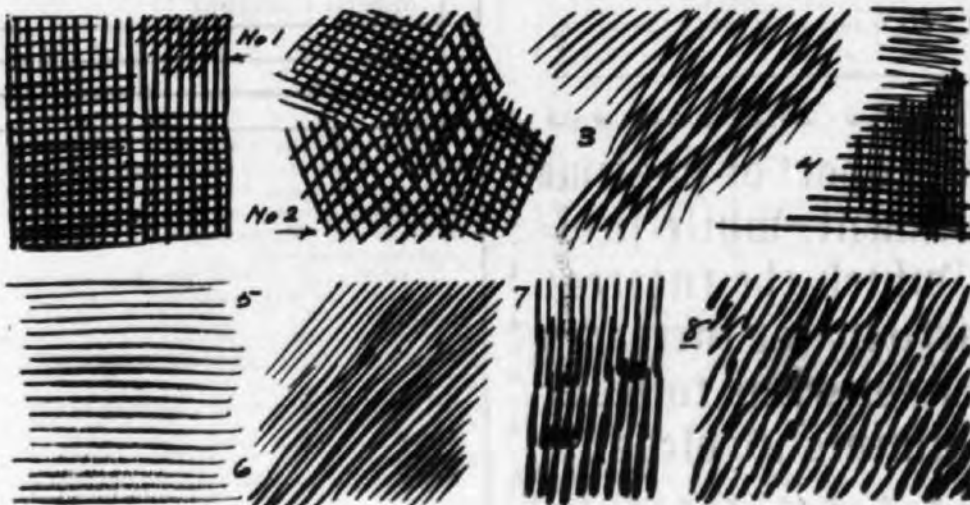
as by so doing, it not only gives the drawing itself a better general appearance than a smaller sketch would be, but it gives the amateur a certain freedom of movement, which means very much in the finished artist.

We will now turn our attention to beginning pen and ink work.

First of all, you must have the material to work with, so consequently you must obtain a bottle of Higgins waterproof India ink, which you can get in almost any store dealing in artists material, for 25 cents, some Gillot's pens, No. 170, and white bristol board. The latter is not especially necessary, as a good quality of smooth paper will answer the purpose just as well for a start. Have at your hand also, a medium grade lead pencil. About the ink, we would advise you not under any circumstances use ordinary writing ink in your work, as the above mentioned drawing ink is of such a different quality that it is imperatively necessary for you to become accustomed to it.



Scene in the garden of Alma Fadema, the great English artist.



After getting together your materials, for the next step begin to practice drawing straight lines with your pen, but be careful that it does not make hooks at the end of lines. When you feel that you have mastered straight lines, try making slightly curved lines. Use a good free movement and you will soon get this stroke also. The object of these and the following hints, as in all technical exercises is, you can readily understand, to obtain control of your pen.

"Technic" is a term used by artists to signify the manner in which the pen, brush or pencil is used. Lines must be made easily and not suggest the use of a ruler.

In the accompanying illustration we give a series of strokes, all of which should be carefully studied and practised

until you have succeeded in mastering every one of them. Then you are free to begin the study of picture drawing. Your pencil sketches should always have your careful attention, as it is a general custom for most of the illustrators to make their outlines lightly in pencil first in order that if any changes were to be made it would not be difficult to do so—then when they are sure that everything is as they desire them to be—the drawing is completed in ink. Another thing to be kept in mind is not to make your pencil marks so heavy that you cannot erase them after the drawing is finished.

When beginning a sketch of a landscape, or scene of any kind, you first find the centre of your picture. Nearly every picture contains one line much longer

be carefully studied and would afford beneficial practise to either copy it or draw similar scenes with grass, foliage, etc.

If possible, go out where you can sketch direct from nature. Try simple landscapes at first, with a tree or bush in the foreground. Get the distances by comparing the different parts of the scene with the principal object, then lay off these measurements lightly with lead pencil, and when you are sure everything is correct, go over it with ink carefully and see what a picturesque sketch you can turn out.

Then try other subjects, adding gradually water, boats, stone walls, rocks, trees, bushes, etc. Of course, don't put all these different things in one picture

ly the more he knows about nature. It is the great storehouse of inspiration and originality. The nearer one gets to nature, the nearer he gets to the truth.

This month we have received some very creditable drawings from our readers, some of them we publish and a glance at the accompanying cuts of the shoe, the table with the oranges, the tree, and the marine and moonlight scenes, will prove to the observer that there are some very promising material for artists among the young readers of THE NEW BOY.

The subject of nature study should be an interesting theme for our readers this month, and we will expect quite a number of good drawings from which as usual we will select the ten best ones, and publish the names of the boys who drew them. Start in now with a vim, and let us see what fine sketches you can turn out, and don't forget to send them in before the end of the month.



than the rest, and by using this line for comparison you should have no difficulty in locating the others. By using no mechanical measurements in your drawings you are training your eyes and hand, and in time you will be able to judge distances accurately at a glance, and correct all errors. It is, of course, not expected that you will show much improvement at first, but practise and further study is necessary to make the adept.

A great many books have been written on drawing from nature, and it would be a great advantage for you to go to a library, and see what the different authors have to say on this subject. We give as a study this month, the scene reproduced herewith, in which is combined the handling of foliage, water, sky, ground, light and shade, etc., and the general make-up of the illustration forms the theme of nature technic. It should

at first, or you will get such an intricate combination that the result of your sketch would be astonishing.

In seeking to bring you closer to nature, it will bring you also closer to art in its broader and higher aspect. Aside from practical application you will be able to make of all knowledge obtained, the subject is one of extreme interest to most boys of artistic temperament.

Nature study, is, in a word, that kind of knowledge that helps to make life worth the living, and is of general interest to everyone. It is not enough for the amateur artist to know how to draw, he must also know what to draw, when to draw it, where to use it; in fact, the more he knows the better; and especial-



Clarence A. Fisher, Edwardsville, Ill.
 Ray Olmstead, Marengo O.
 Paul Sanzone, Cincinnati, O.
 E. P. Walton, New Vineyard, Me.
 Burke Taylor, Tobias, Nebr.
 H. H. Garrison, Denver Colo.
 Fred H. McCoy, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Harry Moriarty, New York City.
 Joseph F. Maxwell, Kansas City, Mo.
 Alexander Regan, Cincinnati, O.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Empire Rises Against Autocracy

An authoritative statement of the attitude of the Russian Government in the present grave emergency was issued from St. Petersburg, in which the following declaration occurs:

"The Government sincerely desired to introduce the new regime without having recourse to harsh measures but it received no support from the Constitutionalists or other Moderates, while the proletariat organizations, under the leadership of the Socialists, continued their mad campaign in favor of armed rebellion, and openly incited the army and the navy to mutiny. The climax of this campaign was reached when efforts were made to attack the credit of the country in the midst of a considerable panic. Had the Government allowed such efforts to go

unchallenged it would have precipitated complete financial and industrial ruin."

On the same day the Government became panic-stricken at the results of its reactionary policies and again changed front. At a meeting of influential advisers of the Czar it was the dominant conviction that Russia could be saved only



View of the City and Harbor of Shanghai, China.

by the immediate proclamation of universal suffrage and the election of representatives to the Douma. Premier Witte at once dictated the draft of a new manifesto which was subsequently approved by the Czar and was expected to be is-

sued in a few days.

On the following day the Union of Unions called all Russia out on strike. It was then doubtful whether the Government could stay the tide of revolution. Already in many parts of the Empire anarchy reigns. Many cities were in complete control of revolutionists, and peasants everywhere were engaged in uprisings.

Two causes have been reported for the rioting which began in Shanghai, China, first that it was promoted by boycotters on account of an incident involving the Mixed Court, and second that it was the outcome of the Anti-American boycott and a general feeling of

hostility towards foreigners, such as preceded the Boxer uprising in 1900. The German Consul was stoned, and the American Vice-Consul and several other foreigners were attacked and injured.

AMATEUR ADVERTISING

A New Activity for the Boy Who Likes to Write Letters and Get Lots of Mail.

Boys, here is a brand new hobby for you. One from which you can derive a great deal of pleasure and a lot of practical experience that may be of great value to you when you grow up and engage in the great struggle for business success. Now, we want all of you to get up a little advertisement like the ones shown here, and send it to the Amateur Advertising Department of THE NEW BOY, and we will print it one time on this page free of charge. You must first select something you want to sell or exchange, and that is sure to be desired by some of the other boys who read this paper. Of course, the more desirable your article, and the less you ask in return, the greater will be the replies you will get.



All advertisements to appear under this heading must be accompanied by 50c for one year's subscription.

EDITORS—Please send me sample copies of your papers. I also want Homer pigeons for squab raising. Send me your prices. **WALTER D. GEORGE**, Tuscola, Ill.

FOR SALE—Bantam chickens—\$1.00 per pair. **CHAS. MARSHALL**, 15 Six St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

EGGS—A setting 15 Single Comb Black Minorca eggs for \$1.00, which generally sell for \$1.50 to \$2. These are eggs I can guarantee as the are from my own hens. **C. E. SWOPE, Jr.**, 328 E. St. Catharine, Louisville, Ky.

SEND me 10c coin and 2c postage, also a narrow strip of paper, size of 2nd joint of 2nd finger, and I will send you a unique lead ring any colors desired. **JOS. RPH GRAY**, 1251 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PRINTING—letter heads, cards, etc. Send us your name and address and we will send you full particulars, send 2c stamp for postage. **EAGLE PRESS**, 1163 Forest Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

25 name cards neatly printed in script, price 15c, 50 for 25c postpaid. **J. HARVEY ARNOLD**, 524 S. High St., Burlington, N. J.

LOOK here boys! I will send you the prettiest pair of white rabbits you ever saw for only 60 red cents. **A. LLOYD SCHULTZ**, Washington Boro, Lan. Co., Pa.

FOR SALE—A number of 5 cent novels for 8 cents apiece or 2 for 5 cents. **ARCHIE H. KLINGBEIL**, 15 Perry Street, Ashtabula, Ohio

LAUGH and grow fat. A book containing jokes, sayings, etc., for only 15c. **IRA BRIDELMAN**, 1801 Chelsea Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE—A collection of stamps for the boy sending me the most addresses of stamp collectors. **WM. BERGFELD**, Seguin, Texas.

BOYS, send me a dime and I will send you 1000 stamp hinges, one Album with 60 different stamps, The Canvasser and one Duplicate Stamp Book. Postage 5c extra. **W. C. BURTIS**, 147 Grand, Saratoga, N. Y.

FREE—20 different Australian stamps free to every one sending reference for stamps on approval. 50% discount allowed. **L. V. CASS**, Lenox, Penns.

LET us print you 100 personal or business cards for 35c Envelope 50c per 100. **AMERICAN PRINTING CO.**, 618½ Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

EXCHANGE wanted with collectors and dealers of stamps in Foreign countries. **GRAND STAMP CO.**, 342 E. 15th St., N. Y.

68 var. old rare tin tobacco tags 20c. 50 var. street car transfers 25c. 50 var. cigar bands 15c. dozen old Indian wampum money 15c. 5 var. Hawaiian Islands postal cards, unused, 15c. **BURNS CHERRY**, 781 12th St., Oakland, Cal.

SOUVENIR Cards wanted in exchange with foreign collectors. **H. J. HASSELBAUER**, 222 West 10th Street, New York.

HUMPTY Dumpty is the newest game for boys. We will send you our new illustrated monthly magazine for boys and girls for 6 months and one of our Humpty Dumpty games for only 10c. This offer is good for this month only. **RURAL YOUTH PUB. CO.**, 116 Columbia Bldg, Springfield, O.

STAMPS Exchanged. I desire correspondence with collectors having from 2000 to 5000 var. **W. S. ALDRICH**, 352 W. 115 St., New York City.

EZ Money Boys and Girls. Send for 20 packages free. Sells 10c package. When sold send us \$1 keep other \$1. **PRAIRIE BLUING CO.**, Dept. 66 N. B., Rolling Prairie, Ind.

YOU !!

MUSIC very easy to play and beautiful. By Samuel B. Lambdin, composer of over 200 different tunes. Suitable for young, old and all. Some are dreamy and gentle. Others exhilarating and lively. Recently published "Angel's Visit," "Jack Tar's March," "Maids and Mermaids," "Happy Girls," "American Soldiers' Quickstep." Price 10c, 8 for 25c. Remit in 1 and 2c stamps.

S. B. LAMBDIN, 160 Bleecker Street, New York City.



The best evidence of what an Acme course can do for you is what it has done for others. We would like to send you free our Ready Reference List of over 300 satisfied students living in all parts of the world.

This book also contains fac simile and autograph letters with photographs of other students who tell what we have done for them.

One student secured a good paying position after only four months study. His name is Wm. R. Williams, Mishawaka, Ind.

Frank S. Brown, Albany, N. Y., secured a fine position before he had completed his course. What others have done, You can do with our help.

We Teach Drawing—Nothing Else

We can train anybody who wishes to learn to make the kind of drawings business men want and will pay for. We will enable you to earn from \$15.00 to \$40.00 per week in some reliable establishment. We teach thoroughly by mail the following courses:

Newspaper, Magazine and Book Illustrating. Caricature, Cartoon and Comic Drawing. Commercial Designing and Lettering. Mechanical, or Architectural Drawing. Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting. Special Courses for School Teachers. Write for full information and state which of the above courses you want to investigate. Sign your name and full address and mail to

ACME SCHOOL OF DRAWING, 162 Acme Block, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE NEW BOY PHOTOGRAPHER

DEFECTS IN NEGATIVES

Fog in its various forms is one of the bugbears of development. Different classes of fog all have different causes, and few of them can be entirely eradicated. Perhaps the commonest is yellow fog, or s'ain, due to an excessive amount of Pyro in developing, or due to Pyro which has been exposed to air and thus become oxidised. Yellow stains may be removed by immersing the negative till clear in:

Thio carbamide	20 parts
Citric Acid	10 parts
Water	1000 parts

It is important that the negative should be thoroughly washed after this treatment.

Blurring of the image is another defect very often found in negative, this most times has its origin in halation, nearly every well-known make of plate can now be obtained backed, and the extra coppers spent in this way may be regarded as a good investment.

Fritting and blistering are very common faults, especially in hot weather, but uneven temperature of the developers also cause this.

Pinholes in negatives often cause much displeasure, these of course are due to dust having been present on the plate. Remove dust from negatives prior to loading them into plate holders, there are numerous ways in which this can be accomplished, one is to brush the surface of the negative lightly with a soft camel hair brush. This, however, has its objections in that during very hot weather the brush is liable to streak the plate. The best method is to procure a glass rod or even an old hard rubber comb, rub it smartly with a dry silk handkerchief for a few moments, then apply it close to the sensitised surface of the plate, moving it slowly across the same. The dust will be attracted to the electrified article and will cling to it, and may then be rubbed off.

Why waste paper on a negative which you know is unsatisfactory, "just to see what it will look like," put it into a solution of sulphuric acid and bichromate of potassium and the same will come out a clear sparkling piece of glass which can be used at any time.

Streaks and uneven development in a negative is often the result of the amateurs attempt at economy, by using his developer sparingly. Use plenty, anyway enough to cover the plate without having to resort to violent agitation to do it. Also use fresh developer as often as you can; it is cheaper than spoiling a negative once in awhile by using old and colored developer.

Do not expect clean negatives if you use dirty developer or fixing bath. Keep your solution clear, filtering them as often as necessary.

ABOUT CAMERA CLUBS.

Few amateur camera clubs are a success, and the answer to the question "Why?" is very simple. Much might be said and written on this subject but in the end would avail little more than what would a few decisive words of the "straight from the shoulder kind," if the amateur of his own accord does not mend his way and act more fairly.

Camera clubs are a source of much accomplishment and fame, if harmony could rule them. For the benefit of such

readers who may belong to a photographic organization, I want to most emphatically impress the fact on him not to wait for the club to do something for him, but he should strive to do something for the club, and that something should not consist alone in the prompt payment of dues. Every club will be a sorry failure without the enthusiastic support of its members. When holding exhibitions do not let the whole burden rest upon a faithful few, every member should contribute something of his work, let not the fact that you are a beginner make you hesitate to show the product of your camera. Few of us reach perfection, and you will most decidedly gain valuable knowledge when you take

in proper spirit the kindly criticism of more experienced members.

Compare your work with that of your more experienced brethren and note your shortcomings, then act upon good judgment and you will improve from month to month. Another fact every club member ought to be acquainted with is that of all officers of a camera club the secretary bears the heaviest burden, if he is not an enthusiastic, never tiring hustler little can be looked for from his club, but as a rule he is a willing, uncomplaining worker who exerts every effort to help good attendance at meetings and prompt execution of all official business, help him all you can.

—HENRY R. GEISLER.



The Old Town of Tucson, Ariz.—By Robt. Clarkson (age 15).



"Down in Sunny Florida," by James Lange, Miami, Florida (age 16).

The New Boy Stamp Collector



THE CONNELL STAMP.

ONE FOR WHICH COLLECTORS MIGHT GIVE \$25,000.

In most of the monarchies of the world, on every change in the personality of the reigning sovereign, a new series of postage stamps is rushed out, and those bearing the likeness of the late ruler are withdrawn. Our Post Office Department prohibits the use of the likeness of an American citizen on our stamps until after his death. Stamp collectors like to call attention to the fact that a difficulty over a postage stamp lost to New Brunswick an able Postmaster-General. A rule like that of this country would have saved trouble.

In December, 1859, the Governor of New Brunswick and his Executive Council authorized Charles Connell, the Postmaster-General, to procure a new issue of postage stamps, the change from "pence" to "cents" having rendered the current stamps obsolete. The new set was to comprise the denominations of 1, 5, 10 and 12½ cents.

Mr. Connell interpreted the instructions to empower him fully to prepare suitable designs and to have the stamps printed and circulated. Accordingly, he went to New York and arranged with a bank note company to produce the stamps, having previously selected the designs. This task Mr. Connell had delegated to his secretary who reported to his chief one day that he had completed designs for all stamps, except the 5 cent, used for domestic letter mail. He had even gone further, and added a 17 cent stamp for registered mail. The 1 cent stamp depicted a locomotive; the 10 cent Queen Victoria; the 12½ cent, a primitive looking steamship, and the 17 cent, the bust of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. The secretary admitted he could not find a suitable subject for the 5 cent denomination.

The Postmaster-General

Complimented the Young Man

upon the appropriateness of the designs and said he would personally assume the responsibility for the selection of the design for the 5 cent denomination. In due course the New York company completed the contract, and the stamps were delivered to the Postmaster-General shortly before May 1, when the new issue was to be placed on sale.

Mr. Connell sent a few sets of the stamps to the Governor and members of the Executive Council, and when they

gazed at the designs they were horrified to discover upon the 5c stamp the likeness of Postmaster-General Connell as large as the Queen.

At a hurried conference of officers it was decided that the action of the Postmaster-General was reprehensible and that the stamps bearing his likeness should not be issued, even if force were required to prevent it: the country should not be scandalized. The first intimation Mr. Connell, who was visiting in the country, had of the storm his innocent surprise had evoked was when he received a telegram advising him that the stamps could not be issued to postmasters until they had been formally approved by the Governor and council. Even then he did not realize the seriousness of the matter, as he wired back to the secretary to secure the necessary approval at once, assuming it to be a mere formality. He also advised his secretary that the stamps would be issued in three days. The approval was not obtained, however, and Mr. Connell wired his secretary to postpone the issue until he could personally see what the trouble was.

When Mr. Connell returned to St. John the Executive Council was in session. Its result was disastrous to his 5 cent stamp. Here he learned for the first time the hornet's nest he had stirred up by presuming to issue a stamp

Bearing His Own Likeness

to circulate beside stamps bearing the features of royalty. The Governor took the matter into his own hands and recommended that the stamps be issued except the 5 cent, and the likeness of the Queen be substituted for the face of Connell. This order was made in the form of a letter to Mr. Connell, formally directing him to make the changes decided by the council.

But Mr. Connell was obstinate and replied that he had been duly and formally authorized to prepare designs for the new stamps and issue them, his instructions having been without restrictions; he therefore proposed to retain the stamp bearing his own likeness and was prepared to give the stamps to postmasters for issue. The council replied in a spirited communication, whereupon he showed that the change would involve loss of time and revenue, and as he did

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not care to be responsible to the people for this he tendered his resignation as Postmaster-General, asserting that his usefulness as a Cabinet Minister was surely at an end if he could not, after official authorization, be permitted to procure a series of postage stamps.

He requested that permission be given him to publish the grounds of his resignation. This permission was granted, but when Mr. Connell came to give his version of the affair he did not mention the postage stamp incident at all, having evidently concluded that his position would not be approved by the people, but gave an entirely different reason for his withdrawal. When confronted by the facts, however, he finally admitted that the real reason was that he had been hampered in the working out of details by unwarranted interference.

The New York bank note company speedily changed the plate for the 5 cent value by

Gouging Out Connell's Face

and inlaying the face of the Queen, so that but little loss of time resulted in the issue of the stamps. The thousands of Connell stamps were ruthlessly thrown into the furnace, although there still remained in existence the few copies which Mr. Connell had given to his friends. These stamps are catalogued at \$150 each and are extremely rare.

There has been considerable controversy among collectors over this stamp. It has been said that some of them were actually issued and used, but this is officially denied, and Mr. Connell himself says that the 5 cent Connell stamp was never issued to postmasters. Claims of the existence of used copies of the stamp which of course establish the fact that it had been issued to postmasters, have been made from time to time, but the postmark is always found to be spurious. A philatelic expert says that a copy of the Connell stamp upon the original letter, cancelled with the genuine postmark of that period, would probably be the

Rarest Stamp in the World,

surpassing the famous 2 penny stamp of the Island of Mauritius, which the Prince of Wales bid in at auction a year ago at the record price of \$7,200. There are collectors who would snap up a genuinely postal cancelled "Connell" at \$25,000.

It is singular that all of the stamps of this Connell issue are obtainable more cheaply than used, the used copies being the scarcer. Early in the 60's New Brunswick's rate of postage was reduced to two cents per half ounce, and a little later she, with Nova Scotia, joined Canada and became a part of the Dominion. Newfoundland has always remained outside of the fold, however, and issues her own postage stamps, which are among the most interesting and beautiful in the world.

STAMP IN USE FIFTY YEARS.

A Tribute to the Long Life of "The Grand Old Stamp of Philately."

"The Grand Old Stamp of Philately" is the title that is fittingly bestowed upon the 5p green of New South Wales, a stamp that has been constantly in use for 50 years, having been issued to the public Dec. 1, 1855. The jubilee is now celebrated with a souvenir post card upon which is a fine large engraving of the

stamp in question. At the left is to be found information as to designer, engraver and printer with date of issue, while at the right is a recapitulation of quantities printed showing a total output of nearly two and a half millions. The card is printed in green the color of the stamp and is issued by the Sydney N. S. W. Philatelic Club. No stamp has ever been used for so long a period as the 5p Queen's head of New South Wales.

TWO POST CARD MODIFICATIONS.

There are two important modifications in the regulations governing official and private postal cards as given by Supt. of Foreign Mails N. M. Brooks:

(1) In allowing the face of the card to be divided into equal parts by means of a perpendicular line, the space to the right of the line being reserved for the address, while a message may be written in the space to the left of the line. The advantage of this arrangement accrues principally in connection with illustrated cards, now passing through the mails in such immense numbers, in that it allows the card to bear a greeting from the sender to the addressee without defacing with manuscript the illustration upon the back of the card.

(2) Cards which conform to the size and weight of the official postal cards and which bear written messages are mail-

able at the rate of 1c each, even though they do not bear on their face the words "Post card." This concession is a distinct advantage both to the postal service and to the citizen—to the citizen in that it removes a restriction from his correspondence, and to the postal service in that it relieves that service of the expense of furnishing the card, while it still receives the 1 cent for its service in transporting the card which is all that is asked for the card and its transportation when the official card is used.

\$18.85 FOR \$1.96

\$1 Manifest Perforated cat. 60c only	\$ 08
\$1 Mortgage " " \$3.00 "	35
\$1 Probate of Will " " 1.25 "	18
\$1 Passage Ticket " " 6.00 "	60
\$1 " " Imp. " 8.00 "	75

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FOURTH—We have had some packets of stamps made up, all different, and all foreign. Catalogue value nearly \$3.00. All clean stamps, no rubbish of any kind.

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Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News,
R 508 Kast Bldg, Boston, Mass.



The "cover illustration this month is a fine pair of the 3pf Saxony, 1850 issue. With the exception of the 1851 1/4 n. g. pale blue (error) the 3pf is the scarcest of the Saxony stamps. This stamp is often found on the collector's "want list" and dealers have always considered it to be worth its full catalog price (\$30.00). The pair illustrated above are of the dark red shade and these are considered much scarcer than the light red shade. The above cover is one of Mr. Seybold's favorites. It is prized more highly on account of its magnificent condition.

FROM \$1.61 TO \$2500.

How Six Stamps Increased in Value Since August, 1861.

At the last meeting of the Boston Philatelic Society, held in December, there was a competitive exhibition of United States postage stamps, general issues 1847 to 1905, and official stamps which were in use from 1873 to 1884 by the different departments at Washington.

The scarcest stamps shown were issued August, 1861, including 5c us-d, and 5c, 12c, 24c, 30c, 90c, unused. These six stamps were bought at the post office in 1861 for \$1.61 and are now valued at \$2500. An unused 5c brick red which was sold in 1857 for 5c, is now valued at \$100; a 3c scarlet, issued in 1866, is now valued at \$80, and many of the other stamps shown which were bought at the post office between 1851 and 1902 at from 1c to 24c each are now worth from \$10 to \$100 each.

Of the official stamps shown, the Agriculture Department 2c, 3c, 6c, 10c, 15c, 30c olive yellow, unused, are extremely scarce, and would be hard to duplicate at any price. The \$5 State Department stamp which could have been bought sixteen years ago for \$7.50 is now worth \$185.

One of the interesting stamps shown was a Navy Department 2c, printed in green, the color of the State Department stamps. The regular color of the Navy Department stamp is ultramarine, but by some mistake some of these 2c stamps

were printed in green and therefore they are known to collectors as "errors." The value of the 2c Navy Department stamp in the regular color, ultramarine, is \$1.00 and that of the error in green is valued at \$65. This proves that stamp collectors as well as other people at times have to pay dearly for their "errors."

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COMMONWEALTH POSTAGE STAMPS.

Will be Printed in Adelaide in a Uniform King's Head Design.

Melbourne, Victoria.

It is once more announced to be the intention of the Postmaster-General gradually to concentrate the printing of postage stamps at the General Post Office printing works at Adelaide. The cheap rate at which the work can be done at Adelaide and the efficiency of the plant, which is to be strengthened shortly by a new special machine, has led to the conclusion that the stamp printing will benefit by the change.

When the change is made the post office will possess a uniform Commonwealth design for the principal denominations of all postage stamps. A Federal stamp is impracticable during the book keeping period, but when that is over a stamp that can be used anywhere in Australia will be issued. In the meantime the post office will issue a uniform design, of which the King's head will be the central feature, with a space for the insertion of the name of the issuing State.

WASHINGTON STAMP MATTERS.

There appears to have been a change in the shade of the current two cent stamps. The shade in which the stamps are now printed is very much more of a rose color than that employed some months ago. A block in the possession of the collector who purchased it for postage use three months ago, compared with a block of recent purchase shows the difference distinctly and it is not a mere shade or difference caused by less and more ink, either. The old color was tintured with scarlet, while the new one is a distinct rose.

The postmaster-general of the Netherlands is certainly a man possessed of originality of ideas or the ability to perceive and utilize the bright ideas of his subordinates. The Dutch postoffice department will now accept orders for postal supplies for future delivery, just as a traveling salesman does. If a Dutchman so desires he is supplied with blanks upon which he fills out an order for such stamps or envelopes as may be desired. The order may be folded and dropped into a letter box without a postage stamp. In due time a messenger will appear with the stamps ordered for which payment must be made on delivery. The order must amount to \$2.08 but this may be for a varied assortment of different supplies, post cards, stamped envelopes, stamps of different denominations, as long as the aggregate is \$2.08 or more. Our own department might follow this plan by permitting letter carriers to take orders from persons for postal supplies to be paid for on the next delivery at which time the goods ordered would be brought by the carrier. It is hardly likely, however, that this scheme will be attempted. It would delay carriers probably an hour each trip and the complaint now-a-days is that there is not sufficient expedition in the delivery of the mails.

One of the rules of the postoffice department is that money orders must be presented for payment within one year from date of issue. After the money orders are more than a year old they may

be cashed, in fact they never outlaw, but they then must go to the postmaster general who will have a warrant issued for the amount. Last week the department turned over to the treasury \$738,516.86 representing cash on hand for the payment of orders issued by postmasters but which the recipients of the orders have not called for. Uncle Sam nets a handsome sum every year from this source.

The little island of St. Kilda, situated about fifty miles west of Scotland, is without regular postal facilities, receiving mail only at such times as a tramp steamer puts into port, usually about twice a year. When the people of this island desire to communicate with the outside world they resort to a floating bag made of a sheepskin buoy plugged with a piece of wood to which is attached a tag reading "St. Kilda mail, please open." Inside the buoy is a tin canister containing the letters. The last mail went from St. Kilda June 21 and drifted to Shetland in two months. It contained two letters and eight post cards which were duly forwarded, although the addresses on some of the cards was almost obliterated. The sum of one shilling was enclosed for the purchase of postage stamps to frank the letters and post cards. It is said that three similar mails were sent off from St. Kilda at the same time but the other two were never heard from.

It does not appear that much progress will be made at the present session of Congress toward the establishment of a general domestic parcels post system. The National Grange is strongly in favor of such a scheme and has petitioned Congress to take action, but it is understood the transportation companies and the merchants in small cities and towns are a unit in opposition to this movement and results are improbable. The storekeepers in towns now find it difficult to maintain themselves in the face of the department stores and mail order houses, and declare that with parcels post they would be obliged to go out of business.

During the week December 11th began the annual sale of dead letter accumulations for the preceding fiscal year.

There were nearly 8,000 parcels of merchandise of various sorts which was sold to the highest bidder, the sales being held morning and evening until all were disposed of. The packages usually sell for from fifty cents to a dollar each, according to description. On the outside of each parcel is a statement of the contents, and this the auctioneer reads aloud as he puts the package on sale. Ladies' underwear, corsets, children's socks, shoes, handkerchiefs, toilet articles, form a considerable portion of the contents, and the packages are usually not worth any more than is paid for them. Ten pairs of baby socks in a family having no small children, are not cheap even at seventy cents. However, the Christmas season was just ahead and the ten pairs of baby socks made ten holiday gifts. These sales are not popular with bachelors.

The Bureau of Insular affairs is still without information concerning the Philippine stamps sent to the islands for approval or rejection more than two months ago, notwithstanding the Bureau requested that a cable be sent in case the

stamps were satisfactory. The officials here, in the light of absence of information, are disposed to believe that Mr. Forbes, an official of the Philippine post office department, who is now enroute to Washington, proposes to take the matter up with the Bureau in person and adjust whatever differences may exist or make such suggestions in the way of changes as may be desired. Mr. Forbes is expected to arrive about the middle of this month. Until he comes there will probably be no news.

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Here we are again with 24 new members and we expect to have still a larger list next month. Collectors in small towns, where no cards are published may write us, we can make up some cards with views of their town, providing they can furnish a good clear photo.

Several members have not replied to our request regarding the dues. Let us hear from you at an early date.

NEW MEMBERS.

Neue Mitglieder.

- 1494 Miss M. Hays, 25 East 94th Street, New York, U. S. A.
1495 Miss E. U. Briggs, 2121 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.
1496 L. Wolfkehl, 7 Taunus St., Frankfurt am Main, Germany.
1497 A. D. Blair, Jr., 600 W. Church St., Elmira, N. Y., U. S. A.
1498 Mrs. J. Frank Baumgartner, 121 Wood Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
1499 Genevieve Quickly, 108 Norris Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
1500 Bessie L. Towne, 119 Norris Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
1501 Rosa Mercedes Galles Morales, Apartado 48, Lima, Peru, S. A.
1502 Rudolf Horatschek, Frauengasse 3, Wien XVII, Austria.
1503 J. A. Barandisaran, Apartado I, Guayaquil, Ecuador, S. A.
1504 Wilhelm Daniel, Lange Geismar St. 44, Goettingen, Germany.
1505 John C. Behr, Apartado 68, Monterey, Mexico.
1506 Miss F. Conklin, 25 East 94th St., New York, N. Y.
1507 Frank A. Fountain, 358 Spadina Ave. Upstairs, Toronto, Can.
1508 Myron E. McCallum, St. Paul Park, Wash. Co., Minn., U. S. A.
1509 Sister Mary Francis, Convent of Mercy, 808 Rio Street, Red Bluff, Cal.
1510 Miss Sharpe, Falcon Hotel, Up-
pingham, Rutland, Eng.
1511 Jeanne Jacoby, 1215 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
1512 Octavio S. Carneira, Rua dos Vol-
untari, Patria No. 40 A, Porto
Alegre, Brazil.
1518 M. Klingenstein, 161 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
1514 P. Huddy, East Street, Ashburton, England.
- 1515 Fred T. Slater, Lestershire, N. Y., U. S. A.
1516 Frank B. Rose, 16 Ames St., Lynn, Mass.
1517 Edwin F. Crosby, 8 Rhodes Ave., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.
- REMOVED—Present Address Unknown.
Verzogen—Jetzige Adresse unbekannt.
37 Kuernoth—N. Y.
55 Koch—New York, (deceased).
75 Krueger—N. Y.
1275 Miss Bassett—N. Y.

RENEWALS.

Erneuerungen.

- 5 Miss Essie Klein, 10 East 23 Street, New York, N. Y.
58 Henry C. Breitbarth, P.O. Box 447, Portland, Oregon.
241 Andre Perlet, 50 Rue Molitor, Paris, XVI, France.
420 Harry B. Dynes, 1632 A. Spann Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A. All kinds of cards except comics. Alle Sorten ausser Komischen Karten.
423 A. T. Brown, Actou, Ontario, Can.
1200 Mrs. O. Ripton Daniel, "Orange Grove," Richmond, Natal, South Africa.
1203 E. J. Hudson, Box 293, Nauvoo, Ill., U. S. A.
1241 Albert J. Bouvier, 1635 Pleasant St., Fall River, Mass., U. S. A.
1242 Ramiro Ramirez L. Casilla, 86 Rancagua, Province O'Higgins, Chile.
1250 Alois Vedernjak, 221 East 85th St., New York. (Mr. Vedernjak is also willing to translate for members of the "Atlas" free of charge. Of course return postage should be enclosed).
1253 C. H. Williams, 104 E. Commercial Ave., Anaconda, Mont
1254 Miss Elsie Robinson, Dock Office Row, Hull, Yorkshire, Eng.
1255 Miss Lottie Richards, Holton House, Beverly Road, Hull, Eng.
1262 Miss Myrtle Adele Tatum, Tatum, Va., U. S. A.
1268 Lizzie L. Freel, Baystreet, Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., Can.
1276 Rag Nicola Millo, S.Canciano 6081, Venezia, Italy.
1279 C. Westermann, Piano Mfr., 9 Beaconsfel Arcade, Hong Kong, China.
1285 Joseph Louis Muscat, 134 Str. Vorni, Valletta, Malta.
1287 Mrs. E. W. Knowlton, Box 18, Cambridge Station, Kings Co., Nova Scotia.
1289 Leonhard Rupprecht, Maschinen Arbeiter No. 312 Werkstaette Di-
enst, Nuernberg, Germany.
1305 Miss Bertha Boas, 17 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.
1306 Maria Angelica Silva, Paysandu 52, Montevideo, Uruguay.
1317 Eugen Maurer, Amtsgericht, Weinsberg, Wuerttemberg, Ger-
many.
1318 G. Resten, Anatolian Railroad, Haidar Pacha, Constantinople, Turkey.
1450 James Duthie, Nausori Mill, Nausori, Fiji.

LEATHER POST CARDS.

A lady member of the "Atlas Society" has the novel idea of making use of the "Leather Post Cards" which she collected as a specialty for the last few months. She is working on a fancy dress, made out of the Leather Post Cards and there is very little doubt that our bright member will make a big hit when she appears at a certain Masquerade Ball here in New York, during this month.

As the whole matter shall be surprise, we cannot give any further particulars, but as we are promised a photo, we may be able to bring an illustration of the "Leather Post Card Dress" in one of the following numbers of THE NEW BOY.

Another scheme to make use of the Leather Post Card is the following:

Take 16, 20 or 25 Leather Post Cards, perforate along the edges about one half or an inch apart, and attach together by means of leather strips about the thickness of shoe strings, which can be procured at a saddlery shop. The back can be made of sateen in any color desired. Dark red is a very pretty combination. The cushion can be bound with red and brown cord or any other color that matches the back.

In this manner one can preserve their Leather Post Cards and secure a very nice sofa pillow.

Members in England should not write on the address side of cards sent to members in the United States, as there is always six cents postage due on such cards when received on this side of the pond.

By crossing out the words "Post Card" and inserting "Printed Matter" and writing nothing but your name and the date, you may send cards to foreign countries for one cent, according to the Postal Rules and Regulations. This means a great saving in postage to collectors who have a large list of regular foreign exchangers.

EASTER LEATHER and other Fancy Post POST CARDS Card samples 10 cents. Samples 25 Cents.

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15 CONIC POST CARDS only ten cents. No two alike. M. SCHWAGEL & CO., 1 apt. B, 111 Morningdale Ave., N.Y. City.



ODD COINS, AS AMULET, CARRIED BY THE CZAR.

At this moment a few old eastern coins are infinitely more valuable in the eyes of the Czar than all the gold in the Siberian mines. For Emperor Nicholas firmly believes the coins are blessed amulets which protect him from all harm, and most particularly from death at an assassin's hands.

Never is the czar without these coins. He has more confidence in them than in his soldiers' bayonets to safeguard him when he goes among his people.

The silver pieces jingled in his pocket during the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva a fortnight ago, when was fired the charge of grapeshot which might have wiped out the whole Romanoff dynasty, czar, czarina, grand dukes and all.

The head of the Greek church, in whose nature religion and superstition arrive for mastery, obtained the coins from Bernhard Tutnauer, a Jew who lives at Radantz, a town in the Austrian crown land Bukovina. Three years ago a wonder-working rabbi from the Orient was Tutnauer's guest. Departing, the rabbi rewarded the hospitality shown him with the coins, saying:

"My son, although these pieces may seem a poor gift, they will protect those far greater than you in time of danger."

Lately, for three nights in succession, the vision of Alexander III, the czar's father, appeared to Tutnauer and told him the rabbi's coins would shield anyone who wears a crown from a violent death.

Tutnauer sent the coins to the Russian charge d'affaires at Vienna, with a message which vividly described his triple dream. Much impressed, the charge forwarded the coins to his majesty, who most gratefully acknowledged their receipt.

Before the czar put the coins in his pocket they had been tested at the imperial laboratory for any insidious poison that might lurk in them.

So superstition, which enthralled the czar as completely as the lowliest of his moujiks has manifested itself.

Now he is reconciled to the loss of Zenobia Golaczy, the beautiful little woman from Poltava, the charming mystic who conjured pictures for him on a screen.

The dreamy prophetess interpreted the meaning of the dull, confused, waving masses of light she summoned to please herself and her imperial patron. Her seances gave him hope. She showed him the shadowy Japanese fleeing before dazzling Cossacks.

Unluckily for herself the Golaczy was not content to deal alone with the czar's fears and hopes. She promised to tell him what the grand dukes were plotting, what his ministers were planning. She disappeared—no one knows whither.

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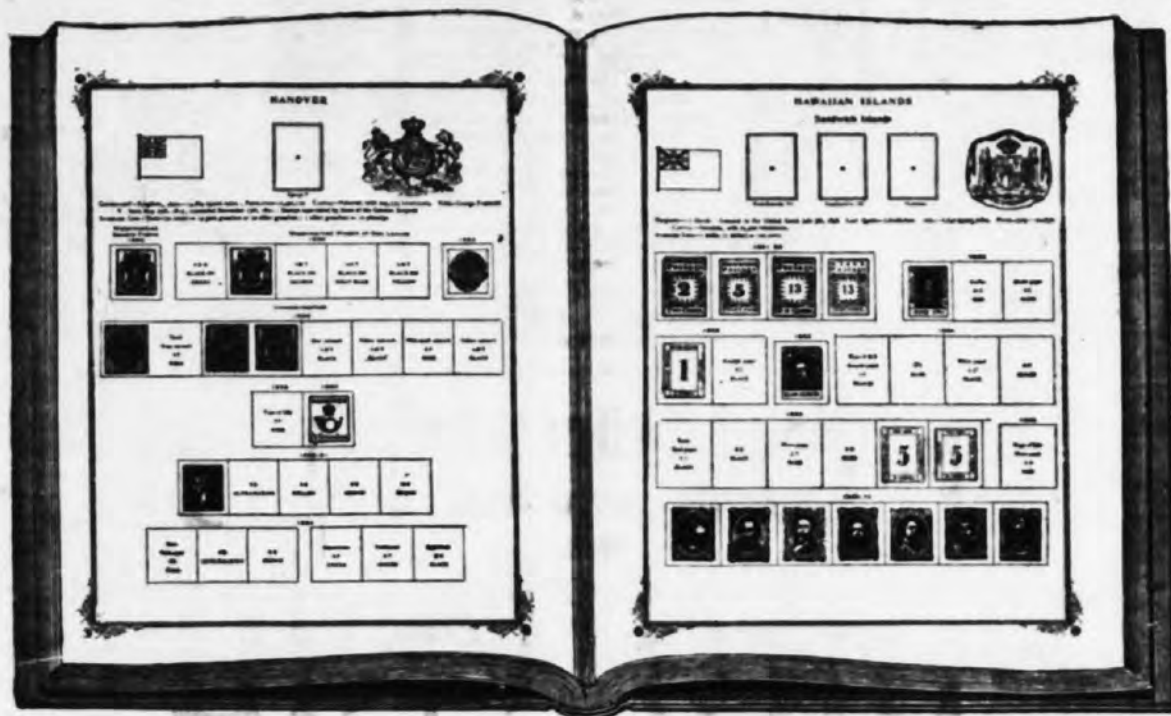
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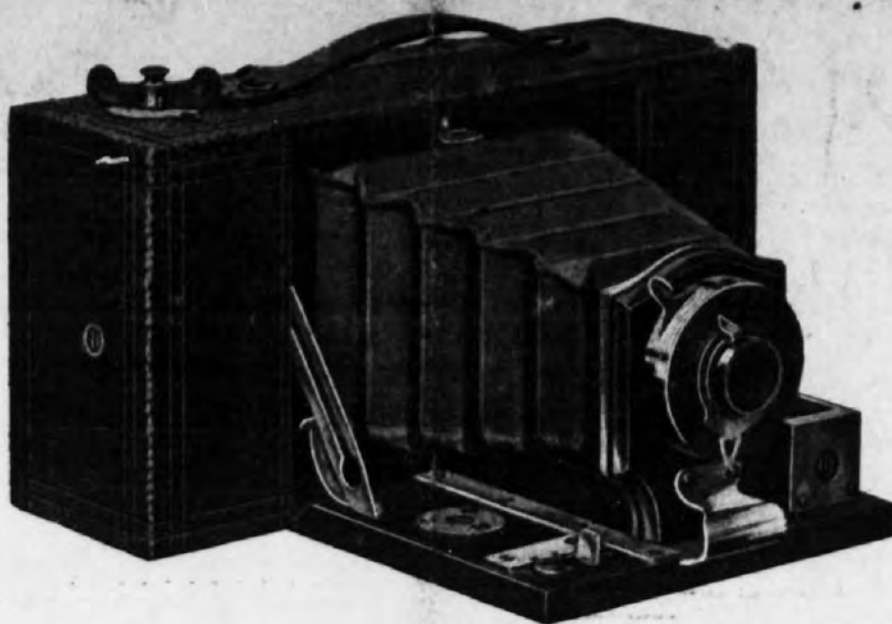


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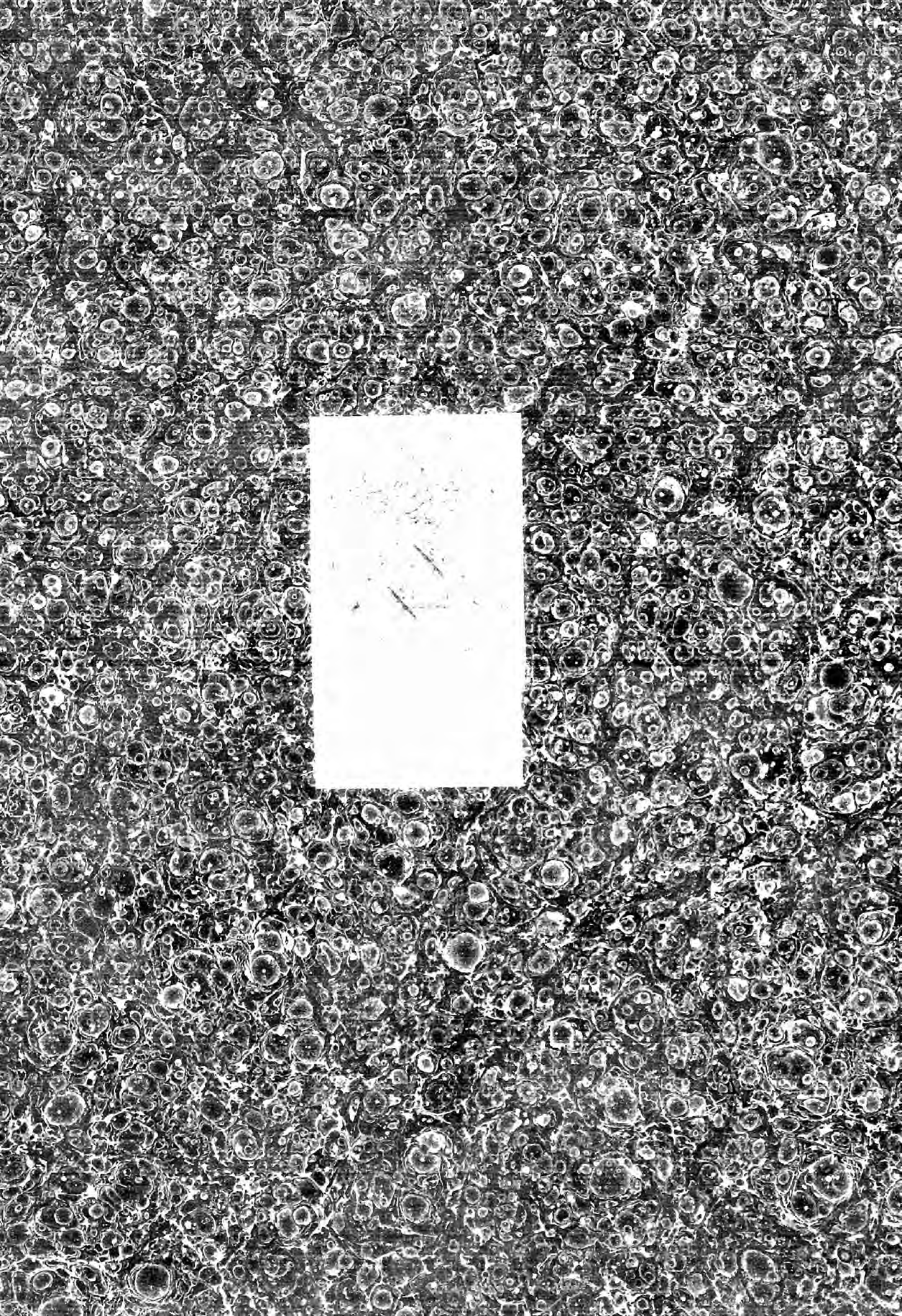
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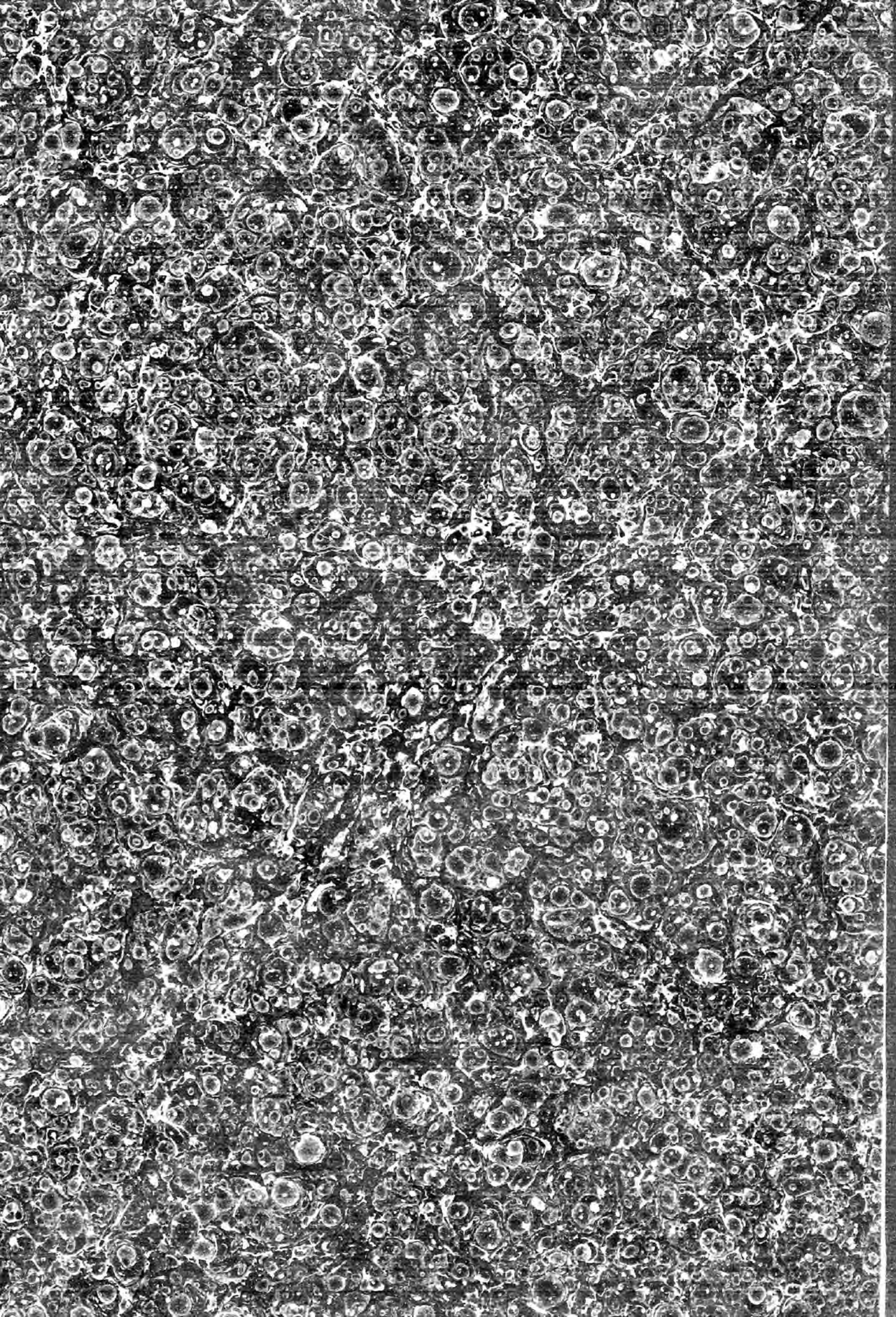
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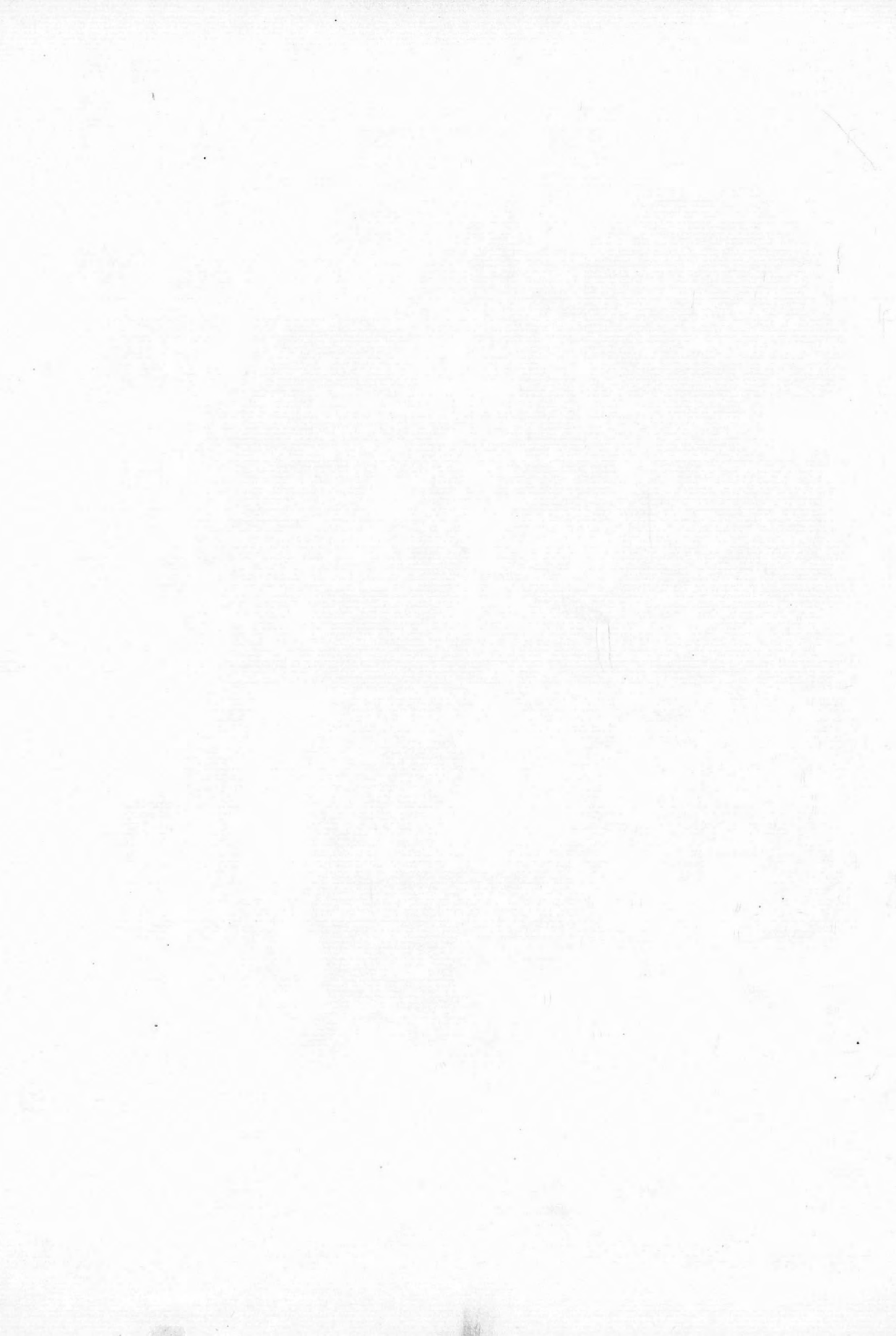
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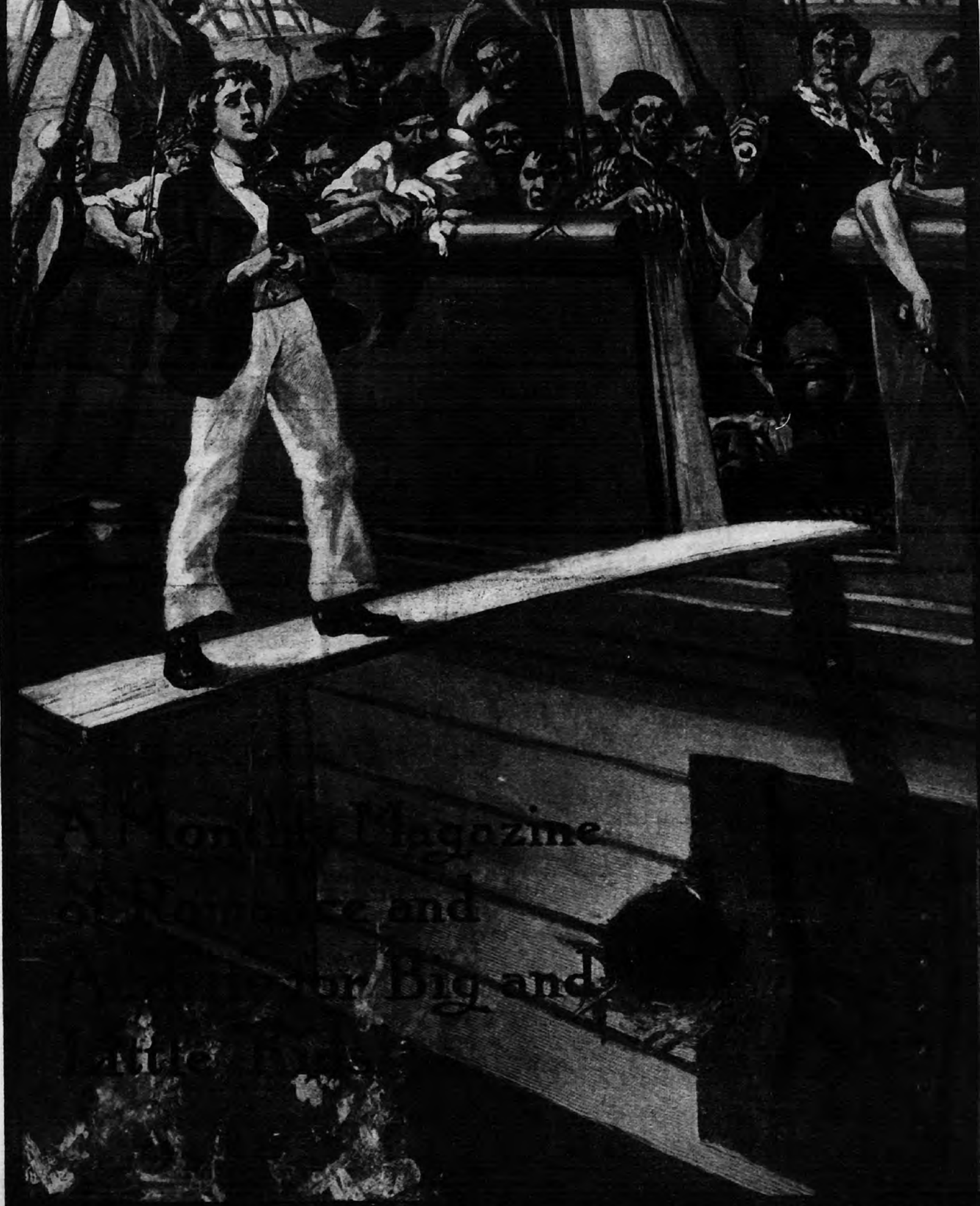


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No. 1. MARCH, 1905. Vol. 1.

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Here is the best paper for you ever invented. Some men spend their lives trying to find the North Pole, one man we know has been working sixteen years to build an air ship that will fly; others devote their lives to money-chasing in Wall Street, but we are working to make the greatest Boy's magazine in the world. For ten years we have planned this thing that you hold in your hand, and submit it to you with the hope that you will decide to join us in our campaign of youthful activity before you lay it down.

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VOLUME I.

MARCH, 1905.

NUMBER I.

THE ENCHANTED CITY

A THRILLING TALE OF SPANISH EXPLORATION IN AFRICA DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I.

There it is again—it was a cry for help, I'm certain. Turn the boat's head that way, Gomez, with all your strength!"

"Don't be rash, for mercy's sake, Senor Sebastian. Who can tell whether this may not be a trick of the savages to entrap us, or else" (here the speaker sank his voice to an awe-stricken whisper) "a snare of the evil demons who haunt this place to work mischief to all Christian men?"

The time of this conversation was a hot, close, heavy day in the latter part of the year of 1678. The place was a gloomy bend in the lower course of the Coanza, one of the greatest rivers of Southwestern Africa, which falls into the sea not very far south of the Congo. The speakers were Don Sebastian da la Estrella, a dashing young Portuguese cavalier—who had just come thither from the island of St. Thomas, farther up the coast—and his trusty servant, Pedro Gomez, a veteran of the African wars.



"THEY SUDDENLY BEHELD A STRANGE AND FEARFUL SPECTACLE."

Far as the eye could reach, the thick, slimy waters rolled between two impenetrable walls of dark, shadowy jungle, over which hung like a shroud the hot, thick, poisonous vapor that steamed up from the fathomless depth of rank, spongy mire from below. Look where one might, the vast gloomy mangroves towered up on every side, seeming to shut out the very sky, with their piled up masses of dark, leathery leaves, which coiled venomously over one another like writhing snakes. All along the water's edge, amid the grim gloom of the overshadowing thickets, the bare white roots crossing and recrossing each other in every direction as they dug their greedy claws into the black, oozy mud from which they sucked their life, stood out gaunt and ghastly, like the ghosts of drowned men. And over all brooded a hot, damp, stifling sickness, an atmosphere of corruption and death, which unstrung strongest nerves, and made the stoutest heart feel sick and faint.

At Pedro's allusion to the malignant demons, in whom every man of that age fully believed, a momentary paleness overcast the young noble's handsome face; but he replied as firmly as ever:

"Bethink you, Gomez; no demon has power over any man who is doing God's work, and what better work can we do than help those who are in distress? Pull, I tell you, as if for your life!"

Gomez seeing that his young master was in earnest, obeyed without hesitation, as he would have done had Don Sebastian told him to jump head fore-

most into the river itself. The light boat flew like an arrow toward the left bank, and, as if to quicken her speed, there arose once more, at that very moment, from the black, ghostly thickets that shut them in, the same hoarse, wild, broken cry, or rather scream (as if uttered by one in mortal agony) which had started them before.

The old soldier's superstitious terrors could hardly be called unnatural, for if demons were really permitted to dwell upon the earth, they could have found no better place than this dreary spot.

which they had heard seemed to come from behind a small, low, thickly-wooded islet, close to the left bank, and thither Da Estrella steered the boat, while Pedro Gomez bent to his oars with the strength of a giant. Three or four powerful strokes shot them past the upper end of the island into a narrow channel lying between it and the shore, where they suddenly beheld a strange and fearful spectacle.

Midway along the dreary straight (which so completely overhung with mighty trees that even the African sun-

shine was deadened into a cheerless twilight within its ghostly limits) the figure of a man—evidently a native—was seen dangling in mid-air above the sullen waters by a rope attached to a large mangrove, and uttering frantic cries for help. At first sight there seemed to be no special cause for this, for as the cord was merely passed round his body under the armpits, he ran no risk of being strangled.

But the second glance showed the two spectators that the doom which awaited him was one compared to which instant death would have been a mercy.

The long, slender trunk of the tree from which he was suspended had been partly cut through; and beneath the strain of his weight, as he swung too and fro in the air, the still uncut portion was giving away fibre by fibre, and bending outward over the water in such a manner as to show that it must soon break off altogether. The moment that it did so the doomed man would be plunged headlong into the river, where his death by drowning, bound hand and foot as he was, seemed absolutely certain.

But a worse horror than even this was in store for the wretched man. The crocodiles had scented their prey, and the thick, brown stream below him was all alive with flapping tails and glaring eyes and horny snouts, and scaly, mud-plastered backs and grinning teeth, ready to tear him limb from limb the moment he fell.

To thrust themselves amid these infuriated monsters, any one of which could have smashed in the side of the tiny boat with its tail, was a risk from which most men would have shrunk. But Da Estrella headed down upon the hideous swarm as straight as an arrow, and Gomez (who would have followed his master down the throat of a hippopotamus if need were) never slackened his strokes for a moment.

As they neared the spot, Don Sebastian stepped forward to the bow, and picking up from the bottom of the boat a large piece of dry wood (the charred end of which showed it had been used as a torch), kindled it with his ready flint and steel, and flourished it around his head with a lusty shout. The crocodiles, scared by the flaming wood and the unexpected clamor, scattered on every side, while Gomez ran the boat right under the suspended figure.

But, with all their speed, they came just in time. The half-severed trunk, yielding more and more to overmastering strain, bent down, down, down towards the water, bringing with it the swaying form, like a spider dangling at the end of its thread.

As the helpless figure swung within reach, Don Sebastian clutched it with one hand and slashed the rope of twisted bark in two with one stroke of his dagger. The light boat careened to her very gunwale with the shock of the negro's form falling into her, and, but for a quick motion of Gomez, she would certainly have capsized outright. Just then a vast scaly snout shot up from the waters so close to the port side of the boat as to almost touch the young cavalier's arm, while on the starboard side yawned two monstrous jaws, armed with fangs that might have crushed a buffalo. The crocodiles, recovering from their first panic, had now returned to seek their prey, and were attacking them on both sides at once!

One instant more and Gomez or his master (both of whom were in reach of the terrible jaws) would have been

dragged down by those cruel teeth to rise no more. But Da Estrella, just in the nick of time, drove the spike of the boat-hook with all his force into the eye of the nearest monster, which vanished in a whirling eddy with a hoarse bellow of pain. At the same moment, Gomez, snatching up the heavy musket that lay beside him, fired it right into the open mouth of the second crocodile, and before the latter could recover from the shock of this warm reception, the boat was flying down the river with a speed that defied pursuit.

Once fairly beyond the reach of danger, our hero and his comrade busied themselves with the rescued negro, who was lying like a log in the bottom of the boat, helpless and unconscious. Gomez freed him from the bonds that had cut so deeply into the flesh of his wrists and ankles, while Da Estrella sprinkled water over his sunken face and chaffed his swollen limbs, eyeing, with a soldier's instinctive admiration, the magnificent muscles which they displayed.

But no sooner did Gomez get a full view of the insensible man's face than he gave a start of such undisguised amazement that his master asked in surprise:

"Do you know this man, Pedro?"

"I can't be quite sure yet, Senor Don Sebastian; but if it be as I think, this is the best day's work that your worship has ever done in your life."

CHAPTER II.

MIDNIGHT PHANTOMS.

Gomez uttered the last words with such emphasis that his young master started and looked fixedly at the insensible negro, as if trying to discover wherein his importance lay.

"What meantst thou, Pedro?" he asked. "Is this man any relation of the Ngolo King?"

"The Ngolo King?" echoed Pedro, scornfully. "Such as he count for little in the game that we must play here. This is a man of another kind. Your worship hath heard of Massange?" (The Storm).

"What, that terrible chief of the Mantees, who is said to be the greatest warrior in Angola? Methinks I ought to have heard of him, for thou wast talking of else all yesterday. But, what of him?"

"This is he!"

Da Estrella started again, and drew back from the unconscious man with a look of manifest aversion.

"Sayst thou so?" cried he. "Then have I done the worst and not the best deed of my life in saving him. Was it not this man's tribe, the Mantees, who slew my father?"

"The Senor Don Sebastian speaks hastily," answered Pedro, in a voice of strange and solemn meaning. "His illustrious father, Don Garci da Estrella, was, indeed, slain on this river, and it is said that the Mantees did the deed; but it was not they."

"And who was it then?" asked Don Sebastian, struck with the stern impressiveness of his retainer's manner.

But at that moment the prostrate native began to show signs of returning animation, and the two men, breaking off their talk, bent eagerly over him. His eyes opened, and he looked at them for a moment with a blank, glassy stare, which gradually turned to a look of wonder and dismay.

"Fear nothing," said Gomez, whose long residence in Angola had made him familiar with both the native languages.

"We are friends—we have saved you."

In a few words he told the story of the rescue, giving the chief credit to Don Sebastian. The negro listened attentively and tried to speak; but finding his voice failed him, took the young noble's hand in both his own, and pressed it to forehead and breast, in token of his gratitude.

Then he sank back as if exhausted by this effort, while Gomez, taking the oars again, ran the boat in under the shade of three or four overhanging trees on the right bank.

"Senor, methinks a draught of your worship's cordial were not amiss for this man, since he is not too feeble to eat."

The small silver flask produced by Da Estrella might have contained the "enchanted water" of eastern legends so wonderful was its effect upon the sufferer. The latter's sunken features seemed to grow firm and full in a moment; his glassy eyes brightened; his hands seemed to tremble, and raising himself with the help of Pedro's arm, he sat upright and looked keenly at his two deliverers.

But hardly had he got a full view of Don Sebastian's face, than he started as if he had been stung, and muttered, with a mingled look of dread and amazement:

"Are there two such men among the whites, or do brave men wear the faces of traitors? Tell me, white chief, what is thy name?"

"Don Sebastian da Estrella," answered the young cavalier, proudly.

"Da Estrella!" echoed the Mantee. "Ha, even so was the great white warrior named whom our chiefs called 'The Bold Heart,' because he feared nothing! His name was Don Garci da Estrella."

"My father!" cried Don Sebastian. "Was it you who killed him?" added he, turning upon the speaker with flashing eyes.

"Neither I nor my people," added Massange firmly. "It was in our camp he was slain; but he who slew him was a white man, with a face as like thine as one blade of grass is like another."

Don Sebastian started and turned pale, while Pedro shot a meaning glance at him, as if inviting attention to the confirmation of his own previous words. But before either of them could speak the Mantee added:

"And that same white man was he who betrayed me to the Ngolos, by whose hands I was bound to the tree of sacrifice, to be food for the crocodiles."

"How came that to pass?" asked Gomez, eagerly.

But there was no answer. The brief animation died out of Massange's worn-out frame as suddenly as it had been kindled. The fierce eyes grew fixed and rayless, and the mighty limbs sank back into the boat, a limp and nerveless heap.

"He will speak no more until he hath slept awhile, your worship," said Gomez; "but at least we have learned something from him—we know now what the man was like who killed the illustrious Don Garci, your late father. I knew the villain's name, but I have never yet seen his face."

"Thou knowest the name of my father's murderer, sayst thou?" cried da Estrella, fiercely. "Tell it to me quickly."

"It was Jose d'Ouro, a mulatto (for these negroes call every one a white man that is not black), who had been expelled from our army in disgrace by

your worship's father for disobedience and cowardice. So when he fled to the Mantees, and when the noble Senor Don Garci went to visit their camp on Massangany Island (so some of the warriors have told me), this villain watched his chance, and shot him with a poisoned arrow. And now it seems he hath played the traitor once more, and betrayed this Mantee chief to the Ngolos."

"Let him once come within sword sweep of me, and he shall never betray any one again," said the young man, with gloomy emphasis. "But thou hast left one thing unexplained, Pedro. Wherefore saidst thou that the rescue of this Mantee chief was the best deed of my life?"

"Because in saving him, your worship hath saved this colony, and, perchance, also the life of every Portuguese here. As I told your worship yesterday, the two great tribes of this region, the Ngolos and the Mantees, were mortal enemies until we Christians came hither; and then this man, Massange, who lies at our feet, set himself to make peace with the Ngolos, and persuade them to join him against us that he might throw the whole strength of Angola upon us at once and destroy us all."

"A bold thought," said Da Estrella, glancing down at the unconscious Mantee with the honest admiration of one brave man for another.

"But Providence hath confounded the devices of the heathen," went on Gomez with a stern triumph. "Now that the Ngolos have captured him treacherously, and left him to die a cruel death, while we white men have saved and tended him, he will join us against them, for a Mantee never forgets a kindness or an injury."

"But why should he join us against them? The Ngolos are our friends now."

"They are now!" said Gomez, with emphasis.

"What meanst thou, man?" cried his master impatiently. "Thou hast told me thyself that the Ngolo King is such a firm friend to us that he hath banished his own son, Prince Kabembi, for showing himself unfriendly to some of the white men and using them ill."

Gomez made no answer.

Then Da Estrella looked him full in the face, and said in a tone of command that he had never used to his father's old servant before:

"Pedro Gomez, thou art hiding something from me. Now, mark me, I am thy superior officer, and I command thee to tell me all thou knowest."

Before answering him the old soldier pushed the boat out in the stream as if fearing that the very leaves might betray his secret; and then seeing that Massange was still sleeping soundly, he bent forward and said to his master in a tone which, though in a whisper, was still terribly distinct:

"Senor Don Sebastian, we are standing on the brink of a precipice. The old Ngolo King, our friend, is dying, and the moment he is dead a Ngolo knife will be at every Portuguese throat in Angola. The Ngolo are our friends outwardly, but in secret they thirst for our blood, and this general of ours is so blind to it all, that instead of bringing our troops together, he leaves them scattered over the country at the mercy of the enemy's first rush. Kabembi is banished, but he will return; and when he returns, may God have mercy on our souls, for our lives are not worth a bulrush."

A gloomy silence followed this awful revelation, and as they floated downward, noiselessly as the shadows along the sullen stream, over which the gathering dimness of evening was already beginning to darken, they might have been taken for a crew of spectres gliding down the river of Death.

They were still far from their destination when evening began to darken into night, and to run the gauntlet of shoals, snags and floating trees of the Coanza in the dark would have been certain destruction. There was nothing for it but to camp for the night, and a suitable place was soon found. Just ahead of them lay a low islet, which the gaunt white trunks of the dead trees that clustered on it showed to be one of those dismal spots which the natives shunned as the chosen haunt of demons, and where they would consequently be safe from attack.

Close to the bank a large tree had been broken by a storm, and its vast, branchy top lapping over into the water formed a complete arch of intertwined boughs, within which their boat would be completely hidden on every side. Here our voyagers established themselves for the night, and Gomez, making fast the boat to the giant root, bade his master to lie down and sleep while he kept watch.

But the fearful news which Don Sebastian had just heard haunted him in his dreams. It seemed as if some vast, gloomy shape were hanging over him, formless and unreal as a shadow, yet possessing some mysterious power of destruction to which his own strength was as nothing. Shortly his ghostly enemy shot out a long black claw and seized him by the shoulder, and in the struggle he awoke to find Pedro's clutch on his arm and the veteran's whisper in his ear:

"Danger, senor! Be silent for your life!"

Massange was already on his feet, pointing warningly through the boughs. Don Sebastian, following the outstretched finger with his eyes, beheld a sight which made him feel as if he must be dreaming still.

A fierce red glare shone through the darkness, throwing out the white and blasted trees in gaunt and ghastly distinctness. Around the fire that blazed on an open space in the centre of the islet numbers of wild forms, bedizened with red, white and yellow paint, were moving incessantly, their black faces and grinning teeth looking quite unearthly in the fitful firelight.

Most of these phantoms were clad only in the skins of wild beasts, but among them was one figure in Portuguese dress, at which Don Sebastian looked at first with a secret horror, for which he could not himself account. Just then the figure turned its head towards him, and Don Sebastian, with a thrill of unutterable horror, beheld—his own face!

CHAPTER III.

THE DEMON OF THE FOREST.

For a moment Don Sebastian (who had inherited the superstition as well as the valor of his Portuguese ancestors) really thought that he was watching a midnight revel of demons in this unhallowed spot, which was believed to be their chosen haunt. But the next instant came another thought that made his pale face glow like heated iron. The crackling of the dry twigs under the

feet of these supposed phantoms showed that they were, after all, men of flesh and blood, and Da Estrella suddenly recalled what Massange had said about his father's murderer having a face exactly like his. What if this spectral duplicate of himself were the actual assassin fairly within his reach at last?

"Massange," whispered he, "is yon white man who betrayed you to the Ngolos?"

One glance was enough for the Mantee chief, who answered in a whisper like the hiss of a snake:

"It is he!"

"And it was he who slew my father!" muttered Da Estrella, setting his teeth as he reached for his loaded musket.

But just then Gomez seized his outstretched hand, and said in his ear, in a tone of intense earnestness:

"For mercy sake be still, Senor Don Sebastian! Now that we know this villain by sight we can catch him whenever we please; but the lives of twenty such as he could not repay us for letting slip one jot of what these men are about to say and do."

"Why, man, for whom do you take them?"

"For Ngolo chiefs, who are plotting to massacre us all! Ha! see there!"

"What now?" asked Da Estrella, surprised to feel Pedro's hand tremble with an excitement that was, indeed, strange in that iron man.

"I thought so—it is himself!" muttered Gomez, pointing to a figure among the shadowy throng which was destined to become terribly familiar to the whole Portuguese population of Angola not many months later.

It was a tall black man, of magnificent stature and proportions, with a fierce, tigerlike elasticity in every movement of his long, sinewy limbs. Young as he was (for he seemed to be but little over twenty), the scars of many a terrible battle were to be seen on the broad chest and bare, brawny arms, one of which, by a freak of nature, was several inches longer than the other.

Though the skin was as black as jet, there was little of the African type in his face, the clear, prominent outline of which suggested Arab rather than negro blood. But although his features were regular and almost handsome, there was a grim and hungry ferocity in his keen, restless, black eyes and half-opened mouth which many who had seen him remembered to their cost in after days, when this young man had become the terror of all Angola, from Massangaro to the mouth of Coanza.

"Who is yon tall fellow, Pedro?" inquired Da Estrella, looking keenly at the giant black.

"Prince Kabembi himself, our mortal enemy, and the enemy of every white man in Angola. If he has ventured to return from banishment, it is because he knows the time is at hand!"

A momentary silence followed the suggestive words, and then Gomez said:

"Senor, I must creep forward and hear what yon heathens are plotting."

And as his master was about to object, he went on:

"Massange is too stiff and weak to go, and your worship does not know their language as well I do. I am the one to go. There is no danger, Senor Don Sebastian—look here!"

He slipped on his long, grey cloak, drew the pointed hood over his face, and added, with a grim chuckle:

"These plotters believe in a forest demon who flits about among the trees

in a dress of grey bark and a pointed helmet; and if they catch sight of me in this cloak and hood, they'll take me for him. In case anything happens to me, Senor Don Sebastian, push straight down the river with Massange, and may God be with you!" And before Da Estrella could stop him, the brave man was gone.

Gliding like a snake through the matted undergrowth (for he had learned hunting as well as soldiering in this wild region), Pedro approached the fire. Seeing that the Ngolos were seating themselves in a circle around it, he climbed one of the largest trees, and crept out along a huge projecting limb till he was right over the heads of the savages, while completely hidden from them by the clouds of smoke.

He reached his post of vantage not a moment too soon, for just then the stir and bustle that had covered the slight noise of his movements ceased as if by magic, and there fell over the grim assemblage a deep and awful silence, in the midst of which Prince Kabembi rose slowly to his feet, and drawing up his towering figure to its full height, spoke in a voice like the roll of distant thunder:

"Warriors of the Ngolos, will ye put your necks under the feet of the white men, and grind their corn and be their slaves? Who are these white men that they should tread us down? Are the lands to be taken from us by robbers, and the graves of our fathers to be trampled on by strangers? Look at me! Once I was the Prince of Ngolo, and sat among the great chiefs and fought with the great warriors. When the lion saw me coming he shrank away, and the widows of the Mantees wept when they heard my name, for they knew how my spear could strike. What am I now? A banished man, because my own father, the King of Ngolo, drove me forth at the bidding of the white robbers!"

Here he paused, as a growl of wrath broke from his hearers, whose clinched hands and furious faces showed how deeply his words had moved them.

"Now," he resumed, waving his mighty arm as if leading an army to battle, "if any man fears to stand by me against the white men, let him go forth from among us. I want no faint hearts among my people!"

But not a man stirred.

"Hear me, then!" cried Kabembi. "Yet a few days, and my father's spirit is with the spirits of his ancestors, and I am King of Ngolo! On the day that the Ngolos call me King a storm shall rise that shall blow the white men away into the sea as if they had never been! Are you all ready to live and die with your king?"

"We are!" shouted the warriors with one voice.

"Good!" said Kabembi. "Let the chiefs who are here tell me how many spears they can bring me when my war drum sounds."

Gomez, crouching overhead, held his breath and crept farther out on the bough to listen.

"I," said a voice, "can bring two hundred."

"I, a hundred and fifty."

"I, a hundred."

"I, seventy-five."

Several others were about to speak, when the proceedings met with a sudden and startling interruption. The fire was fast dying down, and the smoldering brands sent up thick puffs of smoke, one of which got down Gomez's throat and

choked him. The cough that he vainly tried to smother burst out in a sound so frightful and unearthly—like a groan, a grunt, a snort, and a stifled scream, all mixed up together—that the superstitious savages started as if they had been shot.

"What was that?" faltered one, looking fearfully around him. "Can it be the forest demon threatening us for intruding upon his sanctuary?"

"Fool!" growled Kabembi; "is this thy courage? Were the demon to rise among us this moment I would—"

But what the valiant "Black Prince" would have done was never known, for at that instant, with a tremendous crash, the branch upon which Gomez lay broke off short, and down he came right into the fire, scattering the dying brands in all directions, and putting it out as completely as if a pail of water had been thrown on it. But just as he fell, one last jet of flame leaped up from the smoldering wood, revealing to the dismayed savages the forest demon himself (as they thought) in all the terrors of his bark shroud and pointed helmet.

The confusion that ensued baffles all description. Plunged suddenly into utter darkness, and frightened out of their wits, the terrified wretches ran blindly hither and thither, roaring, screaming, tripping, stumbling, bruising themselves against logs and stones, and not a few of them rushing headlong down into the river. One man broke his nose against a tree, another tumbled head-over-heels into a muddy ditch; a third, feeling himself caught by the thorny boughs, thought that the demon's claws had seized him, and howled for mercy like a whipped dog. Two men ran against one another in the dark, and fell flat on the ground in an agony of terror, each taking the other for an evil spirit. The ground was cleared in a trice, and Gomez, almost bursting with stifled laughter, groped his way back to the hiding-place, and called to his master: "Shove off, your worship, the meeting's adjourned!"

And the light boat, aided by the brightness of the rising moon, shot down the stream like an arrow.

CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERIOUS MONSTER.

"It was seen again last night, comrades."

"What, again? Who saw it?"

"Vasquez; and properly scared he is—he hath scarcely drawn a free breath since. He was standing sentinel yonder at the wood, when, just about midnight, the thing came gliding past within a few paces of him, exactly as Pedrillo here described it—taller than any giant, all over shaggy black hair from head to foot, and with two fiery eyes, burning like the match of a gun!"

"And what did Vasquez do?"

"Fired straight at it, and the bullet went right through it without hurting it. So then it came at him, lifting up a great black arm as long the bough of a tree; but just then some of his comrades, who had heard the shot, came up, and it vanished into the thickets!"

So talked a knot of Portuguese soldiers in the barrack-square of their encampment at Columbo, on the north bank of the Coanza, just opposite the point where the Quinzanga poured its thick-brown stream into the great river.

The encampment was of the ordinary African type—a group of long, low sheds

ranged in a hollow square, with walls of matting, and thatches of reeds or dried grass, surrounded by a high mud wall, over which peered menacingly four or five small, clumsy, old-fashioned guns, the wide muzzles of which were shaped into the rude likeness of open-mouthed serpents. All around it the bush had been cut away to a considerable distance, so as to leave no cover for an assailing enemy; and in the center of the square the flag of Portugal waved jauntily above the large hut occupied by the general himself—the same man of whose skill Gomez had spoke slightly to his master.

The dullness of garrison life at this remote outpost had just been broken by a very startling and mysterious alarm. For several nights past a shadowy monster of gigantic height and unearthly aspect had prowled along the outer line of sentries, who were stationed around the clearing outside the entrenchment. The soldiers believed this hobgoblin to be a demon raised against them by the magic arts of the "black heathens," and such was the terror excited by its presence that several of them were now openly declaring that nothing would persuade them to mount guard outside the wall again so long as this phantom haunted the spot, for they had rather be punished as mutineers than risk being devoured or carried away by an evil spirit.

The talk and the excitement were at their height, when suddenly a wild cry of amazement and horror broke from the black, impenetrable forest that enclosed, as if in a frame, the fort and its tiny clearing. Then followed a distant clamor of hoarse voices, succeeded by a dead, ghostly silence; and presently four soldiers were seen to issue from the wood, carrying on a rude litter of intertwined boughs a prostrate human figure.

The rising sun shed a strong light upon the motionless form, and it was recognized as that of Joam Pujol, one of the best men of the whole garrison, stripped to the skin, and bleeding from a fearful wound in the breast.

"That's how we found him lying yonder among the bushes," said one of the bearers as the gloomy procession came up to the gate. "He's not dead yet, but he can't live."

"See, he's opening his eyes!" cried a soldier. "Tell us, Joam, who it was that hurt thee, man. He shall pay for it, whoever it is."

The dying man raised his heavy eyes, already glazed with the film of approaching death, uttered in a gasping whisper the words, "O, demonico" (the demon), and fell back dead.

"I thought as much," growled a big musketeer, "and for naught upon earth will I set foot henceforth outside the wall after dark!"

"Nor I!"—"nor I!"—"nor I," echoed his comrades in chorus.

"What—what?" cried a weather-beaten old sergeant, who had come up just in time to hear the last words. "What manner of talk is this, ye fools? 'Tis flat mutiny, as sure as I am Sergeant Blasco. Bethink ye, lads, and don't be foolish."

"Sergeant," answered the tall musketeer firmly, "thou knowest whether we are cowards or no; but mortal man cannot fight with things that are not mortal. Joam Pujol, who lies dead here before us, never yet met his match in fight, and look at him now! Let the general hang us if he will; it is better for us to die

by the hands of Christian comrades, with time to say our prayers and make our peace with Heaven, than to be torn to rags by the claws of witches and demons."

"True enough," muttered the sergeant, shaking his grey head, "earthly weapons are naught against that which is not earthly. Would to Heaven 'Mad Manoel' were here; he fears neither man or demon!"

"'Tis now two full days since he was sent forth, so methinks he must soon be back," said the tall soldier; "and, in truth, he is the very man for this business, for he has not sense enough to be afraid."

This Manoel was a Portuguese grenadier, who, having been all but killed by a sunstroke several years before, had been more than half crazy ever since. But his madness, while rendering him useless as a disciplined soldier, had made him doubly serviceable in other ways, for as a scout, spy, and hunter he had no equal in the colony. With a madman's reckless daring he seemed also to have a madman's cunning, never failing to extricate himself from any dilemma, however hopeless it might appear. The more dangerous and desperate an adventure was, the more he seemed to enjoy it; and he would plunge into perils which no other man dared to face as gleefully as a boy starting on a holiday excursion. During the war with Massange's Mantees he had gone right in among the savages again and again—always coming back unharmed, while leaving behind him fearful tokens of his presence—till even these human tigers trembled at the name of one who seemed to bear a charmed life, and invariably spoke of him among themselves as "the man who cannot die."

Joam Pujol's death was soon known throughout the whole garrison, and kindled an excitement little short of actual mutiny, many of the men declaring aloud that, although they were ready to do their duty, they would not go to certain destruction to please any one. The officers—most of whom were young men fresh from home and quite new to African warfare—were utterly at a loss what to do, knowing well that if a mutiny did break out, their weak, pompous, self-conceited general (who thought only of his own comfort and convenience) was not the man to quell it.

"If we but had our good old commander, Don Miguel da Silva, here again!" said one.

"No such luck!" rejoined the other, sadly; "he is Governor of the Province now, and he must stay at St. Paula da Loanda" (the capital and chief seaport of Portuguese Angola).

But just then, luckily for every one, there came a striking and unlooked-for interruption. Far up the silent river there resounded through the deep, heavy stillness of the hot African noonday the hoarse, snorting bellow of a crocodile; and then came a tremendous splashing, as if some large beast were struggling in the stream, while the water echoed with a succession of strokes like those of a heavy paddle.

All of the soldiers who were off duty, glad of any break in the sameness of their weary life, crowded forward to look, and in the distance saw a huge, dark, shapeless mass floating down the stream towards them.

"It's a bush," cried one. "It must have been torn away by the current."

"It's a bush with a tail, then," said

another, "and a pretty active tail, too. See how it lashes the water!"

"It's some delicate lady crocodile," put in a third, "who is subject to headaches, and has clapped a bush on her head to keep the sun off!"

It seemed as if the jester were right, for as the floating mass drew near they could all see a crocodile's body and tail protruding from the bush in which its head was buried, and whence it seemed vainly to be striving to withdraw itself. That Mr. Crocodile was making a very unpleasant voyage of it was evident by his struggling and splashing, but no one could guess what was wrong with him.

Suddenly a hoarse, cracked voice (which sounded as if it came from the very bottom of the coal-pit) rose, as it seemed to the amazed hearers, right out of the crocodile's body, singing as follows:

"Oh, walking on a river-bank, a crocodile I spy,
Who with a big banana-leaf did wipe his weeping eye;
He'd eat a man in armor, and the steel would not digest,
So I dosed him well with leaden pills,
for that's what I thought best;
Come to your own doctor, pet, and give him one bright smile,
And wipe your eyes and take your pills, my own sweet crocodile!"

"Mad Manoel!" shouted half a dozen voices at once.

"But where on earth is he?" asked some one; "down the brute's throat?"

"That's it," chuckled the jester, "he's on garrison duty inside the crocodile, and finding it very dull there, he's amusing himself with a song!"

"No, it's the crocodile that's singing; Manoel's been teaching it Portuguese. Let's invite it ashore and have a talk with it; it'll tell us what's going on up the river."

But apparently the monster needed no invitation, for it came floating slowly towards the bank, its struggles growing fainter and fainter as it neared the spot where they stood. The moment it came within reach, half a dozen men sprang upon it and despatched it with their pikes. At the same instant the bush that encircled its head shook and parted, and through the tangled boughs peered the gaunt, sallow-face and glittering eyes of Mad Manoel!

CHAPTER V.

ALONE IN THE DARK.

"What think ye, comrades, can old Manoel do something?" cried the madman, with a shrill, unearthly laugh. "I've led this horse all the way down the river by his bridle. See here!" He pointed with great pride to the strong piece of wood fixed upright in the crocodile's mouth, which his left hand still clutched.

The two pointed ends of this wedge had embedded themselves in the flesh of the monster's upper and lower jaws, thus preventing him from closing his teeth upon the arm so daringly thrust between them.

"But where wert thou sitting, man," asked a soldier, "on his nose?"

"No, in this cask!" replied Manoel, showing an empty barrel amid the matted boughs.

"Bravo, Manoel!" cried the regimental joker; "thou'lt find thy wits yet, I warrant! Thou and they have been wandering so long that ye must needs meet some day!"

"Nay, my wanderings are ended now,"

retorted Manoel. "It was decreed by fate that they should cease when I met a greater fool than myself; and now I have met thee!"

Laughing loudly at this hard hit, the soldiers crowded around Manoel and bade him tell of his adventures.

"In truth, lads, there is little enough to tell," he answered, carelessly. "Till just towards the end I had no adventures at all, except, indeed, that a tree almost fell on my head, and that I found a 'death-snake' fast asleep in my pocket!"

"Ay, you must have found such commonplace work as that very dull, indeed," remarked a soldier, as well as he could speak for laughing.

"This morning," pursued Manoel, "I had a long march in the forest, and sat me down on a log (as I thought) to rest; but presently the log began to move under me, and then I found—was it not a goodly jest—that I was sitting upon a big serpent—ha, ha, ha!" and Manoel laughed so loudly and so heartily that all his hearers laughed too, from sheer infection.

"When I had killed the brute," he went on, as if the killing of a full-grown boa-constrictor was hardly worth mentioning, "I sat down and had my breakfast, and then went on through the jungle to the river. I had just reached the bank, when all at once I caught sight of a leopard crouching behind a tree, all ready to spring upon me. There was no time to unslung my gun, so I stooped down and put my face between my knees and stared at him upside down, giving at the same time the most awful scream that voice could utter. Doubtless the beast had never before seen a man with his head growing between his knees, and assuredly he had never yet heard such a screech. Away he flew like a scalded cat, while I, thinking I saw another leopard in the tree-top overhead, climbed up to see if it was one!"

"What! climb up a tree to see if there was a leopard in it?" cried all the soldiers, who, used as they were to Manoel's utter recklessness, were hardly prepared for this.

"Why not? But I had my trouble for nothing," he added, with deep disgust, "for there was no leopard in the tree after all! I was just getting down again, when a branch broke under me, and I tumbled right on a big crocodile—ho, ho, ho!" and again Manoel went off into a perfect roar of laughter, as if falling out of a tree on to a crocodile's back were the finest joke in the world.

"I don't know," he continued, "which of us two was the most astonished. I scrambled off his back on to the bank as quick as I could, and the crocodile scuttled away into the water and swam to a small muddy islet, where he lay down and basked in the sun. Then I thought what fun it would be to bring him down to you alive, and I had not to look far for the means, for just then I caught sight of an empty cask stranded among the bushes. So I went and got hold of it, and then—"

"A boat coming down the river with two men in her!" shouted the sentinel on the outer angle of the wall.

Every one crowded eagerly forward to look, and the story was for a moment interrupted.

Before it could be resumed, a messenger came panting up, calling breathlessly: "His Excellency, the General, wishes to speak with Manoel!"

"Does he?" cried the mad man, cutting a caper that brought his heels within an inch of the startled messenger's nose. "So much the better, for his Excellency Manoel wishes very much to speak with the General. Come along, my son; turn your toes out!" and, tucking the astounded man's arm under his own, he marched him off at a furious pace, shouting and singing until the whole barrack-square rang.

Five minutes later the boat which the sentry announced rang alongside the landing-place, and out of it stepped Pedro Gomez and Don Sebastian Da Estrella.

"Ha, Manoel, I am right glad to see thee, man!" cried the General, with a condescending air which was wholly lost upon the madman, who came tramping in as if the whole place belonged to him, and, sticking his arms akimbo, looked at his commander very much as a bear might look at a monkey.

"Oh, you are glad to see me, are you?" said Manoel, coolly helping himself to a glass of the choice wine that stood at the General's elbow. "Well, that's very kind of you, for I am not at all glad to see you!"

"Why so, fellow?" asked the astonished grandee, ruffling up like an enraged turkey-cock.

"Because there is an evil hanging over you and over all your men!" answered the maniac with sudden and startling solemnity.

The sudden change from the light and jering tone in which he had hitherto spoken to the gloomy earnestness of his present manner was so terribly impressive, that even the unimaginative General felt a momentary thrill of awe, for it was the universal belief of that age that madmen, in compensation for their want of sound understanding, possessed a more than mortal foresight regarding future events. But the General's false self-confidence was too deeply rooted to be shaken either by the warnings of wisdom or by those of superstition.

"What pratest thou of evil, fellow?" cried he, angrily. "Whence should evil come to us, now that the war is over, and all the natives are friendly? Have I not just said, in my despatch to the Governor, that all is well here in the colony?"

"If your Excellency has said it, of course it must be true," rejoined Manoel, with a look that would have been bitterly felt by a man less comfortably cased in self-conceit. "But that is not the point. You say you are glad to see me, so you must want me to do something for you. What is it?"

"A very perilous adventure, full worthy of you," answered the General, choking down, as best he might, his disgust at the madman's tone of blunt equality.

"Apoyado!" (bravo!) roared the lunatic. "Thanks, General; you and I know what is the real fun of life, don't we? I'll drink your health for that!" and to the General's infinite dismay, he tossed off another glass of the costly wine that had come all the way from Europe. "What's the work now? Do you want me to go among the Mantees again, and bring you back Massange's head with a banana in his mouth?"

"Worse than that by far!" replied the General, humoring Manoel's insane love of danger.

"Worse?" halloed the maniac, growing more and more excited. "Hurrah!

the worse it is the better! Is it to make my way into the city that can only be entered through the darkness? I'll do it! Hurrah!" and, with a howl worthy of a mad dog, he suddenly turned head-over-heels, stood upon his head in the center of the floor, and flung his feet about so recklessly that had not the General jumped back with more haste than dignity, he would have run no small risk of getting his eyes knocked out.

"A plague upon this mad fellow!" muttered he in dismay; "he'll kill me some day in one of these crazy fits. If I could but hang him as he deserves!"

But this was not to be thought of, for any attempt to punish the hero of the whole army would have caused a mutiny at once, so the General was forced to make the best of it.

"Hear me, my friend," said he, coaxingly; "we are beset by demons whom no one can face but you!"

"How many demons are there?" asked Manoel, as coolly as if he were speaking of shooting partridges.

"Only one at present," said the General, laughing in spite of himself at this strange being's perfect composure; "but that is more than enough. We all look for help from our brave Manoel."

"And you shall have it upon the word of Manoel!" said the flattered madman, with a gracious nod. "After to-night your demon shall trouble you no more; I pledge you the honor of a madman upon it. But look here, brother," he added, clapping the horrified General confidentially upon the shoulder, "mind you don't say anything about it, for if the demon gets to know that I'm coming, he'll run away, and then I shan't be able to catch him! Good day; I'll see you again to-morrow," and out he went, as unceremoniously as he had come in, almost running against Don Sebastian Da Estrella, who entered the General's room just as Manoel left it.

Don Sebastian's conference with his commander was a long one, and he returned from it with a very downcast face. But no one noticed this except Pedro Gomez, for every other thought was swallowed up by that of Manoel's impending conflict with the mysterious monster. Manoel himself (apparently forgetting his caution to the General to keep the matter secret) talked of it quite freely, and seemed—as he always did—to grow more and more boisterously merry as the danger grew near. But his comrades, though they would have seen him pitted against any ordinary foe without the least anxiety, could not but remember that this was their champion's first encounter with a real live demon, and they looked forward, with mingled terror and eagerness, to the coming of night.

Night came at last—black, chill, dreary, a fit night, indeed, for such work as that which was at hand. Fires had been lighted around the clearing as usual, but the only man who went outside the wall after dark was Manoel himself. The whole camp crowded to the gate to see him depart upon his strange mission, and the in-drawn breath of the excited watchers sounded like a hiss amid the tomblike silence as his tall, gaunt form vanished ghostlike from the circle of light around the fires into the utter blackness beyond.

Two hours passed, which seemed like years to the hundreds of anxious watchers along the wall, who could almost hear in that dead stillness the throbbing of their own troubled hearts. Then all

at once a voice, loud and harsh enough to have been heard across the river (unmistakably that of Manoel), was heard to sing, or rather yell, as follows:

"Will you come to me; my demon dear? sit down and have a chat; I've naught to eat but crocodiles, but they're uncommon fat; I've made a fire of dead pig's bones, sweet smelling as a rose— Then sit you down, old Demomkums, and warm your nice old nose!"

The blood of the superstitious Portuguese soldiers ran cold as they heard this reckless defiance of the awful being before whom their best and bravest had trembled, and the grim silence that followed it sank like lead upon their laboring hearts. It was now midnight, the fires were fast dying out, and it seemed as if the unearthly gloom that had already engulfed their daring comrade were rolling onward to devour them all.

Hark! Was that a stealthy tread amid the thickets in the depths of the darkness? Hark again! And at this time the snap of a dry twig was too plainly heard to leave any room for doubt. It must be the demon coming at last! The terrified men huddled close to each other in the darkness, and many a rough lip faltered some half-forgotten fragment of a long-disused prayer.

Suddenly there broke from the nearest thicket the flash and crack of a musket—a wild cry—a hoarse, mocking, hideous laugh—and then all was still.

Quick as lightning the gate of the fort was flung open, and out darted a single figure, with another close behind it. The first man was Don Sebastian Da Estrella, the second was Pedro Gomez; but they had no need to call upon their comrades to follow them, for instantly the whole clearing was flooded with a sea of men—armed with pikes, muskets or swords, and bearing light torches—who poured in one great wave across towards the thicket.

Outstripping even his master, Gomez burst headlong into the bushes, and stumbled over a prostrate form in Portuguese uniform.

"Poor Manoel! he's gone at last!" cried Gomez to his comrades as they came crowding around him.

"Not a bit, brother," chuckled a well-known voice. "Manoel's alive, never fear, it's only his clothes that are dead!"

And then the wondering men saw that the supposed corpse was only a suit of clothes stuffed with grass and leaves, while Manoel himself stood before them clad only in a light deerskin tunic, with a smoking musket in his hand.

"The demon's run away and left his skin behind him," laughed the madman; "and I am glad he didn't take my clothes instead, for I should not like to go before the General with nothing on but the skin of a demon!"

The dark object to which he pointed proved to be the head and skin of a black ox spread out on a light cane frame work, with a long stick attached to it; and now the amazed soldiers saw how they had been tricked. A man must have been concealed in the hide, which he could raise above his head with a stick, so as to give him the appearance of unearthly size; and the flaming eyes had evidently been imitated with pieces of burning wood.

"The demon's fiery eyes couldn't see in the dark," cried Manoel, "or he wouldn't have mistaken this stuffed

figure for me. Just as he struck it I fired at him, and then he slipped out of the skin and ran away; but he didn't run far. Look here!"

There was a general rush to the river-bank as Manoel pointed thither; and there, cold and dead, with one arm hanging helplessly into the water, lay a powerful savage, whose woolly hair was encircled by a scarlet fillet embroidered with the figure of a crocodile, the sacred badge of the Ngolos.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNKNOWN CITY.

"Last night's work proves how true was thy warning to me two days ago, Pedro," says Da Estrella on the following morning, as he and Gomez paced slowly up and down the barrack-square. "We are standing on the brink of a precipice, and this General of ours, who will hear neither warning or council, is the very man to push us over it."

"He is no better than a Spaniard," said Gomez, disdainfully. "However, yon Ngolo spy hath got his deserts, the saints be praised!"

"He has got them too late, though," rejoined Don Sebastian, gloomily, "for methinks the mischief is already done. Dost thou remember, Pedro, that poor Pujol was found stripped of his uniform? Take my word for it, the Ngolo who slew him put on that uniform, and went right into the fort in the guise of a soldier returning from duty, giving the password, which he would catch up from some of the other sentries; and once inside, he would use his eyes well. Be assured, Prince Kabembi already knows every foot of this camp by heart, and some dark night, ere long, the whole garrison will be cut off to a man."

"So think I, too," said Gomez. "But I trust that your worship hath said naught to the General of our setting Massange free?"

"Why, Pedro, thou takest my wits to be no better than Manoel's," laughed his master. "A goodly tale would it be to tell to such a man as our General, that I had found the chief of the Mantees, our deadliest enemy, bound and helpless in the forest, and that instead of killing him or making him a prisoner, I saved him and brought him down the river in my boat, and then delivered him safely to a party of his own people, whom we met by chance! Had I said thus, the least I could expect would be to be arrested forthwith, and sent in chains to St. Paula da Loanda to be tried for my life before the governor, Don Miguel."

"Your worship would fare none the worse for that," replied Gomez, smiling slyly, "for even were the noble Senor Don Miguel da Silva minded to be hard upon you (which is scarcely likely, seeing that he was your father's oldest friend), his fair daughter, Donna Rosarita, would quickly beg your worship off."

"Hush!" said the young man, coloring. "Not a word of that. But as for letting Massange escape, I shall never regret it, for truly he was a brave man. Did he not look noble, Pedro, as he stood there on the bank among his warriors to watch us depart? Dost thou remember his last words to me? 'White chief, I have taken the lives of thy people and thou hast spared mine. Thou hast given me life when they of my own color and my own land would have given me death. If ever I and these, my warriors, fail to help thee in thy hour of need, or lift a hand to harm thee, may I die the death

of a coward, and my name be forgotten among my people.'"

"He will keep his word," said Gomez. "Had I thought he would ever break faith with us, I would have killed him like a dog; but though he has been our foe hitherto, he will be our friend henceforth; and it is well, for we shall need his help ere long!"

Meanwhile the General, unshaken as ever in his comfortable conviction that the colony was quite quiet and the Ngolo tribe perfectly friendly and peaceable, sent off a dispatch to that effect to St. Paula da Loanda that very evening by the swift-sailing lugger that served him as a messenger-boat. But among the letters which the officers of the garrison sent by the same mail was one from Don Estrella to the Governor, telling a very different story.

It may have been for this reason, or it may have been for some other known only to himself, that Don Sebastian was strangely restless and uneasy all that evening. Just after dark, unable to remain quiet in the quarters allotted to him, he went forth alone, and wandered recklessly up and down the camp.

The gate had been shut for the night, and a group of soldiers were sitting chatting just inside it. As Da Estrella passed them he caught some words that arrested his steps:

"But as for the city of the King of the Ngolos, I can tell you naught of it, comrades, for no Christian man hath ever set foot therein; and Heaven grant that none ever may, for he that goes in thither shall never return again?"

"How is that city called?" asked a soldier.

"Poong Ndongo, which means 'Through the Darkness,' and rightly is it so named, for he who would enter it must go under the earth to do so."

"How comes that to pass?" asked Don Sebastian, forgetting himself in his eagerness, and stepping forward into the circle.

"Good evening to your worship," cried the soldiers, recognizing the voice of the young cavalier, who was a great favorite with them all. "Will you honor us by sitting down here?"

"That will I do readily," said Da Estrella, seating himself, "for I would fain hear more of this terrible city of the Ngolos."

"'Tis but little that I know about it," rejoined the veteran who was telling the story; "but since your worship is pleased to listen, I will tell all I can. Many leagues hence, far up the river, in a region where no white man's foot hath ever trod, there lies a vast forest, abounding in game, and full of goodly trees and of strange, rich flowers, whose like hath never been seen elsewhere; and through this wood wind many paths, smooth and easy, and beautiful to look upon. But woe to the man who shall venture upon any one of those paths, for he who does so is lost beyond redemption."

Here the speaker paused, while the effect of his grim legend was shown by muttered exclamations of terror from his hearers, while more than one brawny hand tremulously made the sign of the cross.

"Let a man once set foot upon one of those accursed paths," he resumed, "and thenceforth he can turn back no more, however hard he may strive to do it, but must go onward ever onward, with a sound of strange music in his ears that seems to draw him on in his own despite; and whichever path he may follow, and however they may turn and wind, they will all lead at last to one spot, where,

far in the depths of the dark forest, rises a mighty cliff, within which, hidden from mortal eye, lies the enchanted city of the Ngolos. Then" (and here the speaker lowered his voice to an awe-stricken whisper) "the weird music suddenly becomes loud as thunder, and the solid rock yawns and swallows him forever!"

Here the narrator shut his teeth with a snap like the jaws of a crocodile, and then, unwilling to spoil the effect by opening them again, remained silent for some time.

"And is all this done by the magic art of the Ngolos?" asked Don Sebastian, to whom such a thing seemed quite possible and natural.

"By that and by the power of the evil spirits whom they worship, and to whom they sacrifice every captive taken in war," replied the veteran in the same ghostly whisper. "Heaven help any man who falls into their hands alive, for their doom is a fearful one! When they make any prisoners at a distance from the city of Poong Ndongo, they offer them up to the crocodiles of the river (whom these blinded heathen reverence as gods) by hanging them alive from a tree that hath been half cut through, and letting them sway downwards inch by inch into the river." (Don Sebastian gave a start, which was luckily unperceived in the darkness.) "But when they are so near to the Enchanted City that they may with ease carry their captives thither, then—"

Here he paused again, as if even he shrank from what was to come.

"What do they do with them then?" asked several tremulous voices.

"The city," solemnly answered the old man, "is entered, as I have said, by a passage beneath the earth; and midway along it yawns an awful chasm, whose depth no man knoweth, whence strange and fearful sounds are heard ever and anon. To the brink of that chasm the Ngolos drag their captives through the darkness, and hurl them headlong in!"

So ended the old soldier's story.

Don Sebastian rose to his feet, and muttered as he moved slowly away, little dreaming what were to be the consequences of that rash vow:

"That which no man hath ever done would be a goodly adventure to achieve. With the help of God I will yet set foot in the Enchanted City!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed those admirable qualities? When he was a boy! Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make.

The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous man—a gentleman.



How the Steamship "America" would appear if placed in Madison Square, New York, reaching from Twenty-third Street and Madison Avenue to Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street.

REAL MONSTERS OF THE SEA.

The New "America" and "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" of the Hamburg-American Line.

These two new ships, already launched and to be placed in service within a few months, will be the largest steamships in the world. But size will not be their only distinction, for they will be equipped with many improvements not heretofore found on passenger steamers. Chief among the improvements is the large a la carte restaurant. This feature enables passengers to dine when they please, to arrange luncheon and dinner parties for friends, and also enables them to secure a change from the regular meals served in the large dining saloons. The a la carte restaurants on these vessels will be under the same management as the famous Ritz Hotel, in Paris, and the Carlton Hotel, in London.

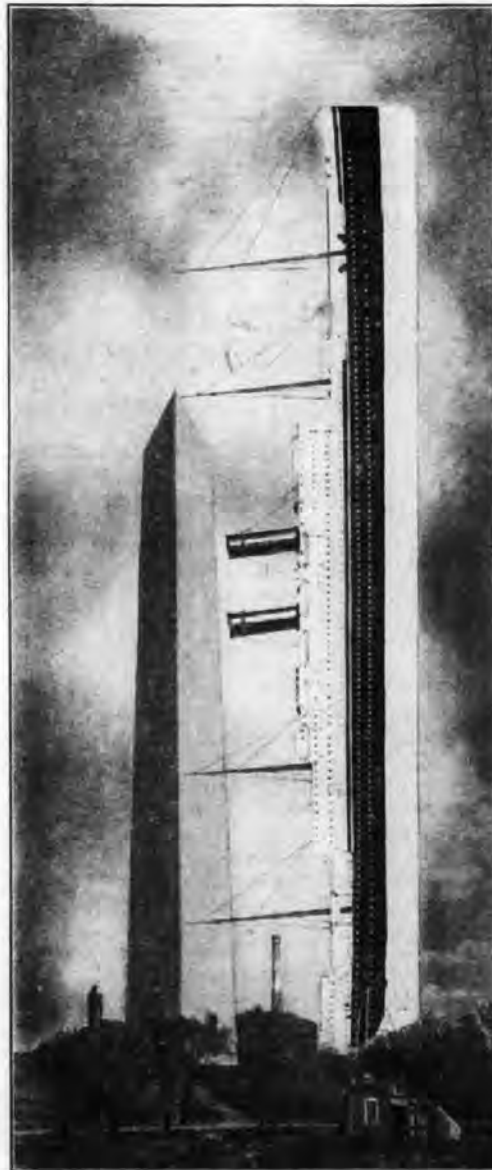
The much-decried upper birth finds no place in the first cabin staterooms of these steamers. The comfort of a lower birth is thus insured to every first-class passenger. Spaciousness in staterooms is another important feature. Some of these apartments are as large as 10 feet by 17. There are, besides, suits of large connecting rooms, with baths and toilets, and combinations of one room and bath and toilet. A large and well-equipped gymnasium has been installed, and also a fine Turkish bath establishment, with experienced attendants. Another innovation that will undoubtedly be popular are the passenger elevators, of which there will be several running through all the five decks on which there are passenger accommodations.

The speed of the "America" and the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" will be moderate—17 knots an hour. This speed will enable these steamers to reach Plymouth and Cherbourg in about seven and a half days, and Hamburg in nine days.

The "America" is 670 feet in length, 74 feet in breadth, 53 feet in depth, with a displacement of 33,800 tons, and a cargo carrying capacity of 15,000 tons. The "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" is 680 feet in length, 77 feet in breadth, 53 feet 9 inches in depth, with a displacement

of 36,350 tons and a cargo carrying capacity of 14,000 tons. The passenger capacity of these two steamers is the same: 1,200 cabin and 2,389 in the steerage, a total of 3,589.

In the picture at the top of the page is shown how the "America" would appear if placed in Madison Square, New York, and the picture below shows the same boat (700 feet) compared with the Washington Monument—the tallest masonry structure in the world.



A FEW POINTS FOR BOY SWIMMERS.

BY EDGAR H. ADAMS

(Member New York Athletic Club.)

Now that it is only a few short weeks before the time for swimming will be here, I suppose thousands of boys all over the country are beginning to turn their thoughts longingly to the hot summer days when they can go in their bare feet to some near-by pool in creek, river or bay, and indulge in swimming, this most popular of all sports. Swimming is, perhaps, the most liked of all summer sports, for the reason that it is the easiest to get, and the one at which the majority of American boys spend the most of their vacation.

Some boys, not content to wait until June or July, make it a point to go in on the first warm day of early spring, and have even gone in during early April, when the last vestige of ice has hardly gone, in order to be able to say that they have been in the water before the great number of other boys. But this is not a very healthy practice, as a bad cold is almost always sure to result, and I am quite sure that no pleasure can be taken from these icy plunges.

Boys should not be discouraged in their efforts to learn how to swim because they live a good distance from the water, and, therefore, are not able to go in swimming often. Some of the best swimmers in the United States to-day have come from country districts where there has not been a pool of water five feet deep within a radius of five miles. And yet not only have they learned to swim, but they have become experts, for so great was their desire that when they got a chance they made the most of it, and they have been able to best in swimming races a great many other swimmers who have had the advantage of a place at their very doors all their lives. Ambition and application is what makes a good swimmer, and nothing else, no matter how handy the water may be. In my own case, when I was a boy every swim meant a walk of ten miles, and yet I did it, and gladly; and I number those long walks among the happiest of my life.

Every boy should make up his mind to swim well. He should closely watch those who have the reputation of being

good swimmers, and try to copy their style of stroke, etc. It is pretty hard to show a boy how to swim—the best way being for him to look at the good swimmer, and then try to do the same. When he is fairly skilful in the water he may then be able to put his knowledge to good use, other than just for pleasure. He may be able to save the life of somebody. Just imagine how proud a boy must feel who is able to do this or who has saved the life of another boy! Why, that is the greatest achievement in the world! That is far more meritorious than the act of the hero in war who kills a thousand people. There is no other action to compare with it. In the Brookline public school, at Brookline, Mass., every boy who graduates from the school must be able to swim a certain distance, within a certain time, before he gets his diploma, in the public pool which is maintained in connection with the school. Not only is he taught there to save himself, in case he is suddenly thrown into the water, but he is also taught how to save the lives

of others. Then he is made to jump into the middle of the big tank, which is away over his head, with all his clothes on, and shown how to swim even fully dressed; after which he is shown how to remove all his clothes while in the water. These are valuable things to learn, for it is often, when one is fully dressed, that he is forced to swim, as in the case of a steamboat wreck.

There was a very good illustration of this last summer when the unfortunate "General Slocum," with its big load of Sunday School excursionists, burned, and then sank in the East River—over a thousand lives being lost. The only ones who were saved were those who knew how to swim. One little boy, six years old, was picked up by a rowboat as he was making his way to the shore, which was several hundred yards distant. He not only was swimming with all his clothes on, but he was taking them off, one garment after the other, as he went alone. Another little boy of fourteen, who had learned to swim around the river piers, saved himself

and also his brother, who was about the same age, and yet could not swim a stroke. And there were a dozen cases such as this.

Every boy can learn, and should make every use of his chance whenever he gets near the water. The little boys at Bath Beach, off Gravesend Bay, some of them not over six years old, have formed a swimming club, and they have copied the good swimmers, and every one of them use as finished a stroke as an expert, and a good many of them can swim twice as fast as the average grown man. Every week these little fellows have races, at which small prizes and gifts are given, and they bring off their meets just the same as their older brothers.

Remember, when the season for swimming comes, do not waste too much time in splashing and ducking each other until you have thoroughly mastered the art of taking care of yourself in the water, and then you will enter into the game of skylarking with ever so much more enjoyment.

THE NEW BOY PHOTOGRAPHER.

The boy who has taken up amateur photography, and has developed a liking for it, has already begun a career of usefulness. He has done more: he has begun to acquire a liking for knowledge, and knowledge is power; he has awakened his sense of the artistic, and the art sense leads to refinement. The camera leads to the study of the beautiful in nature, insensibly at first, later by bold steps, and finally by leaps and bounds, until its user finds himself producing results that fairly compare in artistic composition with the work of the painter's brush. Photography itself opens a wide field for future usefulness, and photography as an allied art is employed today in most of the world's great enterprises. The boy, therefore, who has become a photographer during his school days, from love of the sport, is likely to find in after years that the knowledge and experience thus ac-



quired has a money value. parents, of his grandparents (the writer knows of a dear grandmother's picture, taken by a boy, that proved to be the only picture the old lady ever sat for, and since her death this picture—small and imperfect though it would appear in the eyes of the professional photographer—is the most valued possession of the family), relatives and visitors, and the baby, and he can sit to other members of the family for his own portrait. There is no end to the uses of the camera in the home, and there is infinite variety in the scenes it can depict and keep fresh in the memory.

Boys—and older people too—should be careful not to spoil their interest and enjoyment in a camera by

too promiscuous use of it at start. Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment, while judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure. Snap-shooting at everything, unthinking and uncaring whether there is sunshine or shadow, or whether the object photographed is worth the trouble, spells expense and disillusionment for the hap-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



But the experienced camera user will say that photography is expensive. True, if the larger apparatus and high-priced lenses are used. The boy who wants to take up amateur photography for love of the sport, need not spend more than a dollar or two for his camera, and he need not take any more pictures than his pocket money or his allowance will permit. The smaller the camera the less the cost of its operation. The little camera is just as good as the big one, if care is taken in its use. By care is meant the selection of subjects. If the camera takes a picture two inches square, such objects as distant mountains, scenes at sea, large buildings and groups of people will make unsatisfactory pictures; but the boy's playmates, his dog, his pony, the house cat, the scenes and incidents of his daily life, the games in which he indulges and the nooks and corners he frequents, are admirable subjects upon which to try his prentice hand and to develop his skill. His work—good and bad alike—should be gathered into an album, an object lesson of improvement and a priceless souvenir in after years.

The boy can take pictures of his



The New Boy Activities League.

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life.

Boys, we want all of you to join us in the greatest campaign of youthful activity ever conceived. We want to get you interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby, and send in your name to be enrolled as a member of THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE. You will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership, and have your name printed in the Membership List, which will be sent to you and to all other members every month. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, books, etc.

You have lots of work going on, lots of interests, lots of amusements, lots of lessons, and no doubt lots of worry. One of you cares for football, another loves books, another is mad about camping out, another delights in swimming, and so on. And THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is big enough to hold you and help you all. But remember, we don't want you all to come in on your own hook. We are all in the same boat. The strong fellows must look after the weak; the active must look after the lazy; the merry must cheer up the dull; the sharp must lend a helping hand to the duffers. On a warship, you know, the great thing is for every man to do his best, not for himself or his own glory, but for the ship. Our boat is THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE. You will all be responsible to it—every one of you. It rests with you whether it shall be the crack league of its kind, or a second-rate concern, where fellows think first of themselves, and afterwards, if they have time, of one another. For our part, we have little doubt you are of the right sort in this respect. But don't get slack. Pull together in all you do—in your learning and playing and working—and we will back you to put the LEAGUE in the front rank of any in the world, and, greater credit still, to keep it there!

Send 10 cents for three months' trial subscription to THE NEW BOY and Life Membership Certificate in THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE to THE NEW BOY, 128 E. Twenty-third Street, New York.

A	J	S
B	K	T
C	L	U
D	M	V
E	N	W
F	O	X
G	P	Y
H	Q	Z
I	R	

Diagram 1.

HOW TO WRITE IN CYPHER OR SECRET SIGN LANGUAGE.

Here is an opportunity for every boy who joins THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE to learn all about secret sign writing, and have lots of fun corresponding with boy and girl friends.

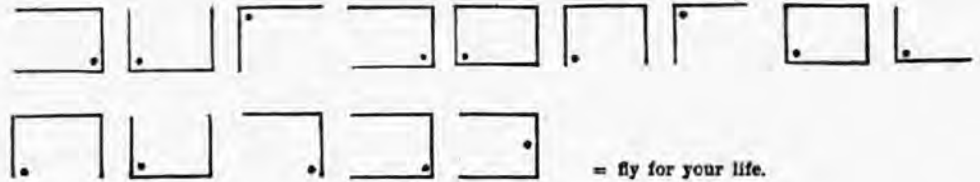


Diagram 2.

In the days when kingdoms and countries were honeycombed with dark plots and conspiracies against the reigning powers, it was a common thing for the plotters and conspirators to communicate with each other by secret cypher, so that their doings might not be made known should the correspondence fall into the enemy's hands.

enemy's hands, a fresh one can be arranged at once by assigning new positions to the letters.

Method number two is quite as simple, and it is described as follows: The letters of the alphabet are divided into six sections, each section having its own sign, and each letter its numerical place

in the section. See Diagram 3.

Suppose the message in this case to be "All is lost," it would be conveyed as in Diagram 4.

The third method is simpler, and yet, perhaps, more ingenious than the other two. It is said to be found among the papers of a general after his defeat in a battle near the Rhine in the year 1793.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
⊙																									

Diagram 3.

Various methods were in vogue, but the purpose of this article is to speak of three only. They may be interesting and amusing to readers of THE NEW BOY, who, in these peaceful and transparent times, are certain to make no bad use of their ingenuity, in itself quite innocent. The examples are taken from an old German work which has come into the writer's hands only recently; and in it is somewhat singular that, although dated 1795, its pages were still uncut when it reached him.

The letter itself contained nothing but commonplace matter, of no importance, but on placing the key over it the hidden meaning was clear.

This key was merely a piece of cardboard, with square holes cut in it, which, when placed exactly over the letter, the latter being of precisely the same size, revealed the message.

Of course, sender and receiver must both hold keys, cut exactly in the same spots. The sender, in writing his messages, places the card over the paper, taking care that the corners are all ad-

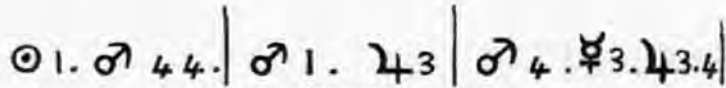


Diagram 4.

The first method is said to be taken from the old cabalistic writers, and is explained as follows:

The persons in correspondence, of course, each hold a key to the cypher, and this we have shown in Diagram 1. When one wishes to communicate with the other, he takes a piece of paper and indicates the letters of the words he wishes to convey by giving sections of the diagram taken from the key, using dots in the places of the letters. For instance, suppose the message to be "Fly for your life." It would be written as shown in Diagram 2.

It will easily be seen that, with practice, and when once the positions are fixed upon the memory, facility can be acquired, and a letter quickly written even when the key is not at hand. Moreover, should the key fall into the

justed carefully, and proceeds to fill in his message where the card is cut away. Then, removing the card, he fills up the vacancies on the paper with some trifling matters so as to make sense of the whole. Of course this latter requires a little ingenuity, and doubtless such was possessed by those who used this form of cypher.

There are others more intricate than these three, but enough has been said to give an idea of the principal methods adopted.

Every Boy who subscribes to THE NEW BOY will be entitled to compete for the prizes which will be offered for best efforts in Boy Activities. Send for particulars and blanks.

Every Boy is Good at Something



WE have known and read of dunces at school becoming useful and even celebrated men, not, of course, because of their youthful stupidity, but because talent and genius are slow in developing, and because on leaving school the "dunce" sometimes finds new spheres of activity which interest him more than the sometimes dry subjects of Arithmetic, Grammar and Spelling.

You may be head of your class, lessons may come easy to you, you may be tempted to laugh and sneer at the boy who, spending twice as much time at his books, knows his lessons only half as well next day. That boy, however, may pass you in the race of life. And he certainly will do so if he have more common sense and perseverance.

School is not everything. We do not want to discourage you to work less to be head of your class, but you must have other interests outside of school for your leisure hours. Take stamp collecting, for instance, the most popular of juvenile hobbies. The boy who has never known even the delights of a "hundred varieties for ten cents" has missed part of his education, and yet few teachers encourage such work in the class room.

Stamp Collecting, Amateur Printing and Journalism, Coins, Butterfly Collecting, Natural History, Amateur Carpentering and Photography, and all other such interests are subjects not taught in schools but which are none the less necessary to a boy's development. They form pursuits and studies oftentimes for the boy who cannot get the multiplication table straight or analyze a compound sentence.

The world's greatest natural philosopher, Sir Charles Darwin, was considered anything but a prodigy at school. "When I left school," he says, "I was, for my age, neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Darwin says he had "strong and diversified tastes." So has many a boy who is considered dull and stupid because his tastes do not coincide with those of his companions, or are not of the kind that his parents and teachers consider most profitable. The tastes of young Darwin lay in the direction of insects, especially of beetles. He had much zeal for studying them, because they interested him as "seven times seven" and "ran is a verb" did not. He was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the barn and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their play.

It is splendid for boys to play football, baseball and learn to row, swim and hunt, but why should the boy who does not care greatly for these things be despised? It takes all sorts to make a world, and we have no sympathy with the tyranny which makes a boy uncomfortable because he is not like every one else. We respect every boy, for we know not what possibilities of usefulness are buttoned up under his coat. *He is sure to be good at something.*

Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment, while judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure

ACTIVITIES

Amateur Printing
Amateur Journalism
Butterfly Collecting
Stamp Collecting
Toy Shop
Magic and Legerdemain
Camping Out
Natural History
Amateur Circus
Experimental Electricity
Newspaper Clipping Library
Pictorial Poster Collecting
Boat Sailing for Amateurs
Pigeon Loft
Autograph Collecting
Amateur Athletics
Coin Collecting
Kitchen Garden
Physical Culture
Fernery
Amateur Theatricals
Aviary
Picture Collecting
Amateur Photography
Poultry Run
Rabbitry
Kennel
Flower Garden
Window Garden
Football
Baseball
Pushball
Skating
Swimming
Curio Collecting
Post Card Collecting
Coupon Collecting
Crest Collecting
Souvenir Collecting
Carpentry
Taxidermy
Ventriloquism
Fishing
Canoeing
Indian Relic Collecting
Postmark Collecting
Amateur Advertising
Mineral Collecting

Fill out one or two of the blank lines with the name of other Activities not listed above that you are interested in, and then mark an X in front of all Activities you like best. Then fill out the blank at the bottom with your name and address and send this coupon with 10 cents for three months' trial subscription to THE NEW BOY and Life Membership in THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE.

Name _____
Street and No. _____
Town _____
State _____



Photograph by courtesy Illustrated Sporting News.

OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.

BY EDGAR H. ADAMS.

The baseball season of 1905, from all indications, will be the banner one in the history of our great National game. A great many of the differences which have heretofore existed between the big leagues have been satisfactorily arranged, and the utmost harmony and good feeling now prevails between all the main factors of the game. These disputes in past years have caused predictions that interest in baseball was dying out, and that in the course of a few years the game would pass into oblivion. But that these predictions are badly founded is well confuted by the above photograph, which represents the Polo Grounds during the progress of a game last summer between the "White Stockings" of Chicago and our own champion National League team. The grounds, as can easily be seen, were packed to their utmost capacity, there hardly being room for the proverbial "one more." The number of spectators at this game was estimated at over 43,000, which is beyond doubt the greatest crowd that ever witnessed a baseball game. And this year the promoters of the big leagues expect to break even this record, and the odds are all in their favor. Notwithstanding the general desire among all of those who were interested in baseball last year that the champion National League team and the New York team of the American League (the "Highlanders," as they are so aptly called), should play a series of games at the end of the season to prove which was the better team, the managers of the National League team would not consent. The two teams were made up of the very best players in America, and

not a few people thought the American League team was the better, even if it did not win first place in the race for the pennant in their own league, just being beaten out, however, by the narrowest margin by the Boston team. But this year this question will be settled for good and all, as the two teams have signed an agreement to have a post-season set of games. This news will be hailed with delight by all true lovers of baseball, and the coming contests should prove the closest and best played in baseball history. The question of superiority for last year will be settled, for the two teams will, to all purposes, be composed of the very same players.

One of the reasons that the American League games were not quite so well patronized last year was on account of their field being located in rather an out-of-the-way place, somewhat hard to reach from the lower part of the city. But the coming year all this will be changed, for the new Subway will have a station right at the entrance of the grounds. The Subway Company will run special express trains exclusively for the use of patrons of baseball, and it will then be possible for those coming even from the farthest downtown sections of the city to reach the grounds within twenty-five minutes. This will be equal, if not superior, to the transportation facilities so long enjoyed by the National League, and baseball lovers will be able to see either of the two great teams with but little inconvenience. When the post-season series of games is played, the attendance will, it is expected, lay the one illustrated above completely in the shade, and even

more emphatically prove that the game of baseball cannot die, but, like all of our good old American institutions, will prosper and live forever.

STEVENS



The accuracy and reliability of STEVENS Rifles and Shotguns have won for them an enviable reputation the world over. Our 120-page

BOOK ON FIREARMS, FREE.

It contains a full description of STEVENS Arms, also valuable information on hunting, the proper care of firearms, notes on sights, ammunition, etc. You should have it. Send two 2-cent stamps to cover postage.

"Stevens-Haynard, Jr.," . . . \$3.00
 "Crack Shot," 4.00
 "Stevens Little Krag," . . . 5.00
 "Favorite, No. 17," 6.00

CLEVER RIFLE PUZZLE sent FREE, postpaid
J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,
 P. O. Box 4993.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

MOTHER'S FOOL.

" 'Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,
 "These boys will make their mark in life;
 They never were made to handle a hoe,
 And at once to college they ought to go.
 Yes, John and Henry, 'tis clear to me,
 Great men in this world are bound to be;
 But, Tom, he's little above a fool—
 So John and Henry must go to school."

"Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
 As he set his mug of cider down,
 "Tom does more work in a day for me
 Than both of his brothers does in three.
 Book learnin' will never plant beans or corn,
 Nor hoe potatoes, sure as you're born,
 Nor mend a road of broken fence.
 For my part, give me common sense."
 But his wife the roost was bound to rule.
 And so "the boys" were sent to school,
 While Tom, of course, was left behind,
 For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent,
 Then each one into business went,
 John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
 And parted his hair (of course) in the middle,
 Though his brother looked rather higher
 than he,
 And hung out his shingle, "H. Brown,
 M. D."
 Meanwhile, at home, their brother Tom
 Had taken a "notion" into his head,
 Though he said not a word, but trimmed
 his trees,
 And hoed his corn, and sowed his peas;
 But somehow, either by "hook or crook,"
 He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out, and "Captain Tom"
 To battle a hundred soldiers led;
 And when the enemy's flag went down,
 Came marching home as "General Brown."
 But he went to work on the farm again,
 Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
 Repaired the house and broken fence,
 And people said he had "common sense."
 Now common sense was rather rare,
 And the State House needed a portion
 there.
 So our "family dunce" moved into town,
 And people called him "Governor Brown."
 And his brothers that went to the city
 school,
 Came home to live with "mother's fool."
 FRANK MCKAY.

"DEATH RATHER THAN DISHONOR."

The cover of this number of THE NEW BOY is a picture which, alike as regards subject and treatment, is sure to interest our readers. The artist has clearly and skilfully depicted the story. The drawing represents an event of by no means infrequent occurrence in those "good old days," which are so pleasant to read about, but were scarcely as attractive to live in. A merchantman has been overtaken by the pirates, and, though no match either in numbers or armament, made a desperate but unavailing resistance. The state of the sea-rover's timbers, as well as the general condition of the crew, shows incontestably that the victory has not been an easy one; and the strain of deadly conflict has scarcely tended to soothe the ruffians' tempers.

PORES!

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? The pores are the safety-valves of the body. If they be kept in perfect order by constant and intelligent bathing, a very general source of danger from disease is avoided. **HAND SAPOLIO** is unequaled as a gentle, efficacious pore-opener. It does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly, by a method of its own.

AFTER A REFRESHING BATH with **HAND SAPOLIO** every one of the 2,381,248 healthily opened pores of your skin will shout as through a trumpet, "For this relief, much thanks." Five minutes with **HAND SAPOLIO** equals hours of so-called Health Exercises.

Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it!
Its use is a fine habit,
Its cost a trifle.

Special Amateur Baseball Number of "The New Boy."

The April number of THE NEW BOY will be especially devoted to Amateur Baseball, and will contain articles on "How to Manage an Amateur Baseball Club and Make It Pay," and pictures of some of the leading amateur clubs of America.

No Amateur "Fan" Can Afford to Miss It.

Order the April number from your newsdealer, or send 10 cents, for three months' trial subscription, to THE NEW BOY, 128 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

AMATEUR ADVERTISING.

A New Activity for the Boy who likes to write Letters and get lots of Mail.

Start a Mail Order Business at Home and Learn the Tricks of the Business World. Boys, here is a brand new hobby for you. One from which you can derive a great deal of pleasure and a lot of practical experience that may be of great value to you when you grow up and engage in the great struggle for business success. Now, we want all of you to get up a little advertisement like the ones shown here, send it the Amateur Advertising Department of THE NEW BOY, and we will print it one time on this page free of charge. You must first select something you want to sell or exchange, and that is sure to be desired by some of the other boys who read this paper. Of course, the more desirable your article, and the less you ask in return, the greater will be the replies you will get.

WHAT THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS IS.

The following from an advertising journal will give you some idea of the mail order business, and how it is conducted:

There used to be a prevalent idea that it was necessary to live in a large city, like Chicago, St. Paul, New York or other such places, in order to make a success of advertising goods to be sent by mail, but during the past few years it has been shown that a person can start a business in a small town or village and gradually build it up as successfully as if he or she lived in a metropolitan place. To begin with, it is evident that a person living in a small place and having little or no rent to pay, and with the chance of hiring help at three or four dollars a week, can sell goods cheaper than a person doing business in Chicago, where the rent of an office of necessary size amounts to about \$100 a month and where higher prices are necessarily paid to competent helpers. Fortunately for the country dealers, the expense of sending goods by mail from even the most remote country village to any other point in this land, is not a cent more than it costs to forward the same goods from the big cities. Therefore, with reduced expenses of carrying on a trade, the country person has very much the advantage. We know of many instances where a large business has been built from a very small beginning and in a village, by the person who conducts it is shrewd, honest, and enterprising. There are very many things that people want to buy my mail because they cannot get them at home. You may have, for example, some very good novelty which you wish sold through the country by agents, and these you can get by advertising in the household papers. You can sell your goods at wholesale to agents, who will pay you cash with order, so that you make an immediate profit on every lot of goods you sell. It is unnecessary that you exploit a novelty or other article that you have invented or manufactured yourself,

but you can obtain such goods in large quantities from other manufacturers, and can put them on the market according to your own methods.

For example, there is a concern that manufactures a dry form of blueing, used in washing clothes. This concern always sold its goods through the stores until a man in a small town got the idea of selling through country agents and giving prizes for making sales, so he made an arrangement with the manufacturer to get that blueing in quantities, and started advertising for boys and girls to sell it, offering watches as prizes. His business in this line was small at the outset, but month after month it increased so that now the man, who still lives in the small country town and whose advertisement you have probably seen, is reputed to have made \$100,000, and is, of course, so rich that he need never do another stroke of work, because the interest on his money amounts to almost \$100 a week.

In a small town in the West, a man, who kept a small store, thought he would sell a remedy for corns by advertising. Now, this preparation costs but little when bought in large quantities, and sells for 25 cents a package, costing perhaps 5 or 6 cents. He offered to send a prize of jewelry to anyone who would take orders for \$3 worth of his medicine, and by advertising in papers like this got many agents at work selling his remedy, who get gifts offered. That man has been doing an immense business for the past five years in a town so small that you cannot locate it on the map of the State in which he is located.

Another man in Wisconsin tells us that by advertising books, pictures, etc., he has made over \$25,000 in the past two years. We know of a concern doing business in a small town that received over 500,000 letters last year, containing

money and ordering cheap jewelry, etc., which paid them a profit of many thousand dollars.

One man in a small Vermont town built up a business that paid him \$10,000 and was making money so fast that he got careless and did not fill more than half the orders he received, so it caused people to complain, and the police of that town made him move away, which goes to show that it is always best, to be honest and fill orders promptly.—*Silent Partner.*

The Agents' Advocate, published at Racine, Wis., says: "Parties in the Mail Order line who have business in Chicago should drop into 155 Washington Street, and call upon Louis Burgmaster, the king pin of Western Mail Order supply houses. 'Burgie,' as he is known among the 'perfish,' knows the business from A to Z, and will give you more valuable tips and information in twenty minutes than you could otherwise secure in as many years."

GIRLS' AND BOYS' NAMES.

A correspondent points the decadence of the simple, old-fashioned names for girls. He has been looking over the list of successful candidates for the Commercial Travelers' Schools, and finds no Eliza, no simple Susan, no Jane, no Anne, nor even a Louisa; the list contains Ivy, Gwendoline, Violetta, Rita, Vera, Desiree and Gladys. On the evidence of the list that lies before us we conclude that Gladys is the favorite, or was the favorite in the nineties.

From the same small document we drew the conclusion that in names as in dress men are more conservative than women. James, Henry, Walter, William, Charles, Robert, Joseph, Alfred and John occur again and again. But men seem to retain their old-fashioned names.

FULL COURSE (52 lessons) in advertisement writing and management, cost \$2, for a good second-hand type-writer (Smith Premier preferred); other makes considered. JOHN BUCKLEY, 13 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass.

BOOKS, watch, 22 calibre revolver, camera, stamps, etc., to exchange for Florida tags, game bantams or chickens, ferrets, Belgian hares or squirrels; one 5-cent library for every 5 tags. A. ARMBRUSTER, 1638 Wilson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—Butler-Butler tobacco coupons, also other kinds. Have stamps, reading matter and other offers for same; all answered. F. HILLENBRAND, 1129 Fulton Ave., New York City.

BOOKS on physical culture and gymnastics; also want one pair of "gym" slippers, size 8½. E. L. KEPKER, 108 E. Third St., New York City.

IF YOU want good printing, let me do it in exchange for anything you have got. ARTHUR PLUMMER, Mount Holly, N. J.

SPALDING'S Intercollegiate football, brand new, for offer in tags and coupons. H. HOFMEISTER, 128 N. Patterson Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

GITAR, with cover, and volumes of *Ancestry* for a violin, bow and case in good condition. C. H. HENKEN, 156 Harman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHELLS, books to exchange for papers and books. B. VRADENBURG, 54 S. Broadway, Denver, Colo.

STAMP collectors, I will allow you two-thirds catalogue value for your duplicates in exchange for stamps your own selection. EDWARD J. WOLF, 1100 E. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

EXCELSIOR printing press, two cases and three whole fonts of type for \$3. F. W. SMITH, 36 Raymond St., Everett, Mass.

50 NOTEHEADS, envelopes or cards, printed, sent postpaid, 20 cents. Samples sent. Specials in box stationery. L. KINNIER, 1144 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOOK AT THIS! Subscriptions to papers and magazines at reduced rates. Send for list. THEO MILLER, 2228 Felicity St., New Orleans, La.

IF YOU WANT to buy good reading matter, such as bound books, novels, magazines, etc., in bulk, I have them at 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 for a bulk; try one. MAX BAYERER, 60 Perry St., Albany, N. Y.

PAIR good Belgian hares, \$1.00; write. Lovely crochet muslin panny mat, 20 cents. Send. MRS. CORA WILLIAMS, R. R. 2, Deshler, Ohio.

BOYS, GIRLS—For 10c, I will send a formula for making a most delicious perfume. Any odor. ARTHUR JOHNSON, 1640 Ballou St., Chicago, Ill.

BREAKING UP collection of over 4,000 varieties of stamps. Send me anywhere from 25c. to \$10 and I will send you from four to eight times catalogue value; no two alike. MAX BAYERER, 60 Perry St., Albany, N. Y.

FASHIONABLE visiting cards—Sample package of 15 for 15 cents; no botch work. EDW. HAMMER, 423 W. York St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND ME 10c. in coin and 2c. stamp and I will send you a Look Back Mirror bound in leatherette. See everything going on back of you without looking back. Try it for plenty of fun at parties. H. REVELLS, 2161 N. Mozart St., Chicago.

FOR EVERY 1½ Prop., 1¼ cents, 2¼ Prop., 2¼ cents, 12-cent 1901, 1 cent. Will also buy Kevas, or trade novels for above. FRANK B. KIRBY, 227 Arnold St., New Bedford, Mass.

EDITORS, send me sample copies of your paper; also want circulars, etc., from mail order men. Address, JOS. L. JELINEK, 406 E. 70th St., New York.

FOR SALE, camera, 3¼ by 5¼ inches with two double plate holders and printing frame. \$2; guaranteed. H. RAULT, Jr., 828 Washington Ave., New Orleans, La.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A 6 x 9 self-inking, double-roller printing press, automatic action, in good running order, with \$25 worth of type. Press cost \$30 when new; a so \$25 worth of cardboard, ink, leads, slugs, and card-cutter, worth \$3. I will sell the outfit for \$18, or will exchange it for a roller-top desk or a Remington or Smith Premier typewriter. Write for particulars and make me an offer. JAMES N. ROY 712 Cranston St., Providence, R. I.

A L KINDS of premium tobacco tags, coupons, "Polar Bears," Arbuckle signatures and Lion Heads for sale. ALEX. KLEIN, 225 Brownlee St., Cleveland, Ohio.

HEALTH FOR BOYS.

Conducted by **Albrecht Loewit, M.D., 1835 Lexington Ave., N. Y.**

All communications for this department should be addressed to **NEW BOY HEALTH DEPARTMENT, 128 E. 23rd St., New York.**

J. A. H.—Can you make any suggestion as to a method of curing the habit of stuttering or stammering?

The following has been recommended and deserves a trial. Read aloud with the teeth closed for an hour or two at a time every day. In a week you can open your mouth and read and talk without difficulty or hesitation. Keep time when speaking; at first with the utterance of each syllable, and afterward with each word; slowly at the beginning, then more rapidly; persevere and you will overcome the trouble. Take a full breath before beginning to speak.

John F., Cincinnati, Ohio.—For the benefit of **J. S.**, I would add the following treatment for tape worm. Take light diet for two days, and no drink but lemonade. Then to a pint of hulled pumpkin seed well bruised, add a pint of hot water, rub the mass thoroughly together for a few minutes, strain it through a colander, and in the morning fasting take one-half of it; the rest in one hour after; and in three hours a full dose of castor oil. An obstinate case reported, in which the patient, an adult, ate two quarts of the bruised seed hulled during twenty-four hours, and ate nothing else; then took a full dose of castor oil, the worm came away entire.

Young Man, Boston.—The following prescription will relieve your cough: Hops, one ounce; hoarhound, one ounce; wild cherry bark, one ounce; Iceland moss, one ounce. Mix, and pour on two quarts of water; simmer to one quart, and add four ounces of pine tar. Stir till nearly cold, and add sugar, one pound, and rum, half pint. Dose, one teaspoonful as required.

Joseph McNabe, Brooklyn.—This is the best hair tonic for you: Tincture of arnica, 1 drachm; tincture of cantharides, 2 drachms; water of ammonia, 4 drachms; bay rum, 5 ounces; alcohol, 5 ounces; water, 5 ounces.

John F., Philadelphia.—The vocal organs are not injured any more by the playing of wind instruments than by the practice of whistling.

F. M.—Cigarettes are supposed to be made from first-class tobacco, but, according to all reports, they contain only the poorest grades, artificially flavored and scented. By some it is claimed that many of the brands contain opium, in greater or less quantity, thus impairing the health of those who are foolish enough to smoke them. Another source of injury is the inferior quality of the paper used to wrap around the tobacco.

Boy 15 years.—For your sore eyes, I would advise you to dissolve an even teaspoonful of boracic acid in a half glass of hot water; wait until the water cools off, drop three drops into each eye three times a day with a glass eye-dropper.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)
py-go-lucky individual with his first camera. Go slow, boys. Let every picture you take teach you something. Don't make the same mistake twice, and bye and bye you will find yourselves taking photographs of which you will be proud. You will have trained your artistic sense to see the beautiful in every day life, and you will have learned to study in the great school of nature.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR BOY PHOTOGRAPHERS.

THE NEW BOY proposes—if its readers are sufficiently interested in amateur photography to take advantage of its offer—to conduct a column of Questions and Answers for Amateur Photographers. Every photographer meets with difficulties and makes occasional failures. If some one will tell you how or why the failure occurred, or suggest what to avoid, it is pretty certain that success will crown your next effort. This aid **THE NEW BOY** offers to give so far as possible. We do not know all about photography, no one does, and we shall not depend entirely on any one person to supply the answers to the questions that may be sent in, but we will secure for our correspondents answers from the most expert photographers we know, and we feel sure we can be of service to our amateur photographic friends.

Send us your prints for criticism and your negatives if there is anything wrong with them. We will endeavor to set you right, and to give you an honest opinion of your efforts. It may be that we can use some of your pictures in future issues of **THE NEW BOY**, and if so, we will give our readers sufficient notice of our intention, so as to permit all to send in pictures who care to do so.

CHANGING FLOWERS

A pretty and simple experiment is to change the color of flowers. Immerse the flowers in ammonia and you will be surprised to see white lilies change to yellow; pink roses turn a lovely light green; dark red sweet peas assume blue and rich purple tints. The change is so rapid as to suggest the presence of a magician.

Not long ago, **Captain Keeler**, of Virginia City, Nev., was hunting in Inyo County, Cal., when he was tempted to climb to the summit of Mount Whitney, in full view of his camp. So, after hard labor and many perils, he reached the top. At the very summit there is a flat space like a marble roof, and this space is broad enough for a regiment of soldiers to encamp upon. "Looking down from the apex," says **Captain Keeler**, "thrilled me and brought a shudder over me. Right at my feet was a perpendicular fall of 4,000 feet down to the lake that looked like a spot of silver. Now, when you creep up to the edge to look off this awful steep, the very flesh seems to crawl on your bones. It is truly startling to look into some of the yawning chasms surrounding this grand elevation, nearly three miles above the sea! The whole valley appeared more like the sea than the earth." Far, far down the mountain-side flew a bird that looked like a fly—a mere speck; but, when seen through a telescope, this fly proved to be a golden eagle with a young deer on its talons.

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New idea for corns and bunions which is sold under an absolute guarantee. You will not need a second lot for the same corns. 10c. to **S. E. REISTER & CO., Lancaster, Pa.**

Story by Boy 11 Years Old

Everybody said he had dreamt it, but Christopher knew better. How could he have dreamt it at all, when he knew he had never been asleep!

It was this way. Christopher had heard his father read out of a paper how a certain German professor had been experimenting in making bubbles so strong that you could not break them, and almost big enough to get inside.

It surprised him very much, and that very day he made some nice soapy water, and sat down with his pipe to see what he could do.

At first the bubbles were very small, indeed, and burst almost instantly. Christopher grew very disappointed, although the pretty, bright balls amused his little sister Gracie very much. She clapped her tiny hands and watched the proceedings in high glee; but this was not what Christopher wanted. He grew very angry, and blew at his pipe with all his might.

Suddenly a beautiful colored bubble came, and grew larger and larger with every breath he took. Oh! how excited he was! He blew and blew until he was quite tired, and still the bubble grew until it got so big that little Gracie left off laughing, and looked on in open-mouthed astonishment. Then suddenly a strange thing happened. The pipe slipped from Christopher's mouth, and, reaching forward to recover it, he fell right into the bubble, which closed after him with a big pop, and Christopher found himself a prisoner. Oh! how funny he felt! At first he was proud and pleased to think that he had made a bubble big enough to get inside, but when he tried to get out, and found the sides of the bubble had grown quite hard and firm he began to get frightened. As to Gracie, she screamed at the top of her voice, and so shrilly that Jane, the housemaid, came running into the room.

"Well, I never!" cried Jane, holding up her hands in astonishment. "What has the boy been up to now? My goodness gracious me, won't his ma give it to him! I knew he was up to some mischief or other, he was so quiet."

She tried to break the bubble and get Christopher out, but it was no good, and off she went to fetch his mother.

When his mother saw his plight you can guess what a state she was in.

"This is your father's doing," she said to Gracie, after she had tried in vain to rescue him. "If he hadn't talked all that rubbish about that mad old German professor this would never have happened. Go and call him here at once."

When Christopher's father came upon the scene he didn't seem at all frightened.

"The boy is a genius," he said. "I am proud of him. I've heard a lot of talk about this bubble business, but I've never believed it. We must have him photographed at once."

"There's no hurry," said his mother, grimly. "Oh, my boy, my poor boy! We shall never get him out."

"Don't talk of getting him out," said Christopher's father. The boy has done a wonderful thing. We have only to put him on show and our fortunes are made."

"Oh, indeed!" said his mother. "And what is the poor boy to do for food in the meantime?"

"Oh," said his father. "I never thought of that." And both his mother and father began to cry.

Christopher, who had heard every word, felt like crying, too, only just then a bright idea occurred to him—he bowled the bubble along the floor and bounced it right into the grate. Another bounce and he was in the fire. Crack went the bubble, and Christopher came tumbling out on to the floor free.

But the strangest part of it all was, that no sooner was he safe, and the bubble burned up, than nobody seemed to know anything about it. His father and mother and Jane all told him he had been dreaming, and even little Gracie shook her head and laughed at him whenever he began to speak of his wonderful bubble, and how he got inside; which was all very aggravating, indeed.

Written by Johnnie Allen, Age 11, one of the youngest subscribers to THE NEW BOY.

PRESENT-DAY COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

It is greatly to be regretted that while we have plenty of athletics in our American schools and colleges, we have very little sport. School and college athletics in America, in the writer's mind, are in a very lamentable condition. He speaks from an intimate acquaintance with one of the largest colleges in America, a college with nearly 3,000 students. All the athletic work of this great university is done by less than one hundred men—one in thirty—or one-third of one per cent. Only such men as can demonstrate professional ability in their freshman year are wanted. Many try, but few are chosen. Coaches have no time or inclination to bother with any except the very best. We hear a lot about college athletics, but college athletics are one thing, outdoor sport for sport's sake is another and entirely different. The former is not sport; in fact, it kills sport.



I Turned Out \$301²⁷



worth of plating in two weeks, writes M. L. Smith of Pa. (used small outfit). Rev. Geo. F. Crawford writes, made \$7.00 first day. J. J. S. Mills, a farmer, writes, can easily make \$5.00 day plating. Theo. Parker, school teacher 21 years, writes, "I made \$9.50 profit one day, \$9.35 another." Plating business easily learned. We teach you Free—No Experience Required. Everybody has tableware, watches, jewelry and metal goods to be plated with Gold, Silver, Nickel and Metal plating. Heavy Plating—Jewelry process. No toy or humbug. Outfits all sizes. Everything guaranteed. LET US START YOU. Write today for Catalog, Agency and Offer. Address F. Gray & Co. Plating Works, Cincinnati, O.

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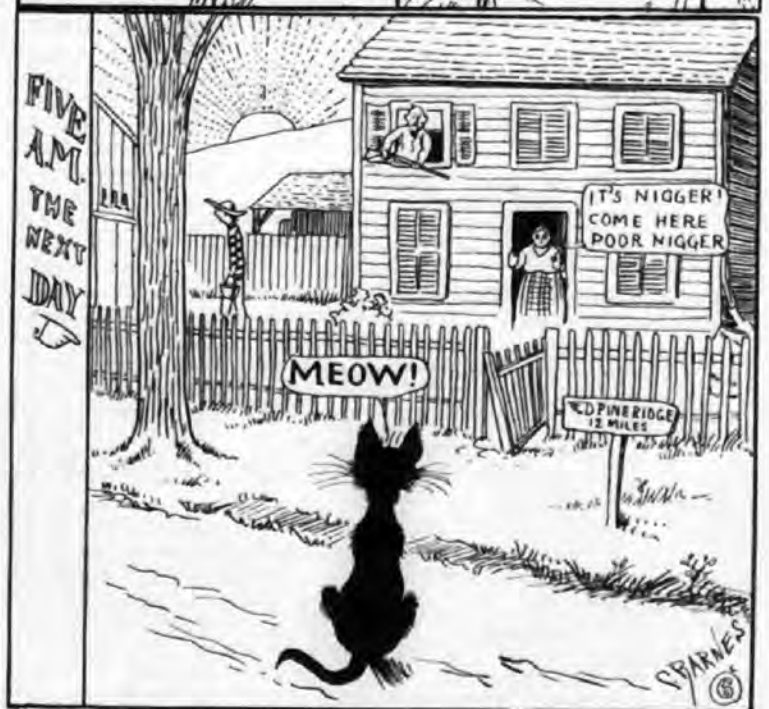
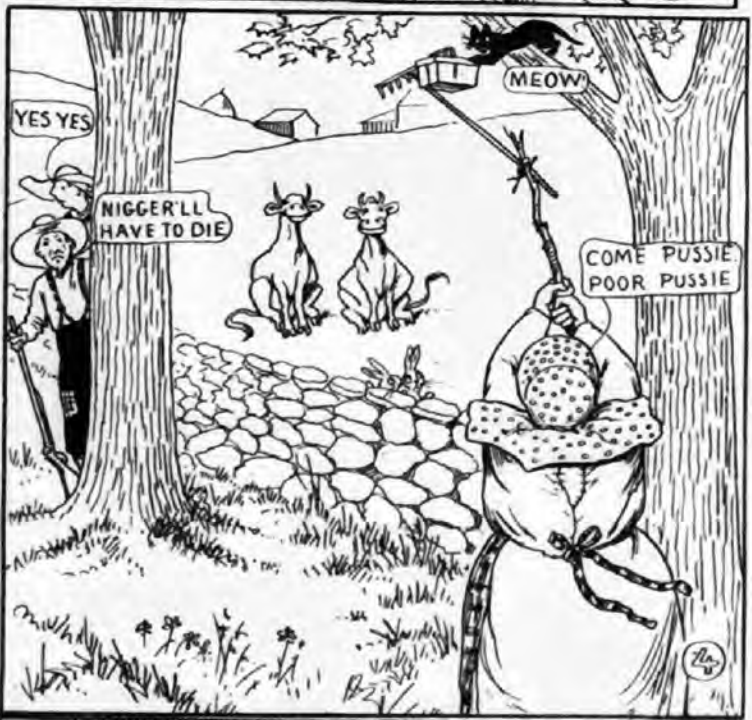
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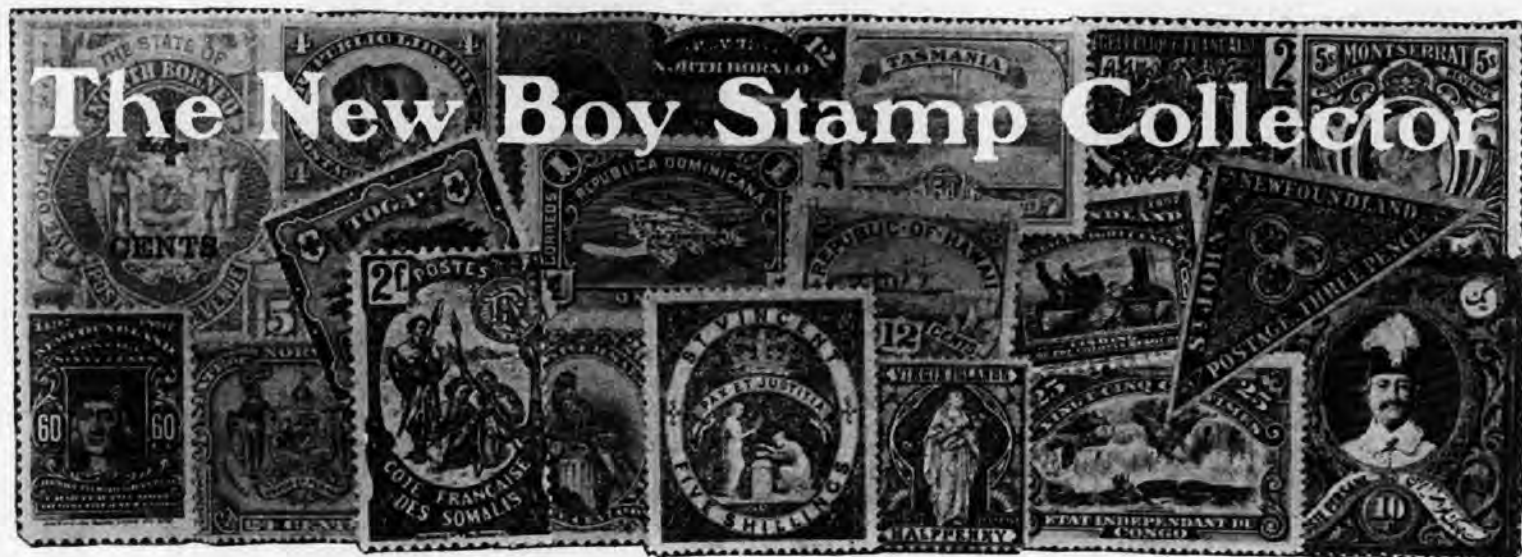
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AND THE CAT CAME BACK-I.



HINTS AND NOTES FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

Never cut or trim stamps.

Never wash off the original gum.

Never paste a stamp solid down; always use a hinge.

Avoid handling stamps with the fingers; use pincers.

Never remove a rare stamp from its original cover or envelope.

Never make marks or notes on back of your stamps in ink, as it is liable to penetrate the paper and may never be removed.

Steel and copper-printed stamps may be cleaned with warm water, but most others, including the present issue of Great Britain, etc., are printed in soluble colors; be careful in washing them.

The United States 1870-73 7c. stamp was issued especially to prepay letters to Germany, which required 7c. at that time.

It is estimated that over 700,000 persons in the United States are interested in stamp collecting.

Since the war of '98 we have had about five different sets of revenues, including a special issue for Porto Rico. Another new issue has just made its appearance for the Philippines only. The new set is from 2c. to 20 pesos—a Philippine peso equals 50c.

M. Ferrari, of Paris, France, has the finest collection of postage stamps. It is worth \$1,250,000, and contains about 250,000 specimens. He collects used and unused; also in blocks of four.

The Duke of York's collection is valued at \$200,000.

Nicholas, the present Czar of Russia, inherited the magnificent collection of his father, Alexander III. It is valued at \$600,000.

The stamp collection left to the British Museum by the late Mr. Taplin was worth \$500,000.

There are eighty first-rate recognized stamp dealing houses in London; there are thousands of stamp dealers.

The U. S. post-office department directs 73,570 post-offices; musters an army of 300,000 employees; spends, this year, \$105,000,000 and receipts about the same amount. It handled last year 6,215,400,000 pieces of mail matter. The revenue of the N. Y. C. post-office is

over \$8,000,000. and its net profit is over \$5,000,000.

The lowest bidder for furnishing postal-cards to the government for the next four years was that of the present contractor, Albert Daggett, whose works are located at Piedmont, W. Va. He agrees to supply 3,000,000,000 large size cards at the rate of 21 75-100 cents a thousand; the small sized cards at 17 50-100 cents a thousand, and the double cards at 42 cents a thousand.

Russia has just issued a charity set of four stamps for the benefit of the orphans of soldiers of the army. The purchaser, however, has to pay an additional 3 kopeks for each stamp:

3 k. monument of Admiral Nakhinsof in Sevastopol.

5 k. monument of Union in Moscow.

7 k. monument of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg.

10 k. monument of Alexander II. in Kremlin.

FEEDING ORPHANS WITH OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.

Most people entertain the curious delusion that a million postage stamps will get an orphan into some charitable home. How the idea originated no one knows, but there is no truth in it. It is quite true, however, that the orphan home at Le Locle, Switzerland, is partly maintained by old postage stamps. The reader may ask, how is this done? In this way:

This orphanage being in the center of Europe, receives old postage stamps from all the countries of Europe and other parts of the world. In this institution are one hundred orphan girls, and these old stamps are judiciously mixed by them and placed in packets for sale to collectors. In this way the orphanage makes about \$2,000 a year, which goes to the support of the poor children.

THE DEATH MASKS OF SERVIA.

Every stamp collector is familiar with most of the details concerning the assassination of King Alexandria and Queen Draga of Serbia, and of the accession of King Peter to the Throne. King Peter is the descendant of a swineherd named Kara George, who was King of Serbia many years ago. On account of the ability of his ancestor Peter was selected as the man to guide the ship of state through these troublous times.

In order to celebrate King Peter's coronation the Servian Government decided to issue a set of Jubilee stamps about the same size as the Columbian stamps, bearing the new monarch's portrait beside that of his ancestor's, Kara George. These stamps were issued and in use for a short time before it was discovered, by one of the officers who helped to murder the former King and Queen, that when the stamp was turned upside down it showed very plainly the ghastly features of the dead King. This officer was about to mail a letter to his sweetheart, and accidentally turned the stamp upside down. A friend, who was with him at the time, advised him very strongly not to send the letters, as it would surely bring bad luck to her. A few days afterwards his sweetheart was dead. By a strange coincidence every officer and soldier who had a hand in murdering the former King and Queen, who used these stamps, has had misfortune overtake him in some form or other.

Many of King Peter's superstitious subjects regard these stamps as a heavenly sign that the new monarch reign will be brief and bloody. It has since been found out that through Queen Nathalie the engraving of the stamps was entrusted to a Frenchman named Mouchon, and he very skilfully introduced into the design the features of Queen Nathalia's murdered son, King Alexander.

If one of the new stamps be held upside down, the death mask may be seen formed by a portion of King Peter's head with that of his ancestor, Kara George. The nostrils of the two heads together form the eyes of the murdered monarch, the moustaches make the eyebrows, and the eyebrow and eye of Kara George form the nose and mouth. The death-mask stamps, as the new issue has become known, have made a great impression in the army and among the uneducated classes. From the best authority we learn that the government is making deperate efforts to buy up as many of these dangerous stamps as possible, and is even sending agents abroad to France, Germany, England and America to secure them at any cost from speculators and foreign stamp dealers. A new set of stamps have now made their appearance, with the portrait of King Peter in black, for all values. The new set consists of eleven stamps, from one para to five dinars.

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Coins are not valued for their age, as Greek and Roman coins 2,000 years' old can be purchased for 25 cents each. It is scarcity that determines the premium.

Do not clean a coin, as it will bring more in the condition it is found, even if it is green or black.

The dating of coins was first adopted about 1518 A. D.

For the benefit of many inquiries, there is no premium on any silver dollar of the current type, except 1895 without mint mark (coined at Philadelphia). When in fine condition commands about \$5.00.

Copper cents of many dates, in fine condition, command a premium. Of the old types, 1793, 1799, 1804 and 1809, bring from \$5 to \$50 each.

The new Panama coins have made their appearance. The obverse bears the bust of Vasco Minez d'Balboa, who discovered Panama. The reverse has the Coat of Arms of the Republic.

FREE An unused 15c. Columbian Stamp to person whose order is received first.

	Cat.	Price.
U. S. 1895, 1c to 50c	\$.29	\$.10
Belgium, 1895, p. p. 6 var.	.23	.08
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Costa Rica, 1c to 2p	.77	.30
Great Britain, 1887-92, 1/2p to 1sh.	.33	.10
Niger Coast, 1892, 1/2 to 5p	1.50	.75
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Gems 20 diff. foreign coins, 40 cents. Edw. VII or Victoria copper set of 3 var. 15c. 5 U. S. White cents, 16c. 5 U. S. 2c. or 3c. pieces, 30c. U. S. 1/2 cents, dated 1804, '06 and '09, 18c. Rare Coin book, U. S. and for'n, 500 ill's, 25c. Immense new '05 coin list, sent for 2 cent stamp.

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300 " " " " " "	.35
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U. S. Columbian set, 1c to 10c	.12
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1000 hinges	.05

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I have a large lot, which are very attractive and very cheap.

5 varieties sent postpaid for	.12
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The New Boy Printer and Amateur Journalist

HOW I STARTED AN AMATEUR PRINTING OFFICE.

Of all the activities that go to make up a boy's life there is none that affords the pleasure and fascination that Printing does. Few boys there are who have not watched through the windows of some printing shop and longed to be on the inside, mastering the mysteries of the busy presses and type cases. The boy who grows up without having owned a little press and outfit is positively handicapped in the business struggle.

The first type I ever owned I found in a box of old waste paper in an alley back of the only printing office in the little Western town where I was born. I used to go around in the back of the building nearly every afternoon after school, and watch the printing of the evening paper through the windows. The handful of old type which I found was as great a treasure to me as would have been a handful of gold pieces. I longed for a printing press, and resolved that when I grew up I would work in a printing office.

Some months afterwards I was lucky enough to get hold of an old, rusty 5x7 Model self-inking press, which a young man in my neighborhood had grown tired of. It took two months for me to save the \$1.50 I paid him. The thing weighed almost a hundred pounds, and proved an awful load to carry home—five blocks away. After much teasing, and with my mother's help, I persuaded father to let me clear out the cellar and devote the space to a printing office.

Although I at last possessed a printing press, I soon found that there was very little I could do without rollers, type, ink, and material. The young man from whom I bought the press had not used it for several years, and had lost all of his type and material. I finally sent to a firm in Connecticut, whose advertisement I saw in "The Youth's Companion," for a catalogue of their supplies, and after much correspondence and delay, succeeded in getting the necessary rollers and some black ink, with a sixty-cent font of small brevier capital letters. In the meantime I had got the cellar in pretty good shape, had made a stand for the press out of an old soap-box, and a type case with thirty-six little compartments. A larger box served for a desk or counter, and after pasting a sign on the door, "Job Printing," I was ready for business.

The cellar was headquarters for many days for all my boy friends, and already we planned a little newspaper. I would be the editor, Jake Haines agreed to act as special reporter at school, and Ernest Williams volunteered to write up the latest downtown news. But, alas! in opening up the package of type, after bringing it home from the express office, the whole lot was "pied," and dumped in an empty baking-powder can for sorting later. That night the can and contents disappeared, having tempted one of the boys, who got away with it with great success, for it was never seen or heard of again.

Of course, I was greatly discouraged, and it was months before I took any further interest in the printing office. Finally my father appropriated \$15.00 for new type and material, and I started out again. With this princely endowment I bought several fonts of job type, some black cards and paper stock, a can of red ink, and enough long primer body type to set up a solid page about 3¼x5 inches. Two weeks later I published my first paper, "The Red Flag," consisting of four pages, about 5x7 inches, with the heading on the first page printed in red ink. I was greatly helped about this time through an acquaintance I had made with one of the workmen in the printing office, who moved into the house next door, and whose boy soon was my best chum. With his father's help at evenings we picked up many a trick of the trade, and learned to operate our press with complete success, making ready with neatness and rapidity all kinds of little jobs, like cards, little billheads or statements, and small dodgers. For a shoemaker nearby we printed a little four-page announcement of removal, a cut of a boot printed on the first page in red and black ink. We printed some order slips and envelopes for the grocery store, and some business cards for the doctor.

With the money made from this work and further help from my father, I bought a 7x10 Official Press made by Golding & Co., Boston. This was a perfect little printing machine, and proved a wonder-worker. On it, and with new type bought especially, was printed a four-page weekly paper for the Christian Endeavor Society, for which I was paid \$10.00 a week.

From this time on my progress was rapid. It was not many months before I was able to rent a good-sized office in a building downtown, and branched out as a full-fledged Job Printer. The happiest day of my life was when a big foot-power press arrived from the factory, and was set up in the new office.

A PRINTING OFFICE FREE.

We want every boy to write to us and find out how to get a complete amateur printing office free. Future numbers of *The New Boy* will contain complete instructions on how to set type and operate small hand-presses. We are going to tell how to start amateur papers, and will print samples of them on this page. We will have pictures of everything used in the printing office; type stands, imposing stones, cases, rollers, cabinets, etc., with the prices they can be bought at and where to get them. We will have pictures of all the different presses suitable for amateur use, with their cost, and, best of all, we are going to conduct an Amateur Printing Exchange, which will enable you to get type, presses and material from other boys in exchange for other things you may have.

Write to-day and learn how to get the free printing office, and send 10 cents for three months' trial subscription to *THE NEW BOY*, with Certificate of membership in the Activities League.



The black characters above (which appeared last month on page 95) form

SPELWEL

Most fascinating game—exciting as the old-time "Spelling Match." Improves your spelling—Increases your vocabulary—Sharpens your wits—Tests your ingenuity!

YOU LEARN While You PLAY

The fun is fast and furious—No gambling phrases—A clean home game—Any number may play; the more, the merrier!

Helps You Entertain Your Friends

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Printing is the best kind of sport, interesting, instructive and you can *sell what you print*—Programs, Cards, Bills of Fare, Letter Heads, Window Bulletins, Price Lists, Paper Bags, Circulars, Dodgers, etc.—on

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It is not a toy, but a practical Cylinder Press, built like the big newspaper cylinder presses. Price, \$3.50, \$5 and \$6.

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GOOD PRINTING OUTFIT 15c.

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OUR LETTER BOX.

Robt. B. C.—Appointments to Annapolis and West Point are made only when vacancies occur in the various congressional districts, and not every year. These vacancies are caused by failure of the appointee to pass the entering examination, resignations, dismissals or deaths. Application has to be made to congressman representing your district.

Fred. B. C.—The Marcian Library in Venice, Italy, founded in 1362, is the oldest library now in existence. That at Cracow (Austrian Poland) was founded in 1364. The University Library at Heidelberg was instituted in 1368. The largest library of the ancient world was the Alexandrian, founded by Ptolemy Soter, in the city of Alexandria, Egypt. According to some authorities it contained 400,000 volumes, or rolls, while others claim the number to have been 700,000. The largest library in the world at the present day is the National of Paris, founded in 1737, and contains 3,000,000 volumes.

C. F. T.—"Mikado," as though spelled Mee-kah-do, with the accent on the second syllable.

Pa. Reader.—John Paul Jones, the brilliant naval commander, first unfurled the "Stars and Stripes" in 1777. The stars formed a circle, which since has been dropped on account of the increase in States. This flag was manufactured by a Philadelphia lady named Ross.

M. S.—The official residence of the President of the United States at Washington, D. C., is built of freestone and painted white. On this account it is generally known as the "White House." The building was built in 1792, and was first occupied by President Adams. Fourteen years later it was burned by the British, but was restored and reoccupied in 1816.

Trenton Reader.—Jefferson Davis, in February, 1862, chose for his cabinet Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Secretary of State; G. W. Randolph, of Virginia, Secretary of War; S. R. Mallory, of Florida, Secretary of the Navy; C. G. Memminger, of South Carolina, Secretary of the Treasury; J. H. Reagan, of Texas, Postmaster General; T. H. Watts, of Alabama, Attorney General.

Wilmington Boy.—Baseball pitching cannot be learned in theory, actual practice being absolutely necessary. Therefore, we can only suggest a course of training under an experienced pitcher, who will initiate you into the mysteries of the curves, twists, etc., so essential to success in that position.

J. T. H.—General Grant's baptismal name was Ulysses Hiram. By a mistake on the part of the Congressman who gave him his appointment to West Point, he was nominated as Ulysses S. An attempt was made to rectify this error, but to accomplish it would have involved considerable trouble, and as the term of the member had expired, he entered under the misnomer, and concluding to adopt it, honored his mother's family by taking Simpson as his middle name.

Interesting manuscripts wanted by THE NEW BOY.

BOYS



It's easy
Money

Thousands
of boys all
over this coun-
try, who never
had much money

to call their own, are happy now at the merry jingle
of cash in their pockets, made by selling

The Saturday Evening Post

Friday afternoons and Saturdays. They have no better chances, they are no brighter than you. It's just this—instead of dreaming about the good times to come, they got right down to business and hustled for what they wanted. You can do the same. Don't lose any time about it. Write a letter to-day asking us to send you our handsome booklet about boys who make money, also the complete outfit for starting in business. With this will come ten free copies of *The Post*, which you can sell at 5c each. After this you buy as many copies as you need at wholesale prices. As an inducement to do good work we give, among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc., to boys who sell a certain number of copies. And in addition

\$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

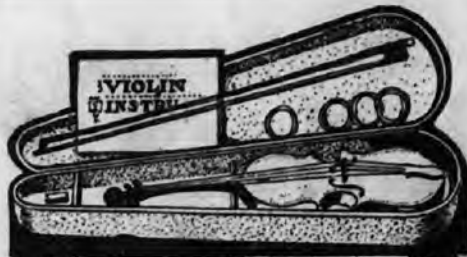
EACH MONTH

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1455 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRUE STORY THAT THRILLS.

Early in the December but lately gone, a flying band of Apaches came up from the Mexican border and did much mischief round about Fort Apache, New Mexico. They killed two white men at a sheep ranch near the post, and then, riding forty-eight miles beyond the mountains, destroyed a village where a few families of peaceable Indians dwelt. More than a score of men, women and children were massacred, and, indeed, the dreadful creatures left nothing undone that fire and rifle could do. But in the midst of the massacre three Indian boys hid in a pile of grass too damp to burn, and when night came they slipped out and off to the mountains. These little Indian boys were brothers. The oldest was eleven years old, and the next to him was four, while the other scarcely had passed his second year. The eldest was named Lightfoot; but before he got to the end of his flight he thought that Heavyfoot would be a better name. He bore his little brother

in his arms from the village to the mountains, and, though it was cold, the fugitives slept for several hours. Before noon of that day the four-year-old boy was so worn out that he had not the spirit to go any further, and there were blisters on his bare feet, too, and for a time the outlook was very dark. Toward nightfall they came to a cave, and went inside to pass the night. Lightfoot struck fire from a piece of flint that he carried as a pocket-piece, and thus they were able to rest with some comfort. Lightfoot went out after the others had fallen asleep, and made a snare, so that in the morning they might have something to eat. They could now see Fort Apache, and the sound of the sunrise gun came clearly to their ears. Lightfoot put his little brother on his back, carrying the baby in his arms, and trudging along, they at last reached the fort. Food was giving to the little wayfarers, and the soldiers told Lightfoot that he was a "brave" already. The children will probably be sent eastward.



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Write for one, also ask for our free catalogues of "Everything Musical" from the cheapest to the best, for the Band and the Orchestra. If you want a violin costing anywhere from \$25 up, we will send you 5 to select from. We carry an immense stock; being importers and wholesalers, we can supply any demand at prices that mean money saved to buyers. Sheet music catalogues mailed on application. Bargains in SECOND-HAND and shop-worn instruments; send for list. Address
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A Strictly Competitive Test.

PRIZES:
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135 Prizes in all.

The Cornell Incubator is acknowledged to be the best and simplest hatcher on the market.

Write for free catalogue and full particulars regarding the Prize Distribution.

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These lanterns are made for us in Germany. They are square, not the cheap round toy lantern sold in stores. Our black sewing silk is put up in boxes each box contains one dozen 10-cent spools. Write to us and we will send you one dozen spools which you will sell among your friends at 10 cents each, when sold send us the \$1.20 and we will send you the magic lantern. This is a big offer to push the sales of our silk. We are the largest house of the kind in the world. We refer to the editors of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. Remember you sell only one dozen spools of sewing silk at 10 cents each, then send us the money and this fine lantern is yours. We trust you, you run no risk at all. Write to-day. Address
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Any wide awake boy can make these brackets with a Scroll Saw.
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Juvenile Dept., 440 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.
[Scroll Saws at \$1.25 and upwards. Send for cat.]

Price 5 Cents

MAY, 1905

50 Cents a Year

THE NEW BOY

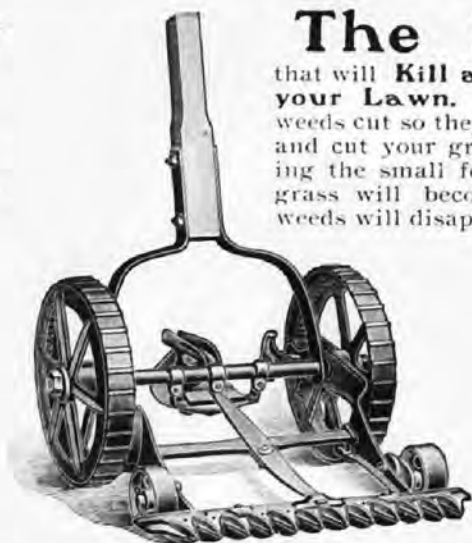


A Monthly
Magazine of
Romance and
Activity for all
Kinds of Boys

THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 East Twenty-third Street, New York

SPECIAL AMATEUR BASEBALL NUMBER

Clipper Lawn Mower Co. DIXON, ILL.



The Mower

that will Kill all the Weeds in your Lawn. If you keep the weeds cut so they do not go to seed and cut your grass without breaking the small feeders of roots, the grass will become thick and the weeds will disappear.

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I am
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TOFFEE.

If it's Mackintosh's Toffee, it is the delicious old English candy that is taking America by storm. If it isn't Mackintosh's, you don't want it unless you want an imitation.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

The Original Old English Candy.

Sold in ten cent cartons, my name and face on every package.

If you haven't tried it do so today. It's the most delicious and pure candy that you ever had.

No, not a chewing candy. You break off a small bit and let it dissolve in the mouth. A ten-cent cake will last one person all day, and you will want another piece the next day.

If your dealer smiles and says he hasn't got Mackintosh's, but has an imitation, if you're genuine you will of course try another dealer. I am always ready to send my Toffee by mail. Send ten cents for the first size package or \$1.00 for a large four-pound family tin, but try your dealer first.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Dept. 19578 Hudson St., N. Y.

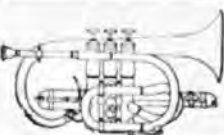


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SIMPLY WONDERFUL to see how easily the tightest cork walks right out of any bottle without hard pulling by using the **Quick as a Wink CORK PULLER** (not a Screw). The only device manufactured that will extract corks without spoiling them. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. A necessity in every home. Plated samples 25c.

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A Monthly Magazine of Romance and Activity for All Kinds of Boys. Published on the first day of every month. Subscription price 50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.

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Advertising Rates 15 cents a line. Not less than five lines accepted.

No discount for time or space. Address everything to THE NEW BOY, 128 East Twenty-third St., New York.

No. 2. MAY, 1905. Vol. 1.

A BIG WINNER.

The first number of the THE NEW BOY was a great success. Thousands of boys have subscribed and write words of great praise and appreciation. To these boys we want to express our hearty thanks for the support and encouragement they have given us, and we will try to repay them during the next twelve months by giving them a better and more interesting paper every issue. To the many boys who will see THE NEW BOY this month for the first time we want to say that we have been planning and working on this paper for ten years and have prepared and invented some of the most interesting and fascinating stories, special articles and departments ever printed. No boy who wants to be a big, healthy, wide-awake, successful man can afford to miss a single issue of THE NEW BOY for the next five years. It is edited, printed and published in the greatest city in the modern world, and will always contain interesting special articles on the big things of American life of interest to boys.

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is rapidly approaching a stage of complete organization, and every member will shortly receive a copy of the Membership Book and special descriptive literature. A wonderful system of instruction in all the fascinating hobbies and activities of boy life is being perfected, and will be a great CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF ACTIVITIES AND HEALTHFUL AMUSEMENTS FOR BOYS.

THE NEW BOY

FOR JUNE

WILL CONTAIN

MY FOUR YEARS AT ANNAPOLIS
BY A GRADUATE.

With illustrations of life and incidents of America's great Naval Academy.

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A Treasure of Romance and Activity for all Kinds of Boys

VOLUME 1.

MAY, 1905

NUMBER 2.

"Your little magazine has started at a point that many other magazines have taken years to reach. In my eyes I think it fills a long-felt want for the boys."—CHARLES S. HARDING, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

"Should it continue to become better every month it will only be a matter of time before THE NEW BOY can 'put it over' any paper of its kind in America."—BENJ. A. CAREY, Phoenixville, Pa.

"THE NEW BOY is certainly a boy's paper, and am sure it will fill a long-felt want. I read every page of the first number from top to bottom."—THOMAS E. DENTON, Newark, N. J.



THE ILLUMINATED TOWERS AT LUNA PARK, CONEY ISLAND. (See next page).

CONEY ISLAND

NEW YORK CITY'S GREAT PUBLIC SUMMER PLAYGROUND



ALONG THE "BOWERY."



ENTRANCE TO "DREAMLAND."

Every New York boy knows Coney Island, and it is quite likely that many of the readers of *THE NEW BOY* do also. But as it may happen that many do not, and as Coney Island is one of the great institutions of the country, it is believed that a short description of it will be interesting to the readers of this magazine.

Geographically, Coney Island is a sandy strip on the southeast of the city of Brooklyn, some five miles in length and having a splendid bathing beach. Sheepshead Bay makes a deep indentation above the northeast end of Coney Island, and Gravesend Bay separates the western end from the mainland. A salt water creek between these two bays, about a mile and a-half in length, completes the cut-off from Brooklyn and makes the resort a real island, though few who go there realize where Brooklyn ends and Coney Island begins.

With the early history of Coney Island we of to-day are not strictly concerned. It is sufficient to know that the ramshackle buildings and tumble-down structures of a dozen years ago have practically disappeared—some destroyed by fire and others effaced by the march of improvement. The present Coney Island dates from 1897—when, after the first disastrous fire, Geo. C. Tilyou built Steeplechase Park and raised the tone of amusement attractions. Then came the great fire of 1889, which swept Coney Island from Oceanic Walk down to the Observatory, and from Surf Avenue, the principal thoroughfare, clear to the water's edge.

From this fire properly dates the movement that has made Coney Island what it is to-day—a great Summer day resort for the greatest American city, where women and children can go at small cost and spend the hot Summer days in comfort and safety. The sporting and gambling element that once made Coney Island objectionable, has disappeared, and it has become a favorite family resort.

In 1903 Messrs. Thompson & Dundy opened their now famous Luna Park, a million dollar amusement enterprise, covering 28 acres of land. They added 14 acres in 1904, and increased their capital stock to nearly two millions. In 1904 there also appeared the Dreamland Company, headed by Senator Reynolds, which built the great Dreamland property at an expense of three and a-half millions of dollars. Steeplechase Park was the first large enterprise built at Coney Island, but it has been greatly overshadowed by its later rivals, Luna Park and Dreamland.

The regeneration of Coney Island is now complete. Where, in the old days, a few arc lamps lit the widest streets and gas lamps only picked out the course of the smaller ones, there is now a blaze of light. At dusk in both Luna Park and Dreamland tall towers become glittering shafts of electricity, visible for miles. Electric lights are everywhere, not by the hundred, but by the tens of thousands.

Bands are playing, good bands too, in both places and around lagoons and lakes are seated comfortably men, women and children watching aquatic displays or circus performances in suspended rings. The walks which wind in and out of the buildings are broad, guides and attendants stand at intervals of a few feet, and policemen are everywhere.

From the buildings come orchestra music, showing where they are "fighting flames," going to the "center of the earth," taking a "trip to the moon," voyaging in submarine boats, and journeying up to the clouds or through caverns. Scenic railways are many and popular. High overhead goes "Loop the Loop," and the aerial railways, while splashing and shrieking indicate that the "Chutes" are still being "shot" as in the days when Captain Paul Boynton started this idea as an experiment.

From many great halls come the strain of dance music. It would sur-

prise the Coney Island visitor of fifteen years ago to see these great dance halls. Not a man is in his shirt sleeves, not a cigar is visible, not a hat. Whole families are there, the elders chatting in comfortable seats, while the juveniles dance.

Coney Island has become a vast amusement enterprise, five miles long and half a mile wide. But dimensions mean little to most of us. We can understand better what Coney Island is by comparing it with some other great and similar enterprise. In plan and scope there is nothing in this country at all like it, but in size and attractiveness it may be compared to the Louisiana Exposition during the season of 1904. Up to September 1st, last year, the visitors to Coney Island outnumbered those at St. Louis, both in the grand total and the daily averages. Two hundred thousand visitors a day was not an unusual number, and this was often exceeded. And it must be remembered that these enormous crowds visited Coney Island daily, Sundays included, from the first of May to the last of September. Transportation to and from New York City is easy, rapid and cheap. Steam railroad trains, elevated railroad trains, trolleys, and steamboats throughout the Summer run back and forth, all crowded to the doors. On ordinary occasions the Island has about a hundred thousand visitors, while on special occasions, and when special amusement events are provided—and these occur almost weekly—the number is almost doubled. And Coney Island can take care of all of them, with little crowding, and at the same time can furnish them with every form of innocent amusement.

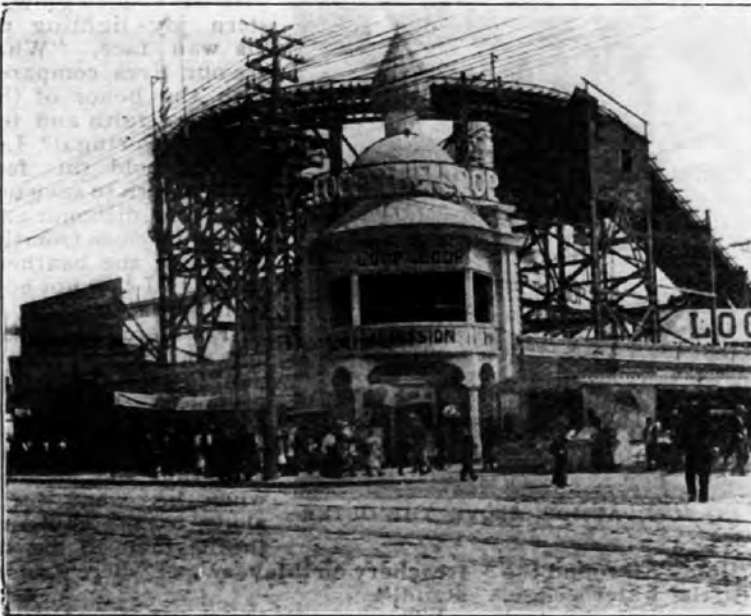
For 1905 all three of the great amusement enterprises have made and are making vast improvements, while the smaller shows are striving to keep abreast of the march of improvement. Wonderful as was Coney Island in 1904, it is certain to be more interesting and enjoyable in the Summer to come.



ENTRANCE TO "LUNA PARK."



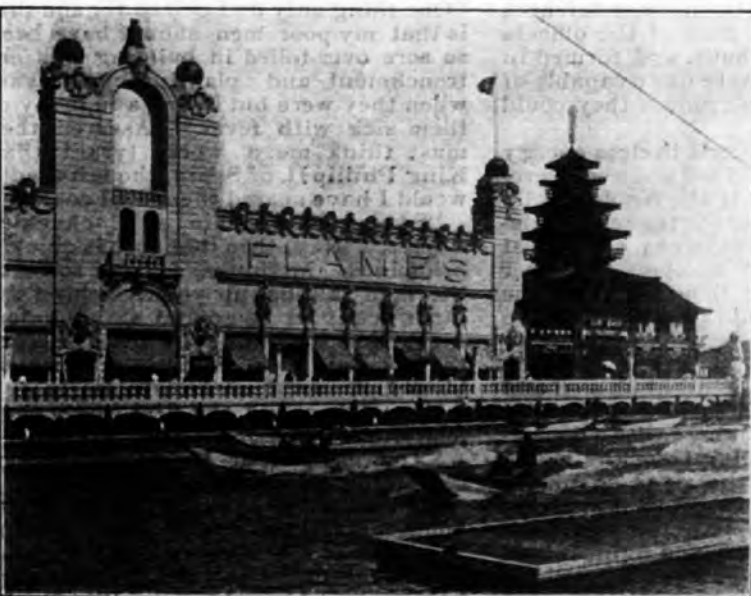
ENTRANCE TO "JOHNSTOWN FLOOD."



"LOOP THE LOOP."



THE OPEN AIR HALL IN "DREAMLAND."



ENTRANCE TO "FIGHTING THE FLAMES."



THE BOARD WALK IN "DREAMLAND."

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL POINTS OF INTEREST AT CONEY ISLAND

THE ENCHANTED CITY

A THRILLING TALE OF PORTUGUESE EXPLORATION IN AFRICA DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORM BURSTS.

Six months had passed since Don Sebastian Da Estrella had listened to the legend of the Enchanted City, and the sunrise on a bright, clear morning in the early Spring of 1679 found him 125 miles inland, pacing thoughtfully up and down the low, flat shore of Massango Islet, and musing upon the very spot where his father had been treacherously murdered.

The island (which lies at the junction of the Lucala River, with the Coanza) was the frontier post between the Portuguese province and the unconquered native country beyond, and from its shore Da Estrella looked watchfully into an unknown wilderness of gloomy, faithless forests, from which a host of raving savages might at any moment burst forth to destroy him and all his men.

To this dreary post had our hero been sent, by the spite of the General at Calumbo. Weary of Don Sebastian's ceaseless warnings against the danger of scattering the troops instead of concentrating them to meet the coming attack, the weak and peevish old man had determined to get rid of him once for all by sending him to this remote and perilous outpost, where, if he did not die of fever in the meantime, he would probably be the first to perish by the outbreak he had foretold.

This expectation had not been wholly disappointing, for although Da Estrella was still alive, his altered looks told of many a hair's breath escape, and many a bitter trial. In this wild region, with death hungering for him on every side, scores of lives depended wholly upon his own skill and courage, and a mysterious but awful danger hanging over him and his men like a sword ready to fall at any instant, the young soldier never knew what it was to have a quiet moment or an unbroken sleep. His fresh, bright, young face was now haggard and gaunt, his laughing eyes had darkened into the stern watchfulness of one forever on the guard for danger, and the half-healed scar on his sun-browned cheek showed that he had recently faced death in its worst form.

The islet itself was as much changed as its commander. The frail and ill-made defences he had found on his arrival had been replaced by a complete system of formidable entrenchments, at which Don Sebastian himself had labored, with his own hands, as hard as



"DON SEBASTIAN SHOWING HIMSELF IN FULL ARMOR ABOVE THE OUTER PALISADE."

any man in the garrison. All round the little island, close to the water's edge, ran a strong stockade, nearly ten feet high, loopholed for musketry. Within this rose a second stockade, raised high above the first upon a bank of hardened clay; and even after these outer defences were stormed, the huts of the officers and men, strongly built, and formed in a compact square, were quite capable of resisting any assault unless they could be set on fire.

But the young leader's tireless energy and watchfulness did not end even here. He knew well that if the Ngolos really meant to attack the Portuguese settlements on the lower Coanza, their most direct way was to descend the river in canoes, and that though during the daytime no boat could pass Massangano on either side, without being riddled by bullets, a whole fleet of boats might slip by in the darkness of night unseen and unheard. He had, therefore, decided upon blocking the passage with a double-row of piles stretching from the island to either bank of the river, so placed that while the water could flow freely between the stakes, it would be impossible for the smallest and lightest boat to pass the obstruction; and thus, so long as the Portuguese held Massangano itself, the Ngolos could only reach the settlements below it by a toilsome and perilous land journey of many days

through matted thickets, treacherous swamps and pathless forests.

"Thank God, the fever is well-nigh at an end," said Gomez, who was, as usual, the companion of his master's walk. "There are but three men sick now, and the sickly season is already past. But I beseech your worship to be careful, for your strength hath been sorely overtaken of late. You have done the work of twenty men and you have not taken the food or sleep of one."

"What matters it?" cried the young noble with his sudden glow of stern joy lighting up his wan face. "What are our lives compared with the honor of the Christian faith and the glory of Portugal? Let me but hold this fort long enough to save our flag from dishonor and our countrymen from the spears of the heathen, and then I care not how soon I die!"

"For mercy's sake say not so, Senor Sebastian!" said Gomez, anxiously. "Even thus did your worship's illustrious father speak, and even thus did he look when he went forth alone to the camp of the heathen, to die by

treachery on this very spot where we now stand!"

"The more reason that I should prove myself worthy of him on the spot where he fell," answered Da Estrella, drawing up his noble figure to its full height. "One thing only do I grieve for and that is that my poor men should have been so sore over-toiled in building this entrenchment and planting your dyke, when they were but ill-fed and many of them sick with fever. Assured they must think me a worse tyrant than King Phillip II. of Spain, though gladly would I have spared them all I could."

"Says your worship so?" chuckled Gomez. "Nay, then that sore is quickly medicined. Methinks, I hear some of the men talking up yonder behind the inner wall; let us go and stand underneath, and we shall soon hear whether they curse your worship's name or bless it."

They did so, and the first words they heard, were these:

"Tell me not of the General, comrades; you might cut him into twenty complete fools, and you would have enough folly left over to make half of another. If the Ngolos come I trust he will be the first man they kill; for were he slain, and our captain, the Senor Don Sebastian, General instead, I'll warrant we should do well enough yet!"

"Right, brother: if they were all like Senor Don Sebastian I should not fear to face all the Ngolos on the Coanza. Dost thou remember how he, a nobleman, delicately reared, worked among us for hours knee-deep in mud and water, to drive those piles in the river, and cheered us on with kind words when we began to fail? That's the captain, for me!"

"And yet those dandified fellows down the river say he has nothing in him, and that it is only his father's fame and the Governor's favor that have pushed him on!"

"Let any man say so to me," broke in a voice like the growl of a bear, "and I will so reason with him that the coldest day in Winter shall never make his teeth chatter again! Have I not seen our young captain fight? Was I not with him (and so wast thou Sanchez), that day in the forest, two months ago, when we, five, came suddenly upon a hunting party of fifty armed Makokos, who shook their weapons at us and bade us yield or die? But the Senor Estrella only laughed and said as cheerfully as though he were bidding us to feast, 'How say you lads? Shall we five go and scatter these fifty dogs? 'Tis but ten black heathens against one Portuguese!'"

"And then," put in Sanchez, eagerly, "he shot their leader dead with his musket, and at once flew in among them with his sword, hewing right and left, like one cutting a path through the jungle. And when he had put the whole to flight, he came and bound up my wounds before he would even look at his own hurts!"

"It is ever so with him," said another; "he watched by my side for a whole night when I lay sick of the fever, though he was well-nigh worn out himself."

"And did he not plunge into the river to save me from drowning, knowing that at any moment a crocodile might drag him down? Long live Don Sebastian da Estrella, say I!"

"Long live Don Sebastian da Estrella!" echoed the whole group.

"'Tis said," whispered Gomez, to his master, as they moved noiselessly away, "that listeners never hear any good of themselves: but your worship has proved it otherwise."

But the momentary brightness of Don Sebastian's face vanished as suddenly as it had come.

"Pedro," said he, solemnly, "I am ill at ease. Why is there no sign of Don Miguel coming to us from St. Paula de Loanda, which is the only thing that can save us now? And why, for so many weeks have we had no news of settlements down the river?"

"As to his Excellency, Senor Don Miguel," assuming a cheerfulness which he did not feel, "how should he come when he had been sore sick and is yet too feeble to travel? And for the news it would be hard to find any when the whole land is quiet. Even now, that Kabembi is King over them, these Ngolo rascals keep as still as mice."

"'Tis even that which troubles me, for methinks it is but the hush before the thunder storm: and we hear nothing of Massange and his Mantees, and their promised friendship. Would that we could hear some news, no matter what!"

The news for which he was longing came sooner than he had expected, and in a very startling form. That very afternoon a large boat was seen coming

up the river, manned by four natives and two Portuguese soldiers, who, when hailed by the sentries, announced they came from Muxima, a place thirty-five miles down the river, where the Portuguese had planted a fort and a trading station—bringing a letter and sundry other matters for his Excellency, the Senor Don Sebastian da Estrella.

The young commandant, who had hurried down to the landing place on the first appearance of the boat, seized the letter and tore it open. As he read it the look of mingled amazement, perplexity and horror that fell over his expressive face, startled even the iron-nerved Gomez himself.

"Pedro," he said, hoarsely, "bid you men to haul their boat up and come thou with me. There is mischief about!"

Gomez, weighed down by the terror of he knew not what, silently followed his master to his quarters. As soon as they had entered Da Estrella shut and barred the door, and saying sternly, "Listen, and mark me!" read as follows:

To the Noble Cavalier Don Sebastian da Estrella, greeting:

"I send herewith the twenty muskets, with ammunition sufficing thereto, earlier than the appointed time, for all my boats and men will be needed shortly and would not have any delay in the sending of the weapons, since you need them so much. As for the friendly Ngolos, who have supplied you with provisions, I have sent to the place whereof you spoke to make your departure from hence to bid them bring a store of food too likewise; and a messenger hath just brought me word that to-morrow, at noon, they will be here with abundant stores. Thus, I am at present somewhat busy, but I hope to return your visit ere long, when we will drink another flask of good wine together. And so may the saints have you in their holy keeping.

GUZMAN DE EVORA."

"Now, Pedro," said Da Estrella, solemnly, "Thou knowest that I have never visited this man at Muxima, as he says, nor asked muskets or ammunition of him; that we have had no supplies from the Ngolos, nor even seen one of them for weeks; and yet this letter is genuine, for I know Don Guzman's hand well. I ask thee as an older and a wiser man than myself, what doth all this mean?"

For a few moments the old soldier remained silent, knitting his shaggy brows in deep and perplexing thought; and then a sudden gleam of intelligence lighted up his hard face and black eyes.

"If the letter be genuine," he said, "then some other man must have personated your worship, and done and said all this in your name, and the only man in Angola who is like enough to you to do so is your father's murderer, Jose d'Ouro, whom your worship saw among the Ngolos at yon midnight council." (Don Sebastian gave a violent start.) "But what perplexes me is this matter of the muskets. There is no trick about them, for I saw them in the boat myself, and the powder kegs with them; but since this traitor is confederate with the Ngolos who are about to attack you, why should he ask any one to furnish arms and ammunition to you?"

"Why," echoed Da Estrella, clenching his hands convulsively; "Nay, that is but too plain, and it is God's mercy Don

Guzman did send the guns 'earlier than the time appointed,' as he says. Knowest thou not that the Ngolos have ever been eager to obtain a supply of firearms, and that we have taken special care to prevent it? Well, this traitor, Jose, who is their accomplice, presents himself at Musina as Commandant Da Estrella, of Massangano, and requests that a boatload of muskets and ammunition be sent thither on a certain day, and then waylays the boat with a party of his Ngolo friends, and carries off the arms for their use. 'Twas a fine plan, but it hath been happily baulked by this accident of the arms being sent before they were expected."

But just as Gomez was beginning to chuckle at the thought of the traitor's chagrin when he should learn that his stratagem, instead of benefiting his friends, had only strengthened his foes, he was startled to see his master, after another glance at the letter, spring to his feet like a madman, with a face as white as death.

"Haste thee, Pedro," cried he, wildly, "send instantly a messenger to Muxima! It is to-day that these 'friendly Ngolos'—confederates, doubtless, of the villian Jose—are to bring a supply of food to the Fort of Don Guzman. Once inside they will assuredly sieze the fort and slay all who are therein. And since the man by whom this treason was prepared took my name and wore my shape all men will think that I was the villian who betrayed them; haste, let us warn them before it is too late!"

For an instant Gomez stood as if turned to stone, and then darted from the room like an arrow.

But quick as he was, his master outstripped him, and rushed madly down to the landing-place shouting to his soldiers to man a boat at once. The men, who had never before seen their young leader's composure shaken by such frantic excitement, bestirred themselves, as if for their lives, and the boat was just about to push off down the stream, when a yell as harsh, hideous and savage as the cry of a pack of hungry wolves in the full sight of their prey, broke from the forest a few hundred yards below them, and the next moment a man came bursting through the bushes, and rushed frantically along the bank toward the island, splashing through mud and water, and snapping the projecting twigs like glass.

"A white man, pursued by savages!" shouted the sentry, who was planted on the corner of the inner stockade. "Hither, friend, hither! We'll protect thee!"

And at the same time the boat, pulled by four sturdy negroes, shot away from the islet, toward the bank, along which the fugitive was running, with half-a-dozen black figures at his heels. The hunted man flew like the wind, and although the pursuers seemed to be gradually gaining upon him, the event of this race with death was still doubtful, when a fresh band of savages, breaking from the thicket, just opposite the island, came running down upon him from the other side.

Thus hemmed in on all sides the desperate man cast one wicked glance round him, drew a long, deep breath, and plunged with one mighty bound into the sullen waters. As he rose to the surface again the dark stream around him frothed and bubbled beneath a hail of poisoned arrows.

"Fire!" thundered Da Estrella, from the stern of the boat, while his musket

and those of his two soldiers, flashed and banged at once.

The foremost savage dropped into the water, and a second let hold of his bow with a howl of pain. The rest drew back in dismay and as another discharge rattled among them, they turned and vanished like shadows into the gloomy thickets behind, just as the boat ran alongside the exhausted swimmer, and a half-dozen strong hands dragged him into it.

"Mad Manoel!" shouted three voices at once.

The madman, whose gaunt and ghastly face, besmeared with dust and blood, was more unearthly than ever—looked up with a glance of recognition at Don Sebastian, and panted out in broken gasps:

"Captain," the Ngolos and Makokos have taken Maxima by treachery, in the guise of friends bringing food. Don Guzman and all his men were slain, and I alone have escaped to tell you."

CHAPTER VIII.

HAND TO HAND.

This fearful news was the last that Da Estrella and his men were destined to receive, for from that hour the siege of Massangano might be said to begin. The capture of Muxima barred any approach by the river, and the sending out of scouts by land was equally impossible, for the curling smoke that rose above the clustering leaves on both sides of the stream, and the hoarse cries that broke ever and anon from the shadowy woods, told the beleaguered garrison that a strong force of deadly though unseen enemies, lay encamped about them.

This complete isolation, was a gain to them in one way, for their sorely tried firmness might have given away altogether had they known the full extent of the disasters which were bursting like successive claps of thunder on the ill-fated colony. King Kabembi, though a savage, was a born general. He had foreseen that although Massangano was the nearest as well as the most important port on the Coanza, to attack it would at once give the alarm to the other forts down the stream, and defeat his whole plan at the very outset; whereas, if he could only seize the lower forts first, Massangano, lying as it was, far up the river, and cut off from help, must fall, sooner or later.

This artful scheme, (which the General's folly in dispersing his troops had made fatally easy) was ably and vigorously carried on. Kabembi, drawing his men unperceived through the sheltering forests, by small parties at a time, had a large force within striking distance of the principal forts before the Portuguese even suspected his presence; and this being divided into several bodies, commanded by his trusted chiefs, all the Portuguese posts were unexpectedly attacked, as nearly as possible, at the same time.

Ill-manned, ill-provided, taken wholly by surprise, most of them fell before the first attack. The main camp at Columbo, indeed, resisted longer, and beat off a furious attack, led by Kabembi, in person; for although the General himself was a useless blockhead, he had under him several brave and energetic officers. But the Ngolo King then devised a stratagem which would have driven Don Sebastian to destruction had he known it. Displaying on spears the heads of Don Guzman and his officers,

he declared that he had taken not only Muxima, but Massangano as well, and they would hear his statement confirmed by Don Sebastian da Estrella himself, who was now a wounded prisoner in their hands.

Then the traitor, Jose d'Ouro, clad as usual, in Portuguese dress, to complete his fatal likeness to Don Sebastian, stepped forward, with his arm and forehead bandaged, and exhorted the soldiers to surrender, while there was still some hope for mercy, telling them that they were betrayed by their General, who had promised to give up the fort to Kabembi. Instantly there arose a frightful tumult. The men surrounded the bewildered and helpless General, accusing him of high treason, and threatened to kill him; and amid the universal uproar and confusion the Ngolos made a sudden dash at the entrenchment, burst into it, and slaughtered the whole garrison without mercy. The General himself fell among the first, and barely a fourth of the defenders succeeded in cutting a path through the enemy, and making their way through countless hardships to the settlements along the coast, spread everywhere the news that Portugal had not a foot of ground left on the upper Coanza, and that Don Sebastian, or some evil spirit like him, was fighting against them in the ranks of Ngolos.

Meanwhile, Don Sebastian himself, little dreaming of the hideous plot that was staining his fair name with the blackest dishonor, was risking his life and exhausting his failing strength in superhuman efforts to maintain against the enemy the only stronghold which still held out. But for his own prudence in fortifying and provisioning it betimes, Massangano would have fallen like the rest; but the strong and high palisades that now encircled it were not to be lightly ventured upon, and for several days the savages contented themselves with blockading the place, and making no attempt at assault.

At length, early one morning, a tremendous shouting of "The King! the King!" from their ambushed enemies told the besieged that Kabembi himself was upon them; and presently a tall Ngolo warrior came out upon the bank, waving a white cloth upon the end of a spear, as a signal for parley. Being bidden to deliver his message, he announced that all the Portuguese forts, except Massangano itself, were now in his master's hands, and if it were not instantly surrendered, every man who was not slain in the assault would be burned alive, or thrown living, into the forest, to be devoured by the ants.

But even these dreadful tidings (which they now heard for the first time) only nerved the brave Portuguese to stronger efforts. Don Sebastian, showing himself in full armor above the outer palisade, sternly replied that the Ngolos could only enter the fort over the corpse of the last defender; and that the next man who dared to approach it with such a message would be shot dead on the spot, and that he, the great white chief who had sent the demon that had scattered Kabembi's midnight council on the inlet six months before, would presently scatter his whole army in like manner.

De Estrella's appearance and speech produced a tremendous effect on the credulous savages. The Makokos were ready to believe any marvel of the man who had put to flight fifty of their warriors with only four men to help him. The Ngolo chiefs, who had witnessed the strange interruption of their midnight

parliament, saw in Don Sebastian's knowledge of what they had supposed to be known only to themselves, clear proof that he really possessed the supernatural powers to which he seemed to lay claim. Even Kabembi, fierce and fearless as he was, felt a thrill of awe at this white chief's mysterious threats and the tone of perfect confidence in which they were uttered. But the traitor, Jose, disdainfully declaring that his magic was as strong as that of the young Christian chief, rallied their courage, and spurred them on to attack the fort in earnest.

The effect of his and Kabembi's coming was soon terribly manifested in the increased activity of the besiegers. Day and night the doomed band cooped up in the islet, were harrassed by countless alarms and countless modes of attack. Arrows tipped with whisks of flaming grass flew by the scores against the outer palisade, in the hope of setting fire to it. Canoes, filled with men, crept across the stream in the darkness to the foot of the stockade, and dozens of knives were speedily, though stealthily, at work to undermine or cut through it. Every night some of the boldest assailants crawled out upon the dyke, that blocked the passage of the river, and hacked at the stakes and binders with their hatchet. Their scanty rest broken by yells of the savages, their nerves strained by a haunting sense of ever-present and hourly-increasing danger, themselves made the mark for a thousand poisoned arrows every time they showed a hand or a head above the stockade—they had no peace night or day. In the bright morning sunshine death hungered for them on every side, and the gloom of night was peopled for them with fierce faces and deadly weapons.

But beset as they were by tenfold numbers, and hopeless of escape, the little band of heroes never flinched for a moment. They baffled the flaming darts with wet sacks hung over the palisades, and answered the poisoned arrows with bullets that seldom missed their mark. When the unseen assailants came creeping through the darkness of midnight to cut the dyke or undermine the wall, a beacon of dry wood blazed from the huge iron brazier that hung high in the midst of the entrenchment, and instantly the flash of fatal musketry burst from the stockade upon the shadowy foes that started into view, like spectres, beneath the unearthly glare. Day rolled after day, and still Massangano was untaken.

Kabembi began to grow uneasy. What if this tiny fortress (which had already held out longer than he had expected) should keep at bay until a fresh Portuguese army came up the river to fall on his rear? His impulsive warriors, too, as easily depressed as excited, were manifestly disheartened by this stubborn resistance where they had expected the same quick and easy success that they had met with everywhere else. Worse, too, his Makoko allies, seeing his career of conquest so decidedly checked, were beginning to lose faith in him. What was to be done?

Hitherto he had shrunk from trying to carry the place by direct assault, knowing that this could be done only at the cost of a slaughter, which would terribly weaken his own army; and should his first attack fail (as was possible enough), his already discouraged men might lose heart altogether and refuse to renew the attempt. Now,

however, this seemed to be the only way; but before risking it he resolved to try a stratagem.

Early one morning the usual signal for parley was made from the left bank, and Kabembi himself came forward to the water's edge, followed by a long line of native soldiers with guns on their shoulders. Pointing to these men, the Ngolo king told the defenders that his white brother, Smooth Tongue (the native name of the traitor, Jose d'Ouro,) had taught his followers to use the "fire-arms" which they had found in the white men's camp at Columbo, and that if the garrison did not instantly yield (in which case he would spare their lives and send them down the river), they should be assailed with musketry as well as arrows, and destroyed to the last man.

This announcement produced dismay among the Portuguese, who knew well what fatal advantage the possession of fire-arms would give to their foes; but Da Estrella's keener intellect saw through the trick at once. He knew better than to believe that a few weeks' training would teach ignorant savages to handle the clumsy and cumbersome guns of that age like practiced musketeers, for had they been able to do so, Kabembi would not have wasted time in parleying instead of attacking forthwith.

Meanwhile Kabembi hastened to follow up the impression that he had made.

"Yield, white chief!" cried he. "Why should you die in vain? You cannot conquer us, for we live in an Enchanted City! and the great prophet of the Ngolos hath told our fathers that we can never be overthrown till the stars shall come against us in battle!"

At these last words a sudden light broke over Da Estrella's hazzard face, transfiguring it so startlingly that even Gomez looked at him in amazement.

"The stars have come against you in battle!" he shouted in a voice of decision; "I am Sebastian of the Star, and here" (holding up his silver star of the order of St. Miguel) "is the ancient badge of our race, the star that shines upon our swords and withers the hearts of our enemies! I am the son of the stars! I am he before whom your city shall fall!"

Every word that he spoke fell like a thunderbolt upon the superstitious savages, whose looks and gestures of abject terror showed the crushing effect of this revelation. Even Kabembi stood aghast, and Don Sebastian, giving them no time to recover, continued thus:

"King Kabembi, men call you a great warrior! Darest thou to come forward and fight me hand to hand before my people and thy people?"

"For pity's sake do not so, Don Sebastian!" whispered Gomez, entreatingly. "You are too weak and worn to match you wild beast, who hath the strength of evil spirits to aid his own; and even if you care naught for your own life, think of us who, without you, would be as a body without a head!"

"Let me die, provided I can but slay him!" replied the young noble, with a glow of stern triumph on his pale features. "With his death the war must end, for our enemies will then have none to lead them; and how can I die better than in saving hundreds of brave lives, and bringing victory to the banners of Portugal?"

"Heaven grant that the heathen may not accept the challenge!" muttered Gomez, tremulously.

"He will accept it!" said Da Estrella,

with a grim smile; "I see it in his face!"

In fact, Kabembi literally snatched at the offer, which was doubly acceptable to him; firstly, as constituting him the champion of his whole nation, and, secondly, as offering him a tempting chance to get rid of the terrible "Son of the Stars," whom he had long since singled out as the chief obstacle in his path of conquest.

Where both parties were so eager to fight the preliminaries were soon settled. The only difficulty was about the place of combat; for Kabembi would not venture inside the fort, nor could Don Sebastian trust himself ashore among the savages. At length Gomez suggested a small flat islet a little higher up the stream, which being beyond the range of bullets or arrows from the bank, would be quite safe for both parties. Here they were to land with two friends apiece, and no one else was to approach the spot during the combat.

All being now ready, a strange, grim hush of expectation fell over the whole scene. The soldiers clustered along the palisade, the savages swarmed like bees along the winding shore, and all eyes were silently bent upon the two boats that glided toward the fatal islet from opposite sides, the one containing Da Estrella and Manoel, the other Kabembi and two of his chiefs.

The seconds on either side drew back as the two champions advanced upon each other: Kabembi equipped with a strong spear, a broad-bladed knife, a huge ox-hide shield; Don Sebastian wearing his sword and dagger, and protected by his steel helmet breast-plate. For a moment the two young men—mere boys compared with the veterans around them, yet already the most renowned warriors of their respective armies—stood motionless, face to face, each eyeing the other like one who feels he has met a formidable foe. Then Kabembi made a sudden leap forward, and the battle began.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE LAST GASP.

A lightning-like spear thrust, a quick bound to avoid it and then both combatants were hidden by the cloud of dust. When it cleared, Da Estrella was seen standing warily on the defensive while Kabembi showered upon him a hail of stabs, any one of which, had it struck his body in an undefended part, would have gone through it as a needle pierces silk. The countless watching eyes around could hardly tell the ceaseless flashes of the spear, or the supple spring with which Don Sebastian seemed to flit away from every stroke just ere it reached him.

Suddenly Kabembi's foot slipped as he made a tremendous lunge, and as he stumbled forward, the Portuguese sword flashed and fell, and the King's broad chest was streaked with crimson.

"Now we can see what royal blood is like!" shouted Mad Manoel, with a mocking laugh.

Stung by the taunt and exulting cheers of the soldiers, Kabembi flew at his foe like a tiger, and seemed to literally toss him into the air on his spear point as the dust clouds again rose about them. The cloud passed, and Don Sebastian lay stretched upon the earth, with a dark-red stain on his white vest.

A yell of savage joy from the black masses along the bank drowned the broken prayers that Gomez was mutter-

ing to every saint whose name he could recollect. But the wound was really only a slight one, the steel breast-plate having turned the spear-point; and Kabembi rushed in to despatch his fallen foe. Don Sebastian raised himself on one knee and dealt a terrible blow at Ngolo's undefended knees. The sword, just missing the knee-joint, made a fearful gash just below it, and as Kabembi staggered back with a hoarse groan of pain, Da Estrella sprang to his feet again.

But the fierce young king, sorely wounded though he was, was neither disabled or disheartened. He saw, with cruel joy, the sign of failing strength in the quivering lip and the drooping head of his enemy, who already weakened by the almost superhuman exertions of the last few weeks, and grievously shaken by his stunning fall, was no match for his gigantic opponent. Feeling his strength giving way, Da Estrella determined to make one last effort to end this unequal conflict at once. Rushing upon Kabembi he cut off the Ngolo's spear-head with one slash of his sword; but ere he could strike again, the heavy shaft, whirled aloft in the king's strong hand, fell like a thunderbolt upon his helmet, and as he reeled backward, stunned and dizzy, Kabembi, flinging away his shield, sprang upon him and seized him with an iron grasp.

Once in that terrible clutch, the young and tender Portuguese had no more chance than a deer in the coils of a boa. In a moment he lay prostrate on the ground (his sword flying out of his hand as he fell), while Kabembi, pressing his knee on the fallen man's breast, clutched his throat in a strangling grip with one hand, and drew his knife with the other. But just then Don Sebastian tore his left hand free with a mighty effort, snatched his dagger from its sheath, and struck upward from beneath the uplifted arm with all his strength. Kabembi's strength instantly relaxed, his giant form rolled over like a fallen oak, and the two foes lay side by side, bleeding and motionless. Such is war!

"Doth he live?" asked Pedro Gomez, breathlessly, as the Portuguese surgeon of the garrison bent over Da Estrella's unconscious form half an hour later in his quarters at the fort.

"He lives as yet," answered the doctor, with an air of learned and dignified gloom; "but where the general vitality hath been so generally depleted there is ever to be feared a sudden access of calenture (fever), which may—"

"A plague on thy long words," broke in Gomez, savagely; "speak plainly for once if thou canst, and tell me in one word, will he live or not?"

"That is not for me or for any man to pronounce," answered the doctor, somewhat crestfallen; "but whatever may be done for him by human skill, that will I assuredly do."

"See that thou dost," growled Gomez, turning to the door. "I must go see to the defence of the fort; but mark this, if the Senor Don Sebastian dies under thy hands, thou shalt die by mine, though I should hang for it the next moment!"

With this encouraging assurance the veteran departed to take up the duty devolved on him by his master's disablement. Though only a non-commissioned officer, his ability and experience were so universally acknowledged that the whole garrison seemed at once to

recognize him as Da Estrella's fittest successor; and as soon as he appeared several soldiers came up to ask him for orders. He promptly "told off" four additional sentries to the outer palisade, bade the rest to be ready to stand to their arms at the first alarm, and as soon as it was dark, sent one of the negro boatmen to see what the enemy were about.

More than an hour passed without any sign of the scout's return, and Gomez was beginning to feel uneasy, when a faint "hist!" was audible in the water below, and then the messenger's voice was heard answering the challenging sentries. He reported that he had mingled among the savages unperceived, and had learned that Kabembi, though still alive, was so dangerously wounded as to make his recovery doubtful, and that the whole army was utterly disheartened and in no mood for pressing the siege.

For a moment Gomez thought of going out with his whole force, falling upon the dispirited enemy under the cover of darkness, and, if possible, slaying Kabembi himself. Had he done so he might have ended the war with one blow, and prevented incalculable misery; but his heart shrank from the responsibility of such a fearful hazard, and he let the favorable moment pass by.

A week elapsed without any molestation from the enemy, during which Da Estrella regained consciousness, and began to gather a little strength. His first use of it was characteristic. At the very outset of the siege he had sent a sealed bottle down the river, containing an account of their condition; and he now entrusted to this primitive post-office a brief account of the siege itself (which he had with great difficulty managed to write), winding up with an earnest warning against Jose d'Ouro's treacherous impersonation of himself, and an urgent appeal for speedy help, which, alas! never reached its destination.

"Now," said he, sinking back exhausted, whether I live or die, my honor is safe, thank God!"

On the following morning a strange bustle was apparent in the enemy's camp. On both sides the river the savages were seen crowding out of the thicket and pushing off in their canoes. Boat after boat was filled and glided away up the stream, while through the clustering leaves strange glimpses could be caught of body after body of men marching overland in the same direction. The enemy had given up the siege and were retreating. Hurrah!

At first the weary soldiers hardly dared believe the good news; but when the last canoe disappeared, and when one of the native scouts, venturing cautiously within sight of the Ngolo camp, reported it empty, their joy knew no bounds. In vain did Gomez, Manoel and a few other veterans warn them that it might be one of Kabembi's fatal stratagems, and earnestly exhorted them to keep watch that night as usual. The men grumblingly replied that they had been watching enough of late, and might fairly take their rest now; that no one but their commandant had a right to give them orders, and they were sure that he, if well enough to be astir, would not begrudge them a little repose.

"Mutinous fools! They deserve to be hanged, every man!" growled Gomez, "to risk their lives and ours for one night's sleep!"

"They'll awake and find themselves

all dead," answered Manoel, with a grim smile.

"And so shall we, if we take not good care. Harken, Manoel, thou hast the keenest eye and ear of us all; climb thou up the beacon pole while I and these four good fellows keep watch below, and if thou seest or hearest aught suspicious, fire the beacon straightway!"

More than half the night had passed without any alarm, when Manoel, alone on his lofty perch, heard, or thought he heard, below him a strange, whispering sound, like the rustling of countless leaves or the stealthy movement of a great multitude. It might be fancy, for the measured tramp of his comrades on their watch below was still undisturbed; but though he could see nothing amid the pitchy blackness of the moonless night, he could hear the mysterious sounds plainer and plainer every moment. At last he heard Gomez stop short, as if listening, and instantly (urged by an impulse for which he himself could not account) Manoel fired the beacon and shouted with all his might: "Portugal! Portugal! to arms!"

As the flame sprang up the whole surrounding darkness seemed to shape itself into a swarm of wild figures and hideous faces, surging up on every side like a swarm of locusts. Shadowy canoes, filled with black, shadowy forms, came creeping over the water toward the fort; grim visages started up from the hollows of the shore, and fierce eyes glared through the tangled boughs, as if in this nightmare of midnight horrors the very trees of the forest were bodying themselves into armed foes.

Well was it then for the reckless soldiers that most of them had, from sheer force of habit, lain down to sleep behind the outer palisade with their weapons behind them. Startled by Manoel's shout and the glare of the beacon, they sprang up and seized their arms not a moment too soon, for the moment the savages saw themselves discovered, the still night air was rent by the Ngolo war cry, and the human tigers came raging to the slaughter.

To the few survivors of that terrible night it appeared like a terrible dream—a whirling nightmare of wild faces, half seen through the rolling smoke, whizzing arrows and the cracking musketry, tossing arms and flashing weapons; yells, shouts, groans, screams, cheers; blows dealt at random against invisible enemies; blood flowing like water and death coming blindly, no man knew whence or how. The palisade was attacked again and again—scaled, battered, cut through, set on fire—but never captured. Those who clambered over it were shot by the musketeers of the inner stockade; those who tried to undermine it below were blown to pieces with hand-grenades flung down by Manoel and half a dozen of his comrades. But at length so many of the defenders had fallen that not enough were left to man the wide circle of the outer entrenchment, and Gomez gave the word to carry off the wounded and retire to the stockade.

It was now broad daylight, and the savages, perceiving their enemies' retreat, came rushing like wolves into the deserted space, but only to find themselves encountered by another entrenchment stronger than the last, and mowed down by the fire of unseen marksmen. They surged back in dismay to the outer palisade, behind which they took shelter, and there was a brief lull

in the fury of the death struggle. But this breathing spell did not last long. The blow of knives and axes were heard, followed by a crashing sound, which was terribly explained when large pieces of the outer palisade were seen to give away, and the savages, holding these before them like shields, advanced once more against the inner one. Bullets were useless against these tough saplings, and the defenders were beginning to waver, when Mad Manoel came running forward with a huge ladle of melted lead, and crying, jeeringly, "Taste our soup, my black brothers!" flung the burning shower over the heads of the ferocious assailants. A scream of pain broke forth, and there was a general scamper of all who were not actually disabled. The panic infected even those who were not hurt, and the flood of assault ebbed away once more.

But the attack was renewed again. Keeping at a safe distance, and sheltered as much as possible behind the remains of the outer palisade, the Ngolos began to shower flame-tipped arrows into the inner one, which was soon on fire in several places. Hidden by the smoke the savages dashed across the intervening space, and had just forced their way into the intrenchment at two points when they were startlingly checked.

The strong opiate which had made Don Sebastian sleep so soundly through the whole fight had now spent its power, and as he awoke the noise of battle told him what was going on. Maddened by the thought of lying inactive while his comrades were fighting for their lives, he sprang up, and was instantly in the thick of the fray, clad only in a light linen tunic, with the fire of his excitement lighting up his wasted features and hollow eyes.

The thundering shout with which the hard-pressed soldiers hailed his coming was answered by a howl of dismay by the superstitious savages, who might well think they had seen a ghost of the terrible "Son of the Stars." They turned and fled at once, while Da Estrella raged among them like a destroying angel, smiting right and left. But just as the surging tide seemed to turn, the whole angle of the stockade gave way with a tremendous crash, and Don Sebastian vanished in a whirlwind of smoke, ashes, sparks, clashing weapons and struggling limbs.

With his fall the tide of battle turned once for all. The Portuguese gave ground, the Ngolos pressed on with shouts. Most of the defenders were speared, cut down, shot down or trampled under foot, and only a mere handful of them (among whom were Gomez and Manoel, both wounded,) made good their retreat into the citadel formed by the square of huts, from the windows of which they opened fire upon the assailants once more.

But so unequal a contest could not last. Powder began to fail, and the fire slackened, while the Ngolos, maddened by the intoxicating juice of the watobwago root (which has the same effect as the Hindoo chang), came swarming up the walls, and made them echo with the strokes of knife and hatchet as though Death himself were knocking for an entrance. A powerful warrior, clambering over the shoulders of his companions, cast a firebrand into the nearest hut, which was quickly in a blaze over the heads of its defenders.

"Good-bye, comrades," said Gomez,

grasping Manoel's hand; may God have mercy on our souls!"

But just as all seemed over there rose above the din of battle a sound which both assailants and assailed knew to their cost—the warcry of the Mantees. Round the nearest bend of the Lucana were gliding half a dozen hugh war-canoes, bristling with the spears of the Mantee warriors, and high on the prow of the foremost stood Massange himself, the terrible chief whom the Ngolos had killed (as they thought) many months before, and who seemed to have risen from the grave for vengeance.

There was no thought of resistance. Almost in one moment the army broke up and melted away. Some sprang into their canoes and made for the covert of the sheltering thickets; others plunged headlong into the river itself. Most of the fliers were saved by the thick forest and the gathering dimness of evening; but scores fell beneath the spears of the Mantees, and when the sun went down upon that wild scene, not a living enemy was left before Massangano. Oh, the horror of such strife!

The first care of Gomez and his soldiers, wounded as they were, was to search among the dead for the body of Don Sebastian; but they searched in vain. Their young leader was nowhere to be found, either living or dead; and the awful conviction gradually forced itself upon them that he had been carried off by the savages.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEA OF FIRE.

"Say what you will, comrades, these Mantees are good friends and brave warriors. But for them we would never have driven those Ngolos from the forts they had captured, and forced them back up the river."

"And but for them the Ngolos would have driven us clean out of the world when they had us cooped up among those burning houses in Massangano. I never thought the Mantee warcy could sound so pleasant in my ears as it did that night when Massange's canoes came sweeping down the river to save us!"

"Massange didn't come in time though to save poor Don Sebastian, the best leader we've ever had! Hath naught been heard of him, brothers?"

"Naught; and Pedro Gomez hath been like one distracted ever since. Mad Manoel vows that Senor Da Estrella is still alive, but he cannot himself tell why he thinks so; he just says that he feels it somehow."

"Hush, lads, here comes his excellency, Don Miguel."

The younger soldiers who had just joined the army exchanged looks of amazement, finding it hard to believe that that meager, elderly man coming

toward them could really be the famous Governor of Loanda, the commander-in-chief of the whole army, and the greatest soldier in Portuguese Africa. But those who looked closer at Don Miguel's thin face and piercing eye saw there a nameless something, which fully bore out all that they had heard of his iron firmness, unflinching courage and inflexible sternness in maintaining discipline.

In truth, what he had done in the last few weeks was more than enough to prove him worthy of his high reputa-

where the town of Dondo now stands, forty miles above Massangano, more than one hundred and sixty miles from the sea, and not very far (if the Mantee allies were to be believed) from that terrible "Enchanted City" of Poong Ndongo (Through the Darkness), the capital of the Ngolo nation.

But at this point Don Miguel, as prudent as he was brave, suddenly checked his victorious advance and proceeded to strengthen his camp with palisades and earthworks as if he intended to remain there for some time.

Nor was this done without reason. He could advance no farther by water, for above this spot the river's course was obstructed by a series of rapids as formidable as those of the Congo itself. On land he was confronted with a vast, gloomy unknown forest—the same which the old soldier's legend had painted in such grim colors to Don Sebastian Da Estrella—in whose pathless depths his men would be utterly at the mercy of their crafty and untiring foes.

Nor were these the only obstacles in his way. The terrible King Kabembi (as his Mantee scouts informed him) had recovered from his wounds inflicted by Don Sebastian, and was in the field again.

Moreover, the superstitious terrors which the very name of the "Enchanted City" of Poong Ndongo carried with it, began to weigh so heavy on the credulous soldiers as they neared the fatal spot, that any sudden disaster appeared certain to cause a panic among them which might lose them at one blow all that they had gained with much toil and blood.

But although forced to remain stationary, Don Miguel was not idle. All day long, and half the night, too, he might be seen going to and fro among his men, praising one, blaming another, admonishing a third, visiting the sentries at the outposts, or carefully examining the defences. And now, as he moved slowly across the camp, noting every detail with his keen black eyes, the soldiers saluted him with a respect that showed how they admired him, in spite of all his severity.

"Our General hath a stout heart," said one; "but methinks the noble lady, his daughter, Donna Rosarita, is as brave as he. Think of it, lads, that she, a girl not yet seventeen years old, should leave her fair home in St. Paula da Loanda, to follow him to such a country as this! Aye, and they say that she begged him, well nigh with tears, to let her go with him up this river into the Ngolo country, and follow the march of our army wheresoever it might go. There's a lass for ye!"

"And I have heard it said," cried another, "that the General was well nigh



DON SEBASTIAN AND KABEMBI.

tion. Little more than a month had passed since the Ngolos' defeat at Massangano, and already the whole fortune of the war had changed. Da Estrella's heroic self-sacrifice had not been made in vain. The desperate defence of Massangano had given time for Don Miguel da Silva to hurry down to the Coanza with every man he could muster, and to come up the river so suddenly that the Ngolos, who had established themselves in the captured Portuguese camp at Calumboand, and were laying waste to the country around, were completely surprised and utterly routed, while the camp itself, attacked by the Portuguese from the river and by Massange's Mantees on the land side, was taken by assault, many of the best Ngolo warriors falling in the struggle.

Giving their enemies no time to rally from this first blow, Don Miguel and Massange pressed on them with all their forces, retook Muxima, repaired and garrisoned the fort at Massangano, and drove back the natives foot by foot, till at length the Portuguese army, having penetrated farther up the river than any white man had ever done, found themselves encamped on the very spot

persuaded to let her come; but at the last his heart failed him, and he left her behind in Fort Columbo, under the care of the worshipful Donna de Evora, the widow of our brave Don Guzman."

"But I have it from our comrade, Gil Perez, who was there at the time," put in a third, "that ere the Senorita would consent to stay behind, she made her father promise that if ever it were possible for her to come up here, he would send and fetch her; and Gil said that the General was mightily pleased with her boldness, as well he might be, for, in truth, he is worthy to have such a daughter."

But Don Miguel's soldiers, while thus praising him, little dreamed that they were about to witness a proof of his courage far surpassing all that had preceded it.

The great leader had just completed his round of the camp, when an officer came to tell him that a native warrior, who claimed to be one of the Makoko tribe, had presented himself at the outposts with a message of importance (as he said) to Don Miguel da Silva.

"A spy, no doubt," muttered Da Silva; "or he comes, perchance, to say that his people are tired of helping Kabembi, as it is said they are, after his late disasters. Bring him hither forthwith; 'tis well that he should see what welcome we have in store here for all Kabembi's friends."

The officer retired, and presently two soldiers were seen approaching, leading between them a tall, sinewy negro of middle age, apparently quite unarmed, and clad only in a waist-cloth and a broad leopard-skin sash.

Da Silva seemed to have guessed rightly, for the strange envoy, after a few compliments to the "great white chief," announced that the Makokos intended to abandon the cause of Kabembi, who had failed to make good his boast of driving out the Christians from the land, and that they wanted to know on what terms the white brothers would be willing to receive them as friends and brothers.

Don Miguel listened with no small satisfaction; but his long experience with native cunning made him still suspicious.

"What proof can you give me that what you say is true?" he asked.

"This token," answered the messenger, coming up close to him, "which the white chief will remember."

And before anyone could raise a hand to interfere, a broad-bladed knife flashed forth from the native's leopard-skin sash, and fell with the force of a hammer upon the defenceless breast of the old General.

Officers and soldiers alike sprang forth with a cry of horror; but instead of seeing their commander lying bleeding on the earth, they beheld him standing erect and unhurt, eyeing, with a smile of calm contempt, his would-be assassin, who, livid with terror and amazement, stood trembling before him, holding limply in his nervous fingers the useless handle of his murderous knife, the blade of which lay broken at his feet.

The baffled murderer had, indeed, good reason to tremble, for he had seen his knife pierce like paper the General's velvet doublet, and he knew not that beneath the velvet lay a mail-coat of the finest steel, which would have turned the edge of a Damascus simicar. But when the soldiers closed round him with cries of vengeance, the warrior's bold spirit rallied itself to meet the peril, and

folding his arms on his brawny chest, he said proudly:

"Kill me, white chief, even as I would have killed thee. I care not to live since I have failed to kill the enemy of my race. When I told thee I was a Makoko, I lied. I am a Ngolo warrior and Kabembi's friend, and I came hither to slay Kabembi's foe!"

Da Silva gave a short, hard bark—the nearest approach that the stern old soldier ever made to a laugh—and then waving back his enraged followers with one hand, said, as composedly as though nothing had happened:

"Didst thou think, foolish fellow, that thy heathenish weapons could ever harm a Portuguese soldier? Why should I kill you for a blow which moved me no more than if a fly had brushed me with its wing? Live and be wise!"

The savage moved as if turned to stone, giving no sign of life but the convulsive chattering of his teeth. At length he faltered:

"Dost thou give me life, white chief?"

"Aye, and thy freedom, too," said Don Miguel. "To-morrow shalt thou go hence in peace to tell thy people what thou hast seen here, for I have yet one thing to show you. Thou seest yonder wood?"

"I see it," answered the Ngolo, casting a troubled glance at the mighty mass of dark, impenetrable forest, as if half expecting this great magician to work some new miracle on it. "That is the wood that protects our Enchanted City, and in its shadow molder the bones of our enemies."

"Mark me, then," rejoined Da Silva, whose slight form seemed to tower suddenly into a giant, while the deep and solemn emphasis of his tones made the savage quail. "Ere to-morrow's sunset this protecting wood of thine shalt have ceased to exist, and the fall of the Enchanted Forest shall be followed by the fall of the Enchanted City. Take him away, children, and let him be well cared for, and to-morrow at sunrise let him be brought to me again."

That evening Don Miguel seemed to be more on the alert than ever. He kept pacing up and down the river bank (which bordered one side of the camp), and puzzled his soldiers by looking up again and again at the darkening sky, and stretching out his hand as if to feel for a drop of rain or a breath of wind. But no rain came, although a fresh breeze from the west sprung up a little before night fall.

It was also noticed that, whereas for some days past the General had dispatched a number of men into the woods every morning to cut down some of the larger trees, on this particular day he did not send out his gang of men until near sunset; and on their return, they reported that instead of felling timber as usual, they had been engaged in "smearing the trees with white paint." A feverish, half-frightened curiosity took possession of the soldiers, all of whom had heard by this time of Da Silva's threat of destruction to the haunted forest, and every one was impatient for the coming day.

Sunrise came at last—the glorious, dazzling, cloudless, sunrise of a tropical sky. The whole camp was already astir, and Don Miguel with the Ngolo prisoner beside him watched from the crown of the great earthwork that surrounded it the growing brightness that touched tree-top after tree-top with living light, and kindled the sullen waters of the dark river into a broad blaze of glory.

But what was that red glow that broke suddenly through the ghostly shadow of the woods? Could it be only the reflection of the crimson flush along the eastern sky? Not so, for with every moment it grew broader, fiercer, brighter, while twisted branches and spiky twigs and clustering leaves all flashed into quivering tongues of flame. The forest was on fire!

Some of Da Silva's woodmen muttered to each other, in awe-stricken whispers, that the first trees to catch fire were those they had smeared with their white paint the evening before. But most of the soldiers stood speechless, partly in astonishment at the miraculous outbreak of a fire that no one had kindled, and partly from awe at the terrific grandeur at a spectacle such as the oldest of them had never yet witnessed.

So rapidly did the flames spread (the felled trees being already as dry as tinder, and the long drought having parched into ready-made fuel, the ferns, grasses and climbing plants) that the whole forest was soon one red and roaring blaze. Beneath that fearful splendor the river seemed to run blood, and the thick black smoke, billowing upward over the whole sky, dimmed even the dazzling sunshine into a cheerless twilight, through which the leaping spouts of flame, as they seized upon some yet untouched patch of herbage, or ran up to the topmost bough of some dead tree, gleamed and glowed like electricity playing in a cloud.

Not a word was uttered among the gazing hundreds, and indeed no human speech could have been heard amid the deep unslackening roar of the flames, the crash of falling trees, the hiss and crackle of burning creepers, the shrill piping of the tree-gases and the hoarse screams of terrified birds and beasts of prey, driven from their haunts by the advancing fire. But all at once a number of the foremost soldiers started back with cries of terror, pointing with dismay to the spot where, right in the hottest and fiercest blaze, a shadow human form, tall as a giant, had risen suddenly from the rolling smoke.

"Don't be afraid, comrades!" cried a young musketeer, with a reckless laugh; it's only one of the forest demons, who finds his quarters too hot for him, and wants to get into the river to cool himself!"

"Well it may be a demon," said another soldier, doubtfully; "but if it were not so big I should say it looked like Mad Manoel!"

Just then Don Miguel's Ngolo captive—who had watched the awful scene with ever-growing horror—uttered a hoarse cry and fell to the ground in a swoon.

"He has seen enough," said the General with a grim smile. "Look to him lads, and when he has recovered, let him go free to tell his people what he hath seen."

The soldiers obeyed, and when they turned once more to the burning forest the phantom giant was gone. The flames, driven by the strong westerly wind, were now sweeping farther and farther away, and where the black pathless jungle had bristled that morning there now lay a blasted waste of red, glowing ashes, the fierce heat of which scorched the faces of the soldiers even where they stood.

"See the fire's woke up the crocodiles!" cried one, pointing to a long dark object that was floating toward them down the river from the mouth of a small

stream which fell into it just above camp.

"Thine eyes need rubbing, comrade," said another. "yon thing is but a log." "Me thinks that such a block as thou art should know logs better," retorted the first. "I will try it with a bullet,

and then thou shall see that if it be a log it is a live one!"

He leveled his musket at the floating object as he spoke, and fired.

"Stop that, you blind fool!" roared the log, in a voice of thunder; don't you know a tree from an old soldier yet?"

And while the men stood in speechless amazement at this fresh mystery, the marvel of the talking log was explained by the thrusting out from its hollow interior of a human face which everyone recognized as that of Mad Manoel.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

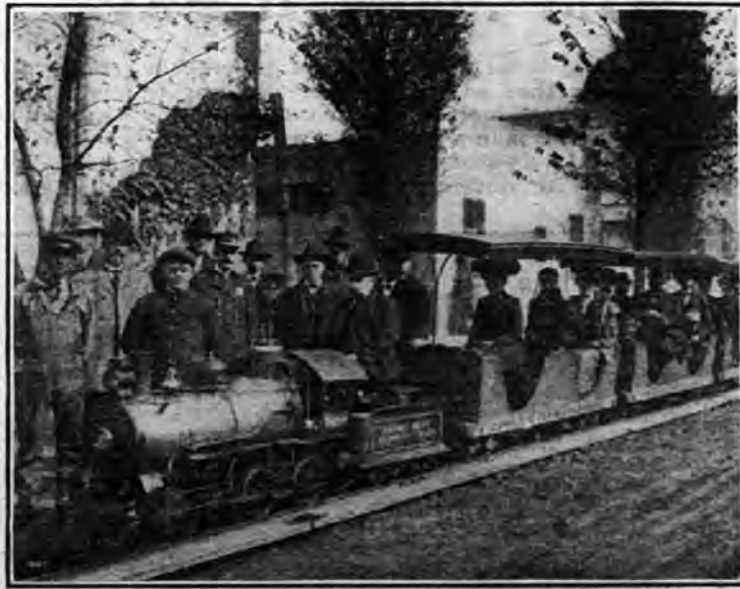
THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Send in your name to be enrolled as a Life Member and have your name printed in the Membership List, which will be sent to every member. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same things write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership. Send for full information, blanks, printed matter, etc. Use the Activities Coupon printed elsewhere in this number.

A WONDER WORKER.

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is working wonders among the boys. We want to thank each and every boy who has joined us in our Campaign of Youthful Activity for the kind words of praise and appreciation they have sent us. We have received thousands of the Activities coupon slips, and just as soon as we can find time to go over them and check them up we are going to find out what Activities you like best. We note, in glancing over a lot of them, that nearly everyone has put a check opposite "Stamp Collecting." This grand old hobby is hard to beat as a fascinating and instructive Activity for young people. We are, therefore, going to prepare some novel and interesting features for "THE NEW BOY Stamp Collector" that will enable Philatelic enthusiasts to derive a full measure of pleasure and educational interest from their favorite Activity. One of these features will consist of several special articles on "The Great Stamp Centers of Europe," by a well-known New York dealer and expert who will spend some time abroad this summer, and who has been specially commissioned by us to write the articles.

Pigeons and Dogs.—We are delighted to note, in glancing over the Activities coupons further that many members of the LEAGUE have put a check opposite "Pigeon Loft" and "Kennel." We advise members of the LEAGUE who like birds to go in for a garden pigeonry. This has much to recommend it. One of the most successful breeders of the day has his pigeonry in the garden. We have not space in this number to describe what such a place should be like. Briefly, it consists of the breeding-houses, a covered shed with perches and an aviary or the shed itself may be the aviary. Tar paper does excellently well for a roof.

Now is the time to attend to spring repairs in the Pigeon Loft and finish your spring cleaning, if you have not already done so. Beware of overcrowding. Keep everything clean, and have your fountains and hoppers always well filled. Buy tick beans and other seeds when cheapest; have your grain boxes



A MINIATURE RAILWAY.

well protected from mice. If you have many pigeons, and are much troubled with mice, it is a good plan to train up a kitten as guard of the loft. Your birds may be mated now. The pairs must be strong, young and bold.

The Kennel.—We frequently see people advertising for puppies who must be over distemper. Here are one or two facts about this curse of the kennel: (1) Pups need not have it at all. Ours never have it. Good management, clean, warm bedding, plenty of judicious food, and big bones and old boots to play with, are sure preventives. (2) Distemper cannot be cured. It is a disease depending on blood poisoning. The dog must be nursed through it, symptoms being watched for and treated, and the strength kept well up as soon as the fever lowers and debility ensues. (3) Old dogs are not exempt from the plague. (4) It is infectious.

Miniature Railroads.—Members of the LEAGUE who like Railroading will look forward with interest to the special article which will appear in the June number on the Miniature Railroads and Locomotives of the Cagney Locomotive Works. We show on this page an illustration of one of these railroads in operation, and next month we will have a lot more interesting pictures with full descriptions.

The Window Garden.—We can hardly ever walk along the best streets

of our cities in the springtime without a feeling of pleasure in noticing how prettily many of the balconies and windows are decorated and beautified with spring flowers. It does not take a great deal to make a charming display of color, nor is the expense great. Wipdown boxes, simply arranged on the window sill and tastefully planned, look very pretty. The box itself ought to be as roomy and large as the outer ledge of the window will sustain with safety. This is a hint worth remembering, or you may come to grief.

Keep everything about your boxes clean and tidy. Do not forget that the plants breathe through their leaves, so keep them free from dust. Keep the earth well stirred too and water in the evenings. Do not have the box always in a sop. We will give further hints about the Window Garden as the summer comes on.

Butterfly Collecting.—Lovely, sunny butterflies, how they tempt the boys with their glowing beauty. How hard it is to refrain from throwing a cap at them and madly rushing to imprison them with the hand. Then their appearance when caught, the dusty scales on the fingers, the spoilt look of the wings, the torn appearance altogether, and a sigh of regret passes through the mind: "Poor thing, it is spoilt now." But this should not be. Butterflies are delicate and fragile things, and butterfly hunting a most useful occupation, and we encourage it with all our hearts if carefully and properly carried out.

All members of THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE will be interested to learn that the June issue of THE NEW BOY will be a special "Butterfly Collecting Number." It will contain articles on Butterflies and Butterfly-hunting prepared especially for us by noted writers on this subject and will be profusely illustrated by photographs of beautiful specimens and collections. The cover will be especially designed and will consist of a photograph of a group of well-known butterflies. You cannot miss this number if you are interested in this fascinating Activity.

Boat Sailing for Amateurs.—We can imagine no more delightful way of

spending the summer holidays than for two or three boys to cruise in company along our coasts, or explore the many picturesque rivers and creeks which run over our country. A holiday spent in this manner has all the fascination of a walking tour, together with the manly attraction of sport and skill. Adventure, change, economy, artistic tastes are all satisfied by this delightful amusement. We may take it, therefore, that you as anxious to set about enjoying the pleasure of single-handed sailing as we are enthusiastic in dilating on its charms.

To a boy who has been accustomed to sailing and rigging toy or model boats there will be little difficulty in managing

a real one. The same principles apply to both, with the further advantage in the latter case that the skipper is on board to steer and alter the sails as necessity arises. The difficulties will be not as to how to set the sail or feel the wind, so much as in the navigation of the little vessel and the conditions affecting it, such as depth of water and tides—two important factors which inexperienced beginners pay little attention to.

We are going to have in a future number an article that will interest all members of the LEAGUE who like boat sailing and will tell all about how to begin single handed sailing and the safest places for making first attempts.

When the Circus comes to Town.

—Another good thing that you don't want to miss next month is the article on Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth. The pictures which we have obtained for this article are the most interesting views of circus life ever put together and cover the whole show, from the time the circus train gets in town until the great tents are pulled down at night. Watch for the picture of the big street parade.

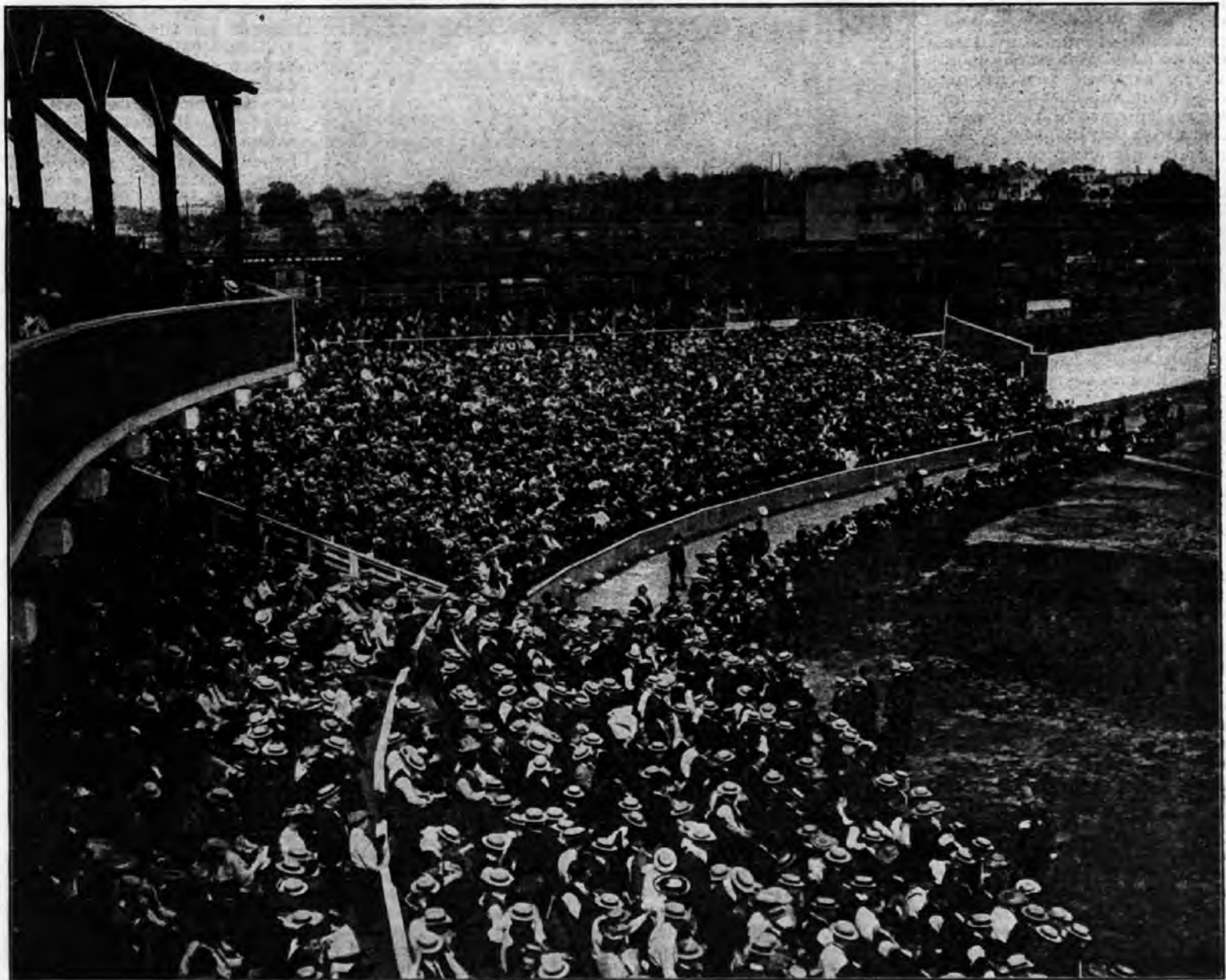
BOYS: If you don't see what you want, write to us about it. We want to make THE NEW BOY a boys' paper, and all of you can help. Write for our special offers. How would you like to have a big printing press and outfit? Send ten cents for three months' subscription. Do it now!

How to Manage an Amateur Baseball Club and Make It Pay

It isn't as hard to manage a baseball team so that it will pay as it might look at the first glance. A very few vital things are really necessary to assure the organization and maintenance of a successful team. Perhaps the very first

thing to be done is to get together a team that will harmonize. Nothing is more conducive to successful baseball playing than a team that will work together, and, on the other hand, there is likewise nothing that will produce in-

ferior playing more readily than dissatisfaction among the players. Harmony, in fact, is even more important than the baseball playing qualities of the members, for a discontented team cannot play good baseball no matter how good



THE POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK; HOME OF THE "GIANTS."

the players may be individually. One member who is discontented will throw the whole team out of line. This is well illustrated in the great National League. It sometimes happens that, notwithstanding the vigorous discipline maintained in the management of these by teams, that one player who is dissatisfied will cause the whole team a losing streak that nothing but that player's removal will check. Nowadays baseball playing has been reduced to such a science that one run often decides a game, and when the dissatisfied player gets a chance to decide a critical point he will usually fail to avail himself of it and thus throw the game to the opposing side.

Upon forming your team the very first thing to be done is to select a bright, hustling fellow as manager, and resolve to give him the heartiest support. He should have complete power to transact all the business of the team. Then you have commenced with two of the most important elements connected with a successful team—harmony and a good manager.

The progress of the team afterwards can be in no better way illustrated than by relating the course taken by the leading amateur boy baseball team of the West, which sprang from a small scrub team into one of the finest teams in this country. We refer to the Omaha High School team of Omaha, Nebraska.

When the boys of this school first organized their team, and they did not by any means confine their members to just barely nine, but started with a membership of twenty, known as the Omaha High School Baseball Association, but few of the members knew much about baseball playing. The greatest good-will existed between them, however, and constant association with each other made them in time a devoted band of comrades. The team worked in the utmost harmony, and they selected as their manager a young fellow who, though he could not play a very good game, was very bright in other ways and possessed of considerable executive ability.

After the boys became proficient by playing among themselves, the manager arranged a game with another local school. The game was to be played on the High School grounds, so they were at no expense in that direction. One member of the team ran off on his home printing press dodgers announcing the game, the price of admission, and so on, which were carried about town by the members of the team and pasted up. The price of admission, by the way, for the first game was ten cents. Tickets of admission were also printed. Each member of the team took fifteen of them as a start, and he in turn enlisted his friends' services in selling tickets.

The boys visited residences and stores particularly those stores patronized by their parents. Many residents who did not expect to witness the game, bought tickets to encourage the boys, and by hard work, they at last succeeded in selling enough tickets to furnish money with which to purchase bats, balls, masks, protection mitts and so forth. For the day of the game they also printed a programme which contained the line up of the two teams. They also secured from their business friends "ads" for this programme, and the proceeds for this netted a handsome sum, which left them a little working fund in the club treasury.

They had quite a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators for their first game, but the High School team lost.



BOYS

You can get this
Fine Baseball Suit
FREE

Just a couple of hours' work and the suit is yours. It consists of a regulation gray flannel Shirt, Pants well padded, Cap and Worsted Belt.

Do You Want to be the Lucky Boy in Your Neighborhood?

We will give this beautiful outfit absolutely FREE to boys who help us introduce our novelties. **Introductory price, only 10 cents each.** Anybody will buy on sight. You do not have to send us a penny in advance. **We trust you with the novelties.** Send us your name and address and we will send you at once our novelties, of which you are to sell 30 at 10 cents each; send us the \$3 which you have received and we will then send you the Baseball Outfit, express prepaid (any size you wish). **WRITE TO-DAY.**

You will be Delighted with this Outfit

PREMIUM ART CO.,

Dept. N.B.

1267 Broadway, New York City.

They did not allow this to discourage them, however, but kept on practicing, taking on new boys who played a better game and retiring the ones who did not seem to be able to master the game, but still retaining them in their little baseball association. The dropped players took this good naturedly, and always worked for the best interests of the team just the same. Game after game was played with the local teams, until at last the High School team began to win. And then from the small sums which they had saved from the admissions paid to the various games, they finally accumulated enough to purchase uniforms.

The team met in the Winter as well as during the Summer, and the Association increased in number, until finally the Omaha High School team became the best boy team in Omaha. Then a game was arranged with the High School team of Council Bluffs, which team was the

Catcher's Mitt FREE



Perfectly made, extra large, 23 inches around palm; 25 inches around top to bottom. Best gray tan leather. Careful double sewing all around, strengthened by rivets. Lacing for thumb and ball pocket. Raised heel and double palm. Wine color leather back. Made of leather throughout. Stuffed with curled hair. Very thick. Send name and address for 30 packages of Blaine to sell at 10 cents each. Everyone will buy of you for every household uses Blaine. On the receipt of our \$2.00 we will send the mitt just as shown and described here, express charges paid by us. With this mitt you can catch twice as well; we also give a first-class fielding glove for selling 30 packages more. Write today. We guarantee satisfaction. **BLAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 214 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass., (The Old Reliable Firm.)**

Music Cavalleria Rusticana, Intermezzo Flower Song.....Lange
Second Valse.....Goddard
Cardinal March.....Stone
Orinoco Nell (Vocal).....Story
Wedding March.....Mendelssohn
Write for FREE Catalogue of 5,000 Publications.
THE CADILLAC MUSIC CO., 63 W. 24th St., New York.

champion one of the latter city. This was the crowning point in the career of the Omaha team. Friends of the two teams gathered in Omaha on the day of the game at the baseball park of the State League team, which was hired for the occasion. Over 3,000 spectators at 25 cents a head were present, and the game was most bitterly contested, finally resulting in victory for Omaha with a score of 12 to 11, which victory gave them the title of champion High School team. And that proud position they still occupy as ever since they have been the best amateur baseball team in the West.

There is still one more thing that we would like to mention in connection with the formation of a successful team, and that is for the players during the course of a game to put forth every possible effort to make a good play. The fact that errors are counted against the player in the National Leagues has a great disadvantage. That custom

often prevents good plays, and occasionally results in the loss of a game, for, unless the play comes within the players territory, he will, in every instance, refuse to try for it, for fear of making an error. Of course, this means bread and butter to him, for errors are counted against his standing, but it often spoils a game, for there are many times that a good chance of a player catching a ball is presented for which a strict reading of the rules of the game do not make him responsible.

Boy players, however, need not fear the error column. They should go out after anything that is within the limit of possibility, and make a dozen errors in the course of a game if necessary that they may finally achieve one good play.

It is due to this fact, indeed, that many of the games between amateurs are so interesting. You will find that if the average baseball lover can get a

chance to witness a game between a couple of the smaller teams he will always take advantage of it. Even if the players taking part in such games are not up to the highest standard, still every point in the game is contested with great strenuousness and earnestness and this invariably produces a contest that is not only of interest to the friends and organizations of the players, but to the outsiders as well. Of course, it is not so easy for the baseball teams around the cities to hire enclosed grounds where they can charge admission, but it is within reach of the teams living in the smaller cities. The one thing to make your team a success is to work together, let every member do everything possible to forward the clubs interest as with the Western team, and it will be found that not only will a fine baseball team be produced, but that enough money will also be made to pay all the ordinary expenses.

America's Best Boy Swimmers



CHAMPION BOY SWIMMER.

If there is one boy's sport that is making more rapid progress than all others it is that of swimming. Five years ago good swimmers were very few and far between, but now, on account of the numerous races held during both Winter and Summer, expert swimmers are springing up on every hand. And they are nearly all young boys.

George P. Scheffler, Jr., whose picture we give above, is one of the most remarkable of the boy swimmers of this country. While only fifteen years old, yet he is wonderfully skillful in the water, and is famous for the plucky manner in which he contests his races.

George is a junior member of the New York Athletic Club, and wears on his bathing suit that club's emblem, the famous "Winged Foot." This is a coveted distinction any athlete, and especially such a young boy, but George has fully earned it, and in the near future great things are expected of him.

He graduated from the novice class last year, and now takes part in every set of swimming races which are held in this vicinity with a good deal of success. Very often it is the case that when George lines up for the start in his race he finds himself alongside of a man over six feet in height, and weighing nearly 200 pounds.

He has mastered the great Australian "crawl" stroke which has lately attracted so much of the attention of the swimmers of this country, and the other day covered 25 yards in 13½ seconds, which is very creditable time for even old and experienced swimmers.

We are able to produce for this number of THE NEW BOY a picture representing the start in a swimming race of the famous Neptune Swimming Club of Bath Beach. In our last issue this club was referred to, and now our readers can see for themselves the size of the members of this most remarkable of swimming organizations. Bath Beach for many years has been noted as the gathering place of many of the crack swimmers of Greater New York, and these little boys have watched the older swimmers to such good advantage that every single one of them can swim the "trudge," or double over-arm racing stroke, which is the most difficult of all

swimming strokes to master.

James H. Sterrett, of Philadelphia, the famous swimming expert, who is known as the "Father of American Swimming," paid a visit to Bath Beach last Summer, and the Neptune Club in his honor turned out its full membership, consisting of about fourteen swimmers. They swam a fifty yard exhibition for him, and he was delighted with their showing, for each little fellow used a perfect stroke. Mr. Sterrett said that



NEPTUNE CLUB LINED UP FOR A RACE.

their skill was a revelation to him, and that he had no idea that boys of that age could be so far advanced. And the chances are that there is not another club of similar nature in the wide world.

But every boy can learn to become a good and fast swimmer, if he makes up his mind to do so, and now that so much interest has been aroused in this sport



THE FINISH OF THE RACE.

we expect to see the majority of American boys master of this most useful and manly act.

There are many other boy swimming clubs which we will mention in the future, from time to time, and what are, of course, much farther advanced than the Neptunes.

THE NEW BOY will gladly do anything to foster the art of swimming, as it is an accomplishment which we think more than all others every boy should possess, and we will gladly answer any questions that our readers may wish to ask on the subject.

FIRST STEPS IN THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

There are few boys entirely without a money-making hobby of one sort or another; many collect and sell stamps, some print a paper, while others engage in various amateur schemes, such as theatricals, the raising and selling of poultry, and many more too numerous to mention here. But few have tried the mail order business which has always seemed open only to large stores and factories, but which in reality is not only easy for the amateur to enter into, but is also easily conducted after he has made a start.

The first step in the mail order business is to decide under what name you intend to do business. If, for instance, you should add to your own name the words "Manufacturing Co." (such as Jones Manufacturing Co.), you will impress all who read your "ad" with the idea that you are a big concern. This method is perfectly legal in any state except one, as long as you do not intend defrauding anyone. The exception is New York state where it is illegal to use "Co." after your name unless you really are a Company and have a partner; however, you may use such titles as "Jones Novelty Works" or "Jones Supply House."

The next consideration is to select the article you intend to sell by mail. This is one of the most important steps toward success, for all your business depends on just how much you can make the public want that article. The amateur, starting out, cannot afford to buy a large quantity of some manufactured article to sell, neither can he lay out much money in advertising at first. He must get over this difficulty some way; but how? One way is to get a book of formulas for making miscellaneous articles (see the Formula Department in next number of THE NEW BOY), and from it select one to your liking that is easy to make. Be sure that it is something really good; don't waste any time trying to defraud people for the post office authorities are very strict in this matter and severely punish all who attempt it. Honesty is the only policy by which a mail order business can exist. The boys who do not care to make their own products can get mail order articles from a supply house that will furnish them with circulars describing them. This will cost you two or three dollars to start; yet, if the article is good and your "ad" is right, you will soon get your money back, for there is no business that will bring you such quick and positive returns as the mail order business. These are but two of the almost innumerable ways of getting salable articles; I shall leave the rest to you with but this bit of advice: get something newer and better than the others that you have seen advertised.

AMATEUR ADVERTISING

A New Activity for the Boy Who Likes to Write Letters and Get Lots of Mail

Boys, here is a brand new hobby for you. One from which you can derive a great deal of pleasure and a lot of practical experience that may be of great value to you when you grow up and engage in the great struggle for business success. Now, we want all of you to get up a little advertisement like the ones shown here, send it to the Amateur Advertising Department of THE NEW BOY, and we will print it one time on this page free of charge. You must first select something you want to sell or exchange, and that is sure to be desired by some of the other boys who read this paper. Of course, the more desirable your article, and the less you ask in return, the greater will be the replies you will get. No stamps can be advertised hereafter, as it is too difficult to distinguish purely amateur stamp "ads."



FULL COURSE (50 lessons) in advertisement writing and management, cost \$50, for a good second-hand typewriter (Smith Premier preferred); other makes considered. JOHN BUCKLEY, 13 Myrtle St., New Bedford, Mass.

BOOKS, watch, 22 calibre revolver, camera, stamps, etc., to exchange for Florodora tags, game bantams or chickens, ferrets, Belgian hares or squirrels; one 5-cent library for every 5 tags. A. ARMBRUSTER, 1638 Wilson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—Butler-Butler tobacco coupons, also other kinds. Have stamps, reading matter and other offers for same; all answered. F. HILLENBRAND, 1129 Fulton Ave., New York City.

BOOKS on physical culture and gymnastics; also want one pair of "GYM" slippers, size 8½. E. L. KEPKER, 108 E. Third St., New York City.

IF YOU want good printing, let me do it in exchange for anything you have got. ARTHUR PLUMMER, Mount Holly, N. J.

SPAULDING'S Intercollegiate football, brand new, for offer in tags and coupons. H. HOFMEISTER, 428 N. Patterson Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

GUITAR, with cover, and volumes of Arcey for a violin, bow and case in good condition. C. H. HENKEN 156 Harman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHELLS, books to exchange for papers and books. D. VIADENBURG, 54 S. Broadway, Denver, Colo.

STAMP collectors, I will allow you two-thirds catalogue value for your duplicates in exchange for stamps your own selection. EDWARD J. WOLF, 1100 E. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

EXCELSIOR printing press, two chases and three whole fonts of type for \$5. F. W. SMITH, 26 Raymond St., Everett, Mass.

50 NOTEHEADS, envelopes or cards, printed, sent postpaid, 20 cents. Samples sent. Specials in box stationery. L. KINNIEH, 1144 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOOK AT THIS! Subscriptions to papers and magazines at reduced rates. Send for list. THEO. MILLER, 2228 Felicity St., New Orleans, La.

IF YOU WANT to buy good reading matter, such as bound books, novels, magazines, etc., in bulk, I have them at 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 for a bulk; try one. MAX BAYERER, 60 Perry St., Albany, N. Y.

PAIR good Belgian hares, \$1.00; write. Lovely crochet sauskik panny mat, 30 cents. Send. MRS. CORA WILLIAMS, R. R. 2, Dasher, Ohio.

BOYS, GIRLS—For 10c, I will send a formula for making a most delicious perfume. Any odor. ARTHUR JOHNSON, 1440 Bailou St., Chicago, Ill.

BREAKING UP collection of over 4,000 varieties of stamps. Send me anywhere from 25c. to \$10 and I will send you from four to eight times catalogue value; no two alike. MAX BAYERER, 60 Perry St., Albany, N. Y.

You must have a circular or folder describing whatever you wish to sell, so that those who do not buy at once or write for further information, can be convinced that your goods are what you represent them in your advertisement. Do not misrepresent anything in the slightest way, for that is dishonest, and there is no success when dishonesty is connected with the mail order business. I speak of this again, because I wish to impress it firmly in your mind.

I want you to start in this business on purely business principles, even though you do so simply for a pastime, for it will show you one of the ways the business men of to-day dispose of the great quantities of goods they manufacture.

After you have procured the article you decide to sell, the next thing to do is to advertise it; and right here is the most important feature of all. You must cover three points in your "ad": you must make the people think your goods are right; make them feel you sell them cheaper than "the other fellow" and make them want them. An "ad" must be written so that first, it attracts attention; then, holds the reader until the last word is read; and lastly, describes the article in such a tempting manner that those who read it will want to purchase it. There should be a heading to your "ad" in display; by this, I mean larger type than the rest of your "ad." This display should be two or three words which have a vital bearing upon the merits of your goods. They should suggest some result that your goods will

STAMP COLLECTORS, I have hundreds of duplicates of all countries which I will trade for anything you have in the stamp or coin line. H. S. GETTS, Oregon, Wis.

MAGIC—Are you interested? If so, send 10 cents silver for instructions how to perform 10 wonderful tricks in magic with my price list of hundreds of other tricks. H. H. WILLIAMS, 177 Boylston St., Worcester, Mass.

GUITAR for sale or exchange. Good condition. Cost \$13.50. Make offer cash, tobacco tags. ED. BILLI, Salida, Colo.

SOUVENIR CARDS, 6 beautiful cards of Hamilton, Ont., Canada, 10 cents. These cards are simply swell. Order at once. HERBERT MILLS, Hilday College St., Catharines, Ont., Canada.

BOYS! Wake up! Get interested in the great, mysterious power, electricity! Edison became famous experimenting with it. I can start you right. Send stamp for particulars. Excellent battery formula, very powerful; yours for 5 red stamps. THOMAS E. DENTON, 55 S. 12th St., Newark, N. J.

WILL EXCHANGE 10 fine views of the Baltimore fire for 5 souvenir postcards and one 2-cent stamp. A. F. TURNER CO., 2559 McCulloch St., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS WANTED to sell "Ink Powder." Makes splendid ink. Big profits. No capital required. Send stamps for sample and particulars. GEO. H. TREMPER, R. No. 1, Galena, Mo.

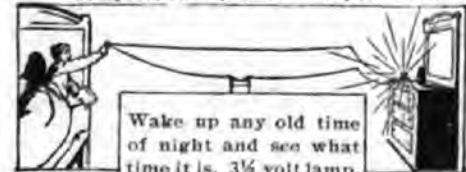
EXCHANGE For every 5-cent novel received I will send in exchange four fine stamp papers. Also stamps to exchange for novels. GEARY FEJ GANS, Ashland, Ky.

bring about; something worth while to invest in. In wording an "ad" it is not good to abbreviate, for, although it may seem perfectly clear to you when writing it, to the reader hundreds of miles away, it may not cover your idea at all. Always state your proposition clearly and openly, and in as convincing a manner as possible. A great many advertisers, in order to attract attention, surround their "ad" with a border, or have an illustration in it, but this is unnecessary for the beginner.

Next month I will explain the "follow up" system and the "premium" mail order business.

CHARLES STUART HARDING.

75 CENTS ELECTRIC NIGHT LIGHT, post paid. Complete outfit. Just what you want.



Wake up any old time of night and see what time it is. 3½ volt lamp, socket, push-button, 3 cell battery, 10 ft. of wire, tacks, etc. Send for circulars.

HERBERT E. SMITH, 5 Park Place, Batavia, N. Y.



Send for this

Print your own cards, circulars, &c. Press \$5. Small newspaper press \$18. Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Typesetting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalog presses, type, paper, &c. THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

THE NEW BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



"ROVER AND ME." BY A. LLOYD SHULTZ.

In advocating amateur photography for boys, we wish to advise against the "You-push-the-button-and-we-d-o-t-h-e-r-e-s-t" variety. You will learn little about photography if you only "take the pictures" and leave all the developing and printing to others, but you will discover that photography is expensive and disappointing. Develop your own negatives, make your own prints, fill your own albums, and the results will be all the more valuable, because the work is all your own. The activities and enterprises of boys are important only when they are instructive, and amateur photography is one of the most valuable of these, because it leads to practical and useful fields of its own, and because it requires and encourages the study of its related science—chemistry. Photographic processes are chemical processes, and learning the former is in reality taking a course of practical instruction in the latter. You are indulging in sport and securing an education at the same time. Some one has said that play is doing what we want to do, and work is doing what we have to do, a definition so good that it will be generally admitted. If you can combine education and play you will add pleasure to your learning and value to your sport. You will do more. You will have gone beyond the acquisition of knowledge through instruction, and have begun to educate yourself by means of original research—the highest form of education, and the one that has produced such men as Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and others, and our own well-known Thomas A. Edison.

Edison once said that it "was not so much inspiration as perspiration" that had enabled him to produce his most valuable inventions. From which we see that hard work and perseverance are as necessary to success as are knowledge and skill.

Amateur photography requires all four of these attributes in the boy who would take it up. He must be industrious and persevering, and the knowledge and skill will come of themselves. We do not mention these requirements

to discourage, but only to show the ambitious boy that he needs to be determined in order to succeed photography as in everything else. Take whatever you do seriously, and never lose sight of the desire to excel. Such a spirit assures permanent advancement. While

half-heartedness only secures mediocrity or produces failures.

The chemistry of photography is interesting in itself and in the insight which it gives regarding chemical actions and reactions. Suppose we illustrate what takes place when we expose a plate, develop and "fix" it—as these operations are called—and produce a negative from which we may make as many pictures as we choose. If we examine a photographic glass plate (by the light of a ruby lamp, which is the only safe one to use), we shall find it coated on one side with a thin, cream-colored layer called an "emulsion." This emulsion is a mixture of gelatine and bromide of silver, the latter a silver salt that is sensitive to ordinary light. These two substances, mixed while the gelatine is hot and melted, are poured on the glass and the hardening of the gelatine sticks and binds all three together. Bromide of silver is sensitive to light in a peculiar manner. When exposed behind a camera lens, which throws upon it the image of whatever the camera is pointed at, the light acts to separate the bromide from the silver in such spots only as it strikes the plate and exactly in proportion to the light's intensity. This change cannot be seen. It is what is called "latent" or invisible chemical action. It may, however, be developed or made visible by means of a solution which, while it has no effect on the bromide of silver unacted upon by the light, still has power to dissolve out the bromide where the light has separated it from the silver. The silver then becomes visible and the picture appears, its colors reversed, however,

EASILY EARNED

WHY PAY \$30 FOR A

Talking Machine

WHEN YOU CAN GET ONE FREE?

We make an offer in plain English to give away a **Talking Machine** for selling only 30 packages Royal Bluing at 10c each. Every family uses washing Blue. Its easy to sell what every one wants. We are determined to introduce Royal Bluing in every home—hence this free offer. Don't send any money: **We Trust You.** Order to-day and we will send you 30 packages Bluing by mail postpaid. When sold send us the \$3, and we will send you at once **Free**, and **without charge** for boxing, packing, etc., the Talking Machine with 25 Points, including a Sousa Band piece. All we ask is that you show it to your friends. Write to-day.



ROYAL BLUE COMPANY,

Dept. N.B.

1931 Broadway, New York.

Easily Earned This 22 Caliber HAMILTON

HUNTING RIFLE

This Handsome Rifle

is not a toy air

rifle, but is a Genuine

Blue Steel Barrel Hunting

Rifle, with Front and Rear Peep

Sight, Automatic Shell Extractor,

shoots 22 caliber cartridges, and just the

thing for target practice, or rabbits, squirrels,

fox, or other small game. We will give any honest

boy one of these rifles **Absolutely Free** forselling 30 pieces of our handsome jewelry at **10****cents each.** These beautiful goods are **entirely new****this season** and the greatest sellers you ever saw. You

can easily sell the 30 pieces in a couple of hours. Just send

your name and address and we will send you the 30 pieces by

first mail, postpaid. When sold send us the money you receive

for the jewelry, and the very day we receive it we will send you this rifle

to pay you for your work. **You Need No Money in Advance.** We**Trust You** with the goods until you sell them, and **Take Back** all you can-not sell. **Write Now. Don't Delay.** And be the first in your town to have

one of these fine hunting rifles. Costs you nothing to try. Address,

ARLINGTON MFG. CO., Dept. 1504 Unity Bldg., Dept. Chicago, Ill.

Extra Premium

FOR

Quick Returns.

In addition to this rifle

we will give you a box of

22 caliber cartridges

for quick

returns



THE NEW BOY

AND THE CAT CAME BACK—II.



what should be light being dark, and vice-versa. This is the reason it is called a negative. It is not yet ready to make pictures from, for the unacted-upon bromide of silver is still present, and this is not transparent. The plate, after development is transferred to a tray containing a solution—generally hyposulphite of soda in water—which has the property of removing the now useless bromide of silver without affecting the silver image that has been formed. When this is done the plate is thoroughly and carefully washed and dried, and the negative is finished. We have taken the first full step in amateur photography, and we have also gained an insight into the process followed by an analytical chemist in making "progressive elimination." We have begun our photographic amusement and our chemical education at the same time.

Questions and Answers for New Boy Photographers

"W. H. V."—Diagonal dark streaks running from one corner of the negative (called "light-struck") are almost in-

variably caused by putting in the plate holder slide after exposure corner first. Always put it in perfectly square and you will avoid this trouble.

"HARRY M."—Don't make snap shots of rapidly moving objects while they are passing you. Take them approaching—say about a three-quarter view—and your pictures will be much sharper and clearer.

"ELSIE."—To ask "what is the matter with my negatives?" without telling anything of the circumstances of their taking and development makes it difficult for us to put you right, but we will do the best we can. They all seem to indicate over-exposure and under-development, two faults that generally go together among photographic novices. The next smaller opening would have been better and the plates should have been developed longer. A negative is not fully developed when it looks the strongest. The picture is all there, but is not thick or dense enough to print from. Develop until the picture shows distinctly on the back or glass side of the plate.

THE NEW BOY



Of late he has been traveling about considerably, and wherever he stops he makes the rounds of the stamp dealers and frequently picks up a few varieties for his album, but does not hesitate to buy good stamps if he can secure them at what he considers reasonable rates. During his stay in this city, for instance, he has purchased in the neighborhood of \$1,000 worth of stamps, among which were but two he did not possess. Both of these he bought at bargain prices. They were a pink 2½d of British Columbia, unperforated, of 1861, and a 2d of Western Australia, which by mistake had been printed in violet, the color of the 6d.

It is said that but one sheet of 100 of these stamps were thus printed when the error was discovered and corrected. For the first mentioned he paid \$35 and for the latter \$40. Each is catalogued for \$100, and the seller was unaware of their real value. Mr. Levison said he had never before seen either of these stamps in any collection during fourteen years of philatelic experience. Since the local collectors have heard of his "pick-up" they are exceedingly wroth at themselves over their stupidity in overlooking these prices.

With the lapse of years his printed album became so crowded and unsightly that he had special books prepared for his collection, which now includes also entire envelopes, postal cards, wrappers and letter sheets. His adhesive stamps are contained in three albums, one for the western hemisphere, one for Europe and one for Asia, Africa and Australia. His envelopes and wrappers fill two albums, and his postal cards four. He also had a special album for Russian rural stamps. He estimates that he has in the neighborhood of 25,000 varieties of stamps, envelopes, wrappers and postal cards in his collection. Their value he places at about \$50,000.

The mention of a few facts regarding it will give a fair idea of it. In confederate, local or provisional stamps he has no less than thirty-five, ranging in price from \$10 to \$150 and aggregating about \$2,000. His Russian rural stamps mostly old issues, number about 600 and are worth an aggregate sum of \$1,500. Then he has, so far as he can remember, about 200 stamps worth \$50 or more each.

When he left Europe he did not bring his stamps with him, but had them shipped later by express, with an insurance on them of \$30,000. They are now in safe-deposit vaults in New York City.

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German, 1902 5 mark, Cat. price 35c.....	.16
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225 different stamps for.....	.15
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THE NUMISMATIST.

The Superintendent of the Government Mint in Philadelphia is writing and informing various inquirers throughout the country of a fact which will tend to end the hording up of the one cent coins of 1902. He positively states that there is no gold mixed with copper in the coinage of the one cent pieces of 1902 as rumored. In the letter it is stated that the notion of gold being in the coppers has grow from a swindler's advertisement offering eleven cents for 1902 one cent pieces. As the victim always sent fewer than 1902 one cent pieces, the swindler never paid and kept the coins. This information will doubtless end the collecting of this very common date, but will come as a great blow to those persons who have been persistently hording them up.

Arrangements have been completed by Vice-President Drake of the Panama R. and S. Co. for the despatch from this city of the second of the eight shipments of gold and silver currency, aggregating \$4,000,000 in U. S., gold recently coined in Philadelphia for account of the infant republic. The unit of the new Panama coinage is called a balboa and is equal to American Dollar. Of the silver coinage there is the peso, medio-peso, and 1-5, 1-10, 1-20 of a peso. The coinage of copper is not contemplated at present by the Republic.

There are 817 varieties of the large American cent, but in nearly 400 of these the differences are so trifling as to defy all but the most expert collectors.

Trade Dollars still circulate in Kansas at nearly par value, but, of course, banks refuse them, except as bullion.

The first American Numismatist that there is any record of was Alfred Bowditch, who resided in Boston in 1772.

Prince Ferrani, of Paris, is said to have the finest collection of coins and stamps held by any private person in the world. The total value is estimated at \$1,700,000.

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 Send any of above you have on approval with your lowest price. No later issues wanted.

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Electrical Toy and Instrument Making

Electric toy making also electrical instrument making are very comprehensive titles, both of which may be made to embrace far more ground than I will undertake to cover in the articles which will appear under the above heads in this, and the future numbers of this magazine; it being my idea to help and instruct the younger boy and not those farther advanced in the knowledge of electricity.

In the realms of amateur work of all kinds, mechanics, natural science and even legerdemain or natural magic, electricity can be made to play an important part. The methods of applying

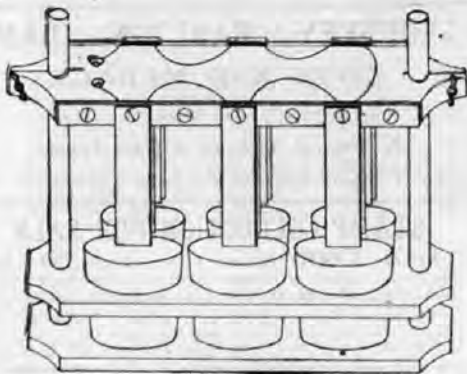


FIG. NO. 1.

it to simple constructions, within the reach and scope of amateurs will constitute the theme of all articles, and develop a field within which his own ideas can have indefinite scope and extent. It is believed that little in the way of actual toy making can be done outside of the general limits defined in the articles we will place before you. Thus, as adjuncts to any static electric machine, Holtz or Winshurst, a quantity of pieces of apparatus might have been described, but such appliance do not deserve to be called toys in any sense. It is hoped that my efforts will prove fertile in the suggestive sense. Many things are presented to us which are susceptible of almost any quantity of modifications. Any simple experiments and constructions given under static electricity will be made as far as possible independent in action except as far as an induction or sharp coil and battery may be needed to operate some of them. As a good workman is known by his tools, so is the electrician judged by his battery, and after I have said a few words in reference to the necessary tools an amateur should obtain. I will take up in a few words as possible the battery best suited to our work, and the few hints given as to the use of batteries should tend to put the amateur on a proper footing at all important foundation and basis of his operations. With a well kept battery the neatly constructed apparatus will appear to double advantage, and its effectiveness will be secured. Apparatus is often blamed for the short comings of the current generator and the work of days will be thrown aside as a failure, whereas, if the batteries were of the

best, the results aimed at would have been accomplished.

The true amateur, as a rule, has not a large assortment of tools, little by little he gets together or constructs those which are necessary for his purpose, still there are certain tools that are indispensable and following I recommend a large pocket knife and drills, if within the pocket book of earnest readers, a pair of cutting pliers, large scissors, several files, large and small, a hammer and vice, soldering iron, spirit lamp, rule, and you will find a pair of compasses very handy. With these few tools we are ready to start our batteries, I might also mention an important thing at this time, that of material, such as sheet copper and brass rods, solder, chloride of zinc, rosin, copper wire of various sizes (these had better be procured as required). Having these materials at hand, we will start on our batteries, the requirements which are easier stated than secured. It should be constant of low resistance and of good electro motive power, for this reason the caustic soda battery can hardly be recommended to the amateur, the bichromate cells are the best, all things considered.

The cell consists, in brief, of a porous cup and outer jar, in one of the divisions an amalgamated zinc plate is contained; in the other division a carbon plate; the carbon is surrounded by a strong solution of chromic and sulphuric acids, the zinc with dilute sulphuric acid always. Bear in mind, when not using the battery to draw the zinc out of the solutions as the acid acting on it rapidly deteriorates, and you also economize solution. The solution to be used should be mixed as follows: Water 2 pints, powdered potassium bichromide 5 ounces, sulphuric acid 14 ounces, add the bichromate to the water and stir well add slowly with constant stirring. A glass rod should be used for this. This solution to be employed in the carbon section of your battery. For the zinc plate division one part by weight of sulphuric acid to twelve of water is to be used; very useful little batteries may be constructed by using a mixture two parts of salamonia with one of part of white mercury sulphate in water. Zinc and carbon are the elements and are put in the same cell. A piece of old battery carbon may be bored out, for part of its length and used as both the cup and one of the elements at once, but should be well soaked in melted wax on the outside, a zinc rod or wire small enough to enter the hole, having some rubber bands wound around it is inserted as the positive plate. Be careful, cover as little as possible and see that the bottom does not touch the carbon, a little of the above mixture is placed in the cup, some water added and mixed without, place the zinc in position, and all is ready for use. Such a battery is, of course, more of a curiosity than a practical source of current and does not compare with the first mentioned.

There is one thing I wish to call to

the attention of my readers, never attempt to use unamalgamated zincs in a bichromate cell, to amalgamate, place a little globule of mercury, which may be obtained from a broken thermometer or from most any druggist in a saucer with some diluted sulphuric acid. Wet the zinc plate with the acid, then with a bit of zinc or galvanized iron, rub the mercury well over the surface of the zinc plate.

Another battery similar to one that I have described and which I recommend for use in connection with the instru-

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ments and toys that my future articles will contain, and one of which through experience I have found to meet all requirements, and is known as the plunge. Take 4, 6, 10 or any even number of common tumblers and arrange them in two rows parallel to each other. Just procure a box from the grocery store and saw out one side to fit the glasses forming a base with two uprights, using any small round sticks for same; then cut another which is split from the stand ends outwards, and provide it with bolts so that you may fasten by a few turns to hold it at any required height. Now take as many plates of carbon about 1½ inches wide and ¼ inch thick 6 inches long as you have tumblers, and saturate one end in melted wax, this keeps the salt from creeping up and destroying the boards. When the wax becomes hard, fasten the wax ends to the opposite edges of the movable board, interposing between the carbon plate and the edge of the board, a copper wire, the wooden steps by which the carbons are stamped should be about one-half inch thick. Take as many zinc plates as you have carbon plates, taking care to have them the same size as the carbons; secure the zinc plates to the outside of the wooden strips by which the carbons are clamped. This can be done by ordinary one-half inch screens, passing them through holes in the zinc; connect the copper wire of one carbon plate to the zinc of the next and so on throughout the screens, and to a binding post at the top of your upright sticks by the cast of flexible will see illustration from the arrangement fill the tumblers about two-thirds full of bicromate solution made as follows; to three pints of cold water, add slowly five fluid ounces of sulphuric acid; when this becomes cold add six ounces of purely pulverized bicromate of potash. I will have prepared an article of some interesting instruments and which, no doubt, will not only be interesting to build but instructive to boys.

HARRIE A. SACKETT.

BOYS

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Price 5 Cents

JULY, 1905

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No. 3. JULY 1905. Vol. 1.

Everybody who gets a copy of this issue of THE NEW BOY will be delighted to learn that with the next number will begin a wonderful new serial story, entitled "Sixteen Boys on an Island." This is a fascinating story of the experiences of sixteen schoolboys who started in a small yacht, owned by the father of one of the boys and who was shipwrecked on one of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean. The account of their adventures forms thrilling reading for summer days.

A new feature that will interest everybody will be an account of the adventures of Mr. Joseph F. Negreen of THE NEW BOY abroad. The story will be entitled "The New Boy in Europe," and will give a complete account of the experiences and delights of traveling abroad, starting when the big liner leaves the pier in New York City, its arrival in Holland, and then the travel by rail and boat through Italy, Austria, Germany, Bohemia, France, Switzerland and England. This article will be fully illustrated and should be read by every reader who likes to travel.

In the next number will be started a number of new departments and Boys who like Swimming, Toy making and Printing, will find enough to keep them busy all summer.

A new edition of The Certificate of Membership to the New Boy Activities League is being printed and will be distributed shortly.

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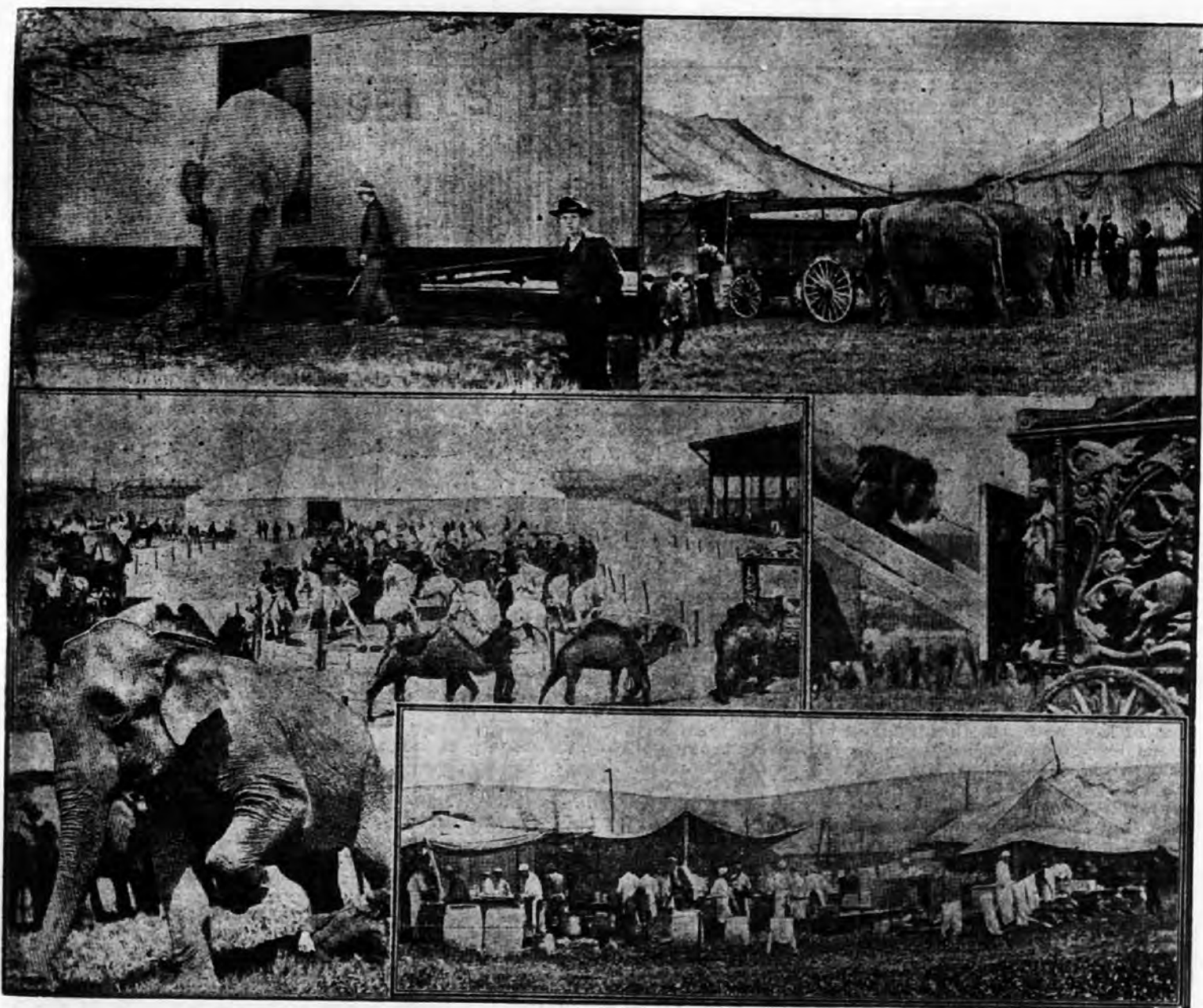
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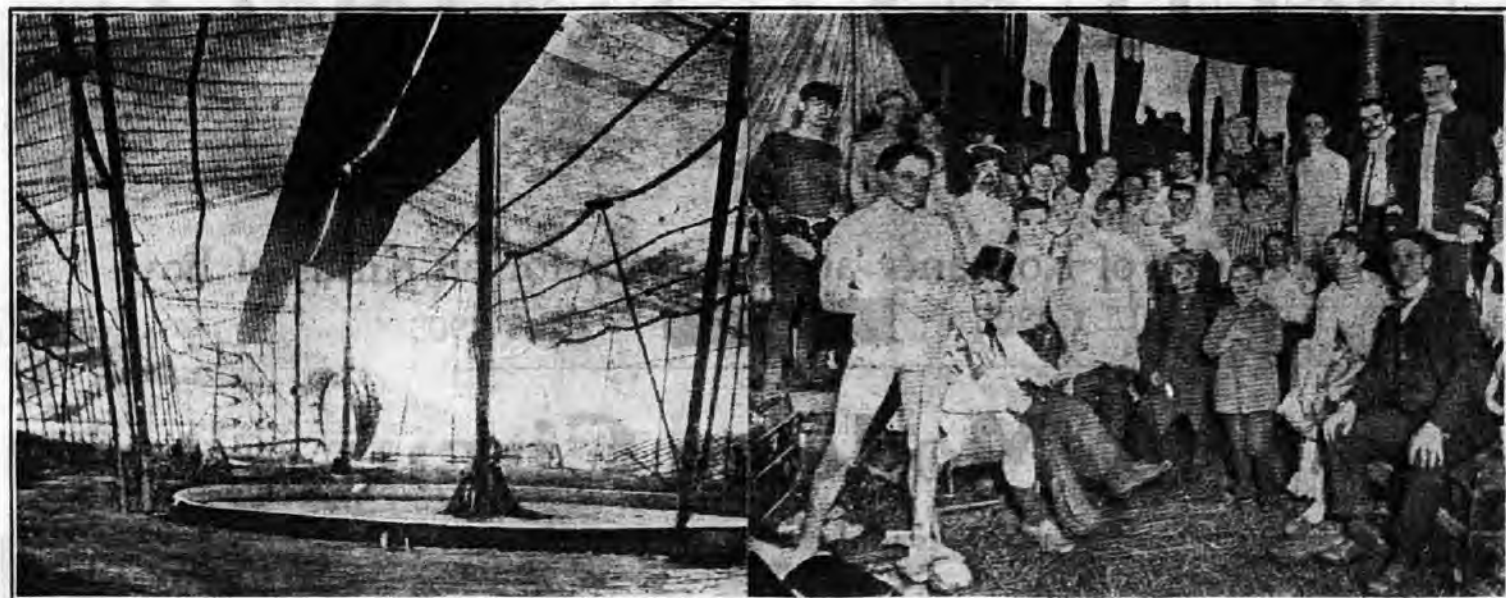
A Modern Circus



The above pictures (Photo. by Cosmopolitan) show various scenes connected with a great modern circus familiar to every boy who has ever attended a performance.

When the Circus Comes to Town

A Great Modern Institution



THE RING

BEHIND THE SCENES

Sitting like birds gone to roost, on a fence surrounding a broad, smooth field were some boys, waiting impatiently the sun go to bed with a firm resolve to beat it on its return in the morning. For those boys knew, as did all others know, that the quiet of that field would be hushed—unheard in the confusion of sound that would be there on the morrow—for the circus would be there.

A manager's knowledge of all phases of national, State and municipal law that will affect the operation of his show is very necessary; licenses, their amount and the manner of collection; contracts, their form and force. He must be familiar with the price of provisions for man and beast—the prevailing prices of the places to be visited and elsewhere—in order to take every advantage of the markets of various places. He must be well informed about the railroad business, the material and construction of all kinds of cars and their dimensions, in order that the entire route of the show may not be changed by a bridge or a tunnel too low or too narrow—and instances of shows suffering serious loss of time and money from such causes are not infrequent when their managers are inexperienced—the kind of iron and paint necessary, and all the details acquired only by men who make this knowledge their lifework.

Not only distance but grades of a road sometimes make it impossible to carry a show from one town to another in time to give exhibitions and get away, and he knows what parts of a road to avoid to obviate any loss from that source. He knows the basis of rates, and how much the cost of extras, and everything connected with it.

The sort of hay that each section of the country will supply and its effect on horses and the elephants, and other animals that consume it; harness and trappings, the kinds of leather, and every detail of their outfit even to the width of the bit each of his horses must

have, are also within the scope of a proprietor's range of vision.

Being the greatest of all consumers of lithographic printing, he is almost master of the art of lithography as well as a practical printer in the knowledge of paper and ink of every color—its cost, weight and endurance—so that he can figure with an equal advantage so far as knowledge goes with the printer who does the enormous amount of work he consumes every year. Being the heaviest of advertisers in proportion to the amount of business he is capable of doing, the circus-manager must have a broad and precise knowledge of rates per line, per inch, per column, per page in the principal newspapers all over the world. The preparation of all his advertising material is under his immediate attention and must meet with his approval before it goes to the public.

Truly great showmen have not been great alone in general success, but they possess that rarer quality, greatness in detail. Enough detail has already been given to show the extraordinary versatility that forms the central and controlling intelligence in the organization of a circus.

To illustrate further the character of that intelligence, it may be well to visit first the office of a circus while it is in winter quarters. None of the first class circuses extends its season beyond the first of November, though the idea generally obtains that they migrate south during the winter and run along like a brook. The season ended, usually at some southern point, the show is shipped to its winter quarters. About one-half of the persons employed during the winter go to their homes, and it is somewhat a curious fact to the observant that they prefer the small towns or farms rather than the cities. There they while away the winter at various domestic and social pursuits. Circus women are especially fond of the quiet life in winter, and are domestic in dis-

position, seeking to avoid a crowd after six months of daily crowds in the pursuit of their calling. No woman will be employed by a first-class circus who is not accompanied by some male relative, and scandals among the women are absolutely unknown. The remaining one-half of the employees are kept busy at the winter quarters in caring for the animals and property and preparing for the next season.

In the office will be found the proprietors, surrounded by their agents. These comprise usually, a general agent, whose duties are described by his title, a railroad contracting agent, two or three agents who are known as "contracting agents," who engage the lots, arrange for livery teams, bill-boards, provisions, etc., the treasurer, and one or two bookkeepers, typewriters, etc.; and a general press agent whose winter business is to prepare the advertising material—writing the various publications, copies of newspaper advertisements, lettering the big posters, etc.—in short to act as editor for the circus. Engagements with the performers are usually made before the close of the preceding season. In any event they are all made before the first of the year. As soon as they are done, the general agent arranges with the proprietor his appropriation for posters and small printing for the following year, and then contracts with the printers. Description of the acts and features to be advertised are given to the artists who make a specialty of designing such bills, and they send in their sketches. The press agent supplies the verbal descriptions, and the printing begins. All this matter is well under way by the first week in March. Some idea of the extent of this work may be had from the fact that the largest circus company used in a single season seventy-seven kinds of posters ranging from one sheet to thirty-two sheets in size, and twelve publications, combining everything in its entirety

from a four-sheet to a twenty-page book or courier, which have an edition of four hundred and fifty thousand each, or a total of five million four hundred thousand.

Regarded as the most important work of preparation, the selection of the route which the show will travel during the season is made by the proprietors; they never delegate that work to any one else. Every phase of the condition of the country it proposes to traverse is known in advance. As soon as the route is determined, the agents are sent out making all kinds of contracts. These agents are kept about six weeks in advance of the show throughout the season, although it frequently occurs that the exigencies of competition necessitates the making of these contracts many more weeks in advance.

Three weeks before the day of the show to exhibit in a town, an advertising car appears in that town. The agent in charge of the car has telegraphed ahead the time of his arrival, to the livery man, the bill-poster, and all others with whom the agents have contracted for advertising facilities. From five to ten two-horse teams are waiting at the depot for the car to arrive. Immediately the bill-posters hoist into the wagon a barrel of hard paste, which when softened will make a total of about four barrels. They also take from three hundred to a thousand sheets of posters, and before night the barns are ablaze with the multicolored posters that hold forth to the bucolic passers-by the alluring wonders of the coming show. All along the road, at every house, the smaller publications are spread broadcast to supply the farmer's boy the most delightful literature of the year.

Another advertising car comes a week later. The men on this car restore all the posters damaged by wind or water, and a number of the posters go out along the line of the railroads and cover all the boards at every station within thirty to fifty miles. In another week still another car comes in to look after repairs to the advertising and replace some of the bills with others new in design and subject.

At about five o'clock, the show trains, usually about three in number and of about twenty extra long cars each, roll into town. The first carries the workmen and the work horses, the tents and the necessary paraphernalia to place them in position. An agent who has arrived in town the day before meets them to give such information as is not included in the very exhaustive reports sent into the show by all the agents. These reports are so thorough that every sheet of paper that is posted on a wall or board or hung in a window is accounted for—its location and the consideration that was given for placing it there. All the provisions are on the grounds ready for consumption. The first thing taken from the train is called the "stake and chain wagon," with the horses to haul it. Next come the "cook wagons," containing the tents which shelter the tables. Within half an hour after they reach the grounds, breakfast is ready for the workmen. Meanwhile the boss canvasman has staked out the tents as fast as he can stride, thrusting into the ground a slender iron spike that is soon to be replaced by a strong wooden stake to which the "guys," or ropes of the tents will be fastened. Teams of horses pull the huge centerpoles into an upright position. The vast

reaches of canvas are unrolled and pulled into position over the rows of smaller poles which will be raised later. Thousands of stakes are driven into the ground by gangs of sledge-hammer-drivers who will surround a stake and, with unerring aim and in perfect cadence, drive it many feet into the solid ground in less time than it takes to read this description of the operation.

By eight o'clock all the show has been removed from the train to the grounds, and by this time the "cook tent" for the performers and officers has been put up, and breakfast, substantial, well-cooked, and always of fresh materials, is ready to serve. Then follows the work of preparation for the parade. Very few persons are exempt from the parade. Occasionally a performer is so much of a star as to be free from that duty, but as a rule the officers and workmen who place the seats are the only absentees.

Usually nine o'clock sees the parade leave the grounds to make a tour through the principal streets. To the little folks who have never seen a circus parade, it is the incarnation of all earthly glories. Years after they will tell their children of what a wonderful vision it was and sigh for the good old days to return.

When the parade is over, there is a rest for almost everybody excepting the side-show people, till after dinner. At one o'clock the doors open, and the serious purpose of the day is at hand, taking in the money and giving an entertainment in return. To anyone who has witnessed the performance of a modern circus, it is unnecessary to tell of the perfect precision of movement of every one concerned with the program. The performance moves with a machine-like regularity, which is obtained only by rigidly enforced discipline with a certain punishment by fines or dismissal following an infraction of rules that cover every phase of action or demeanor. Absolute sickness is the only possible excuse for a departure of any kind from the schedule.

When the afternoon program is ended there is another period of rest for all but the side-shows. An early dinner is followed by pastimes of all sorts, strolling around the town or making necessary purchases.

At eight o'clock, immediately after the evening performance begins, the work of removal commences. The smaller tents for stables, repairs, wardrobe, lights, and various other purposes are taken down and loaded into the wagons and taken at once to the trains where men who do nothing but load and unload the train take possession of them. The horses return to the grounds for still another load of material. The menagerie tent is emptied of its dens and other contents in the same manner, and by the time the audience leaves the tent that contains the arena—or "big top," in circus parlance,—the big tent through which they entered has disappeared along with other cares that infest the day.

During the concert at night the work of dismantling the main tent is in progress. It takes but a few moments to remove the seats used at the concert, when at a signal the walls of the tent are let fall and the top is lowered. Sometimes the work of unloading every thing left is not more than twenty minute's duration, and in another half hour the properties are all on the train.

Schedules for the movement of the

train are already prepared. Car doors are locked at midnight, and every one must be in bed save a limited few whose duties require them to look after the train. The berths in the cars are stationary, and more capacious than those of a Pullman sleeper. At the beginning of the season, each person is assigned to a certain berth, which must be occupied by the same person all the season. Each car has its porter who looks after it exclusively. Laundry and such matters are his perquisites.

There are comparatively few changes in the personnel of a circus organization. The layman will be surprised to learn that a majority of even the workmen remain year after year with one show.

Nearly all the performers and all the officers, with scarcely ever an exception, are individually a reflex of the systematic organization of the circus. Every day finds them in the same place and performing the same duties with unvarying loyalty to the show. There is a community of interest that is infrequent in other organizations, and this fact is one of the elements of the slow growths of the circus to which allusion has been made. A new show made up of strangers would not succeed.

That the circus is an illustration of effective organization, has been demonstrated in the most striking manner during the past five years that the Barnum & Bailey show has been in Europe. The first year, while it was touring England, the great English "Thunderer," the *London Times*, contained a long and broad column editorial written by one of the most noted divines of the Church of England calling the attention of the government to the marvelous organization of the circus, and urging the War Department to assign officers to the show to learn from it the advanced methods it employed in the moving of heavy material, the erection of vast tents, its system of railroad transportation, and kindred features. The suggestion was accepted, and thereafter the circus was accompanied by a detail of different officers every day it exhibited in the United Kingdom. Later when it crossed to the Continent and was exhibiting in one of the great capitals, the monarch of one of the greatest world-powers visited the show incognito on the closing night and personally witnessed the entire operation of the taking down and loading of the show, and expressed to some of his officers his wonderment at the excellence of the system. He then got his first idea of running heavy vans up and off cars by means of skids and running-boards at the ends of cars. He confessed, almost shamefacedly, that in his vast army they had been hoisting their heavy artillery over the sides of cars, with a manifest waste of time and labor.

In a circus there is a place for all things animate and inanimate, and all things must be in their places. A bit of color may be all that indicates the place for a certain stake, but it is enough. The stake will always be found in the same place, though the soil may be entirely different from that in which it stood the day before. As with the stake, so with all.

And so it is submitted that the modern circus is an exemplification of organization as nearly perfect as a human creation may be. It really may be regarded as providing some degree of profit as well as affording pleasure, especially to the young—and that means everybody, for all are of the same age at the circus.

THE ENCHANTED CITY

A THRILLING TALE OF PORTUGUESE EXPLORATION IN AFRICA DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

NOTE.—This story began in the first number of THE NEW BOY. Very few copies remain, but while they last we will send to everyone subscribing for a year at fifty cents all of the back numbers, and start the subscription with the July number—a total of fifteen months.



"FORBEAR, WHITE CHIEF!" CRIED THE FETISH-MAN.

CHAPTER XI.

BAD NEWS.

"Who set fire to the forest?" was Manoel's first question, as he sprang ashore.

"The general did just by looking at it," answered one of them, to whom it seemed quite a natural explanation of the mysterious fire. "Then thou wert yon spectre giant that we saw amid the flames, Manoel, and doubtless the hot air and smoke made thee greater than thou art!"

"I would rather they had made me smaller, so that I could have taken shelter in a hole," chuckled the mad man. "Howbeit, there are some in yonder forest, I trow, who have not escaped as well as I did."

"What meanest thou man? have any of thy comrades perished in the fire?" cried Don Miguel, who had been drawn to the spot by the shout with which the soldiers hailed this new resurrection of their hero.

"Not so, my father, for I had no man with me," replied Manoel, ducking his head in a kind of clumsy salute; but when the fire broke out, Kabembi and his whole army were close at my heels, and but for it, they would have assuredly caught me, and there would have been more to tell and no one to tell it."

"Kabembi and his army, sayest thou?"

"Coming at full speed to surprise the camp; but I trow that it was they who were surprised when the fire came. The moment I saw it coming I bethought me of yonder stream, and forced my way down to it through the bushes that were

yet unburned; but just then I remembered the crocodiles, and so seeing this hollow log lying close to the water's edge, I crept into it, shoved it off, and went voyaging down the river, tra-la-la!"

And Manoel went off into a song at the top of his voice.

"And Kabembi and his men—— have they perished, think thou?"

"Unless they were salamanders they could scarce come harmless out of that," answered the mad man, pointing with a grin of ghastly significance to the raging forest beyond them. "Moreover I heard cries behind me as I floated down the stream which did not seem to come from men who were perfectly happy!"

Don Miguel, with all his habitual self control, could not repress a slight shudder.

"Hast thou learned aught in all thy scouting," he asked, with undisguised eagerness, "of Don Sebastian da Estrella?"

"I have learned only that he is alive yet, and a prisoner among the Ngolos in their city of Poong Ndongo."

The soldiers, despite their awe of the stern old General, broke into a lusty shout at the news that their favorite was living, and even Don Silva's iron face relaxed into a momentary smile.

"If he be still alive," said he, "he shall not be a prisoner for long, for we

will quickly pull their city about their ears, be it enchanted or no."

This however was easier said than done. Although the grim forest that guarded the Ngolo capital had vanished like a dream, the burning of so many miles of timber had produced a heat so terrific that no living thing could venture within its burning circle, and there was nothing for it but wait till the embers should grow cold, and till the dust and ashes should be somewhat scattered by the westerly winds.

Day after day crept on, and Don Miguel (who was as eager as his youngest soldier to dash upon the enemy's capital, and end the war with one blow) chafed sorely under this unavoidable delay. But it was some little comfort to him to learn from Massagne's Mantee scout that, although Kabembi and a few of his warriors had escaped the fire by rushing down to the river and plunging headlong in, the greater part of his army had been destroyed. Moreover, Don

Miguel's strategem in sending back the Ngolo warrior who had attempted his life had been completely successful, for the terrified man had brought home such dreadful stories of the great white chief whose flesh was proof against steel, and who had called down the sun from the sky to burn their enchanted forest, that the whole tribe had lost heart and many of the lesser chiefs had withdrawn from the struggle altogether, while those who still remained loyal to Kabembi had fallen back on Poong Ndongo, intending to make their last stand within its walls.

At length, one evening, a little before sunset, Don Miguel was startled by a mighty shout of joy from his soldiers and hastening out to see what was the matter, found an excited throng crowding and jostling around a ragged wild-looking man, whom he recognized at once as the long-lost Don Sebastian da Estrella!

"Thou hast escaped, then, my brave boy," cried the veteran, seizing Da Estrella's hand in an iron grasp; "for well I wot these savage dogs would never have the grace to send thee back to us of their own free will."

"I have indeed," answered Don Sebastian. "I feigned to be sick and feeble, and so they guarded me carelessly, fearing nothing from me. But meanwhile I twisted secretly the dried grass of my bed into a rope, for I had espied from the brow of the cliff on which the upper part of the town stands a projecting rock some twenty feet below me, from which (if I could but reach it) it seemed possible for me to scramble to the ground. So one night, when the Ngolos were all asleep after one of their great feasts, I fixed the rope, and reached the ground safely, and here I am."

"Well done!" cried the general heartily.

"But I have evil news for you," continued Da Estrella. "All the inland tribes that lie to the east of the Ngolos are assembling their warriors to join Kabembi in attacking you, saying that unless they strike quickly and surely, the white man will eat them up one by one; and in no long time you must expect to be assailed by a mighty force."

"We will talk of that hereafter," interrupted Don Miguel, seeing by the clouded faces of his soldiers how deeply this bad news impressed them. "Come to my tent and have some food; thou seemst by thy looks to need it sorely."

In the General's tent he and his young lieutenant held a long conference, the nature of which was never known; but the sentinel on duty outside reported that when Da Estrella bade his commander good night, he asked for and obtained leave to go out the next morning at day break with a small scouting party, in order to see if it was yet possible to traverse the great waste of smouldering ashes that lay between them and Poong Ndongo.

Before sunrise accordingly, out went Don Sebastian with a handful of picked men; and the soldiers eager for action impatiently awaited his return. But hour after hour passed without any sign of him. Night fell, morning dawned, and still he came not. The older men shook their heads, and hinted gloomily that young blood was rash, and that the pitcher that went too often to the well must be broken at last.

Nor was this the General's only cause for uneasiness. He saw with secret dismay that his soldiers were daily growing more and more disheartened, not only at the mysterious loss of their fav-

orite Don Sebastian, almost as soon as they had recovered him, but also at the thought of the great host of savages which (as Don Sebastian had told them) was coming from the east. But, apart from this, Don Miguel had another and more personal cause of disquiet. The official seal with which he stamped all his orders and proclamations had been unaccountably missing on the very morning after Don Sebastian's visit to his tent, and he had been forced to seal with his own signet ring the despatch he was sending down the river to order up fresh troops for the final advance on Poong Ndongo—an irregularity which disturbed the old soldier far more than the dangers that threatened him.

"As soon as the reinforcements come up," he muttered, "we will march upon Poong Ndongo, come what may; for if I set these fellows not to work again speedily, they will lose heart altogether."

A few days later the expected detachment arrived, and with it came our old friend Pedro Gomez, promoted for his services at Massangano, and radiant with joy at the news of Don Sebastian's escape, which had been passingly mentioned in Don Miguel's despatches.

"Ha, Gomez! welcome good fellow," said Don Miguel. "Art thou ready for action?"

"Ready whenever your excellency shall give the word," replied the veteran cheerily, "and so are all my comrades. But pardon me that I have not yet asked how the worshipful lady bore her journey hither."

"What lady?" asked Da Silva, looking puzzled.

"Your Excellency's noble daughter, Donna Rosarita da Silva," answered Gomez in surprise. It chanced by ill luck (for I would have gladly have seen my young master again) that I was absent from Columbo when the Senor Don Sebastian came hither to fetch her bringing your Excellency's official seal as a token. With such an escort of stout Mantees as he brought with him, the noble lady would have been safe even if—but what ails your Excellency?"

"Pedro Gomez!" cried the old General, seizing the soldier's wrist in a clutch that made the joints crack, "say thou hast lied—say that this tale of thine is but a jest—and ask what reward thou wilt. I will make thee a rich man if thou canst assure me that my daughter is safe, and that Don Sebastian is no traitor!"

"Don Sebastian no traitor!" echoed Gomez, staring at him with a blank unseeing stare of a man suddenly struck blind.

"Thou tell'st me," said Don Miguel through clenched teeth, "that Don Sebastian came to Columbo to fetch my daughter, showing the official seal as a token. I tell thee that I never bade him fetch her—that I know naught about the matter—and that the seal whereof thou speak'st disappeared on the night when Don Sebastian visited me in my tent, and hath never been seen since. What am I to think of all this?"

Gomez heard him to the end, motionless as a statue, and then without uttering a sound, fell heavily to the earth, a helpless, senseless mass.

From that swoon the old soldier recovered only to pass into the first fit of a raging fever; and meanwhile the dreadful revelation that had overwhelmed him had run like wild fire through the whole camp, kindling an excitement so fierce and universal that it broke all bonds of discipline, and turned Don Miguel's once

orderly and well trained army into a frantic mob.

CHAPTER XII.

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

A wide bare plain, black and blasted as the crater of a volcano; a number of white tents dotted like snow-flakes over its grim, fire-blackened surface, among which groups of figures in the Portuguese uniform were passing ceaselessly to and fro; a shallow river creeping sullenly between low banks of thick, grey, mud; and in the foreground, towering more than a hundred feet above the plain, a mighty mass of red sandstone, on the craggy summit of which might be seen here and there the thatches of huts and the faces of men. The Portuguese army had at last reached the Enchanted City of Poong Ndongo and the decisive struggle of the war was about to begin.

The impatience of the soldiers at their prolonged inaction, and Don Miguel's fierce eagerness to forget in the shock of battle the loss of his daughter, and the black treachery of the man he had loved almost as his adopted son, had precipitated their advance upon the capital; but their march thither, hasty as it was, had resulted in one very startling discovery. Close to the water's edge, half hidden by a few tufts of thorny scrub, that had escaped the fire, they found a number of human bones, mixed with the stained and tattered remnants of Portuguese uniforms and equipments, by which the victims could still be identified as having belonged to Don Sebastian's party!

At first this seemed to give the lie to the horrible suspicion that was haunting them all; for if Da Estrella perished there with his men he could certainly have had no hand in decoying away Donna Rosarita from Columbo. But a farther search showed that whereas the party numbered twelve with Don Sebastian himself, there were only eleven skeletons. Plainly therefore, he must have saved himself by deserting his men, or have been spared by the Ngolo because he was in league with them. The soldiers clenched their hands with muttered imprecations on this traitor, and even the few who had hitherto maintained his innocence now remained gloomily silent.

The Portuguese were on one side and Massange's Mantees were on the other, and had completely surrounded the Ngolo fortress; but Don Miguel had no intention of wasting time by blockading it. The defenders were probably well provisioned, while the besiegers, who would have to bring all their stores overland across the wide space of country which they had just turned into desert, were much more likely to starve themselves than their enemies if they attempted to reduce the stronghold by famine. Plainly it would have to be taken by assault; but how? Look where they would, the outer face of the rock was one unbroken precipice, on which not even a monkey could find footing; nor was there the slightest trace of any opening that could be the underground path described by the old soldier. What was to be done?

All this while the Ngolo citadel—though the besiegers had been before it a whole evening and a whole night, and had completed all their arrangements for their camp—remained as silent and lifeless as a grave. Deserted it was not, for thin wreaths of smoke were seen curling up from it into the clear morn-

ing air, and some of the soldiers declared they could distinguish human figures among the top-most crags of the cliff. But no sound was heard within, and this ghostly silence deepened the slow, creeping horror, which was beginning to creep over the bravest of the besiegers now that they at last found themselves actually face to face with the terrible "Enchanted City."

Don Miguel saw that it was high time to act, and bade the men to sound their trumpets, while at the same time he sent forward a white flag as a signal for parley.

Instantly the roll of the great war drum of the Ngolos boomed forth from the silent fortress, echoing hoarsely through every cleft and cavern of the mighty rock like the hollow rumble of an earthquake. At that signal there rose, phantom like, along the brow of the cliff, a long line of black figures and grim faces and glittering spears; and Don Miguel, who had stood forward to watch the effect of his summons, started back as if from a stab when he beheld among these murderous savages, clutched by the iron hand of King Kabembi himself, the slight, girlish form of his only child!

"White chief," roared Kabembi, with the full might of his powerful voice, "thou hast wasted my land and slain my warriors! Thou hast sworn, they tell me, to hold my head in thy hands, but thy heart is now in mine! Hear me then! Lead back thy army from my country, leave me in peace in the city of my fathers, swear friendship and brotherhood with the Ngolo nation, and this girl shall be given back to you, free and unharmed, the moment ransom is paid! Refuse, and she shall be flung headlong from this precipice before thine eyes! Now make thy choice!"

Don Miguel's face grew white as ashes, and he clenched his hands until the nails pierced the flesh. The soldiers stood like statues, with parted lips and eyes dilated with horror, and for a moment all was as still as death.

At length the old General spoke, in a voice as low and broken as that of a man upon the rack.

"My daughter is in God's hands, and a soldier must not swerve from his duty. My army shall never turn back until we have taken this city!"

"For mercy's sake, your Excellency, take back that word!" cried one of the soldiers, throwing himself at Don Miguel's feet; "we had rather die, every man of us, rather than the Senorita should be harmed! We shall have time enough hereafter to make yonder heartless villain repent his insolence; but naught can bring her back to life when he hath slain her!"

But at that moment the voice of Donna Rosarita herself, clear and unfaltering as ever, came echoing through the stillness like polished steel.

"Father, if thou lovest me, let not one soldier turn back from his duty for my sake. Hold fast what thou hast won, and may Heaven bless thee! Our enemies can but kill the body, and God will give me strength to die!"

For an instant Kabembi stood motionless, with a look in which amazement, chagrin and a savage, half reluctant admiration were strangely blended. But an instant later his native fierceness came back with tenfold strength. He lifted his mighty arm with a growl of wrath, and in one instant more the heroic girl would have been hurled over the precipice, when his arm was sud-

denly seized from behind, and a voice whispered in his ear. Then the grim king was seen to draw back, and in his place rose up, plain to the eyes of all, the figure of Don Sebastian da Estrella himself!

The sight broke the spell that bound Don Miguel's soldiers, and there burst forth a roar of execration, which seemed to rend the very sky. This universal outburst of scorn appeared to abash the traitor, for it was in a low and faltering voice that he told them, when their clamor had spent itself, that he was now the friend and brother of the Ngolos, who had spared him and treated him well, that he had vainly done his uttermost to secure the release of the Donna Rosarita whom Kabembi vowed to kill unless the Portuguese troops were instantly withdrawn, and that the best thing they could do was to accept the terms and retreat before they were overwhelmed by the Eastern tribes which were already marching against them.

When he ceased to speak there ensued a dead pause of mingled scorn and horror, through the silence of which there suddenly pealed a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

"Liar!"

But in order to explain this interruption, we must go back a little.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

On the evening before the scene described in our last chapter (or rather just as that evening was deepening into twilight), all Poong Ndongo had been stirred by the coming of the Portuguese army into a bustle of fierce and feverish activity. The red glow of torches lighted up every crag and cliff of the giant rock, and beneath their spectral glare swarms of wild black figures were hurrying ceaselessly to and fro, filling their quivers with arrows, sharpening their spears and knives; piling huge stones along the brow of the cliff in readiness for throwing down upon the besiegers; vanishing ghost-like into the rock-cut chambers of the cliff, rushing in and out of the little thatched huts that clung like nests to the higher ledges, for the rock of Poong Ndongo, which had the shape of a huge tumbler on its precipitous outer face, was more like a cup within, its inner sides sloping deeply down to the vast circular hollow in the center, surrounded by tiny hovels of cane and thatch, and thickly clothed with rich grass, on which were now pastured a number of goats and cattle, sufficient to provision the garrison for a considerable time.

By a singular freak of nature, one tall tower shaped crag on the edge of this circle stood quite apart from the rest of the cliff, like a solitary pillar, forming a sort of natural citadel. In this crag the former King of Ngolo had hewed himself out a crude palace, concerning which strange and fearful legends were whispered among the tribe. It was said that in the deep heart of the palace there lay a gloomy chamber where the native priests offered up those hideous human sacrifices which formed part of the grim Ngolo religion.

The only visible approach to this ill-omened spot (although another entrance was said to exist, known only to the priests themselves,) was a frail bridge of planks, lashed together with ropes of twisted grass, which spanned the fearful gulf between the rocky platform that projected from the summit of the

cliff and a small doorway in the side of the palace rock.

Across that perilous bridge, just as the last gleam of sunset died from the sky, came two men slowly and carefully from the doorway toward the platform. One was King Kabembi himself, the other seemed to be a white man. On reaching the platform Kabembi muttered something to his companion, who opened a rude wooden door that masked a kind of cell in the rock, and went in alone.

On the floor lay a man bound hand and foot, and seemingly either unconscious or asleep. The newcomer bent over him, and said in a sharp, jeering tone, "Senor Don Sebastian da Estrella, wake up and listen to the good news which your brother Jose d'Ouro has brought to you! Your friend Don Miguel and his army lie encamped around us! Will you not rise and welcome them?"

The cruel mockery of the man's tone seemed to rouse the prostrate man who moved slightly but made no answer, while Jose d'Ouro continued:

"I have been masquerading again in your likeness, Senor, and have done some deeds that will give your name a rare renown. I have visited Don Miguel's camp and stolen his official seal, which I wanted for a purpose of my own. Ho, ho! I have led a party of his soldiers into a Ngolo ambushade, where they were all killed. I decoyed away Donna Rosarita from Columbo, as the Senor da Estrella, bearing the General's official seal. Ha, ha!"

Here the traitor paused, as if expecting an outburst of rage or agony. But Don Sebastian remained as still as a statue.

"She is now in this very town, within a hundred feet of you," resumed Jose; "and while her father and his men are cursing you as the villain who betrayed her to the enemy, Kabembi is vowing to kill her the moment they fire a shot against the city. How like you that, my noble Senor!"

He paused again for an answer, but Da Estrella gave no sign of having heard him, or being even aware of his presence, and this utter disdain drove the ruffian out of his spiteful mockery into brutal rage.

"Dost thou heed me thou tongue-tied fool?" he roared. "'Tis thy life that hangs in the balance, and her life likewise. Once more and for the last time, ere I give you up to those who stand ready to seize you, will you swear friendship to the king, and help us to drive away these Portuguese and Mantee dogs? Bethink thee that when thou art dead all men will loathe thee as a traitor and THEN the shame can never be wiped out, for no man will know the truth save myself!"

Then at last Don Sebastian lifted his head, and eyed his tempter with a look of such withering scorn that even the hardened villain quailed beneath it.

"Dog!" he cried; "offer thy foul terms to creatures like thyself, not to me! Thinkst thou that I am a dastard like thee! Not to save my own life twenty times, nor a life dearer than my own, would I be even for one moment, the vile thing that thou art. I shall die as befits a man; but for thee, murderer, liar, traitor, kidnapper, Fate hath in store the doom of a coward. I see it written in thy face. Begone, and leave me in peace to pray my last prayer to my God!"

Before the stern voice and the flashing eye of his victim the miscreant shrank back as from a blow, and slunk out of the cell to join Kabembi, who was

striding to and fro outside like a caged lion.

"He refuses!" said Jose in a scarcely audible tone.

"Then shall he feel," rejoined the king fiercely, "how they fare who defy me! Call up the men, and let it be done forthwith." A few moments later two powerful Ngolos were seen moving over the terrific bridge towards the palace rock carrying between them the bound and helpless form of Don Sebastian. Behind them came Jose d'Ouro, and just in front of them stalked a gaunt, grim looking native of vast stature, fantastically arrayed in a circlet of black feathers, a necklace of human teeth, and other insignia of an African "fetish-man."

From the doorway a narrow tunnel-like passage led them to a long low, gloomy chamber, or rather vault, cut in the heart of the rock. At the far end of it, a torch that flamed and crackled in an iron ring fixed to the wall, showed them a deep archway, closed by a heavy door barred and banded by iron, which Jose d'Ouro was about to open.

"Forbear, white chief!" cried the fetish-man; "none must enter here save the sacrificer and the victim!"

And lifting Da Estrella's light form in his arms, he flung back the mysterious door, and entered, saying as he did so, in a whisper like the hiss of a snake.

"Christian, this place is called the Temple of Death—thou shalt soon see why!"

It was indeed a fit name for the awful place into which this priest bore the doomed cavalier. No beam of daylight

ever brightened those damp, slimy, sunless walls, which looked doubly ghastly beneath the spectral gleam of a light that burned feebly in a human skull suspended by a cord from the roof. This hideous lamp overhung a vast, black pit of unknown depth, far down in the darkness of which might be faintly discerned the ghostly glimmer of water, broken at times into confused and wavering gleams, as if some living thing were stirring in the unseen depths below.

Around the edge of this awful gulf ran a low, rocky parapet, giving it some resemblance to the mouth of a well—a likeness increased by a strong movable beam placed across the parapet, as if for the raising and lowering of buckets. To the end of the beam which overhung the chasm was attached a kind of wickerwork cradle, while the other end was held down upon the floor by the weight of an enormous stone jar, almost as large as a small cask, and filled to the brim with water.

The fetish-man laid Don Sebastian's helpless figure in the cradle, and then made with his knife a tiny hole in the great jar, whence the water began to escape instantly drop by drop; for, instead of hurling their victim at once into the abyss, it was the rule of these horrible sacrifices to prolong his agonies to the utmost by keeping him suspended over it until the counterbalancing jar, lightened by its contents drop by drop, could no longer counterpoise his weight, and the cradle, dipping down suddenly, flung him headlong into the ghastly chasm below.

"Farewell, gallant Senor!" shouted Jose through the doorway, with a brutal laugh. "I repaid thy father with a poisoned arrow, but the teeth of the sacred crocodiles will avenge me upon his son. Good appetite to them! Farewell!"

The retreating steps of the priest were followed by the clang of the heavy door, and Don Sebastian was alone with darkness and the shadow of death.

Then, and not till then, did the doomed man realize the full horror of his doom. To be cut off by an early death would have been nothing to his bold spirit, had he fallen in the press of battle, with his country's flag waving over him and the shouts of victory in his ears. But to die thus by inches, alone in the eternal darkness, bound, helpless, unable to strike one blow for himself—and to feel that his fate would be forever unknown and his name be branded with everlasting infamy as that of one who had betrayed his comrades and disgraced his country—this was indeed hard to bear.

Meanwhile the crocodiles of the pit had scented their prey, and their restless movements shed a spectral glimmer through the gloom below, deepening the horror of death itself with the disgust inspired by the foul and loathsome reptiles that were to inflict it. And still, amid the tomb-like silence, the water that leaked from the fatal jar could be heard falling, drop, drop, drop, on the stones—measuring with its hollow tick the last moments of a brave man's life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My Four Years at Annapolis

I received my appointment from our Congressional Representative, after taking a competitive examination with a number of other young men. My papers were pronounced to be the most satisfactory among the numbers submitted, and in due course my orders to take the examination for entrance to the Naval Academy were received.

Some months before the date appointed for the entrance examination I went to Annapolis to be specially prepared for it at one of the schools in that city.

It was a dreadful grind to have to learn by heart long lists of names of islands, towns, cities, capes, mountains, rivers, seas and oceans, all over the world, in order to satisfy the possible requirements in geography.

Then arithmetic and algebra presented many new phases, when studied in conformity with the Naval Academy usages, and all of these had to be carefully gone over and acquired.

However all things come to an end in time, and towards the middle of April, in company with 200 or 300 other candidates, I presented myself for examination at the Naval Academy.

We were ushered into a long room and each was assigned to a desk, where we found the first examination paper awaiting us. The questions were in History, English and Geography and were not difficult to answer after the special training we had received. The other papers were in Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry.

Some of the candidates who were not successful at the first effort, were allowed a re-examination.

After a few days had elapsed lists were put up containing the names of the suc-

cessful candidates, and a date was assigned for our physical examination.

Having successfully passed both mental and physical examinations we were referred to the paymaster with whom we had orders to deposit the usual amount for general outfit.

We were a varied collection of youths who gathered here in June, and first became midshipmen. Those first few weeks were novel. We were as green as green could be, and had a hard road to travel learning the mysteries of seamanship and drill.

Among the first of our plebe troubles were those incident to handling ourselves in a boat. Many of us had never seen a cutter before we were introduced to them at drill and to all of us the oars were a source of unending trouble.

In the first place, even if we got our oars in the row locks without hitting the water or some one's head, we generally started out by entirely missing the water, a proceeding calculated to bring our backs in sharp contact with the handles of the oars behind us. Urged on by satirical remarks from the officer in the stern sheets, we would next make a desperate lunge to avoid a repetition of past misfortunes. This invariably caused a "crab" and our own oars would smite us in front. About the time we were straightened out, a bowman would manage to drop his boat-hook on our heads. This time we thought our last hour had come, but it revived us somewhat to hear some one else "cussed out."

Other troubles there were, such as learning to toss oars, untangling the snarls we had made in the gear of the sails, and the final race in from the light-house, and it was not until the end

of the plebe year that we found we had some idea of cutters and our duties in regard to their management.

However the summer passed very rapidly. We then experienced our first work aloft and one dignified member of the class remarked of the working on the main royal, that it was the nearest to heaven he had ever been.

October arrived with its many surprises, and the return of the upper classmen, who began to take a great interest in us, and to see that we did everything in a proper manner.

Under their tutelage the plebe frolics around on his head and learns to flirt with his broom. He is initiated into the charms of dancing with his chair, and of "laying aloft" on his wardrobe.

He will probably be called upon to recite a "lengthy piece" describing his appointment to the Naval Academy and his many brilliant qualities as published about him in his village paper some months before his arrival in Annapolis.

We took our share of running and have since been sincerely thankful that we received it. We never told about our troubles.

When our class entered the Academy two years ago, the old Academy was rapidly yielding to the new prevailing conditions. Not only the old buildings have disappeared but also the old customs and the old life. Old "rates" are rapidly disappearing and the unofficial distinctions between classes have practically vanished. Class unity and class spirit are becoming more and more difficult of attainment. "Running has entirely disappeared during the past year.

Of the new building the Armory, Boat House, Steam Building and Officers'

Mess are completed and occupied. The New Quarters are nearly finished as are also the officers' houses; and the new Chapel and Administration Building are under construction.

INFANTRY DRILL.

The Brigade of midshipmen is organized to consist of two battalions, each consisting of six companies, along the same lines as a ship's crew. During the Autumn and Spring months we had constant work in drilling, until we were licked into shape so as to present a good appearance in the exhibition drills, reviews and parades of June Week.

We had also artillery drill, when each section mans and works a three inch field piece. This drill follows to some extent the light artillery of the army, with such modifications as tend to more especially fit it for a ship's battalion.

We lived through the plebe year with all its hardships. At last it was all over and we embarked for our first practice cruise.

Three ships were used, the Hartford, the Chesapeake and the Indiana. The weather was very bad when we started down the Chesapeake Bay and our first stop was at Newport News, where details of midshipmen were allowed to go on shore leave. Then up the coast we went to New London, where the whole fleet assembled for a general change of ships' companies. After the transfer had been effected we ran into Nahant and helped to celebrate the Semi-Centennial of her existence.

From there the trip continued to Bar Harbor. Here we had a delightful time enjoying the numberless hops, dinners, dances and lawn parties with which this most hospitable of summer colonies besieged us.

But even a Bar Harbor summer must come to an end and the Chesapeake started on her sail down the coast to Annapolis, followed by the Hartford which put in at Rockland for the War Game, and the Indiana at New York. The latter vessel soon afterward joined the squadron for the Army-Navy Manœuvres, with which it remained for a short time, before orders were given to repair immediately to Annapolis.

Finally we dropped anchor once more in the Severn and a few hours later left Annapolis to scatter to the four quarters

of the Union, and to enjoy the pleasures of home life for one brief month.

In consequence of the increase in the number of midshipmen within the next few weeks there will be assembled at the Naval Academy the largest fleet of vessels that has ever been assigned to permanent duty at the institution. The old frigate Hartford, Admiral Farragut's flagship at the battle of Mobile Bay, and the cruiser Newark have both been ordered to proceed to Annapolis for use in the instruction of the midshipmen, and it is expected that they will arrive some time next month.

With their arrival there will be nine vessels of size stationed at the Academy. The ships already here are the Monitor Terror, the cruiser Atlanta, the practice sailing vessel the Chesapeake, the torpedo boat destroyer Laurence, the torpedo boat Talbot and the gun-boats Alvarado and Sandoval, two of the vessels that were captured from Spain during the late war. All of these boats will be used to take the midshipmen out on their summer cruise in June.

STEAM DRILL.

But we must not forget the many hours that are spent during the long winter months in the steam building. Here as youngsters we made many shavings and incidently one or two brackets in the pattern shape; made mud pies in the foundry; hammered our hands out of shape in the blacksmith shop; and raised a horrible din in the boiler shop. As second classmen we chipped and filed at blocks and rings, learning how to kill time. As first classmen, we simply stood by and allowed the machine tools to do all our work. Whenever a distinguished visitor came to see us, we would group ourselves artistically around some one of the unfinished engines and put on such wise expressions that a visitor might have thought us capable of designing and building such an engine ourselves.

Reference should also be made to the "Santee," the weather beaten hulk of an old time man-of-war, now moored to the wharf that bears her name. At first she was used for seamanship and gunnery drills, but later her battery was removed, her masts cut down and her deck housed over. Since that time she has been used as quarters for the officer-

in-charge of ships, for sundry marines and bluejackets, and incidently for midshipmen who have transgressed one or more of the regulations. When a midshipman has been found out, in hazing, "Frenching," smoking, or improper conduct in general, he is quartered on the U. S. S. "Santee" "until further orders." His fate is not a happy one. Isolated from his fellow midshipmen, marched to and from the various formations like a prisoner under arrest, deprived of all leave or participation in the various social functions, he meditates and learns to mend the folly of his ways.

One of the amusing incidents that occurs each year is the burial of "Math. and Skinny." Then dressed up in all manner of quaint attire, the outgoing class consigns to oblivion the text books in Mathematics and Physics through which they have toiled during their course of study at the Naval Academy.

Supported on a sumptuous bier, borne by loving hands, preceded by the martial music of a famous band, and guarded by a picked company of marines, the bodies of "Math. and Skinny" are brought to the site of the grave, where last honours are paid, in mock service, to the departed friends.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes—Math and Skinny to oblivion."

During our course at the Naval Academy, great interest is manifested in athletics, and we have our Football and Baseball teams, Naval Academy Boat Crew, Fencing team and track athletics.

It would take too long to describe the work done in all these centres of activity, or to dilate upon the excitement of our annual contests with West Point, or to recount our prowess in rowing against the Varsity crews of the leading universities of the country. Suffice it to say that these events create the pleasantest side of life, while we are being instructed in the duties of a midshipman.

Then comes graduation, and the final Ball in the Armory, with all its grandeur of hunting and electric lights; when our sisters and sweethearts assemble in countless numbers to bid us farewell before we take our stand upon the deck of one of Uncle Sam's battleships as a past midshipman or ensign, and enter upon our career as a United States Naval Officer.

—A GRADUATE.

Amateur Mind-Reading; or, How to Mystify Your Friends

Almost all of you have seen exhibitions of Mind or Thought reading and have no doubt seen many astonishing results attained by the professors of the art. Perhaps some of you have met one or two clever young men at parties and amateur entertainments, who, for the entertainment of their friends, are willing to exhibit their powers, and very often with most puzzling results.

Whether there really is anything in the matter, or whether their performances are only clever tricks, I must leave others to judge; it is not my purpose to discuss the question. They do find pins hidden in most extraordinary places, and they do read the numbers of bank notes without, as far as the audience is aware, having had any opportunity of gaining their knowledge. How it is done I must leave others to explain, if they will, but the

object of this article is to show the readers of THE NEW BOY how they can amuse their friends and gain applause for themselves by exhibiting their proficiency in a branch of the Mystic Art, and that without any more training than can be gained in ten minutes.

I think the best plan by which I can explain my method, and make it clear, will be to give a description of a *seance*, and then initiate my readers into the *modus operandi*. Before I commence I may state that I cannot promise invariable success (in this I am like all other thought-readers), but so far I have never failed, and very few professed thought-readers can say as much.

We will imagine that a party of young people are gathered together in the parlor or drawing-room, and that the conversation has turned upon tricks or

mind-reading. Our young amateur professor in the art then says in the most careless manner he can assume (for it adds immeasurably to the effect of his performance if it appears to be *impromptu*.) "Well, ladies and gentlemen, though I do not set up to be a regular professor of mind-reading, yet I found out quite by accident a short time since that nature has gifted me with a certain amount of power in this direction, and if it would amuse you I am willing to attempt an experiment or two this evening." This offer, you may be sure, will be received with enthusiasm by those present, for there will be certain to be among the guests some, at any rate, who have never witnessed an exhibition of mind-reading, and who are anxious to have an opportunity of doing so. You continue, "Remember, if you please,

that I will not promise to be successful, for in this matter success depends largely upon the condition of susceptibility in which my brain is at the time, and that I cannot tell until I attempt the experiments; at any rate I will do my best, and should I fail I must crave your kind indulgence." It is always well to commence with this warning, for it gives a greater effect to your subsequent success, and provides a loophole for escape *in case* you should fail. "The conditions under which I will make the attempt are somewhat different from those of the regular performers, but I do not fancy you will think they detract from the extraordinary nature of the experiment.

"In the first place it is necessary that some lady or gentleman should act as a medium; some one between whose mind and my own there is sympathy. Perhaps you, sir" (addressing a gentleman present) "would not mind assisting me in this capacity. Pardon me a moment." You go up to him lay your hand on his forehead, close your eyes, and stand perfectly still and silent for a minute, while the remainder of the guests watch you in wonder. Then you open your eyes, at the same time heaving a sigh of exhaustion, and say, "No sir, I am afraid I never could succeed with you, there is not an atom of sympathy between us. It would only be courting failure were I to attempt anything. "Madame, will you aid me?" On receiving the lady's consent, go through the same performance with her, but do not let your sigh express nearly so much exhaustion, and smile as you say, "with this lady I have not the slightest fear in making the attempt, our minds are in perfect sympathy, and I do not anticipate any difficulty in reading her thoughts. Now, while I am out of the room will the company settle among themselves on some small article, anything you like, from a pin to a pump-handle, and having done so, will one of you, accompanied by the medium, take that article into a dark room and hide it in the most secret place you can think of—but you must allow the medium to know where it is placed—and I will ask this lady who has consented to act in that capacity to fix her thoughts most intently upon the hidden object, for the more concentrated her thoughts are the easier will be my task. From the time I leave this room before you have even settled on what you are going to conceal, I do not wish to cast my eyes on the medium until I have fulfilled my task, for if she will only fix her thoughts sufficiently I hope to be able to read them through brick walls quite as read-

ily as if she were standing at my side.

"I can perform the experiment just as well in the light, but I think you will all admit that it is a far more exacting test of my powers if I am successful in a room from which every atom of light is excluded. These are the only conditions—I will run them over again that they may be quite clear. You settle on some small object, which one of the party, accompanied by the medium, takes into a dark room and hides, you then keep the medium under lock and key, if you like, at any rate where I shall not have the slightest chance of communicating with her, in any form or shape. She fixing her mind intently on the hidden object, I will go into the dark room and do my best to discover the article. Is that quite clear? Very well, pardon me one moment."

You stand behind the medium, place your hands round the upper part of her head with the fingers resting on the temples, close your eyes, stand perfectly silent, allow the muscles of your face to work and twitch, then, with a deep sigh, remove your hands and leave the room without uttering a word.

For example we will imagine the company has selected the scarf-pin of a gentleman as the object to be hidden, and one of their number goes with the medium into the dining-room, in which there is no light, the gas being out, and conceals the pin in one of the metal leaves which ornament the chandelier, hanging from the ceiling. The hider and the medium come from the room. You enter close the door behind you, and if within the next three minutes you do not emerge holding the hidden pin you are a duffer, and unworthy of credence as a mind-reader.

The manifestation, or whatever you may please to call it, to the uninitiated appears marvellous, whereas it is really most simple, and depends not so much on you as on the medium, who must be an accomplice. As a rule in conjuring, the use of accomplices marks a low standard of the art, but there are cases in which they can be legitimately made use of, and this is one of them. It will be a fair test of the powers of deception possessed by the mind-reader if he can conceal the fact that the person he selects as a medium is an accomplice.

The whole secret of the trick consists in the medium leaving his or her watch on, or as near as it is possible to place it to, the hidden article. This proceeding cannot be seen, because the room is dark, and when the mind-reader enters and closes the door behind him, all he has to do is to stand perfectly still and

listen. He will immediately hear the ticking of the watch, and, having found it, he must search all round it until he discovers some article likely to be the one hidden. It sometimes happens that it is impossible for the medium to place the watch touching the article, and there may be one or two things in close proximity; then it is the best course for the thought-reader to select the article which appears to be most out of place in the position. In my own performances I take care to provide myself with a box of silent matches, and directly I enter the room I light one, and give my eyes as well as my ears a chance of discovering the watch; having found that, a second match generally is sufficient to discover the hidden article.

My first attempt in this line was when the scarf-pin was hidden in the chandelier. My medium had performed his part faithfully, and placed his watch in the leaf as well. I heard the ticking, but for some time I could not conceive where the sound came from. I walked round and round the room, listening intently. It always seemed to be at the same distance from me, and I was growing fairly puzzled, when my eyes fell on the chandelier, and the next instant I had found the pin. It may be of service to some would-be mind-readers if I mention a few likely places in which articles are often concealed. For some reason or other, pins are the favorite articles for concealment; after them come articles from the pockets, such as knives, pencils, button-hooks, or thimbles. Pins are often hidden by sticking them into the walls, in which case (if they are sufficiently firm) the watch can be hung on them, or else placed on the floor immediately beneath them. They are also thrust up to their heads in the padding and seats of chairs, when the watch can be laid on them. With other objects, a common place of concealment is within or below some ornament on the mantle-shelf, or, if there are books lying about, between the leaves. The feat seems so well nigh impossible for an amateur to perform that you will not often find people pick difficult places of concealment.

Finally, I would advise half an hour's practice with your medium before attempting to give a performance; and when you are in doubt as to having hit on the right article, it is well, on entering the room where the guests are waiting you, to complain of the medium having allowed her mind to wander for a second or two; and then, should your selection prove at fault, you have some one else beside your infallible self to bear the blame.

The Mail of a Large Company

Few in these days of "strenuous" life pause to consider causes; the results themselves are only of moment. What a small percentage of the correspondents of a large corporation take the time or trouble to inform themselves as to the manner in which replies to their letters have been so safely, neatly and speedily delivered to them, amid the voluminous amount of mail which is being sent from that company daily.

A perfect working system, indeed, is required, when it is considered that the company handles thousands of letters every twenty-four hours. In fact, the number received and dispatched, in a

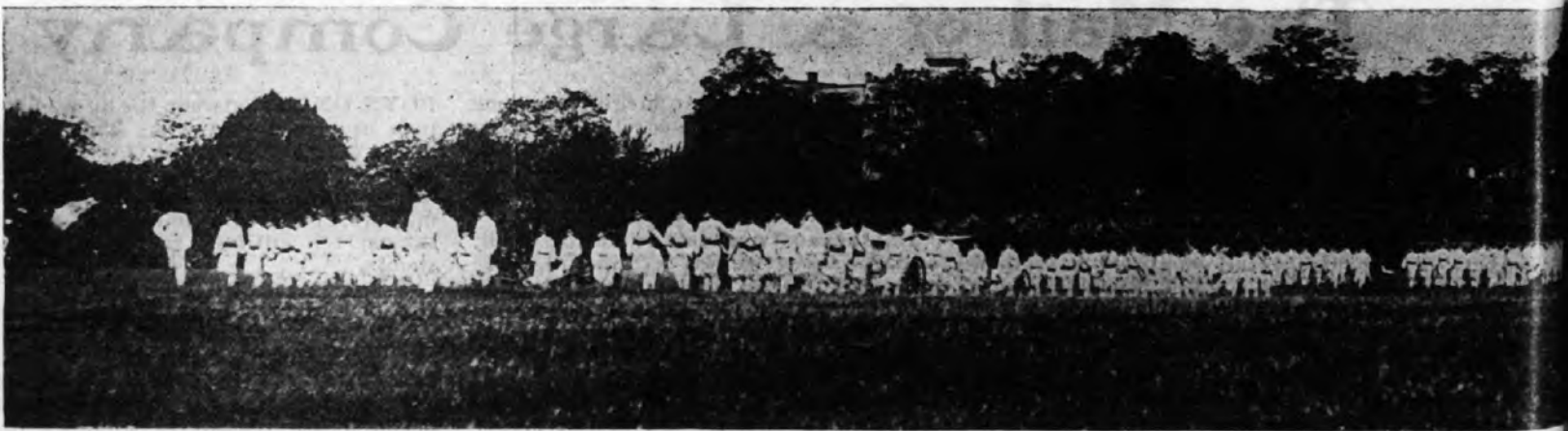
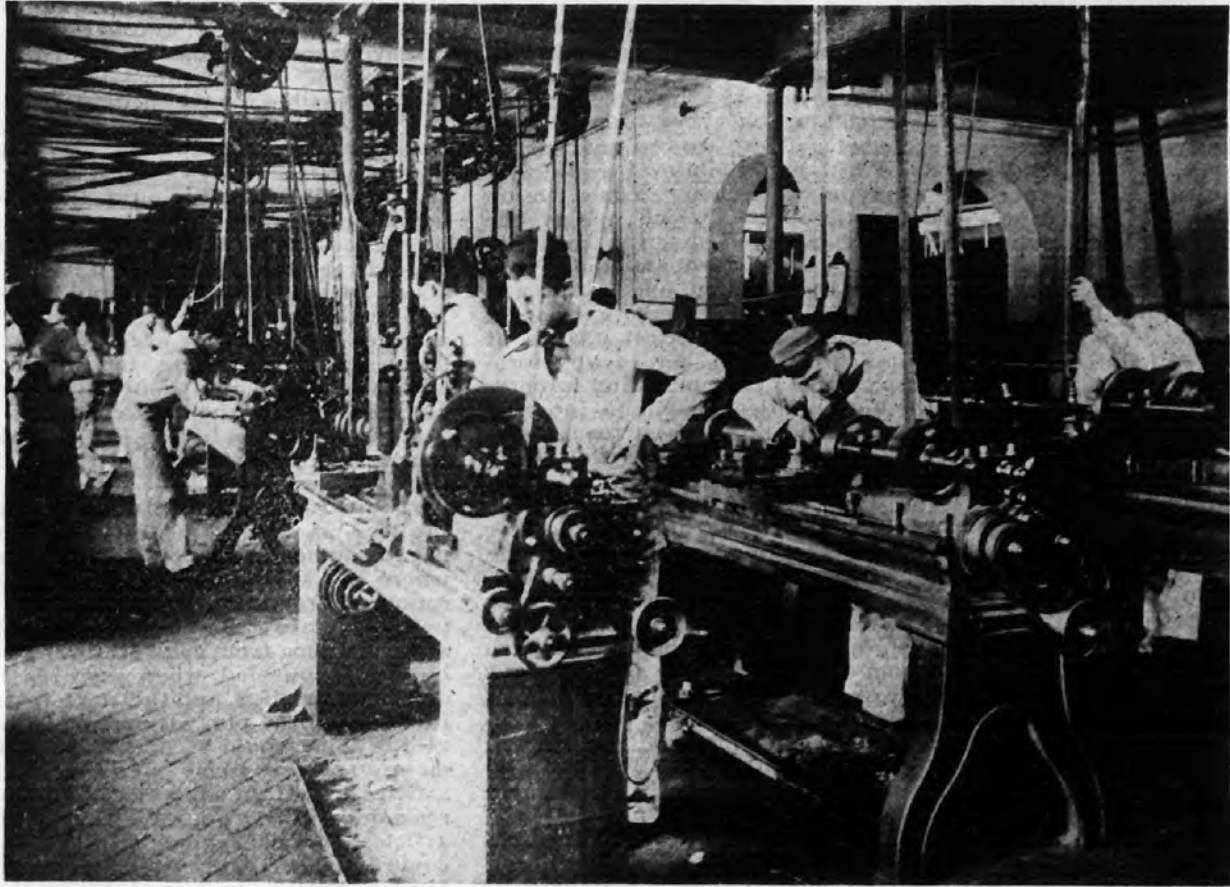
single day by a certain large insurance company, of which we have accurate knowledge, runs well into the tens of thousands, and their voucher for postage, on outgoing mail alone, totals over \$75,000 annually.

But the most remarkable feature of all, and one which we feel certain will prove of interest to all our young readers, is that the entire system of the Mail Department of this great institution—a company that advertises in every newspaper and magazine in the country, employs over 15,000 clerks and agents, and which has on its books over \$1,000,000,000 of insurance in force—is operated by

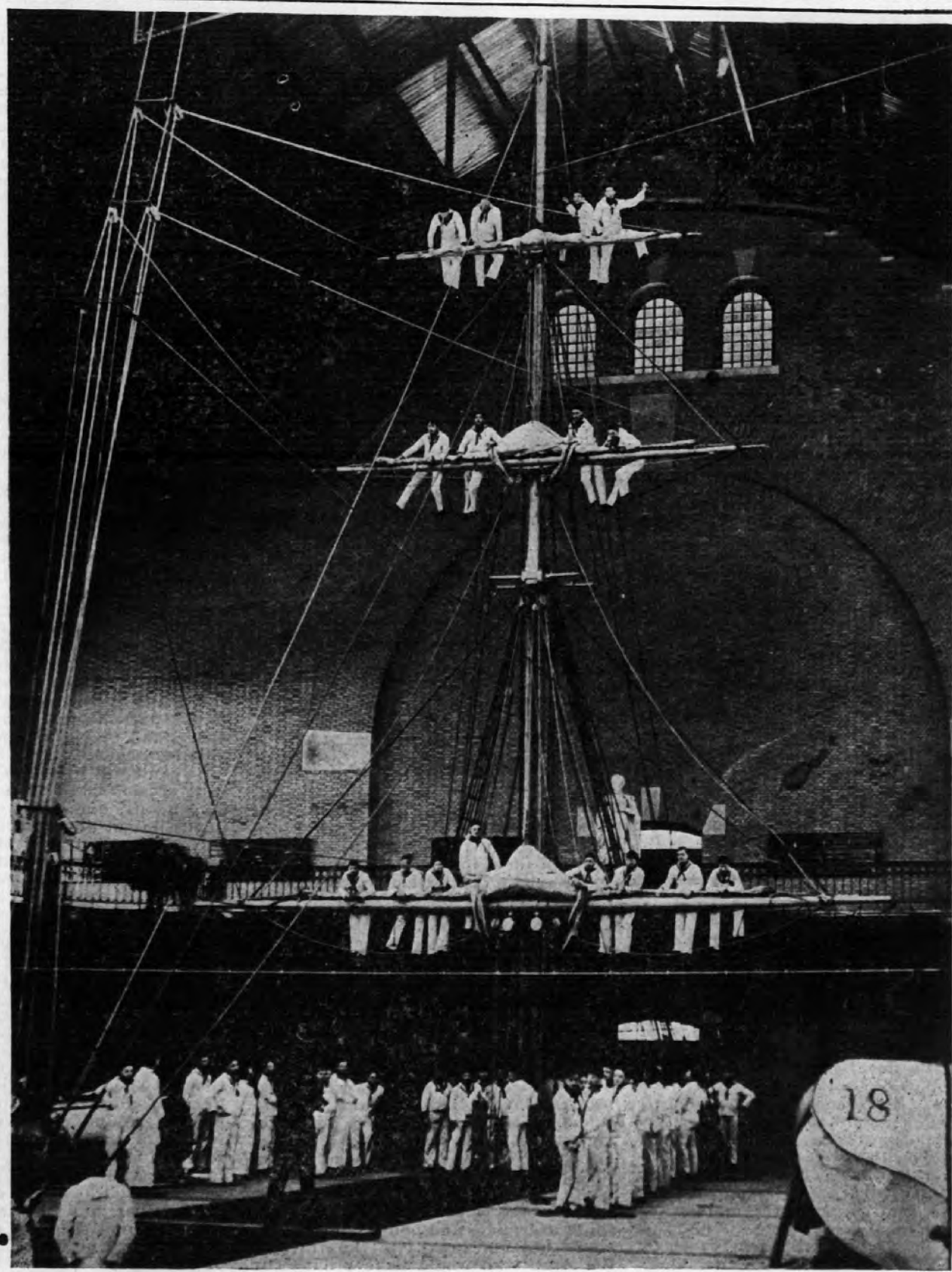
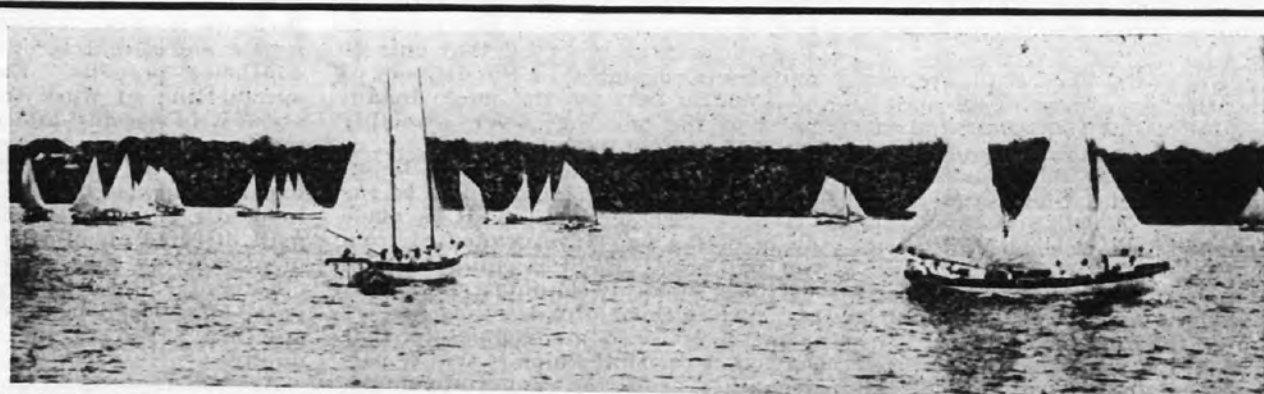
BOYS ONLY, between the ages of fourteen and twenty years. This emphasizes very forcibly, the fact that our young American boys can well be placed in positions of trust, and that confidence may well be felt in their ability to prove themselves entirely responsible to fill them.

These boys, while in the Mail Dept. are not only rendering good service to the Company, but become so systematic and trained by handling the various parts of the work in that department that they are considered as excellently prepared for transferal to much more

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



Machine Shop
A Lesson in Torpedo Construction
Artillery Drill



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

important positions in the Company's employ.

The duties of the Mail Dept. are twofold, viz: the disposition of all mail to the Field Force (both incoming and outgoing,) and the rapid delivery of all correspondence between the various departments in the Home Office, and called "Office Mail." We will first direct your attention to the "Field Mail" service.

The Company has in its employ a mail or private letter-carrier, whose duty it is to be at the Post-office to await the arrival of all incoming mail trains, and to return there in time to deposit the Company's letters for all the departing ones. His first trip of the day is at 7.30 A. M., and thereafter at intervals of from 30 minutes to an hour, according to the time of the arrival and departure of the various mails.

The result of his first trip to the Post-office averages from 9 to 12 bags, or large Government sacks of letters. These are quickly sorted by a bevy of boys into racks, which contain boxes or compartments for each of the different departments. Clerks are then sent from these departments who proceed to open the envelopes, addressed to their division and distribute the enclosures to those clerks for whom they are intended.

Those envelopes which are received by the Company with no particular department designated thereon, are then turned over to a separate corps of boys, who open them, peruse their contents, and send them to the division or officer, whose particular duty they consider it to be to attend to same. The whole morning mail is awaiting the attention of the various departments by 8.30 o'clock sharp.

About a dozen of the Mail Dept. boys are then sent to the different floors of the great building in which the Company has its offices; each boy attending to the collection and delivery of the various mail matter which is in course of transit between the Mail Dept. and the clerks who are at work on the floor on which he is stationed. These boys with the addition of about a dozen boys called "Trip" boys, and who are engaged in carrying the mail to them for distribution, constitute the vast "Office Mail" system.

Every 10 minutes, on the stroke of a bell, each one of these "Trip" boys collects the mail for his particular floor boy, delivers it to him by means of elevators which are exclusively at the disposal of his department, and returns with his collections, which are immediately sorted by mail clerks, and dispatched

on the stroke of the next bell to the departments for which they are intended. Thus it will be observed that only 10 minutes is consumed in the delivery of mail matter between the most distant parts of the building; a very smoothly working system indeed.

Another branch of the Mail Dept., which is of equal importance, is the "Addressing" section. This is made up of clerks who have graduated from the trip boys. Each is equipped with a strong, smoothly running type-writer, and during the entire day they are occupied in addressing envelopes, for that portion of the mail which is sent to parties other than the Superintendents, Agents, etc., and for whom printed en-



"ONE OF THE TRIP BOYS"

velopes are provided. These boys become very proficient in this work, and it is not an unusual occurrence to see them, after a few months, maintaining an average of over 200 envelopes per hour. The addressed envelopes are then compared with the corresponding letters by another set of clerks, who also initial the letters and enclose the same. By this method a letter which is returned as "Undelivered" on account of an incorrect address, can, by the mark thereon, be immediately traced back to the clerk who enclosed same, and the error duly recorded against him.

Promptly, at 4 P. M., all the Floor boys, Trip boys, etc., again assemble in the Mail Dept. in readiness for the outgoing evening mail each at his regular

station. At this time the department presents its busiest appearance, all is hustle and dispatch, but absolutely no confusion prevails. Each one has a special line of work to do, and goes about it as speedily and quietly as possible.

The mail is sent to the department in large canvass bags. Each Superintendent's envelope contains ALL the mail directed to him by every department, and by thus forwarding all enclosures for him in as few envelopes as possible, many thousands of dollars postage are saved to the Company annually.

As soon as received, the envelopes are handed to the "Sealing" boys, one of whom is continually stationed at an automatic electric sealing machine, which is capable of sealing small letters to the number of 6000 an hour. The mail is then passed to the "Weighers." One boy handling the letters on which the postage does not exceed eight cents per letter, and the other taking all those above that amount, some even costing as much as sixty cents each. The weighed envelopes are then sorted into racks partitioned accordingly, and from which they are subsequently removed by the "Light" and "Heavy" stamping boys. Each of these "Stampers" is given an assorted supply of stamps for the day which are charged to his account, and the stamps which appear on the sheets of the "Counter" (whose duty is to count the stamps after they have been affixed to the envelopes,) and the balance returned by him at the close of the day must aggregate the amount of stamps received, or his account is charged with the deficit, which must be paid the Company in Cash.

The mail then passes successively under the inspection of a lad who examines the backs of the envelopes, to see if they are properly sealed; one who examines the stamps, to detect any loose ones; and finally to the sorting table. Here the letters are sorted by a number of clerks into States and even principal cities, thus enabling the clerks at the Post-office to pass the Company's mail through with as little delay as possible. The mail is then tied into packages, care being taken that the letters for different parts of the country are kept apart, and thence to the sacks of the "Mail-carrier."

As can readily be seen the amount of work accomplished in a single day, is stupendous, and would prove an utter impossibility, did the Company not have such an excellent system, and also such an efficient corps of intelligent industrious little workmen.—S. W. FUERTH.

A MISSIONARY OF ZANZIBAR.

Suema is the little missionary's name, and that her experience is true is vouched for by Doctor Warneck. Suema belonged to a tribe in Africa. Her father was killed by a lion. Her mother was seized as a slave, and Suema went with her, following on foot behind a long caravan. Her mother was made to carry an elephant's tusk, and at last she sank in fatigue by the wayside. Suema, who was then a little girl, tried to stay with her mother. That poor creature clasped her child in her arms and began to sing a death-song in the manner of the dying among her people. When the Arabs who had seized them came to take Suema away, the mother held

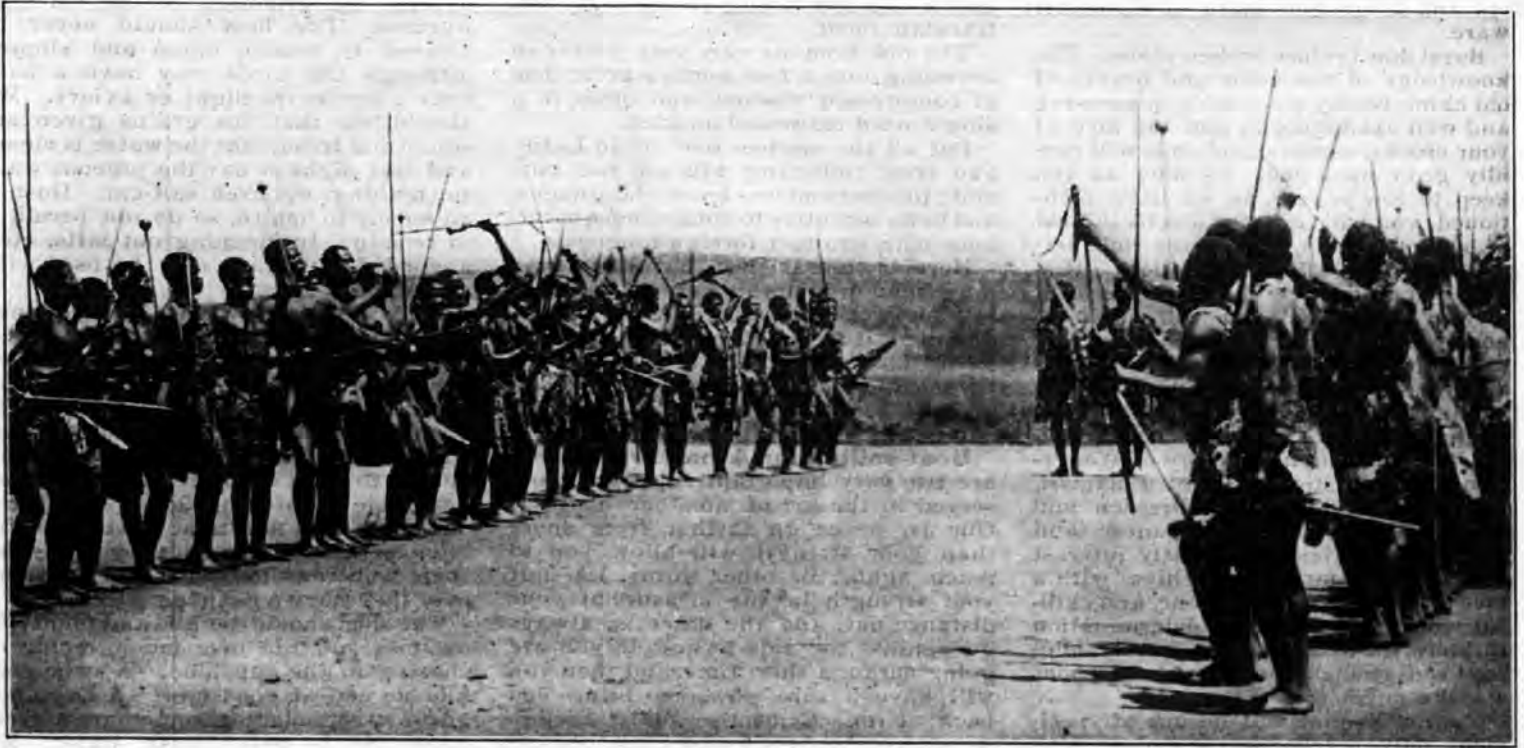
tightly to her, so that by naught else than brute strength did they part the mother and the daughter. Suema was beaten and tossed about. She shrank in flesh, and by the time the caravan came to the seashore, was in such sorrowful plight that it is a pity to tell of it. Then followed six days of heavier misery, for all the slaves were packed into the hold of a vessel and taken to the slave mart at Zanzibar. What do you fancy the wretches thought was going to be done with them? Why, they thought they were to be eaten up by white men. But finally they were sold, except Suema, who was a mere thing of bruises and bones, and nobody would buy her, greatly to the wrath of the Arab who would have profited by

her sale. So he cried out, in his anger: "Take her to the burying-ground!" And that is what the barbarous people did. Now it happened that a young mulatto, passing by, heard the cries and moans. He was a man with a heart, and treated the waif with tenderness. When little Suema got her senses fully back, she thought she was in the heaven she had heard of. She was in a soft, clean, white place. Around were white walls, and within the walls were the creature comforts so familiar to us, but as strange to her as though she were in a new world. She was at one of the missions of Zanzibar; and she is there at this day, only now she is a missionary herself, never tiring in her work and a doer of much good.

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Send in your name to be enrolled as a Life Member and have your name printed in the Membership List, which will be sent to every member. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same things write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership. Send for full information, blanks, printed matter, etc. Use the Activities Coupon printed elsewhere in this number.



A SOUTH AFRICAN WAR DANCE

By this time every member of THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE has received his Certificate of Membership and in a week or two we will have ready the List of Members. The interest in the League has been greater than we ever anticipated, and we have been somewhat handicapped in handling correspondence. Every boy who has interested himself in the League will be in a position to learn a great deal about up-to-date pursuits and activities for boys. We have been working for years on several original and fascinating hobbies for young people that are brand new and which we will announce very shortly.

The Rabbitry.—It is more with the idea of giving hints to THE NEW BOY fanciers about breeding, etc., that we bring The Rabbitry to the front this month.

Boys who keep rabbits naturally wish to increase their stock and sell a few for the sake of pocket-money, or to buy books or tools. Well, both buck and doe ought to be young, but not too young; the former should be at least a year old, and the latter fully nine months. Both ought to be strong, healthy and in good condition, with a large, clear, full eye, and a contented expression generally. As to the peculiar breed, this must depend upon your own fancy; but for the market you must have a large breed, even if not pure. The Normandy rabbit, though we have never bred them, is a good sort for selling for food. At four or five months

they will weigh, if they have been properly fed, from eight to nine pounds. They are ugly brutes; but, if they pay to keep, what is the odds? They have large litters too. The Belgian hare is also a sizeable rabbit, very pretty and lively too. The Patagonian—so called—is useful; the Flanders Giants are more rare. But let us tell you here that crossing strains does a deal, not only to keep up the size, but the health as well; and no one who does not know and then infuse new blood into his rabbit-court need expect to make the fancy pay.

We would not advise keeping a doe for stock purposes over two years in use. She would then be about three years of age, or nearly. But give her another summer if a very good mother. The average number of litters a year is four, the last litter coming on about the end of autumn, the first early in spring, or rather in the last month of winter.

The rabbit is about a month in kindle; number of young, from three to eight. When the time comes near for the rabbit to have her litter, see that the bed is nice and comfortable, and put up a screen in front of the principal apartment in the hutch, but not so as to exclude the air. Keep the breeding-hutch in a very quiet place, where nothing that can frighten either by sight or by sound must enter on any pretext.

When in kindle the food must be very succulent and nice, and extra regularity in feeding should be observed. Give a little warm milk-and-water to drink, and

now and then a mash, also warm. Bread scraps boiled in water—very little—and some barley meal, and a little bran added to well thicken it. Bran, however, is not very nourishing.

Feed most carefully after the young are born. Unlike guinea-pigs, which are born with hair and with their eyes open, all ready for the road, rabbits are naked at birth, and helpless and blind. But in two weeks time they will be all alive and kicking. Now is the time to give them a clean bed, but avoid handling the young, and do not let sight-seers do so either. Mind this: the strength of the doe must be kept up while nursing by all means in your power. She eats a lot now, so do not stint her. Leave the young for fully six weeks, or even seven, with the mother. They moult once during this period.

As to weaning, take away one rabbit at a time, and place it in a very warm hutch—not among big ones. Take one away each day. Keep the young in large airy hutches, but in a warm place, and be most careful that all their surroundings are clean and nice.

Old China Collecting.—"Boys collect old china! Nonsense!" we think we hear. "It is impossible. They cannot afford the expense; and besides, where are boys to buy old china?"

And yet some boys have collected very creditable little cabinets of old china, and done it without any lavish expenditure or any demands beyond the reach of pocket-money.

Many an old china shop, many a small country furniture store—many, even, of village and town pawnbrokers' shops—have odd saucers or odd cups, or broken lids or covers, that they are quite ready to sell for a few cents or up to half-a-dollar. The boy china collector must begin by degrees; but what a fascinating hobby when once he starts upon it, and how he will love his tiny collection!

Possibly a maiden aunt or a distant cousin will start him with his first piece. It may be a saucer or a tiny cup of blue Oriental—and possibly, better still, a saucer of white ground with blue flowers and a crescent mark of Worcester ware.

Boys! don't refuse broken pieces. The knowledge of the value and beauty of old china is only obtained by possessing and well examining it, and the love of your crocks, saucers, and cups will rapidly grow upon you. As long as you keep to low prices?, as we have mentioned, you will be in far less likelihood of being taken in than those rich persons who can afford high prices. History will gain a new charm in the light of your china, and you will begin to borrow books on the subject and eagerly to read Marryat and Chaffers' works and to enjoy them. The discovery of kaolin and china clay in Germany, the noble struggles of poor Palissy the potter, the self-denying energy of Wedgwood and artistic genius of Flaxman, the history of Sevres and Dresden, and the long story of the Japanese and Chinese potteries, will greatly interest you. Better, far, collect china with a love of beauty, form, colour, and skillful work, and with the determination to know its history, than, merely idle, read sensational stories and hang about street corners.

Your collection will be one of specimens only, perchance each piece with its history, and each piece bringing up before you a history of its place of origin and its peculiar make. Add to this the very glory of collecting, the pride of showing your collection, and the pleasure of brightening up your room with something that has merit, beauty, design and value, and will agree that boys can and may take as a pleasure and enjoyment to china collecting.

The Poultry Run. The fine weather ought to be with us now; and if the fowls have a grass run, and can spend the long summer day wandering around, looking for the food they are so fond of, returning in the evening for the handful of corn which will send them happy to roost, then everything must go well in the poultry run. Cases of diarrhoea in pullets or chickens are not rare this month or the next, especially if the birds have been exposed to draughts and damp. If very bad, you must take the case in hand energetically, and give a teaspoonful of wine and three drops or more of chlorodyne three or four times a day. Give rice to eat and barley—boiled for chickens in sweet milk. Put chalk in the food and give more bone-dust.

Go in now for the summer cleaning and whitewashing, for the probability is we shall have very hot weather ere long. See that the fowls do not want for fresh water and plenty of it, placed out of the sun and in a clean dish, and that the dust-bath is large and well supplied with earth, ashes, old lime and a handful or two of sulphur.

Crest and Monogram Collecting.—Collecting crest is a very favorite amuse-

ment among boys, and is, usually speaking, an inexpensive hobby. Many a lad, however, collects crests merely because they are pretty, or because other fellows collect them, and the more thoughtful class of boy is apt to turn up his nose at crest hunting as a useless and foolish hobby.

But if crest collecting be taken up in the right spirit, it will not only prove a most entertaining but an instructive study.

To begin at the bottom, let us have a look at the motto or legend, as it is technically called, under the crest.

These mottoes are generally in Latin, and it is worth taking pains to try and translate them.

The old Romans were very clever in crowding into a few words a great deal of compressed wisdom, and often in a single word expressed an idea.

But all the mottoes are not in Latin, and crest collecting will set you puzzling in other and less known languages, and be an incentive to obtain acquaintance with stranger foreign tongues.

Heraldry is a science that many boys long to know something about, and as it is a subject with which but few are acquainted, it is something to be proud of to be able to explain a coat-of-arms. Crest collecting will help to teach this, and be found an interesting way of doing so.

Boat-sailing for Amateurs.—There are two very important rules to be observed in the art of amateur boating. One is, never go farther from shore than your strength will allow you to reach again; in other words, let half your strength be the measure of your distance out; and the other is, always go against the tide at first if you are going out for a short time, and then you will have a sure power to bring you back again. Remember that tides are more important than winds, as they are constant, the others variable.

And now let us suppose that you have made up your mind to go in for really managing a boat by yourself. The first thing to do is to hire or buy a boat, not too large or with too many sails, but one which you can handle easily without overtaxing your strength. By the way, I presume that you are a good swimmer, not because there will probably be any necessity for exercising your powers, but because it is absolutely necessary that everyone who has to do with the water should be at home in the water under all circumstances. A sixteen-foot boat with a five-foot beam, half-decked, and with what are called "waterways," rigged with a mainsail and jib set on a bumpkin, will be a very safe boat to begin with. In such a boat you will have plenty of room, can put away all you want under the cuddy forward or in a locker under the stern, and can make a comfortable cabin for yourself by spreading a covering of canvas over the gaff and hooked down at the sides to the coverings of the waterways.

As your cruising will be done in the warm weather there will be no fear of cold, although you had better have a good supply of blankets and a couple of waterproof sheets. With these, a mattress and bolster, you will sleep as comfortably at nights as you have ever done ashore. And we cannot wish you a more blissful sensation of healthy joy than when, waking up some balmy July morning, you see the sunlight streaming in at the crevices of the awning, hear the gentle lapping of the water

against the sides of your ship, and scent the fresh smell of the pure sea and air, while the shrill cry of a sea bird tells you life has begun, and there is such a thing as eating.

The Pigeon Loft.—We trust that, whether your pigeon house be a loft or a garden house, everything is now going on swimmingly, and that you have eggs and squeakers both. The breeding season is one that demands all our care and attention, but if we are regular in our doings about our lofts, then we have our reward in seeing everything thriving and nice. And this is, indeed, a great reward. Illness must be guarded against by attention to the rules of hygiene. The floor should never be allowed to remain damp and sloppy, although the birds may have a bath once a day in the flight or aviary. We should see that the grains given are sound and fresh, that the water is clean, and that night or day the pigeons want for nothing, not even salt-cat. Dust is an enemy to health, so do not permit it to remain. In cleaning out lofts, etc., a good disinfectant may be used with advantage.

The Kennel.—We are often pained when on the road to see the heartless way dogs are treated by being compelled to follow carriages or cycles. Poor creatures, with tongues lolling out, with starting eyes, half lame, and covered with dust, afraid to wait one moment behind to lap a drop of water lest they be unable to catch up again. We trust our boys do not treat their faithful friends thus, and that they will raise their voice against such cruelty whenever they have a chance.

The dog should be allowed plenty of exercise, but not over much racing or chasing in the sunshine. A swim does him no end of good now. A clean bed and a sweet-smelling kennel are a great treat. So is pure, fresh water. We need hardly remind the reader that a piece of roll brimstone in the water is of no more avail than a lump of brick would be. But a little sulphur in the food about three times a week is useful. Do not forget that plenty of well-boiled and well-mashed greens keeps the blood pure, and averts danger from mange and other skin complaints.

"Fifteen Boys on an Island."—We cannot resist the temptation to call the attention of members of THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE to the great serial story that begins in the next number of THE NEW BOY. This fascinating story of the adventures of a school-boy crew, who were shipwrecked on an island in the Pacific, is full of romance and activity, and is bound to interest every lover of outdoor life and adventure. Be sure to get the next issue of THE NEW BOY.

Indian Relic Hunting.—We know that lots of LEAGUE members would like to collect Indian relics, but imagine that they lack the money to purchase the same. We want to tell such members here that a surprisingly good collection can be accumulated by personal search in the country surrounding their home. There is hardly a section of this country, where there is a stream deep enough to float a canoe, that will not yield up a few relics.

The Indians travelled mainly in canoes, and obtained a great deal of their living by fishing. More often than otherwise they made their camp close to the shore of a lake or stream. When near tide-water they made camp in most any sheltered spot within a mile or two. A

spring of running water was generally not far away. A search of the sunny side of the stream or lake is almost certain to be fruitful. Camp sites were sure to be at the fork of a river. Study up all you can about the Indians that used to live around your section; this will give you some idea of the kind of arrows, knives, cooking utensils, etc., they used.

When relic hunting, take a stick or cane with you, and turn over every

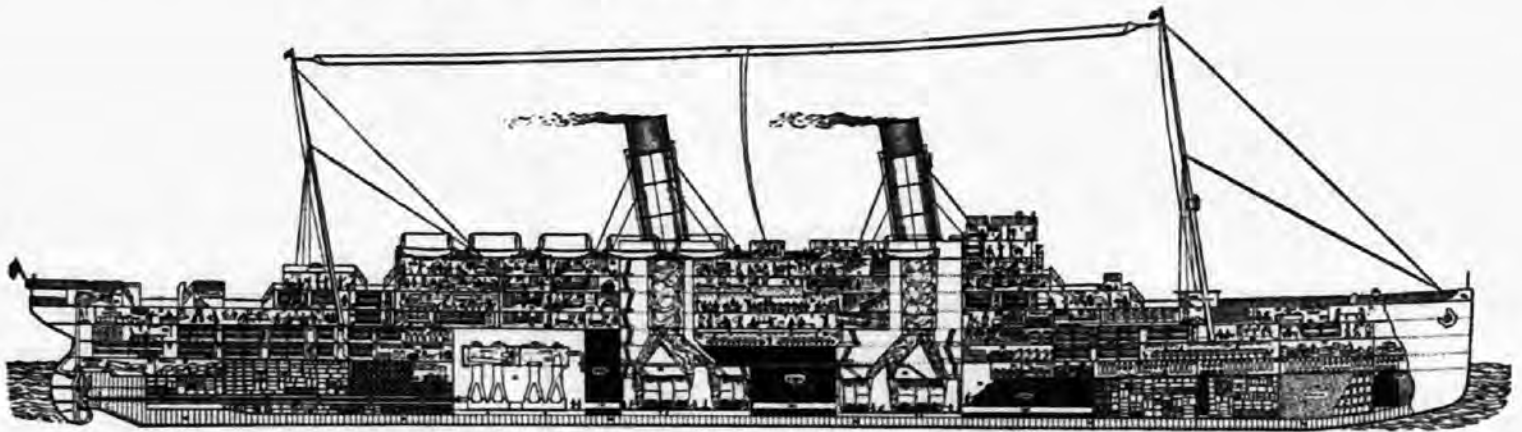
stone whose shape is at all odd or peculiar. Thus you will save time and your back in stooping over. When you strike a section that looks promising, do a little digging. The principal thing to look out for in searching for relics is a quantity of small thin, sharp-edged pieces of flint or other stone. Almost invariably these are chips broken off in making implements, etc. In some parts of the country most of the arrow-points will be of a milky whiteness; in other regions

black will be the principal color. Specimens will be found made so carefully from clear rock that ordinary print can be read through them.

Indian relics are often found thousands of miles from the place where were located the material from which they were made. Spear-points will be picked up in Pennsylvania made from rock native only to South Carolina.

The best time to search for relics in the fields is in the fall, after harvest.

A FLOATING CITY



CUNARD R.M. TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "CARONIA." Length 575 Feet. Breadth 72 1/2 Feet. Gross Tonnage 20,000 Tons.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1st Class Cabin 2nd Class Cabin 3rd Class Cabin Deck Engine Room Funnel Galley Stateroom Trunk Water Tank W.C. Yard 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 4th Class Cabin 5th Class Cabin 6th Class Cabin 7th Class Cabin 8th Class Cabin 9th Class Cabin 10th Class Cabin 11th Class Cabin 12th Class Cabin 13th Class Cabin 14th Class Cabin 15th Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 16th Class Cabin 17th Class Cabin 18th Class Cabin 19th Class Cabin 20th Class Cabin 21st Class Cabin 22nd Class Cabin 23rd Class Cabin 24th Class Cabin 25th Class Cabin 26th Class Cabin 27th Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 28th Class Cabin 29th Class Cabin 30th Class Cabin 31st Class Cabin 32nd Class Cabin 33rd Class Cabin 34th Class Cabin 35th Class Cabin 36th Class Cabin 37th Class Cabin 38th Class Cabin 39th Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 40th Class Cabin 41st Class Cabin 42nd Class Cabin 43rd Class Cabin 44th Class Cabin 45th Class Cabin 46th Class Cabin 47th Class Cabin 48th Class Cabin 49th Class Cabin 50th Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 51st Class Cabin 52nd Class Cabin 53rd Class Cabin 54th Class Cabin 55th Class Cabin 56th Class Cabin 57th Class Cabin 58th Class Cabin 59th Class Cabin 60th Class Cabin 61st Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 62nd Class Cabin 63rd Class Cabin 64th Class Cabin 65th Class Cabin 66th Class Cabin 67th Class Cabin 68th Class Cabin 69th Class Cabin 70th Class Cabin 71st Class Cabin 72nd Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 73rd Class Cabin 74th Class Cabin 75th Class Cabin 76th Class Cabin 77th Class Cabin 78th Class Cabin 79th Class Cabin 80th Class Cabin 81st Class Cabin 82nd Class Cabin 83rd Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 84th Class Cabin 85th Class Cabin 86th Class Cabin 87th Class Cabin 88th Class Cabin 89th Class Cabin 90th Class Cabin 91st Class Cabin 92nd Class Cabin 93rd Class Cabin 94th Class Cabin 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 95th Class Cabin 96th Class Cabin 97th Class Cabin 98th Class Cabin 99th Class Cabin 100th Class Cabin 101st Class Cabin 102nd Class Cabin 103rd Class Cabin 104th Class Cabin 105th Class Cabin
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CROSS SECTION VIEW OF THE CUNARD STEAMER "CARONIA."

Boys Athletic League

Biggest in The World

The greatest athletic organization in the world is one formed of boys. And that organization is the Public School Athletic League of the City of New York. Its high membership numbering 150,000 completely dwarfs that of any other athletic league on earth.

The idea originated with Dr. L. H. Gulick. He also is responsible for the growth of interest in basket-ball, which of late has come into such great favor. Dr. Gulick laid all the plans for the big undertaking, and these, being energetically seconded by Superintendent Maxwell, the league, in December 1903, was incorporated, with Directors Geo W. Wingate, William H. Maxwell, Luther H. Gulick, Dr. John T. Buchanan, Dr. John H. Finley, C. W. Crampton, J. F. Condon, George Hepbron, G. T. Kirby, the Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, H. A. Rogers, C. B. Stone, Gustave Straubemuller, James E. Sullivan and Edward W. Lauterbach.

The first regular meet given by the great league occurred in Madison Square Garden on Dec. 26, 1903. Some idea of the number of contestants taking part in the different races will be understood from the fact that there was 1,040 starters. But so well were the school boy athletes drilled that the most perfect order was maintained, the events were run off per schedule in clockwork manner, and the whole program, which was greater by many times than anything of

a similar nature ever given was finished before 12 o'clock.

The contestants ranged from the undergraduates of the College of the City of New York down to the eight-year-old boys from all the five boroughs of the Greater City. Every one of the contests was of the most interesting character, but more especially the relay races. The High School of Commerce won the trophy given to the school gaining the greatest number of points. De Witt Clinton High School was second, while Brooklyn High School was third.

The purposes of the League, as stated in the charter, are to promote and foster useful athletics in the public schools; also to co-operate and support school athletic association, provide athletic associations, provide athletic grounds and teachers, organize games, offer prizes, and conduct competitions. Several other big meets have since been held by the League, each of which has been full of interest, and many good athletes have been developed, with the prospect of still a larger number being produced in the future.

There is no better illustration of the work of the Public School League than the recent contest for the Grammar School half-mile relay championship decided at Madison Square Garden on March 15. This race attracted more attention than any other on the long program and was exciting from start to

finish. The all-around showing such as judgment of pace, style of running, etc. made by the school teams was fully up to the standard of the contestants from the big clubs and colleges, and the finish which was a very close one, brought the audience to its feet, with much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, to see the result, the winning team being that representing Public School No. 40, with School No. 18 second, and School No. 39 third.

BOY ADVERTISES PLAY

Marvelous work of a Boy of Seven

The Son of an Artist

J. M. Barrie's Great Play

"Peter Pan" London Success

J. M. Barrie's new play, "Peter Pan," which is playing at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London, and which is about a boy who wouldn't grow up, is advertised by hugh lithographed posters. The poster which was personally chosen by Mr Barrie, is the work of a boy of seven—Ben Nicholson, son of William Nicholson, the artist. When Mr. Barrie saw the poster, which Mr. Nicholson showed him as a jest, he was so struck with it that he decided that it was the thing to advertise his new play. Accordingly the boy's drawing was enlarged and done into color.

BASE BALL OUTFIT FREE

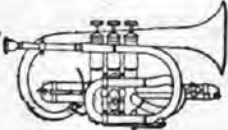


EACH OUTFIT CONTAINS 9 Caps, 9 Belts, 1 Ball, 1 Throwing Glove, 1 Mask, 1 Catcher's Mitt, 1 Book Rules. **BOYS** we give you the complete outfit **Free** for selling only 25 Package **Bluing**, at 10 cts. Every boy wants his club in uniform. **Now** is the chance. Good goods, league pattern. You can earn it in one day. **We trust you.** Cost nothing to try. We take back all not sold. Send your address, and we send you the Bluing postpaid; when sold, send money you get, and we will send the **Complete Base Ball Outfit Free.** Get busy. Write to-day. **Do it now.** **TRUE BLUE CO., DEPT. 729, BOSTON, MASS.**

FREE GOLD WATCH



This watch has **SOLID GOLD LAID CASE**, engraved on **BOTH SIDES**, American movement, fully warranted timekeeper, correct in size, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, **GUARANTEED 20 YEARS.** We give it **FREE** for selling only 20 pieces of handsome **Im. Gold Jewelry** at 10c each. Send address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch; also **GOLD LAID CHAIN. LADIES' OR GENTS' SIZE.** Write today. **LIBERTY JEWEL CO. DEPT. 470 CHICAGO.**



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you carelessly take out this handkerchief and proceed to blow your nose. It's like a sudden clap of thunder. The ladies scream, and your male friends will think they heard the whistle of a steam engine. Everybody will keep their fingers in their ears when they see you going to blow your nose again. You can blame the hideous noise to your having a very bad cold, and keep up the fun as long as you like. Price of Trumpet and handkerchief complete only 15 cents, 4 for 50 cents, one dozen \$1.25, mailed postpaid. The handkerchief alone is well worth the price we ask for both, and the trumpet can be removed or attached to the handkerchief in a moment. **J. S. O'HARA (Dept. M), 116 West 84th St., New York City.**



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HINTS AND NOTES FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

The new Philippines issue of stamps has made its appearance. They bear the faces of distinguished Americans and Filipinos. The following is a description:

- 2 Centavos. Portrait of Rizal, the Filipino patriot executed by the Spanish.
- 4 Centavos. William McKinley.
- 6 Centavos. Portrait of Magellan, discoverer of Philippines.
- 8 Centavos. Portrait of Legaspi, founder of the civil government.
- 10 Centavos. Portrait of General Lawton. Killed at head of his army.
- 12 Centavos. Portrait of President Lincoln.
- 16 Centavos. Portrait of Admiral Sampson, who commanded the American fleet before Santiago.
- 20 Centavos. Portrait of Washington.
- 26 Centavos. Portrait of Carriedo, a Spaniard who gave liberally to erect water works for City of Manila.
- 30 Centavos. Portrait of Benjamin Franklin.

The 1, 2, 4 and 10 Pesos simply bear the coat of arms of the Philippines.

The special delivery stamp has a mountain at one side and a messenger boy opposite side.

The Earl of Crawford, whose ship-rigged yacht *Vaihalla* was here to take part in the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup, is, perhaps, better known as a stamp collector in this country than as a yachtsman. The Earl ranks as one of the most eminent philatelists of England, and who, as Vice-President of the London Philatelic Society, is practically the acting head of that body (its President, the Prince of Wales, may be said to be its head in an honorary sense only, as his engagements naturally do not permit him to preside at its meetings more than once or twice a year). The Stamp Collectors' Club of New York had many entertainments in his honor.

The Earl's collection is valued at more than \$500,000. He is known as a specialist; that is, collects certain countries only in both used and unused condition.

His collection of United States stamps is said to be the best in the world. He possesses a specimen of every stamp that has been issued in this country. Among them is the famous Baltimore

Postmaster stamp, valued at \$4,000; the St. Louis 5c, 10c and 20c Bear stamps, each worth from \$200 to \$3,000; the square New Haven stamp, with the signature of Postmaster E. H. Mitchell, valued at \$3,500. His collection of Confederate Provisional stamps is also practically complete. The Earl also has a pair of the rare Mauritius 1P. and 2P. 1847 issue, valued at \$7,000. King Edward is the owner of the best stamp collection in England, with that of the Earl a close second.

The island of Tonga, (sometimes also known as the Friendly Islands) has become a portion of the British Empire. A new issue of stamps with King Edward's head is now being prepared.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

"Having placed your first thousand stamps in album, don't be frightened at its bareness but calculate your chances of filling it up. Do not try to fill special pages or countries right off. Look at your catalogue and if there are sixty or one hundred listed for one country and only twenty or fifty spaces in your book, get one or more of a type on each page, and then add at your leisure. This is better for keeping up an interest in every country, as if whole pages are full, you cease to look at them."

Fortunately all the pleasure of collecting stamps is not confined to the luxury of owning rarities. The pleasure of the collector of moderate means is a real one and he can enjoy his stamps none the less because he never hopes to enjoy the unattainables.

THE NUMBER OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

According to "Universal Standard Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World," the total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 19,242. Of this number 205 have been issued in Great Britain, and 5,711 in the various British colonies and protectorates, leaving 13,326 for the rest of the world. Dividing the totals among the continents, Europe issued 4,089; Asia, 3,628; Africa, 4,005; America, including the West Indies, 6,095, and Oceania, 1425. Salvador has issued more varieties of postage stamps than any other country, numbering over 450. Poland and Wadhwan have each

found a solitary specimen suffice for their postal needs.

POPE'S MAIL GREATEST.

No one else in all Europe receives as many letters as the Pope. About 22,000 reach the vatican every day, and thirty-five secretaries are kept constantly busy reading and answering them. Next to the Pope comes King Edward of England, who receives about 1,500 letters daily, and then in succession come the Czar and Emperor William, each of whom receives from 600 to 700; the King of Italy, who receives 500, and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who receives from 100 to 150.

Under a new postal regulation, sums under \$2.50 may be transmitted by post card to any part of the Austrian Empire.

For forty-six years the portrait of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has been used on the stamps of that country, and that of Queen Victoria was printed on the stamps of Great Britain for sixty-one consecutive years.

The new 1, 2 and 5c Uruguay stamps are products of the Montevideo "School of Arts and Trades" and are far inferior to the general run of stamps of this country.

The profit to the government on the 11,161,790 stamp books sold last fiscal year was \$77,432.61. The use of these books is increasing at the rate of two million a year.

The rarest stamp is thought to be the one-cent British Guiana of 1856, only one being known to be in existence.

It is rumored that in 1905 Spain will issue a series of stamps to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the writing of Cervante's "Don Quixote."

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THE NUMISMATIST

By the Act of Congress, this session, the president is authorized to cause to be prepared Bronze medals of honor, with suitable emblematic devices, which shall be bestowed upon any person who shall hereafter, by extreme daring, endanger their own lives in saving or endeavoring to save lives from any wreck, disaster or grave accident, or in preventing or endeavoring to prevent such wreck.

SOME HUGE COINS.

It is said that the largest gold coin now in circulation is the gold ingot, or "lool" of Aham, a French colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat, round gold piece, and on it is written in Indian ink its value, which is about forty-five pounds. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang," Japan, which is worth about ten pounds, and next comes the "benda," of Ashantee, which represents a value of about nine pounds.

The California fifty dollar gold piece is worth about the same as the "benda." The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about three pounds.

FREE

An unused set of Cuban stamps to all answering this advertisement.

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Great Britain, 1887-92, 1/2 p to 1 sh.....	.33	.10
Honduras, 1878, 1c. to 1 p (unused).....	.94	.25
Hungary, 1900-01, 1 f to 5 kr. 18 Var.....	.88	.30
North Borneo, 1893, 1 to 24c.....	1.38	.35
Philippine I'nds, on U. S. 1899, 1 to 50c 1.12		.40
Samoa, Prov. Govt, 1899, 1/2 p to 2s. 6p. (unused).....	2.60	1.25

H. A. BLACKWELL, Woodside, N. Y.

BOYS, Have you seen the PHILATELIC PICTURE POST CARDS?

If not, send 10 cents for 3 or 25 cents for 10 different samples.

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100 Var. stamps, including Pan. Am. set, only 20c. Good approval sheet at 50 per cent. to responsible parties. 100 var. of stamps for the names of 2 collectors and 2c. postage. 240 var. of stamps, including Soudan Trooper, Hawaii, Paraguay, etc., 25c. 1 M. mixed for 12c. 1 Set Pan Am. Unused 42c. 25 Var U. S. env. Including a 5c 10c.

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Book full of information. Answers all questions. Have you wealth you do not know of? Price, postpaid, 20c. POTOMAC NOVELTY CO., Brunswick, Md.

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1, 3, 5c pieces are among these	
25 diff. SILVER\$ 2.50
50 7.00
100 20.00

Stamps

12 diff. cat. 20c03
2510
2525
3575

All post free. M. TAUSIG, 20 E. 111th St., N. Y.

STAMPS FREE. 100, all diff., for the names of two collectors and 2c postage, 40 Japan Postage and Revenue Stamps, 25c; 20 Russia, 10c.; 30 Sweden, 10c; Collector's Album, holds 1,200, 15c. Lists free. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. commission. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Servia Coronation Stamps with Deathmask

5, 10, 15, 25, 50 Paras, set..... .65
1000 U. S. and Foreign..... .10
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40 var. stamps from China and Chinese Treaty Ports only..... .50
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25 beautiful stamps from Central America..... .25
100 var. with Pan American set..... .20
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This Coupon is worth **10c**

Send us the names and addresses of the stamp collectors you know, with **10** cents and this coupon, and we will send you the most interesting stamp paper published for 20 weeks.

The Stamp-Lover's Weekly Bethlehem, Pa.

Extraordinary Offer **15c**

To introduce my price list of postage stamps, I will send a complete list of Honduras, 1878 issue, for 10c. Catalogued at 94c.

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10c in SILVER will bring to your home 101 fine, all different, foreign stamps. These are all free from paper and no trash. Approvals at 50 per cent. commission. LEWIS H. DEAN, 52 Taylor St., Keene, N. H.

MEKEEL'S WEEKLY,

of Boston, Mass., advertisement, which appears on page 21, offer is always good, and every stamp collector ought to subscribe.

JOY FOR JOKERS
Amateur Photographers get negatives of our **Funnygrafs** and show your friends riding a mule and other jolly surprises. Booklet, Photos and instructions. 10c silver. COZY CORNER CO., Ada, Ohio.

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Built on the Kodak plan—Daylight loading, Daylight Development. Uses non Curling, 6 exposure film Cartridges for 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 pictures. Has automatic shutter with iris dia phragm stops, meniscus lens, automatic focusing device, reversible finder, two tripod sockets.

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FREE THESE HANDSOME PRESENTS FREE
We will give you absolutely Free your choice of all of these valuable presents for selling only 25 of our handsome and exquisitely cutestones Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. These are positively the handsomest and best selling Jewelry Novelties ever put on the market at the small price we ask for them—only 10c each. Everybody you ask will buy two or three novelties as soon as they see them, as the packages is well assorted and contains jewelry suitable for everyone. Just send your name and address and we will send you 24 jewelry novelties by first mail postpaid, together with large Premium List with full description of each premium. When sold send us the money you get for them and we will send you any of these high-grade presents the very day we receive your remittance to pay you for your trouble. **THIS IS AN HONEST OFFER** and if you are unable to sell the goods we take them back and give you a premium for the ones sold. You need no money. We trust you with the goods until you sell them. Write now. Don't delay. Earn one of these handsome presents. **DREXEL MFG. CO., Dept. Chicago.**

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Is an exquisite and lasting perfume. We have concentrated its fragrance in the tablet form and we are now able to make a liberal proposition to the boys and girls who will become our agents. This perfume sells at sight. It is something new. The women of New York are buying this latest novelty and are very much pleased with it. The old way of selling perfume is past. This preparation sells at sight. We want you to write us to-day enclosing ten cents for a sample. We will send you the entire agents outfit free at once with full particulars. You should take advantage of this at once. You can make money Saturdays and afternoons. We will treat you fair. We give each boy a certain territory; there will be no mix-up in your territory. You better write to-day so as to get the first chance at your town. Write your name and address plainly to

Tan Yan Perfumers

Tan Yan Perfumers
409 W. Broadway, New York
Gentlemen:—Please send me complete information and your proposition. I also enclose 10c for a sample package which contains sufficient Tan Yan to make two ounces of perfume.

409 W. Broadway

Dept. 110

NEW YORK CITY

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....
State.....

BOYS! Send 10c and receive ten formulas for making inks, medicines, perfumes, soaps, etc. G. O. Burnham, Essex, Mass.

If you collect View Cards send for Sample Copy Atlas, 10 E. 23d St., New York, N. Y.

WOO FISH from their haunts with C. C. Bait Compound. Acts the same on fish as catnip does on cats or anise on a dog. Nothing with fins can resist it. 15c a package. Boy Agents Wanted. Bonn Specialty Co., Beverly, Mass.

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for 10 days. We ship on approval to anyone without a cent deposit. Finest guaranteed
1905 Models **\$10 to \$24**
with Coaster-Brakes & Puncture-Proof Tires.
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500 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes & Mod- **\$3 to \$8**
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RIDER AGENTS WANTED to each town at good pay. Write at once for Special Offer on sample bicycle.
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To Introduce Our Latest Large, Powerful Achromatic Telescope, The Excelsior! **NEEDED ON FARM, SEA OR RANCH**

POSITIVELY such a good Telescope was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, measure closed 12 inches and open over 3 1/2 feet in 5 sections. They are **BRASS BOUND, BRASS SAFETY CAP** on each end to exclude dust, etc., with **POWERFUL LENSES**, scientifically ground and adjusted. **GUARANTEED BY THE MAKER.** Heretofore, Telescopes of this size have been sold for from \$5.00 to \$8.00. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view

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This Outfit Would Cost \$2.50 Anywhere.

Do not compare it with the inferior outfits given by other concerns as we never send trash goods to sell, nor do we give trash premiums. The outfits we send contain **SEVEN FULL SIZE PIECES** full regulation size. The ash bat is 32 inches long. The mask is made of heavy wire, full size, 9 1/4 inches long. The catcher's mitt is finely made, heavily padded. The ball is strongly stitched and finely finished (not the 5c. kind). The caps are hand sewed and come in red, white and blue. A tanned leather fielder's glove, and adjustable fancy baseball belt complete. Send us your name and address; we send you **FREE** and **WE TRUST YOU** with 20 of our **New Enamelled Highly Scented Butterfly Chatelaine Pendants**, store price 25c each; to make quick sales we allow you to sell ours at 10c each. When sold send us the \$2.00, we send any present you earn and select. Catalog showing **Hamilton Rifles, 1000-shot Repeating Rifles, Telescope, Watches, Boxing Gloves, Printing Presses, Tents, Hammocks, Complete Fishing Outfits and 100 other Presents** explains everything before you start to work. Send name and address to-day. We know our presents will please you. **A Trial Will Cost You Nothing.**

HAND MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 599, CHICAGO, ILL.

WATCH BARGAIN SALE \$1.69

We have made up for a certain dealer a large quantity of gold finished watches, like illustration. This dealer recently failed and we have these special made watches on our shelves, crowding out our regular line. We have determined to sell the entire quantity—just 2166 watches, at the time of writing this advertisement—**TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE** We must have the room.

Those who take advantage of the opportunity and purchase one of these fine guaranteed "gold" watches, at the ridiculously low price for which we offer them, will be indeed lucky. A description of these watches is as follows: American case, solid gold finished, special fancy engraved back, American lever escapement, stem wind and stem set movement, which is timed, tested, regulated, and fully warranted, in fact a **WRITTEN GUARANTEE** accompanies each and every watch. This watch has every appearance of a solid gold watch selling from \$15 to \$35, and you get a written guarantee that it will keep perfect time. We now offer this special quality of watches, guaranteed to be just as illustrated and described, at the

BARGAIN PRICE of \$1.69

sent prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Those without a watch, or those who wish to purchase a new one, should do well to **ORDER AT ONCE**. We only have the quantity mentioned above, and as soon as they run out we positively cannot fill any further orders at anything like this price, and will then be obliged to return all remittances. Therefore if you are interested in a mammoth watch opportunity, send your order for one of these elegant gold finished guaranteed watches today. Remember the special sale price—\$1.69, no more, no less, as long as the supply lasts. Remit in Postal or Express Money Order, New York or Chicago Draft or Registered mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We always pay the express.

MANUFACTURER'S SUPPLY CO., Carlton Bldg., Watch Dept. 18 CHICAGO



Gold Finished

A Written Guarantee with every watch

The "MONARCH" is the only AUTOMATIC FISHHOOK

M'd that can not be sprung by weeds or in casting. Holds the fish tighter the more he pulls; fish are caught by touching the bait. Small size 10c.; large 15c. Complete set of 5 hooks, 50c. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Agents wanted. **N.E. DOERING & CO., 562 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.**



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Don't You Want a Genuine Diamond Ring or Solid Gold finished Watch warranted to keep perfect time, repaired by us for two years **FREE**, or other valuable premiums on our premium list? Send your name and address and we will immediately send you **FREE** of expense, and trust you with 12 Novelties. Start now by selling them for 10 cents each and send us \$1.20 when sold. You can sell 12 articles easily. Name premium you want.

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Just press the button and on the instant you have a splendid light wherever and whenever wanted. Can be conveniently carried in the pocket. Most useful to everybody. Send money order for 75 cents and we will mail you one immediately. We have them also from \$1. up to \$2.25 for more elegantly finished lamps. Circulars free.

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Our grand new and profusely illustrated book **AMATEUR CONJURING** tells you just how to do all kind of tricks with coins, cards, etc., such as passing a thumb through your knee, making a ring climb a pencil, change water to wine, and many others. Get one and be a regular wizard and shine as a star at all the parties in your neighborhood. Only 10c, pp., and our catalog.

COLONIAL CO., Dept. Y. Bridgeport, Conn.



HERE'S
A CHANCE
BOYS
TO GET A COMPLETE
BASE BALL OUTFIT
ABSOLUTELY FREE

All Express Charges Prepaid

This Baseball outfit consists of a flannel shirt, laced front, well padded pants, college style cap and double strapped worsted belt, color a beautiful light gray. A handsome outfit and one any boy will be proud of owning. This beautiful outfit we will give absolutely free, all express charges prepaid, to boys for selling only thirty-two of our superior quality soft-finished hemstitched handkerchiefs at ten cents each. When sold, send us the three dollars and twenty cents, and the same day we receive the money we will send you your complete baseball outfit absolutely free, express charges prepaid by us. Handkerchiefs easy sellers. Coupon worth ten cents given free with each handkerchief to purchaser.

Send no Money. We trust you. Write at once, and we will send you handkerchiefs and beautifully illustrated premium sheet.
AMERICAN HANDKERCHIEF CO.,
16 East 14th St.,
New York.

FREE TO GIRLS

Beautiful Silk Parasols

Of the finest Jap silk, with two ruffles of the same material and fine silk puffs; very best imported Congo handles and fine steel frames, run and hemmed with silk.

Perfect Beauties Just Like the Pictures.

A beautiful silk parasol absolutely free and all express charges prepaid to every girl from six to twenty years of age that reads this advertisement.

COLORS { Pink, Light and Dark Blue, Purple, Helio and White, Red, Light and Dark Green.

GIRLS. Send no money. We trust you. Write at once and we will send you thirty-two of our superior quality soft finished hemstitched handkerchiefs. Sell them at ten cents each and send us the three dollars and twenty cents, and the very day we receive the money we will send you your choice of any of our beautiful silk parasols, any color or size you desire, absolutely free, all express charges prepaid. Handkerchiefs easy sellers. Coupon worth ten cents given free with each handkerchief to purchaser. Write at once and we will send you handkerchiefs and beautifully illustrated premium sheet.

American Handkerchief Co., 16 East 14th Street,
New York.

Price
5 Cents

AUGUST, 1905

50 Cents a Year
3 Years for \$1.00

THE NEW BOY



A
Monthly
Magazine
of Romance
and Activity
for all Kinds of Boys



THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,

New York Office: 128 East Twenty-third St.

Federalsburg, Maryland.



A monthly Magazine of Romance and Activity, for All Kinds of Boys. Published on the first day of every month. Subscription price 50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.

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THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
Federalburg, Md.
Business Office
128 East Twent-Third Street, New York.

No. 4. AUGUST, 1905. Vol. 1.

Every boy will be delighted with the story of the publishers special trip for the readers of THE NEW BOY. Mr. Ne-green gives many valuable hints regarding foreign travel and those of our boys who contemplate making a European tour will find in the article, "The New Boy Abroad," much of real value and interest.

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

As stated at the end of the Ocean Trip Story, the September number of THE NEW BOY will contain an account of his land journeyings among the most interesting of the old world countries and cities. The article will be illustrated by camera.

The October issue will be a special Stamp Collector's Number. The cover will be a reproduction of some of the most interesting stamps in the world and the publisher will tell of his visiting all the great stamp stores of Europe. This issue will have from 40 to 60 pages and it will be the greatest number of its kind ever presented before the philatelic world.

As announced in our July number, the wonderful new serial story, "Fifteen Boys on an Island," will be begun in the October number. This is the fascinating story of the experiences of 15 boys, shipwrecked on an island in the Southern Pacific and in interest and adventure is comparable to "Robinson Crusoe."

More than a dozen new departments will be started this fall in addition to those already before our boy readers.

If not already a subscriber or if your subscription is about to expire do not fail to send us your subscription. THE NEW BOY will be the greatest paper of its kind in the world and every American boy wants to be a subscriber. 50c per year; 3 years for \$1.00.

VENTRILOQUISM

Easily learned by anyone. 2c stamp brings circular. O. A. Smith, Box F., 2040 Knoxville Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Hardware & Sporting Goods Emporium

47 Whitehall Street, New York City.

Imported cutlery of every description. Fishing Rods, Reels, Lines and Tackle, Baseball Outfits, Hammocks, Dog Collars, Cameras and Photographic Supplies. Best quality of goods and lowest prices.

R. W. ZUNDEL, 47 Whitehall St., N. Y. City.

Send 20c and receive by mail one dozen Four Fly Snelled Fish Hooks. Mention New Boy when you write.

OUR CUT IN PRICES

on things photographic—has certainly raised a disturbance. We can positively save you money over any offer you may have had elsewhere. Dealers with high rents can't afford to do business on small profits. We can.

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for use of our customers. We buy and exchange cameras and lenses. We carry a full line of Fastman Kodaks and supplies.

NASSAU CAMERA EXCHANGE,

80 Nassau St., one easy flight, N. Y. City.

Magic Base Ball Curver. Curve pitching is made easy by its use. Anyone can throw Large Curves and strike out the batsmen as fast they come to bat. It is so small that the batters cannot see it and they all wonder where those Awful curves come from. Price postpaid only 15c. N. C. BATEMAN, Lowville, N. Y.

18 PRESENTS GIVEN. Boys—this is the best and biggest offer in this whole magazine. Just stop and think. Without risking a penny these 18 great gifts are—all yours. 1 fountain pen, 1 combination pocket knife which has corkscrew, glass cutter, cigar cutter and two blades, 1 compass watch charm, 6 gold plated collar buttons, 1 false mustache, 1 complete printing outfit, 1 base ball, 1 false face, 1 mouth-organ, 1 Jews harp, 1 Puch and Judy whistle, 1 policeman's badge, 1 fish line. Send and get 25 copies of our beautiful, brand new song, She Sold Her Love for Gold. Regular price 30c. Sell for 10c. Return our \$2.50 and we will at once ship all the 18 presents mentioned here. Offer good for only 30 days. Minutes are golden. Write today, American Home Supply Co., 648 Avondale Ave., Toledo, O. Most liberal firm in the world.

BOYS WANTED One in each town of less than 3000 population to distribute 300 circulars. In payment we give you a baseball, mask, catchers mit, infielders glove, jack knife or pocket wallet. Write today. PEOPLES COMPANION, Dept. W, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gov't REVOLVERS, GUNS, SWORDS. Military Goods, new and old auctioned to F. Baunerman, 579 Brea lway, N. Y. Large illustrated 15c cat. mailed 6c stamps.

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FINEST WORK. LOWEST PRICES.

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OPTICIAN
Kodaks and Photographic Outfits,
Developing and Printing.
111 Nassau Street, New York City.

Motors

1/2 H. P. Not a Toy. Send for circular. WALSH'S SONS & CO., Newark, N.J.

A BIG STRING OF FISH
is an absolute certainty if you take along a package of our Aromatic Bait on your next fishing trip. Anglers from all quarters report that nothing equals this bait for attracting all kinds of fish to the hook. We send a good supply for only 15c. BENSON & BENSON, Saco, Maine.

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SEND us 10c in silver or stamps, together with the names of 10 persons who get mail at your postoffice who are interested in music, and we will send you our handsome magazine one year. We receive hundreds of subscriptions daily from persons who think our magazine a bigger bargain than Harper's, Munsey's, Ladies' Home Journal or McClure's. This is a special offer for a short time only, so send at once. Our subscription price may advance to \$1 per year very soon. Address, Burges Publishing Co., Dept. O.O., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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with illustrated songs and scenes of travel are most popular.

THE FIELD IS LARGE

Comprising Churches, Public Schools, Lodges, Summer Parks and general public gatherings. WE START YOU furnishing complete outfits and full instructions at a surprisingly low cost. We teach you how to be an expert operator with electric, calcium or any illuminant. We can also place several bright young men with traveling companies that own their own outfits.

If you want to earn big money with small capital write us at once.

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FREE One Year's Reading. Send a year's subscription to American Stories, the best short story magazine published, and we will send you the Boy's Chum one year free. You will also receive one or more popular songs every month for a year, and have your name inserted in our BIG MAIL list. Also a coupon good for a GOLD WATCH. All for a dime. Send today. Americap Stories, Dept. O. O., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WOO FISH from their haunts with C. C. Bait Compound. Acts the same on all kinds of fish as catnip does on a cat or anise on a dog. Nothing with fins can resist it. 15c a package. BOY AGENTS WANTED.
BONN SPECIALTY CO., Beverly, Mass.

SEND FOR THIS
Print your own cards, circulars, etc. Press \$6. Small newspaper press \$18. Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Type-etting easy printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalogues, tyre, paper, etc. THE PRESS COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

JUI-JITSU
COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTOR
Full illustrated on this most interesting and valuable science. Enables the student to master Jui-jitsu in the shortest possible time, and is equal to any other system or course of instruction. Sent postpaid on receipt of 3 DIMES.
JIU-JITSU PUB. CO., 73m West St., N. Y. City.

BICYCLES ON TRIAL
for 10 days. We ship on approval to anyone without a cent deposit. Finest guaranteed \$10 to \$24 1905 Models with Coaster-Brakes & Puncture-Proof Tyres. 1903 & 1904 Models of best makes..... \$7 to \$12
500 Second-Hand Wheels All makes & Models good as new \$3 to \$8
RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town at good pay. Write at once for Special Offer on sample bicycle.
TIRES, SUNDRIES, AUTOMOBILES, MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept CHICAGO

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

AUGUST, 1905.

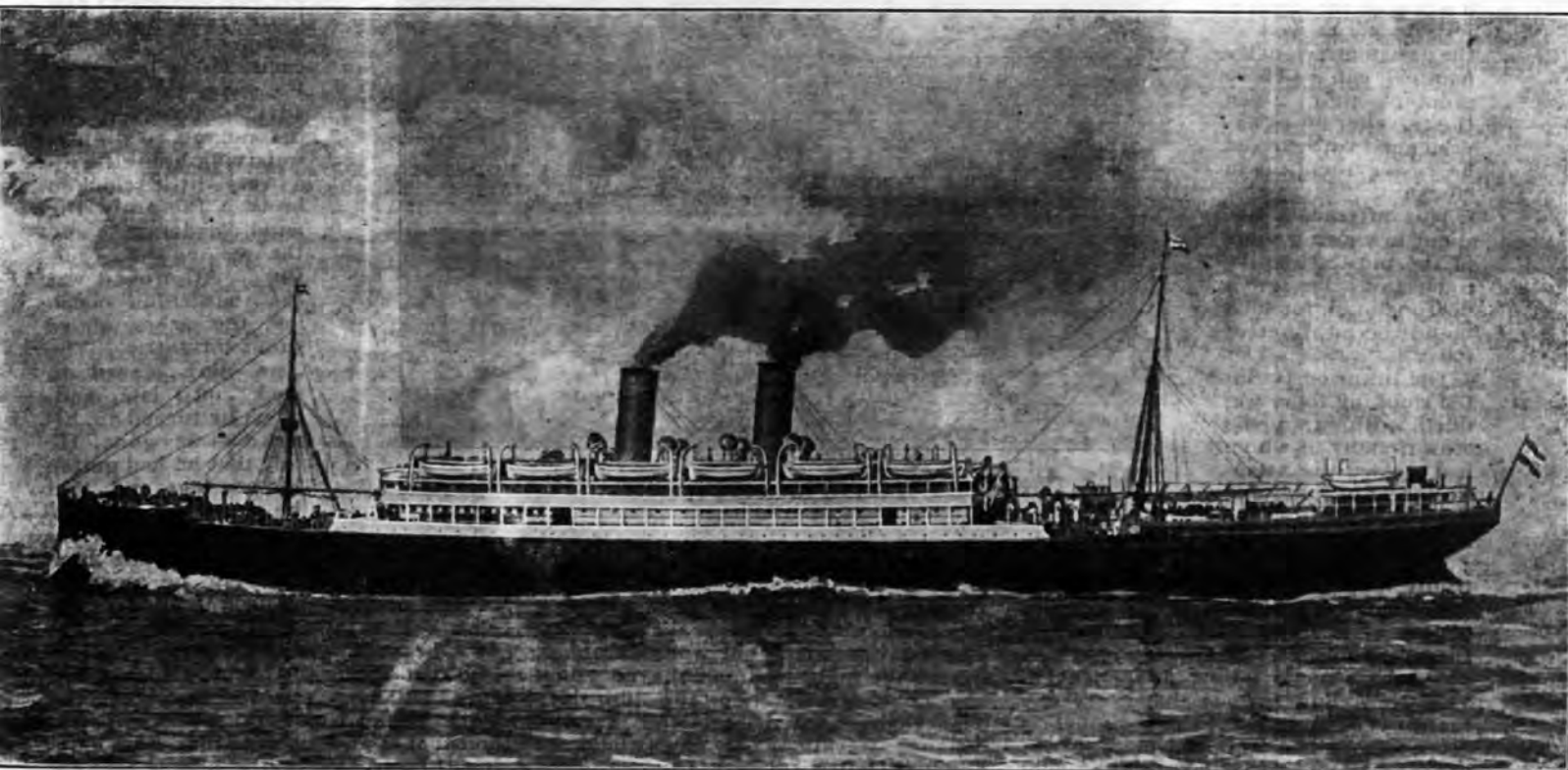
NUMBER 4.

THE NEW BOY IN EUROPE

HE SAILED JULY 18th. FROM NEW YORK TO BREMENHAVEN.

Life on an Ocean Liner.—Incidents of the Voyage.—Whales and Icebergs Met With.—Passing the Campania at Sea.—Wireless Messages Exchanged.—The Boys' Games and Recreations Aboard Ship, Etc.

Read the Story of His Ocean Trip and Look Out for His Next Letter in "The New Boy" for September.



STRAMSHIP FREDERICK DER GROSSE.

Bremenhaven, Germany.

Mr. Joseph F. Negreen of THE NEW BOY writes to advise his readers of his pleasant passage across the Atlantic and safe arrival here.

It was at 10 A. M. on July 18th, that the "Friedrick der Grosse" of the Lloyd line left her New York dock. Named after a king she was indeed, as can be seen from her picture, an ocean queen, with her register of 10,500 tons and displacement of 20,000 tons of water.

On board her were nearly 2,000 souls

and among his 700 first cabin companions THE NEW BOY felt that he was really at sea. But the novelty of the situation, the bustle and excitement of embarking, the locating of his comfortable lower berth, which he had secured on the main deck and amidships, as being the least provocative of sea sickness, the stowing away of the baggage, and the returning of the hearty greetings of those who had come to see him off and to wish him a "Bon Voyage", dispelled every feeling but keen enjoy-

ment and interest in his surroundings.

It was The New Boy's first trip across the Atlantic and it was an animated group of young energetic Americans that came to see him sail.

When the whistles sounded and the last of the visitors had left, the gangways were withdrawn and amid cheers the vessel slowly made her way into the waters of the North River. Every one remained on the promenade deck for the scenery in passing down N. Y. Harbor and Bay can never lose its beauty and charm.

An enthusiastic citizen, who had travelled the world all over was heard to declare that in his opinion the harbors of Sydney and Halifax could not compare in variety of scenery with the Bay of Good Old New York!

The liner was under good speed and it was not long ere she passed Staten Island, slipped through the Narrows and crossed to Sandy Hook, where the pilot, who had skilfully threaded the intricacies of the Bay, was dropped, and the vessel left in charge of the Captain.

It was about this time that the passengers were called to their first meal on board, midday luncheon, served as such a meal is, in a first class hotel only.

Though on his first voyage The New Boy had not neglected to equip himself with an excellent hand camera and photographs of the sights and views met with during his European trip will be presented before his readers. For their benefit, too, he would add that good field or marine glasses add greatly to the tourist's enjoyment. The New Boy found his glasses invaluable. Despite the torrid July heat of New York, warm clothing and rugs were taken by him for the ocean trip as well as for his contemplated railway journeys. On the steamer he had not neglected to secure his steamer chair and to have for wear thick rubber-soled shoes, fast holding on the slipperiest deck, as well as the customary natty nautical cap. These pointers were given the traveller by an experienced voyager and he passes them on in course.

The afternoon was spent in viewing some of the most attractive rooms of the great floating hotel, for such is an ocean liner of today.

The luxuriously fitted smoking room was filled with a jovial crowd, many of whom had crossed the Atlantic dozens of times and were at home from the start.

Next came the beautifully appointed Ladies' Saloon, then the Music Room, with piano, organ and harmonium. Here there was a concert in progress and one could hear good music fluently played. The New Boy learned that every day there were no less than three concerts given; forenoon, afternoon, and an orchestral concert during dinner, equal to that of any New York dining resort. The concerts were given by the room stewards, who were all trained musicians. All this was learned from the Doctor of the ship, who had sat by The New Boy at luncheon.

Time passes on sea as on land, and presently every one left to make some change in dress for dinner, which was served at half past six.

Afternoon tea had been at 4 o'clock for those who wished it, but of this our tourist was not aware until informed later.

Dinner, in the liner's gorgeous saloon, was a sight never to be forgotten. The dazzling electric lights reflected back the polish of fresco and carved work in

mahogany and oak and "shone brightly on fair women and handsome men."

It was an imposing menu, complete as an experienced chef and large staff of cooks could turn out. It seemed to the traveller that there was no end to the number of courses and variety of dishes.

Soups, choices of fish, roasted meats, broiled fowls, side dishes of every kind, apparently every vegetable he knew of, and then puddings, jellies, ices and cheeses, nuts and coffee.

All through the repast the orchestra on the balcony played dreamy melodies or stirring music as the case might be. The New Boy took in the whole scene and as he was ravenously hungry did justice to the chef's efforts.

During dinner he found out from the Doctor that the voyage would last ten days, that the full distance to Bremen-haven from New York was 3528 miles, and that the "Friedrich der Grosse" would likely reach Plymouth, on the South coast of England, on the 9th day out, when she would make her first stop by land. From Plymouth she would proceed across the British Channel to

skylight he could see that the waves ran high and with white caps, while a strong wind was blowing. He made haste to gain the deck for somehow the air of the cabin seemed close and stuffy. From deck he saw that they were out of sight of land, though there were one or two vessels in view, as well as some sea birds circling in their wake. The wind had freshened during the night and the Atlantic rollers were growing in strength. It was difficult to keep one's feet and The New Boy was glad he had on rubber-soled shoes. One of the stewards approached and asked if he would care for an early cup of coffee. But somehow he did not feel inclined to partake of anything. The sea continued to rise and the ship yielded more to it until it became a case of a pitch and a toss with side rolls thrown in. Passengers who had come on deck made retreats to their cabins. He, too, felt the strangeness of the motion; and, for a moment, he did not understand what was the matter until he felt that to lie down would be a good thing!

He had the customary attack of sea sickness and was perfectly content to let breakfast and lunch go by the board. For some three hours he thought he would never care to eat again! But his sickness was short lived and in the late afternoon fought his way up on deck and there, reclining in his steamer chair, soon became himself again. Following the Doctor's advice, however, he did not go to dinner, satisfying himself with a very little chicken broth. Presently, the wind moderated, and the evening was beautiful. All around was the dark blue ocean and the stars above shone brightly. The New Boy stayed on deck until late, and, when he turned in, his sickness was gone. He felt that he had gotten his sea legs and that he was a son of Neptune! After a luxurious salt water bath next morning he ascended



TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

the famous French port of Cherbourg, where she would arrive on the same day. Leaving Cherbourg, she would steam on during the night to Bremen-haven which she should make early on the 10th day. The Doctor stated that the average distance travelled per day would be about 350 miles.

Every day at midday the officers take observations, determining by their sextants the exact latitude of the ship, and from that and the longitude finding out just how many miles are travelled.

When The New Boy retired to his state room, after a turn on the deck, he slept soundly. There was hardly any sea on, only a gentle swell and the big liner was steady as a rock. It seemed to him that he had been scarcely asleep when his room steward notified him that it was six o'clock. As he dressed he was conscious of a change in the weather. The ship was not tossing but was swinging from side to side and had also a very distinct rise and fall from stem to stern. Through his state room

to the promenade deck, feeling as the New Yorker says, "fine as silk." The first he met was the Doctor who told him that during the night wireless messages had been received from the New York bound Cunarder, The Campania, and that at any moment they were looking to see the smoke of her funnels. Both vessels carried the Marconi wireless telegraph apparatus and had exchanged news. The Campania reported a fine passage, the only accident being her sighting a great field of icebergs off Newfoundland Banks.

As they talked, in the horizon appeared the faintest speck of haze, and through his glasses, our traveller could see that it was the smoke of a steamer, as yet invisible. In a very short time the tips of the masts came in view, then the black tops of the great red smoke stacks, through which you can drive a carriage and pair of horses, and then the whole of the majestic vessel showed up, coming rushing through the waves at some 25 miles an hour. The passing of

the two great ocean steamships was an impressive sight and those on deck thanked their good fortune in seeing it.

Whether by design or accident the officers of the watch brought the vessels so close that handkerchiefs and hats were waved in greeting while the flags of both liners were dipped three times in courteous salutation. At the high rate of speed they carried it seemed only a few minutes until the Campania's smoke was lost in the ocean vista behind. The Doctor predicted that she would reach her New York pier very early as she was going at record gait.

After breakfast The New Boy was able to enlarge his knowledge of the ship and those aboard it. Being much interested in the wireless telegraphy he took occasion to view the apparatus installed on the vessel.

The operator told of the usefulness of the wireless messages and of the incalculable benefit the system was to steamships and to those on land, who could now catch their friends, if need be, in the middle of the ocean!

It was in the afternoon that he beheld the ship's fire drill. The officers and men have as efficient a fire corps on board as could be met with anywhere. Every day the brigade turns out for practice and to make certain that everything is in its right place and is in working order. The firemen worked with a will. The engines were manned in no time and the fire hose was in evidence all over the ship. At each life boat stood a crew, ready to lower away should real danger have been present.

When the fire corps was mustered out they received rounds of applause from the appreciative passengers, who felt that they were secured against that awful peril of the sea—fire. The fire drill was followed in this case by a boat drill which can be best grasped by looking at the camera illustration.

In the afternoon The New Boy began to enter into the games and amusements which pass the time pleasantly for those on board ship. There were the concerts for those who desired to stay in the saloons; but for those who preferred the bracing ocean ozone there was no lack of recreation on deck. The boys on board, and there were many, were particularly given to playing shovel board.

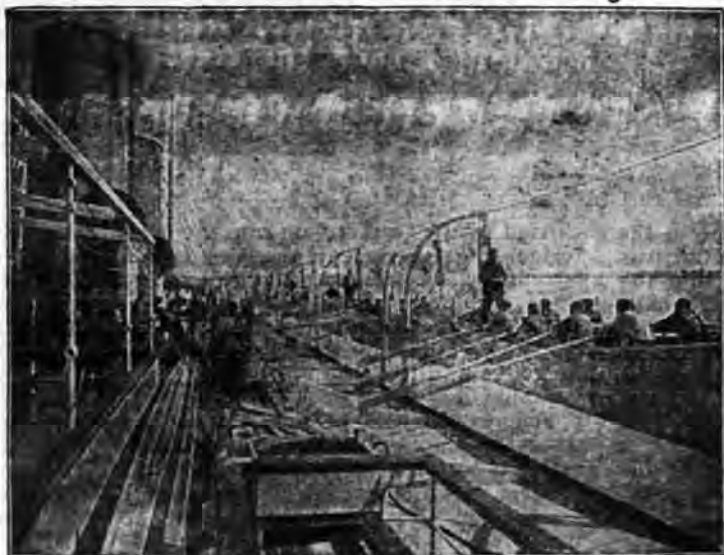
This, as all know, is a game of very ancient origin. On board ship it is played differently from on land. The players are provided with poles, some 6 feet in length, with a flat spade shaped piece of wood at one end. These are the shovels, so to speak. The board is a round wooden disc and each player tries to push these discs with his shovel as nearly to the winning line as possible.

The game can be played by any number and great sport is afforded; one point in the play to be striven after, being to knock out the best shot any of

your opponents may have made, even at the cost of going out of bounds yourself. Any disc that goes over the line is out of bounds and out of the game. The victors are those whose discs show nearest the winning line. The players stand some 30 feet from the winning line, or further should they desire; and, as the deck is broad and smooth, it makes an admirable surface to play on. On land the game is played indoors, with leaden weights which are pushed by hand along a board covered with sand, making the force applied by the hand a matter of skill and judgment.

But shovel board in the bright sunshine and invigorating air of an ocean liner's upper deck is a splendid game and a magnificent health tonic.

All through the voyage The New Boy played enthusiastically and was correspondingly benefitted physically and mentally. Another game in which many shared was deck quoits. On board ship the quoits are made of rope, similar in shape to the metal quoits handled by players on land, but of course lighter in



BOAT DRILL.

weight. There are several pins placed on deck and the game consists in throwing the quoit so as to ring a pin. The side that rings most pins is declared victorious. There is no restriction put upon the inclinations of the passengers in regard to games and recreation. It is all the other way on board ship; and when some enthusiastic American boys got up a baseball game none was more eager to see them play than the Captain of the ship. For passengers who wished, chess, cards, dominoes and all manner of table games were provided in the smoking room. So time passes very pleasantly and rapidly on an ocean voyage. The exploration of the big ship itself is a matter of time; and, it was not until he had been some days out that our tourist found his way into the remoter parts of the vessel. They were all visited in turn, however, even to the ship's pantry, a place of no little interest to the hungry ocean traveller, for no matter how satisfied one rises from the table, one sits down to the next meal as hungry as ever.

The engine room, with its bewildering mass of great rods and pistons, oiled and shining like silver, was early visited.

A glance at a picture informs more than a page of writing and as The New Boy is a camera enthusiast his Readers may be assured that no one point of interest will escape them if it can be Kodaked.

It was on Sunday afternoon that the first iceberg was met with. The day was exceptionally fine and the saloons were deserted for the promenade decks. The Captain had left the Bridge for a genial word or two with some of the passengers, his personal friends, and the news was passed round that in the North there was a vast number of icebergs slowly coming towards us. Everyone was on the alert; but, though glasses were brought into use, no one could discern the ice field, for such it really proved to be. Suddenly a new element entered into the scene. To the North of the steamer were visible what looked like quick puffs of smoke rising from the troughs of the waves. And before

any one could speak, almost right ahead rose two great jets of water which were followed by the huge herd and shoulders of a monster whale as, making a levin than like somersault, he dived headlong in to the ocean, the great broad tail of him hurling the waters on all sides as he disappeared in the deep.

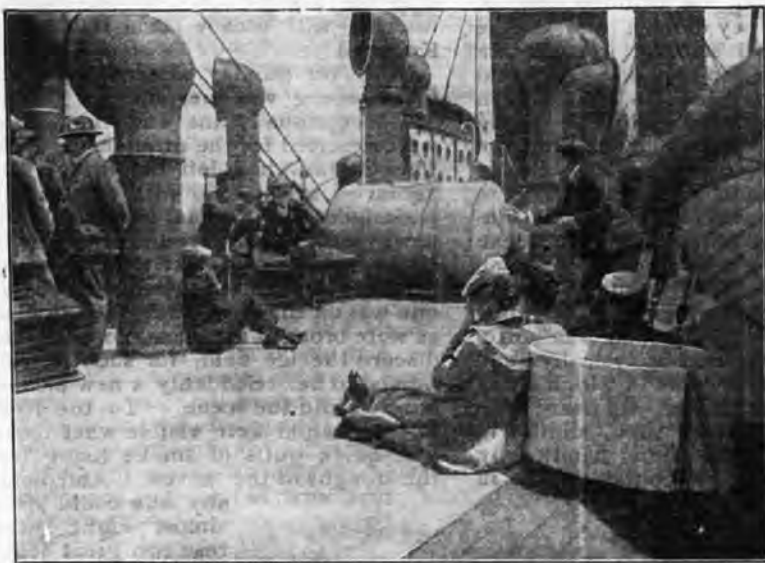
"Where the icebergs are, there will be the whales," said the Doctor. "See! there are the bergs now and in half an hour we shall be as close to them as is comfortable."

It was a wonderful sight when we came in close view of the great ice mountains that swung majestically to and fro on the Atlantic rollers. There must have been the breaking up of a great Arctic ice field, for the string of

bergs stretched away for quite a distance. In the bright sun light their dripping, glistening sides sparkled at times like diamonds. Some of them were hundreds of feet above the waves while others looked like islands, capped by towers and palaces. As the spectators gazed in awe upon these wonders of Nature, with a noise like that of thunder, a gigantic berg suddenly split clear off at the water's edge, the upper part crashing into the sea amid mountains of foam and water.

It was only the rapidly revolving screws of the steamship that tore The New Boy from this wondrous sight. He was so spellbound that he even forgot to regret that the bergs were too far off to be Kodaked.

On the Tuesday morning after seeing the icebergs our traveller was scanning through his glasses the waste of waters around. There was not a bird in the sky, not a sail or trail of smoke in the horizon, nothing but sky and ocean. After a time it seemed that on the edge of the horizon he could discern some



A DECK SCENE.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.
13 miles from Plymouth.

floating object, very indistinct in the distance. The Doctor happened to pass at the moment and, handing him the glasses, he asked him if he could make out anything through them.

"Why," said the Doctor, "You have sighted one of the gravest dangers of the sea. That is undoubtedly a derelict. Come and report the matter to the officer of the watch. It may have escaped his notice." This proved to be the case and The New Boy received congratulations upon his vigilance.

The Doctor went on to say, as the steamer passed the floating wreck, that more marine disasters were caused through colliding with derelicts than a landsman could believe. These wrecks were generally of vessels laden with lumber and, abandoned by their crews, they would float, waterlogged, from point to point in the Atlantic Ocean, turning up here one year and in another quarter the next, always a menace to navigators. He related how England had sent out a gunboat commissioned to destroy all the derelicts she could come across, and how, after all, very little had been accomplished. If set on fire, the derelict burned to the water's edge only and floated on, a worse danger than before. Breaking them up by explosive shells had met with better success. Ramming them had ended in one case by the derelict passing under the unprotected keel of the gunboat and so damaging the sheathing that she had to make for the nearest port for repairs. The Doctor stated that, after years of drifting around, many of these derelicts are

carried by the Gulf stream into the mysterious Sargasso Sea, off the West Indian islands, where the ocean is full of sea weed and a perpetual stillness reigns; and, once in the grip of the clinging, crawling weeds, the wrecks are held as in a vice, until they moulder away from veritable decay.

The vessel had been a week at sea when the Captain announced at breakfast that on the next evening the "ship's concert," as it is termed, given on every voyage by the passengers, would be held, a collection to be made afterwards for the Seamen's Benefit Fund. This was the first sign that the voyage was nearing its end. The Doctor told The New Boy that if he cared to be on deck at daybreak, Thursday, he would get his first sight of the Old World, the Scilly Islands light house, for they would certainly reach Plymouth by breakfast hour on that day.

The concert, which was attended by all, proved a great success and quite a large sum was realized for the Seamen's Fund. This was the last evening before sighting land and jollity and good fellowship were in great evidence. Every one had enjoyed the trip and the praises of the ship, its captain, officers and crew were of the warmest. In the smoking room there was pledging of healths and bumpers to renewal of acquaintance and the next meeting. And in the saloons vows of eternal friendship were being made among the ladies.

It was early morning, or certainly very late when The New Boy got to his room. Despite his resolution to rise with the

sun, the Steward told him that it was after 6 o'clock, that they had passed the Scilly Islands and The Lizard and that now they were in sight of the famous Eddystone Lighthouse, 13 miles distant from Plymouth.

Losing no time he got on deck and there in the July morning had his first glimpse of the Lighthouse, and, beyond that, of the historic shores of England.

The liner soon reached Plymouth, where she did not dock, but lay outside the harbor, passengers being taken off and on by the tender. There was no time lost and just as soon as possible the steamer was speeding across the channel for Cherbourg. Here she came to dock and The New Boy was able to put his foot upon French soil. Cherbourg is simply a great fortified port and, in the harbor, were French war vessels of all sizes. In his next letter The New Boy will give views and fuller impressions of Cherbourg. It lacked now only a little time before he himself would reach his destination, Bremenhaven, and, following the Doctor's advice he tried to get a good night's rest before he began his land journeyings. The rattling of chains and the general clangor that accompanies a liner's getting to her dock awakened him in the morning.

There was the customary hurry getting luggage and effects in order; but finally, after cordial good byes to the Doctor and the many friends he had made on board, he found himself in Bremenhaven, after 10 days voyage from New York and just in time to send off his first travel letter.

Look for his next—in it will be The New Boy's impressions and experiences in Europe—what he saw in Cherbourg, in Bremenhaven, in Bremen, in Brussels, Leipsic, Prague, Bohemia, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and other famous Old World cities. His Kodak will give views of everything—so watch for his next letter—The First European Experiences of The New Boy.

The Enchanted City,

Thrilling Tale of Portuguese Exploration in Africa. (This story begun in numbers 1 and 2 of THE NEW BOY, these issues free to new yearly subscribers.)

CHAPTER XIV.

BENEATH THE EARTH.

As the inevitable doom drew nearer and nearer, Da Estrella's fevered fancy was wrought up by these accumulated horrors into a kind of delirium. Wild and monstrous shapes flitted before his swimming eyes, and the surrounding darkness seemed peopled with strange and awful sounds, among which the measured dripping of the fatal water was heard louder and louder. Then he thought that he felt the beam quivering as if just about to sway downward and hurl him into the abyss, when suddenly the door swung open, and a tall figure rose up out of the darkness, which appeared at first sight to be that of the abhorred fetishman. But the apparition's first word undeceived him.

"Fear not, white chief; Massange never forsakes his friends."

"Massange?" echoed Da Estrella, whose stunned brain could hardly realize this strange and sudden deliverance, even when he felt the Mantee's strong hands lifting him onto the floor and cutting his bonds.

"Even so; but we will talk hereafter—let us escape while we can."

Don Sebastian tried to rise, but his stiffened limbs, numbed by their long confinement, refused to support him. The gigantic savage caught him up like a child, and Da Estrella felt himself borne from the fearful chamber into the larger one beyond, and then carried through utter darkness along a narrow passage and down a seemingly endless flight of rock-cut stairs.

"This is the priest's entrance," said Massange, "and luckily all the doors have been left open for the fetishman to come back and see if the sacrifice is complete. Now, 'Son of the Stars,' can you manage to crawl a little way, for just here the passage is very low."

It was, indeed, and Da Estrella, stiff and bruised as he was, found it no easy matter to drag himself along upon his hands and knees. But, suddenly, a faint gleam of light became visible; a strong pull drew him up onto his feet, and, as if by magic, he found himself all at once in the open air, just at the foot of the palace rock, with the first pale glimmer of the rising moon peering above the dark, black precipices overhead.

"We must be off before that moon gets brighter," whispered Massange, chafing Don Sebastian's benumbed limbs as they crouched together in the shadow of a fallen rock. "I will lead you out by the underground passage, for I know it well; in these days before Kabembi reigned, when there was a talk of peace between the Ngolos and Mantees, I spent many a day in this town, till I learned to know every part of it. Muffle yourself well in this black ox-hide, and if anyone sees you, they will take you for my assistant. As for me, I am safe in the trappings of the fetishman, for he will scarcely come back to claim them."

Don Sebastian started, and was about to ask an explanation to this gloomy hint, when the Mantee chief rose silently to his feet and moved silently and swiftly down the gorge between the palace rock and the main cliff. Da Estrella, now partially recovered, followed as quickly as he could; and they speedily found themselves in front of a broad, low, natural archway in the sandstone, damp and gloomy as the mouth of a tunnel. This was the entrance to the famous "underground passage," but right in front of it lay sleeping on the ground a score of Ngolo warriors!

To pick their way among these sleepers, in this dim light, was no easy task, but

Massange guided his companion through them with unerring skill, and had just reached the mouth of the cavern when Don Sebastian seized his arm and stopped him. The young cavalier's almost paralyzed brain had begun to revive, and the first thought checked his steps, even in that moment of deadly peril.

"We must not fly and leave Donna Rosarita to perish," said he; "it would be a shame—"

"Are you mad, 'Son of the Stars?'" answered Massange, in a fierce whisper. "To seek her at haphazard in such a town as this would be certain death to us both; whereas, if we escape, her life is in no danger, believe me; for two of the Ngolo chiefs are now prisoners in my camp, and, to-morrow, I will send word to Kabembi that if any harm is done to the white Mahmie (lady), they shall both die forthwith. Come, quickly."

He entered the cavern as he spoke, and Don Sebastian reluctantly followed.

A pale glow (which seemed like lamp-light) soon began to be visible ahead of them, revealing a number of tall figures standing with spears in their hands along either side of the passage. But Massange went past these sentinels without the slightest hesitation, and they, recognizing the trappings of their fetishman, paid little attention to either him or his muffled companion.

The light grew stronger as they advanced, and a sudden turn showed them a large lamp, hanging from a stout beam that hung right across the cavern, about seven feet above the ground. Its light was certainly needed, for just beneath it yawned a dark and fearful chasm that seemed to go right down into the very heart of the earth, and even more hideous and gloomy than the "crocodile pit," which Don Sebastian had so narrowly escaped. Plainly it had once extended clear across the whole passage, for even now it was only passable by a narrow, slippery ledge, cut in the side of the rocky wall, across which Massange carefully guided Da Estrella, who was still weak and would have certainly fallen in but for his companion's sustaining hand.

"Just here," said the Mantee chief, "the fetishmen go through their ceremonies after a sacrifice; and it was here that (as I was stealing in to see what I could do to help you) I caught that fellow who wanted to sacrifice you, and in whose trappings I made my way into the Temple of Death."

"And what did you do with him?" asked Da Estrella.

Massange pointed down to the black abyss with a smile, and Don Sebastian, shuddering slightly, went forward in silence. A few moments later the Mantee laid himself flat down on his face and began to crawl like a snake along the ground, bidding his companion to do likewise.

"Keep hold of my ankle, and we shall be out directly," said he.

The next moment Da Estrella found himself wriggling through a hole so narrow that he wondered how his guide's bulky form could have passed it at all. Then, suddenly, the pliant bough of a thorn bush switched him across the face, and the cool night air came fresh upon his heated forehead, and he found himself (with a strange and bewildering sense of having actually risen from the dead) OUTSIDE the grim fortress which had so long been his prison, and wellnigh his tomb likewise.

But Massange, fearing that the brightening moonlight might even now betray

them to the enemy, hurried him away at once into the thickets, which along the eastern side of the rocks (where they now were) had escaped the bush fire that had swept bare the whole plain to the west.

"Well done, noble captain! The Ngolos ought to call you the 'man who cannot die' instead of me," said a familiar voice; and amid the group of Mantee warriors that gathered joyfully around them appeared the tall, gaunt figure of Mad Manoel, now Massange's inseparable companion.

But now the excitement of his wonderful escape had died away, Don Sebastian's strength began to fail; and when they reached the Mantee camp, he had hardly time to swallow the food that he so much needed, when he sank into slumber so deep and dreamless that it might well have been mistaken for death.

But not long after sunrise he was aroused by a hand on his shoulder and Massange's voice in his ear.

"Up, 'Son of the Stars!' the great white chief has sounded his trumpets, and Kabembi has come forth to speak with him."

Da Estrella was on his feet in a moment; but it was some distance from the scene of action, and he reached it only just in time to witness Jose d'Ouro's last and most audacious assumption of his character, which has already been described. Then all his loathing and hatred of the arch-villain exploded in one word—

"Liar!"

All started and turned around, for all knew the voice; and when Don Sebastian threw back the black ox-hide which he still wore, the soldiers sent up a shout of joy that made the air ring. Pedro Gomez, pale and haggard from his sickness, sprang out of the ranks and clutched his master in a hug worthy of a polar bear, while Don Miguel, forgetting all his dignity, rushed up and seized Da Estrella's unoccupied hand.

"Comrades," shouted Don Sebastian with all his strength, as he pointed to the livid face of the wretch who had usurped his name so long, "you have thought me a traitor and a villain; judge now which is the traitor, I or my father's murderer!"

He was answered by a shout that seemed to shake the very earth, as scores of muskets were leveled at the shrinking figure of Jose d'Ouro, who drew back in terror and cowed like a beaten dog behind a pinnacle of rock.

"Hold!" shouted Kabembi, lifting his mighty voice above the uproar, while he brandished a huge knife over the head of Donna Rosarita. "Fire but one shot against our walls, and this girl shall die! The 'Son of the Stars' has escaped us, but we have still one prisoner left!"

"And we have two," retorted Da Estrella, pointing to the two captive Ngolo chiefs of whom Massange had spoken, and whom the Mantee warriors dragged forth at his signal. "Touch but one hair of her head, and these men shall die!"

The savage king paused, irresolutely, for both captives were renowned warriors and men of great importance in his tribe. He seemed to meditate for a moment, and then he spoke:

"Hear my words, chief of the white men. Withdraw thy soldiers—leave our town in peace—and thy daughter shall live, and we shall talk hereafter of how she shall be given back to thee. But if thou refuse to retire, and wilt still remain here to threaten us, we will first kill the white MAHMIE (lady), and then fight till every man of us is slain. I, the King, have spoken it!"

Before Don Miguel could reply, Da Estrella drew him aside and whispered something to him with great earnestness. Thereupon the General turned to Massange and seemed to ask him some emphatic question, which the Mantee chief answered with equal energy, confirming his reply by vehement gestures.

"King of the Ngolos!" said Don Miguel, stepping forward, "we withdraw from before thy town. Thine own eyes shall see us retire this very day, and as thou shalt deal with my daughter, so will we deal with thy chiefs."

Kabembi inclined his stately head assentingly and turned away, while his followers led off Donna Rosarita.

Don Miguel was as good as his word. That very afternoon, the whole Portuguese camp was in a bustle of preparation. Men were seen pulling up the tent pegs, slinging camp-kettles and cooking-pots, loading mules or pack-horses, and the Mantees, on the other side of the camp, were swarming out of the thickets and moving away to the southeastward.

That night a broad glare lighted up the dark plain, as if the Portuguese were burning up what they could not carry away; and when morning came there was not a single enemy in sight. A few Ngolo scouts ventured forth and, having gone right around the outside of the fortress came back to report that the besieging army had completely disappeared.

Then the savages, simple and impulsive as children, while ferocious and blood-thirsty as wild beasts, gave themselves up to unrestrained rejoicing.

All their troubles were forgotten—their past defeats and sufferings, the unaccountable disappearance of their fetish-man, the mysterious escape of the "Son of the Stars," the danger that had so recently threatened them, and the greater perils that threatened them in the future. They spoke as scornfully of their late assailants and as boastfully of their own valor as if the invaders had been hurled back at the point of Ngolo spears, instead of retiring of their own accord.

A feast was proclaimed in honor of the enemies' repulse, and by noon the whole city was one great riot of mad gluttony and excess, such as any one who has been among African savages must have witnessed only too often.

But the wild revellers, who made every corner of the fortress echo with their brutal yells and drunken laughter, might have been less gleeful if they could have heard the conversation that was passing between two men, who sat listening to the gradual dying away of the hideous uproar as night drew on, crouching in a kind of narrow burrow among the thickets to the east of the fortress.

"These fellows will sleep soundly after this, 'Son of the Stars,' and they will not awaken until our war-cry rouses them. They are rejoicing over our departure, but they have forgotten that we can come back again!"

"Are your men all ready?" asked Don Sebastian.

"They are," answered Massange, "and the moment the sun sets they will move up to the city and await our signal."

"So will mine," said Da Estrella, "and as for me, I am ready to go whenever you give the word."

"Not yet, 'Son of the Stars.' We must wait until night comes and until these howling bushmen are all asleep; then shall our feet tread once more the path that leads THROUGH THE DARKNESS."

The long wished for darkness came at last, and it came in full measure. Through the black, full, murky, dismal night neither moon nor stars were to be seen, and when Don Sebastian rose from his hiding place at Massange's signal, the gloom was so utter that, save for the faint glow of the dying fires of Poong Ndongo, he would have been quite at a loss in which direction to turn. But the savage's unerring senses needed no aid, either from light or landmark, and he strode onward as unhesitatingly as if it had been broad daylight.

As the two daring men moved onward on their perilous mission, there rose from the thickets behind them a faint, ghostly rustle, like the falling of rain upon withered leaves; but it was really the tread of hundreds of armed men, hastening to their posts. Massange and his comrade crept on as stealthily as shadows, knowing that a single incautious whisper might betray them, even now, should any of the Ngolos be still awake.

But, all at once Massange stopped, laid himself flat on the earth and began to crawl downward into the hole that led to the underground passage, closely followed by his companion.

Brave as he was, Don Sebastian could not repress a shudder on finding himself once more in the dismal cavern through which he had crept two nights before with death at his heels.

As he forced himself through the narrow cleft that formed the gateway to these sunless catacombs, the utter darkness, the wet, slimy walls, the tomblike silence, and the damp, foul, earthy closeness of the air made him feel as if he were in very truth descending into the grave. And a grave, in truth, this gloomy tunnel was likely to prove to him, should Kabembi have preserved his senses amid that hideous revel sufficiently to think of planting sentinels in this one available avenue of approach to his last stronghold.

But to all appearances the passage was unguarded. As they stole onward through the ghastly twilight which the lamp by this time begun to cast in to utter blackness beyond it, they paused behind every projecting rock and in every shadowy hollow to look and listen for some sign or sound of life. But no living thing was to be seen save themselves, and no sound was to be heard save the stealthy tread of their own feet.

Twice Massange laid his ear to the ground and listened long and earnestly. But not the slightest sound broke the grim silence, and they crept onward till the hanging lamp was in full view, and its light showed the black mouth of the yawning chasm.

Hark! What was that? Could it be a stealthy footstep?

Both stopped and held their breath to listen. It was a footstep! Beyond all doubt, coming slowly toward them from the other end of the passage—that which lay nearest to the town!

Massange seized Don Sebastian's arm and dragged him over the ledge-like path that skirted the chasm, into the shadow of a projecting angle of the rock, where they might lie hid till the man (for there seemed to be only one) came right up to them, and then spring upon him unawares.

The approaching footsteps came steadily on, and the man was close upon them, when a piece of sand stone cracked sharply beneath Don Sebastian's heel.

The sound appeared to startle the unknown, who stopped suddenly and called out in a shrill and somewhat tremulous voice:

"Who is there?"

It was the voice of the traitor mulatto!

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST STRUGGLE.

The hated voice of his father's murderer, and his own bitterest foe, kindled Don Sebastian's hot blood into a living fire, and he sprang forward, sword in hand, feeling that all was lost unless this troublesome witness was secured before he could give the alarm. But quick as he was, Massange was quicker. With one bound he was upon the villain who had betrayed him, and ere Jose could utter a cry, the Mantee's mighty arms seized him in a clutch, compared to which the hug of a grizzly bear would have been merciful.

Vainly did the writhing wretch strive to draw his dagger; vainly did he struggle to cry for help. Beneath that terrible clasp his breath and strength seem-d to expire altogether, and, although his foam-streaked lips opened and shut convulsively, no sound issued from them.

Meanwhile Da Estrella hovered about them with uplifted sword, watching in vain for a chance to aim a death blow at Jose; for so mingled together were the two figures in the dim light that he durst not strike for fear of injuring his friend. Staggering to and fro in each other's grasp, the wrestlers drew nearer and nearer to the fatal gulf, and Don Sebastian felt his heart stand still as he saw them tottering upon its very brink, and, seemingly, just about to plunge in together. Twice Massange put forth all his strength to cast his foe from him; but the supple mulatto clung to him with the clutch of desperation, and was not to be shaken off.

"Traitor!" growled the chief, in a voice hoarse and broken with the strain of that deadly grapple, "did you think when you had betrayed me to the Ngolos and doomed me to be food for the crocodiles, that you had nothing more to fear? A Mantee never forgets a good deed or a bad one. Take your reward!"

He swung himself around as he spoke, and dashed the traitor's body with all the might of his great strength full upon a point of the rocky wall behind him. Jose instantly relaxed his hold with a deep groan, and the next moment Massange's great arms hurled the helpless villain, like a stone from a sling, headlong into the gulf of blackness below. No cry came up from that awful chasm, but there was heard far down in its unseen depths a dull, hollow reverberation, like some heavy body being dashed from ledge to ledge down a tathomless abyss. Then all was still.

The two men moved forward in utter silence, Massange breathless from his terrific exertions, and Da Estrella dumb with sheer horror. But scarcely had the gleam of the light died away behind them, when a faint light became visible in front; and a few moments later they emerged from the underground passage into the very heart of their enemies' fortress, and saw far above them the perilous bridge that spanned the gulf between the palace rock and the main cliff, drawn like a black line athwart the starlit sky, from which the black clouds that obscured it were fast rolling away.

Here they halted and listened intently, straining their eyes meanwhile to catch any sign of life among the surrounding huts or the overhanging cliffs. But all was as silent as death. Not a sound broke the ghostlike stillness of midnight; not a living thing was to be seen in the open space around them or in the dark rocks above.

"All is well," whispered Massange. "Go back, 'Son of the Stars' and bring up our warriors; I will stay here and watch, for even should any one see me, they will take me for one of their own people."

And the daring savage seated himself upon a fallen rock as coolly as if he had been in his own village instead of the chief stronghold of his mortal foes; while Da Estrella, threading his way back through the gloomy passage to the outside of the town, uttered thrice an admirable imitation of the hoarse cry of the night-bird.

Instantly the surrounding trees and bushes seemed to start up into life and shape and move toward him as if obeying his call. Hundreds of shadowy forms came gliding up to the mouth of the tunnel, which engulfed them one by one like ghosts returning from the grave.

Half an hour later, Don Miguel da Silva himself stood in the market place of the sleeping city, amid a crowd of Mantee warriors and Portuguese soldiers; and, while the former climbed up the rocks to attack the upper part of the town, the latter set the nearest huts on fire. Then a mighty shout from the assailants drowned the cries that broke from the awakened sleepers, and the last struggle began.

All that night the terrible struggle went on—arms clashing, houses blazing, warriors falling—shouts, yells and crackling musketry awakening all the echoes of the rocks—men hunting each other (oh, the pity of it!) up and down the dizzy precipices, battling hand and hand in midair, or falling headlong from the cliff into the fight below. But, though the Ngolos fought like tigers, they had no chance, surprised and outnumbered as they were, against the superior weapons and discipline of their foes. When the first wild gleam of dawn broke over the wild scene, the defenders were worn down to a mere handful of bleeding and exhausted men, who, with Kabembi at their head, still held desperately the steep rockcut stair leading up to the bridge that offered them a perilous retreat across the intervening chasm into the palace itself.

All through the night Don Sebastian had sought everywhere for Donna Rosarita, and had sought in vain. In the palace she could not be, for he knew that no woman was ever allowed to enter it; and every other part of the fortress was in their hands, except the stair which Kabembi and his men were defending. And now, as he looked up, he saw by the growing light of dawn, just at the head of the stair, a low, narrow wooden door in the rock.

"On, lads!" he shouted, in a voice that was heard above the roar of battle. "Behind that door is the General's daughter! Forward and save her!"

So saying he rushed upon Kabembi, who faced him with a grim smile of recognition, and uplifted his mighty arm; but Pedro Gomez thrust himself between, and went down under the blow like an ox under the blow of a butcher.

Da Estrella's counter blow was received in the side by the king, who reeled dizzily backward; but his men closed round him, and a terrible hand to hand battle ensued, completely blocking the narrow stair with dead.

Meanwhile, Kabembi, rallying his last strength (for he was sorely wounded in many places and faint from the loss of blood), struck down three men in succession as if he were shedding bullrushes,

and then turned and darted up the steps to the low door, which he reached just as his last warrior fell at his feet. In another instant he had the door closed behind him.

"Hither, comrades! beat it down!" roared Don Sebastian, coming up the next minute and hewing madly at the barred door.

It was burst open in a trice, but the first who sprang in recoiled with a cry of despair. Just on the other side of the small, rock-hewn cell that they had entered (the same in which Da Estrella had been a prisoner), a vast, natural archway in the rock showed them the whole depth of the tremendous precipice below. Right in front of them, looking as frail as a spider's web, hung the bridge that stretched across the fearful gulf; and upon that bridge, poised in mid air, stood Kabembi, while on his shoulder, insensible and with a stain of blood upon her white dress, lay the motionless form of the Donna Rosarita!

Don Miguel, who, old as he was, had been the first to mount the stair, stood as if turned to stone. What was to be done? No help was possible, for even could they kill Kabembi on the spot, his fall would carry the helpless girl to destruction along with him. The hardest soldiers turned away their eyes in horror, and Don Sebastian clenched his hands in agony, guessing too well whither the merciless king was bound.

"He means to take her to the Temple of Death," groaned he, "and fling her to the crocodiles!"

Meanwhile, the wounded giant moved slowly along the fearful path, with his helpless burden. Twice he was seen to reel and totter, as if about to fall, and the indrawn breath of the terrified watchers sounded like a hiss in the dead silence as they saw it; but at length he reached the other side. Then he turned, with a grim laugh of defiance, and sent the frail bridge thundering and crashing into the abyss with one spurn of his mighty foot, and vanished with his captive into the gloomy gateway beyond.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

As he saw his daughter vanish through that fatal doorway, in the grasp of the merciless savage, even Don Miguel's iron firmness gave way, and he sank fainting to the ground. Amid the excitement caused by his fall, and by the horror of Donna Rosarita's seemingly certain fate, no one noticed that Don Sebastian had suddenly disappeared.

In the midst of this universal despair, the daring young cavalier had caught a sudden gleam of hope from the recollection of the secret passage through which he had been lead out of the palace by Massange on that memorable night of his escape. Could he but find its entrance, he might go straight to the Temple of Death and save Donna Rosarita even at the last moment.

Springing like a tiger down the steep ascent, he reached the foot of the palace rock just as Kabembi had got half way across the perilous bridge with his captive, and found himself—so far as he could judge from observations made in the darkness and hurry of his midnight escape—close to the spot where the secret entrance must be.

But in vain did he turn his straining eyes again and again over the solid surface of that stony, impenetrable mass. No opening, not even a cleft was anywhere to be seen, and Don Sebastian,

clenching his teeth in despair, saw Kabembi disappear through the rocky gateway far above him, with the unconscious girl in his grasp.

"Fear not, 'Son of the Stars'!" said Massange's voice close in his ear, "thou hast helped me in my need, and I will help thee in thine!"

So saying, the Mantee seized in his strong hands a projecting corner of the rock, which seemed to fall away as if by magic, revealing a low, dark passage, into which Don Sebastian plunged with such eagerness that he almost brained himself against an overhanging crag.

"Gently, your worship; you will scarcely save the Senorita by knocking your brains out," said a well-known voice behind him.

"What, Gomez?" cried Da Estrella, with a momentary ring of gladness in his voice. "Why, man, I thought thee dead!"

"Not so, your worship; I'm too busy to be killed just now. Yon heathen meant well, but I still live to thank him for his good intentions."

"And so do I," added the shrill tones of Mad Manoel, who was at Massange's heels as usual.

The narrow tunnel grew wider and higher till the four men were able to stand almost upright. But all at once Da Estrella's hand encountered in the darkness a strong wooden door!

Furious with impatience, he dashed himself with all his might against the obstacle, and finding that it did not yield, drew his sword to hack through it. But Massange pushed him aside, and seizing a huge fragment of sandstone, hurled it against the door with such force that he crushed in one of the planks like pasteboard, and then, thrusting his brawny arm through the gap, tore out the bar that secured the door on the other side.

But as Don Sebastian, springing forward, stumbled again in the darkness upon the lowest step of an invisible stair, they all heard, plainly, a distant cry; wild, piercing, and full of such agony that even their iron nerves quivered with horror.

"Come on, comrades!" shouted Don Sebastian, flying like a mad man up the unseen steps. "If it be as I think, to die in the next battle is all that is left for me!"

Another door barred his way, but feeling a crack in the already decaying wood, he thrust his fingers into it, and tugged with such frantic violence that he tore out the central plank like a piece of paper. The bar was quickly released, and they burst headlong into a small rock-cut chamber, which a faint gleam of light that seemed to come from beyond it, showed it to be empty. Guided by the pale light, they traversed a second room, similarly deserted, and came suddenly into a third, which Da Estrella instantly perceived, with a thrill of awe-stricken recognition, to be the Temple of Death itself.

There was neither sign or sound of life in the gloomy chamber, but by the dim and ghostly glimmer of the skull-lamp (which was still hanging above the awful pit), they could see that the black, sullen waters below were agitated by a succession of eddies, as if some heavy object had just fallen in.

"God help us!" muttered Da Estrella, in a whisper, hoarse with mortal agony: "have we come too late?"

"Not so, your worship," answered Gomez, whose keen eye had detected something white lying on the floor behind the low parapet that masked the edge of

the pit; "here is the Senorita, and alive, too!"

"If that be so," grinned Manoel, as Da Estrella flew to the spot, "it doesn't matter what has become of King Kabembi. In a country like this a king more or less makes very little difference."

The young lady seemed to be unhurt, but so shaken were her nerves by the terrible peril through which she had just passed, that many moments elapsed before she was able to tell them, in low and faltering tones, how Kabembi had dragged her to the brink of the crocodile pit, and how, just as he was mounting the parapet to fling her to the ravening monsters below, he seemed to turn dizzy from pain and loss of blood, let her slip from his grasp onto the floor, staggered one moment on the brink of the awful gulf, and then fell helplessly into the fearful pool below, with a wild, unearthly cry.

The four listeners exchanged looks of horror.

"God, forgive him!" said Da Estrella at length. "He was my enemy, yet I would he had died by a nobler death, for he was truly a brave man. And now, comrades; now that the hand of Heaven hath swept our last foes from our path, let it be our task henceforth to heal the wounds we have made, and to change this region of blood and darkness into a peaceful, Christian land!"

Don Sebastian's words were prophetic. With the death of Kabembi ended all opposition to the Portuguese rule, and a new chapter opened in the history of Angola.

Where murderous savages had lurked in the shadow of trackless forests, dainty gardens and plantations sprang up around the comfortable houses of industrious settlers. A flourishing town grew up amid the sandstone cliffs that had witnessed the Ngolos' last struggle, and the first commandant of this new capital (which was known as Pungo Andongo) was a stalwart, talkative, old soldier named Pedro Gomez, who was never tired of telling how he had once, in the guise of a forest demon, frightened the Ngolos from their midnight council on the Lower Coanza.

Commander Gomez was frequently visited by two guests, to whom he always gave a warm welcome. The one was a white-haired Mantee chief called Massange, who had fully redeemed his pledge of everlasting friendship to the white men, by whom he was always treated with respect and affection. The other was the chief's inseparable companion, Mad Manoel, who, despite his love of perilous adventure and hair's breadth escapes, survived all his comrades and died quietly, in his bed, at the age of eighty-five.

When Don Miguel returned to his post at St. Paula do Loanda, he left behind him in Angola, as the first governor of the new colony, Don Sebastian da Estrella, whom the King of Portugal soon afterwards created Marquis of Pungo Andongo. The Marquis' long and prosperous rule was looked back upon by the natives as the golden age of Angola, and no tradition was more firmly rooted among them than the memory of the goodness and sweetness of his gentle and beautiful wife, formerly Donna Rosarita da Silva.

THE END.

STRANGE STORIES OF TURTLES HAD 1863 CUT IN SHELL.

Hadley Correspondence Springfield Union.
Much interest is attached to a turtle story of Theodore Russell, a Hopkins academy boy, whose home is on a farm in Russellville, North Hadley.

He found a good sized turtle with initials and a date cut in its shell. On inspection the initials proved to be those of Harvey Russell and the date 1863. It had been known that Mr. Russell was in the habit of cutting his name or initials on the shells of turtles, then setting them at liberty; so that no doubt is felt but that the initials on the turtle were those of Harvey Russell, a cousin of Deacon Francis Russell, who was at the time a next door neighbor. Theodore placed his initials with the date on the aged reptile and set him at large once again.

CROSS IMBEDDED IN TURTLE'S BACK.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.
The largest turtle ever captured in the Minnesota River anywhere near here was caught to-day half a mile south of town by Harry Thurman.

The upper shell, or carapax, was a little less than three feet long and a little over two feet wide, and as soon as the animal was caught it was observed that there was a strange appearance as of a cross on the shell, the raised lines which constituted it crossing at right angles in the center of the shell and being about eight inches in length, the one from side to side being slightly the shorter.

Young Thurman killed the tortoise and then cut into the cross on the shell to see why the lines should be there. He was much astonished to find that the knife struck on metal slightly below the surface and on full investigation being made it was discovered that the cross was made by the shell having grown over a chain of gold, which had been fastened to the edges of the turtle's shell.

"O. E., 1841" ON TURTLE SHELL.

Woodbury Correspondence Philadelphia Record.
The latest turtle finding story comes from Sicklerville. In 1881 John Thornton of that town found a turtle in his strawberry patch marked "O. E., 1841." Thornton put his own initials on it with the date 1881 and let it go. Samuel Brannin found it a few days ago not 500 yards from the place where Thornton let it go.

The "O. E." doubtless stands for Obadiah Eldridge, a former resident of Sicklerville.

SNAPPER LIVED WITHOUT A HEAD.

West Chester Correspondence Philadelphia Record.
A headless snapper, caught near Fern-dale, Chester county, has raised a question among the people of that section as to how long a turtle can live without a head in its native element, and the question is being debated at every meeting of the fishermen.

According to a resident and a fisherman of the locality, the turtle had been seen in the dam for at least three years after it had lost its head. The neck showed that the wound had long been healed.

TWO BIG SEA TURTLES

Cape May Correspondence Philadelphia Bulletin.
John Jest and Lot Cresse caught in the surf yesterday a sea turtle which weighs 125 pounds and is now on exhibition.

George Mixner of Green Creek caught a 200 pound sea turtle in his pound net and, thinking it of no value, killed it and threw it into the bay. A Swede fisherman recovered the carcass and realized a considerable sum by its sale.

SNAKE STORIES.

A 14 FOOT SNAKE KILLED IN INDIANA.

English Correspondence Indianapolis News.
Otto Humboldt, while in the vicinity of West Fork yesterday afternoon, shot a snake of unknown species, said to be the largest ever killed in Crawford county. Humboldt was armed with a Winchester, and he shot fourteen bullets into the quivering mass before he ventured in range. The snake measured fifteen inches in circumference and was fourteen feet in length.

WOMAN SLEW TWO BLACK-SNAKES.

Hagerstown correspondence Baltimore Herald.
Mrs. Michael Lookabaugh, living at the foot of the mountain below Ben-Mar, had a desperate encounter with a pair of blacksnakes in the cellar of her home.

She suddenly came upon the snakes crawling on the floor. Going into the yard she procured a hoe and returning to the cellar attacked the reptiles. After a sharp fight Mrs. Lookabaugh despatched both of the snakes. They were unusually large, one measuring seven feet and the other six and a half feet in length.

RATTLER WOUND AROUND HIS BOOT.

Ware Correspondence Springfield Union.
Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner D. F. Shea was picking his way over the rocky side of the mountain near the West-field reservoir when he felt a sharp rap against the side of his boot. He stopped and the rap was almost immediately repeated. He looked down and saw a rattle snake wriggling and twisting about his boot.

He tried to shake it off, but discovered that the fangs of the reptile were buried in the cloth top of his rubber boot and the snake could not withdraw them. He picked up a club and dealt the snake a blow on the head and jumped to a safe distance. He called on his companions, Deputies J. P. Hatch of Springfield and A. H. Eldridge of Ware, and they ran to assist in killing the snake but it slid into one of the numerous crevices in the rocks and escaped.

Deputy Shea says he heard a hissing sound just before the snake struck, but never having heard a rattler give its warning before he attached no importance to it and had always associated the noise of a snake's rattle with the sound of a cowbell. The reptile was about three feet long and the size of a man's wrist.

GREEN ADDER IN NEBRASKA

Columbus Correspondence Nebraska State Journal.
George Holden, a farmer living across the Plate River in Butler county is suffering from a snake bite which he received in a very peculiar manner.

He was plowing corn and stopped to remove a bunch of morning glories which had clogged one of the shovels. He at first thought he had pressed his hand on a wild rosebriar, but on withdrawing his hand he found clinging to it a small green snake about ten inches long with its fangs deeply imbedded in the lower part of his right palm, and also found that it was dead. It had been cut in two by the shovel and had bitten him in its death struggle.

The hand and arm swelled quickly and caused much pain, but a physician administered remedies and Holden is recovering. The snake is a stranger in these parts, but those versed in snake lore say it is a green adder, and a young one.

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Send in your name to be enrolled as a Life Member and have your name printed in the Membership List, which will be sent to every member. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same things write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership. Send for full information, blanks, printed matter, etc.

The Certificates of Membership, printed in two colors, are now in the hands of the Engravers and, on Mr. Negreen's return from Europe on September 1st, will be sent out to every Member of The League. This League is going to be made interesting to all Boys having any fad.

Champion Boy Swimmer Of The Pacific Coast

California, in whose warm waters it is possible to bathe all the year round, and which State boasts of the possession of hundreds of swimmers, is also the home of the champion boy swimmer of the Pacific Coast, the youngest son of Prof. J. R. Kyle of San Diego, whose photograph we reproduce in our present number.

Master Kyle, although only in his 12th year, has enjoyed this proud honor for several years. He was taught early in his boyhood the famous English overhand stroke by his father. This stroke he has steadfastly used throughout the entire distance in every one of the numerous contests in which he has taken part, and his skillful use of this best but most difficult method of propelling oneself through the water has had much to do with his many victories.

For two years past he has won the boy championship of Los Angeles, and this year not only gained this title again but defeated boys who were far more older and stronger than himself.

Though appearing somewhat slight of physique, still Master Kyle has good, strong, well-developed muscles hidden under the smooth skin which is presented to the eye, which fact is also true of all the world's greatest men swimmers, who, though muscular in the extreme, yet do not show a trace of muscular development. But it is this kind of muscle that accomplishes the greatest results and endows its possessors with more than ordinary endurance, enabling them to undertake and successfully carry out athletic achievements for which a person with a more showy muscular development would be totally unfitted.

Master Kyle's most noteworthy victory took place two years ago in the harbor of Los Angeles. A United States training ship came into port, and the cham-

pion swimmer of the crew of boys, whose ages ranged from seventeen upward, challenged the champion boy swimmer of Los Angeles.

Of course this challenge was promptly accepted, and Master Kyle, only eleven years old, was chosen to uphold the

while the third, or deciding race, was to be held on the day following.

Much amusement was given the training ship boys when the little fellow who was to represent the city stood up alongside of the stalwart, muscular sailor when the word for the start was given. Many of the boys laughed outright at the idea of such a little chap daring to compete with their brawny and oft-successful shipmate.

From the very moment the two boys struck the water when the judges gave the signal to start on the first race of the day—the one at 100 yards—Master Kyle showed that he was fully the equal of his larger and more practiced rival, but notwithstanding that the Los Angeles boy put forth every effort and pluckily disputed every yard of the way, yet the training ship representative won after a most exciting contest.

Then the 200-yard event was contested, and this time, to the great satisfaction of the spectators, young Kyle won by a narrow margin.

The next day, when the final race at 500 yards was to decide who was the champion Master Kyle threw the visitors into confusion and covered himself and Los Angeles with glory by swimming across the finishing line at least twenty yards in advance of the sailor lad.

Master Kyle comes honestly by his skill as a swimmer, as his father is one of the best-known and most expert swimmers in the United States. He also has a brother and sister, not much older, who are equally at home in the water.

With his present skill and the improvement he is making daily it is only a question of a few years until he takes his place in the front rank not only of California's swimmers but those of the United States as well.



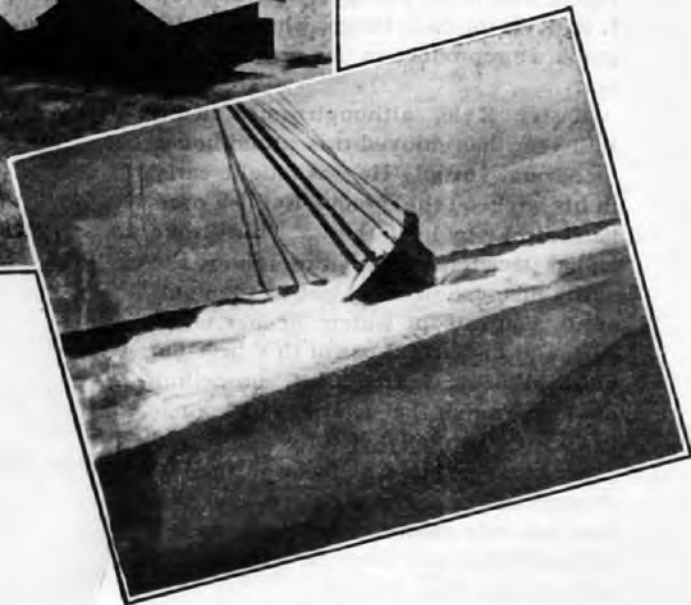
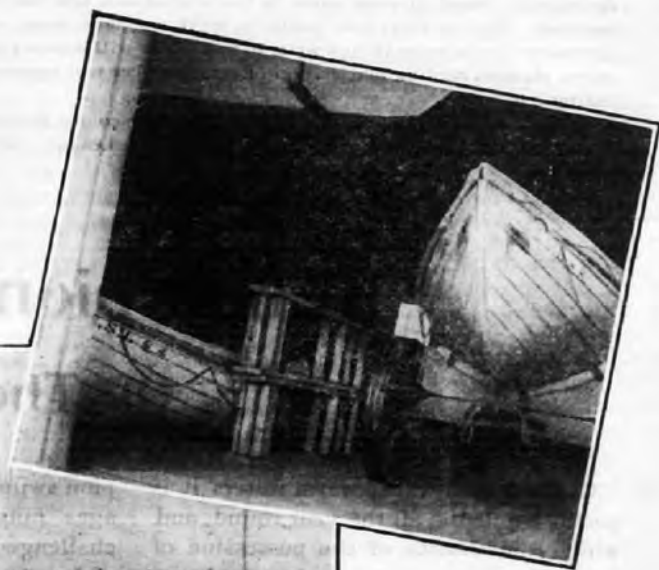
MASTER KYLE
of
San Diego, Cal.

good name of his city.

It was agreed that three races should be held so as to thoroughly try the skill of the two champions. The distances selected were 100, 200 and 500 yards, the first two races to be held on one day,

U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE

AT CAPE COD, MASS.



BOAT HOUSE
STATION HOUSE

RACE POINT L. S. STATION

LIFE SAVING BOATS
WRECK OF A SCHOONER

Among the many and varied avenues of employment that open their doors to the young men of the present generation, that occupation furnished by the United States Government in the life-saving service is probably as little known or understood as any branch of the government service. Particularly is this so in those regions inland or remote from the seaboard or Great Lakes.

To the young man of an adventurous spirit, who is able-bodied, and possessed of an ordinary English education, the surfman, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month, for ten months in the year, is one not to be ignored in these days when it would seem that almost every form of employment that offers an honest livelihood is overcrowded.

To be sure the opportunities for advancement in this occupation are not as good as in some other forms of government service, still there is the possibility of becoming a keeper, at a salary of nine hundred dollars a year, or of a District Superintendent at fifteen hundred dollars. As an example of the latter, the new superintendent lately appointed in district number two, Captain George Bowley, was for three years previous to his new appointment a keeper of Pamet River Station; previous to that he was for a number of years a surfman in the Highland Station.

The duties devolving upon a surfman are to patrol a certain section of the beach, for four hours at a time, from sunset to sunrise, meeting and exchanging

checks with the surfman from the nearest adjoining station. We will take the Highland Life-Saving Station, at Truro, Cape Cod, for an illustration. Surfman No. 1 starts out going North along the beach until he comes to the half-way post, between two and three miles distant. There he will meet Surfman No. 1, of Pamet River Station going South, checks will be exchanged, which will show, when they return to their stations, that they have faithfully performed their duty. In case that anything should happen that they did not meet each other at the place indicated, the one arriving first, after waiting a few moments, keeps on along the beach until he finds his check-mate, or reaches the other station. In the latter case he

reports to the keeper that the surfman is missing, when a party will at once start out to hunt him up. This very seldom occurs, but it has happened that a surfman has lost his way in a very severe snow storm, when the tide had been so high as to drive him from the beach to the higher land or the sand dunes.

Surfman No. 2, starting out at the same time as number one, will perform exactly the same duty in the opposite direction. In the day time a watch is constantly kept from the look-out tower of the station. If the day is so stormy that it is impossible to see a long distance the patrol is kept up along the beach.

When a vessel is discovered ashore or

of a canvas bag with legs attached, and will hold one person, the mouth of the bag coming well up around the shoulders. The crew are in this way removed to the shore, where every care and attention are shown them.

Every station has a slop-chest, containing both male and female wearing apparel, from which clothes may be selected to meet the various emergencies.

If a surfman becomes incapacitated for duty from sickness or injury his pay goes on during such disability for a period not exceeding two years.

The crew of a life-saving station furnish their own clothes made according to government regulations, and supply their own food. Some of the crews club

this blank, supposed to be filled out by a surgeon connected with the Marine Hospital service, and is very thorough, together and hire a man to do the cooking, others take turns among themselves. The slightest defect causing rejection of the applicant. The papers are placed on file in the Treasury Department, and after due time, if everything is satisfactory, the candidate receives notice that he is appointed to a certain station, and to go before the surgeon and again pass an examination. If this is also satisfactory he reports within five days to the keeper of the station where he is assigned.

After a young man enters the service he is examined every summer within ten days of the time that he goes on duty. In this way Uncle Sam keeps well informed as to the exact physical condition of all men in the service.

Applicants must be between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years, and not under five feet and six inches in height. Taking all things into consideration a man between twenty-one and twenty-five years stands the best chance of appointment. After he is once in the service he can remain there if he so desires, until age or disability unfits him for further service.

There are at present two hundred and seventy-three stations in the United States, one hundred and ninety-seven being on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, fifty-



A PEACEFUL DAY FISHING.

in distress the surfman immediately burns his coston light as a signal to the vessel that they are discovered, and help will be coming. He then hurries back to the station and reports the same.

If it is possible to launch the boat it is hauled out on the truck (most of the stations have a horse for this purpose) down to the shore, and launched. Sometimes it is so rough that the boat is capsized several times in the surf before the life-savers are safely beyond the break of the incoming rollers. If the sea is too high to use the boat, the gun and carriage is taken out and drawn along the shore until opposite the wreck, when an attempt is made to fire a shot over the vessel. To the shot is attached a line, which, if the life-savers are fortunate enough to throw over the wreck, the crew of the vessel haul in, to the end of the line is attached a moderate sized rope and block. To the block is fastened a tally-board with the following directions in English on one side and French on the other: "Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast, well up, if the masts are gone, then to the best place you can find. Cast off the shot line, and see that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore." A three-inch hawser is then bent on the whip, and hauled off to the wreck by the life-saving crew. After a sufficient time has elapsed for it to be made secure on board, it is hauled taut by those on shore, the end being passed over a large crotch, to raise it about six feet from the ground, fastened to a wooden anchor, and buried deeply in the sand. By means of the whip the breeches-buoy, which is suspended from the hawser by rings, is drawn off to the vessel.

The breeches-buoy has the appearance



STEAMSHIP VICTORIAN—THE NEW ALLAN LINE TURBINE.

The general "grub" bill will average from five to eight dollars a month to each man. The food is usually excellent and of good variety.

The Life-Saving Service now comes under the Civil Service Commission, consequently all applicants must fill out a blank arranged especially for that purpose. The answers must be made in ink, in the handwriting of the applicant, and each voucher in the handwriting of the signer thereto. Any false statement will be sufficient cause for the cancellation of the application, or in the event of employment the removal of the applicant from the public service. A medical examination also accompanies

eight on the shores of the Great Lakes, seventeen on the Pacific coast, and one on the Falls of the Ohio, at Louisville.

A young man once receiving his appointment in this department of the Government service may, if he conducts himself properly, consider that he has a permanent position independent of politics. The pay, of course, is not large, but it is sure, and not influenced by strikes or labor-agitations of any kind. The life is a healthy one, and a young man being physically sound when he enters the service, the active out-of-door life serves to keep him in perfect condition.

How to Live 100 Years

Sir James Sawyer, a well-known physician of Birmingham, has been confiding to an audience in that town the secret of longevity. Keep the following nineteen commandments and Sir James sees no reason why you should not live to be 100:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the right temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults). Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid all intoxicants, which de-

stroy these cells.

12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country, if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition; and
19. Keep your temper.

Always bear in mind *the lungs are the dynamo of the body, while the breath is the motive power.*

If you breathe short and rapidly you are excitable and tense, therefore sick or cross most of the time.

If you breathe full and long breaths you are cool headed and fairly well.

If you lie down on your back your mind becomes dreamy.

When lying on your face the breath becomes irregular, and the ideas you entertain at such times are of a flighty nature.

When you sit erect your breath is easy and your mind calm and serene.

When you stand up with the weight of the body thrown upon your stomach your breath is heavy and you become negative, so that your mind can be swayed by anyone. You become receptive to any man's ideas. You are powerless to think for yourself.

When you stand erect, with chest well thrown out, you naturally suspend breath action, you are on the alert and ready to meet the enemy.

Just watch these different positions of the body, watch your breathing and the ideas that follow such attributes. You will soon determine the source of your troubles, mental and physical, and wherein you have failed all these years.
—*The Mazdaznan.*



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



PICKING WATER LILLIES

Mail Order Opportunities

There is no doubt of the fact that the mail order business is the great money-making field of today for the bright man with a few dollars capital, who knows how to take advantage of his opportunities.

The greater per cent. of small mail order dealers are men who are engaged in other pursuits and operating the mail order business as a side issue until the business develops to such an extent that they can give it their full time and attention. But not a few who start in the business, expect too much at the beginning, and if the big things promised, do not materialize in three or four months, they give up in disgust. This latter class are generally those who had but a slight knowledge of the business before entering it; some are so foolish as to give up their situations, rent an office desk and typewriter, insert an advertisement in a daily paper, or, some think they are wise when they send an order off for a 10-line advertisement to appear in a list of 100 patent inside weekly papers, then sit down and wait for the bundles of mail to come in. No, - the mail order business is not for them.

The mail order business is adapted to

those who are ambitious, and who are regularly employed, but can devote a few hours each evening to their side line, that is, answering the inquiries to advertisements and sending out catalogs and circulars. A business conducted in this way as a side issue, often proves a good thing for its promoter. While the profit at first will hardly justify giving it his full attention, it is quite profitable. A man on a small salary, who can afford to put in \$20 a month for a year, will stand a favorable comparison with a man who has \$300 in a lump all saved up.

If you are about to start in the mail order business, take time to think matters over, subscribe to three or four good trade papers and learn the ins and outs of advertising, what papers to advertise in, what goods you are to handle, where to buy them and where to sell them. If you have an invention or a formula for making some useful medicinal preparation and wish to find a market for it, remember that here in the United States and Canada we have nearly 100,000,000, and you can reach them all through your advertisements and circulars. Out of this vast army of people, if you can-

not succeed in doing business with them to make a living, there is probably no other business in which you could succeed. But first of all study your own conditions with reference to your mental, physical and financial ability to supply the demand for some special article or line of goods.

The opportunities for entering this money-making and fascinating business is greater today than ever before and if you will only take the time to study over the matter, you will find that you have stored away in your head an idea, or plan for making some useful article, or perhaps you have discovered that there will be a demand for a certain class of goods by people living in some certain part of the country. To reach these people and tell them of your discovery is the object of the mail order man, and this can only be done by proper advertising, and to advertise intelligently and economically one must first learn to be patient and not expect too much in the beginning. The opportunities are splendid for men and women who have the staying qualities in their make-up.



HAD MADE A MISTAKE.

The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky was on a hunting expedition near Louisville during the last few years of his life, and happened to fall in with a local nimrod whose unconcealed admiration for the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation.

"What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired.

"Dudley," was the reply.

After some change of incident and experience the bishop's interlocutor hazarded.

"Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a preacher."

"O, get out. What are you giving me?"

"But I am. I preach every Sunday."

"Where?"

"In Louisville."

"Well, well; I never would ha' thought it. You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear this new made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Sabbath saw the rustic, in his "Sunday best," ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

He was manifestly amazed, afterward, to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods.

He managed to stammer his thanks, and added: "I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I riz with you sot with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how; but all the same, if my opinion is wuth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a shooter!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Scolding Set to Music.

In one of the beer gardens a brass band was playing what purported to be a Wagnerian selection with positively deafening effect. The good-natured people around the tables had wisely abandoned all effort at conversation. Not so with one woman, a shrewish-looking person, who was leaning over a table shaking her finger at her husband and doing her best to make him hear the abuse that she was evidently hurling at him. Suddenly, with one grand blare, the music stopped and the woman's voice, pitched in a veritable scream, was heard:

"You bald-headed, sour-faced idiot, I'll—"

Checked by her own strident tones, she looked about her in consternation. Not so the husband. He was calloused to abuse. Picking up his stein, he looked at his wife and growled:

"Shut up till the band starts again."

—New York Times.

How She Won Out.

She was busy holding one end of the sofa down and he the other, and for seventeen consecutive seconds silence had reigned supreme. Then he said: "I wonder if any girl ever really did propose during leap year?"

"I don't know," replied his fair companion, "but I'm sure no girl would do such a thing unless she was obliged to."

Several more silent seconds passed. "Um—yes," he said. "I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"And I'm sure," she continued, as she moved over and laid her hand softly on his arm, "you would never permit a girl to humiliate herself in that manner, would you?"

"Why—er—I—that is, of course not," he stammered.

The ice having been broken, the rest was easy, and five minutes later they were engaged in looking up the advertisements of firms that sell furniture on the installment plan.

FORTIFIED.



Mother—Horace, you must not go outside while it is raining or you will catch a cold."

Little Horace—"How kin I catch a cold when I got one already?"

Goat With a Charmed Life.

A well-known suburbanite who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel coat of his. Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railroad track just before the daily express was due. Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest if the goat had been effectually disposed of.

"Not on your life," was the disgusted answer; "that goat had a charmed life. He coughed up that red golf coat of mine and flagged the train."—Harper's Weekly.

Boxed.

They were returning from the husking bee.

"And were there any red ears?" asked the friend.

"Oh, yes," responded the girl in the gingham dress. "I had two when pa caught that city fellow kissing me."

She—My, but Mr. Flaxyman is stidgy.

He—I should say so. Why, he wouldn't laugh at a joke unless it was at somebody else's expense.

Trouble Ahead for Tommy.

The apple tree that stands beside
The creaking garden gate
Is bending low beneath a yield
Of fruit that's simply great.

And as I gaze upon the sight
I think of days to come,

And of the damage that's in store
For Tommy's tummy-tum.

—New York Press.

Even Here.

Delilah was just about to trim Samson's locks. Suddenly there was an uproar outside the temple.

"Stop! Stop!" cried excited voices. "Don't touch another lock until you have shown your credentials."

"What credentials?" gasped Delilah.

"Why, that you belong to the Barber's union."

Wise Paul.

Paul Revere had just made his famous ride.

"I'm so glad I didn't use an automobile," he related.

"Why not?" asked the friend.

"I would have been arrested for fast riding."

Strong.

"Young man," whispered the old spellbinder, "there are some things about this campaign that will take your breath away."

"You don't say!" responded the young man. "Are you alluding to the campaign cigar?"

Something Strange.

"Dear me!" said the young wife. "I believe that dog dealer deceived me. I don't believe this is a Boston bull, at all."

"Why not?" asked her husband.

"Because I cooked him some of the faintest beans and he wouldn't touch them."

Secured.

"And you say you had \$100 about you the other day?" interrogated the lady in the wayside cottage.

"Yes, mum," responded Tired Tim.

"Well, how did you get rid of it?"

"Me coattails give 'way. Yer see, it was in de shape of a hundred-dollar bulldog."

Sure Way.

The meeting of the Suffrage club was on in earnest.

"How can we keep man at a distance?" screamed the woman in the derby hat.

"By wearing crinoline," responded the one in the raglan.

Monotonous.

"I proposed to that girl by letter."

"Did she accept you?"

"Yes, and her letter of acceptance was almost as long as if she was running for president."

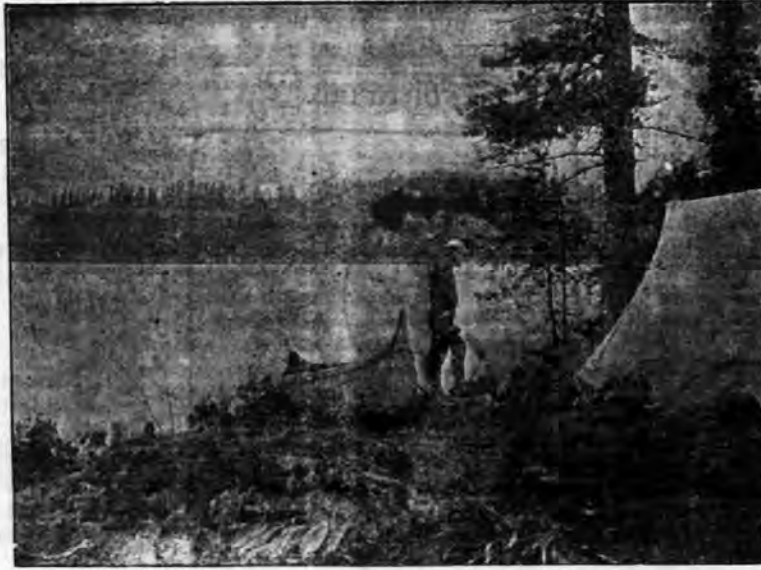
GOOD ADVICE FOR YOUNG MEN.

Ex-Governor William Pinkney White, of Maryland, though eighty-one years of age, is still one of the greatest lawyers in the country. "How is it that you have always had such a large criminal practice?" asked a reporter. "Well, that is because I have always been interested in defending a prisoner where his life was involved. I think I have tried over 60 cases of this kind." Did you ever prosecute a prisoner when a verdict of guilty meant execution?" "What? Do you think I would try to take a man's life from him? No, sir. While Attorney General of the State I had to serve as prosecutor, but I would never in my private practice take a case against a man or woman where human life was at stake. Twice during my career I could have been appointed United States District Attorney, but both times I declined. All of my cases for the defense of persons charged with murder were men with one exception. That was a woman in East Baltimore. I saved her; insanity being my line of defense."

"After nearly sixty years at the bar and in public life would you advise a young lawyer to enter politics?" "If he had prestige and influential friends, I would advise him to stick to the law. If he was unknown and had his own way to make in the world, I would say 'Get out and meet the people. Speak to them from the stump and mingle with them.'

There is nothing like a good 'mixer.' I am an advocate of and a great admirer of plain people. I am also profoundly grateful to them, for they made me."

At this point Mr. Alonzo L. Miles came through the ladies' car, where the ex-Governor was sitting with the newspaper man. "I am going to the smoker," he said. "We were so busy in court that I did not get my smoke." "You got your scorching, though," retorted the ex-Governor, with a laugh. "Bright fellow, that Miles," he remarked to his seat companion, "very bright. He was on the other end of that case, and no man could have made a better argument from his side." "You never smoke yourself?" "No, I have never used tobacco or liquor in any form. I belong to no clubs and have never been in a club in my life. I have never entered a saloon in my life."

**FISHING MADE EASY.**

The invention described below is hardly the idea of a sportsman, but according to the *Saturday Evening Post*, is effective for its purpose. The New York Aquarium, which is the largest and best equipped institution of its kind in the world, obtains its supplies of tropical fishes from the waters of Bermuda. Some of the rarest and most beautiful species are exceedingly hard to catch, persistently refusing to take bait, and on this account it has been found necessary to resort to a very novel and ingenious expedient to effect their capture—an electrical contrivance, which serves to stun the coveted specimen and reduce it to helplessness until it can be made a prisoner. The device in question consists in part of a small and compact storage battery, which is held in a leather pouch beneath the arm of the operator, who wades as quietly as possible with as little disturbance as may be. He carries a long-handled dipnet, to the handle of which a wire is attached. On the other end of the wire is fastened a percussion cap of the kind used for exploding dynamite cartridges. It is the bursting of the cap that is relied upon to stun the fish. Luckily for the hunter, fishes have as much curiosity as land animals, and even the shyest one will approach a bait to look at it, though indisposed to attempt the slightest nibble. The fisherman closes the circuit, the cap is exploded, and the victim is helpless.



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No. 5. SEPTEMBER, 1905. Vol. I.

The Editor hopes that THE NEW BOYS' readers have had pleasant vacations by shore or mountains and that they all return to school and study invigorated in health and spirit.

On account of the publisher, Mr. Joseph F. Negreen, being detained in Europe, our last two issues have been a little late. But we feel sure that the splendid story of "The New Boy in Europe" will make up for all this.

In this issue we publish the first of a great series of articles on Physical Culture and we have opened new departments in Our Activities League.

As announced in our August number, the wonderful new serial story, "Fifteen Boys on an Island," will be begun in the October number. This is the fascinating story of the experience of 15 boys, shipwrecked on an island in the Southern Pacific and in interest and adventure is comparable to "Robinson Crusoe."

THE NEW BOY is proving a great success.

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A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

NUMBER 5.

THE NEW BOY IN EUROPE.

SECOND TRAVEL LETTER.

Landed at Bremenhaven.—Journey to Leipsic.—His Progress by many Cities to Ancient Prague.—Quaint Bohemia. Progress to Vienna.—Writes from Budapest.

Budapest, Aug. 20, 1905.

The New Boy's last letter found him safely arrived at Bremenhaven after a pleasant ocean trip in the North German Lloyd Steamship, "Friedrich der Grosse."

His luggage was carried down the gang plank by the stewards, the last service rendered by these hard working members of the ship's company. There are two classes of stewards, one for the dining room and the other for the traveller's comfort in his stateroom.

The Friedrich der Grosse stewards were models of courtesy and attention. These men only draw some 40 marks a month (about \$10.00) and depend upon the liberality of the passengers.

The New Boy handed each of his care takers 10 marks, which is a customary modest quantity, wealthy tourists thinking nothing of giving tips of 20 marks and more.

The German Custom House officers, in dark green uniform, lost no time in going through his baggage. They made but a rough examination. Tobacco was an article they were careful in looking for.

While this was going on The New Boy took in the conspicuous features of Bremenhaven. It is a fine seaport with a magnificent harbor and splendid docks. At the time of his arrival, the Hamburg and New York liner, Deutschland, was being overhauled in the North German Lloyd dry dock, as the Hamburg facilities, great though they are, were inadequate for a vessel of that size.

There were 3 special trains, run by the Lloyd Company, carrying their passengers to Bremen. These trains were

for Cabin, 2nd Cabin and Steerage passengers respectively, and left one hour behind each other.

The passenger cars differ from those in the United States. They are divided in compartments, in some cases in as many as twelve, which open by doors on either side. The locomotives are similar to those in America, except that they carry no cow catcher or bell signal, the front of the engine being quite square. The coaches vary in size. Some are half as large as the American car, others perhaps a quarter and they seat some thirty.

the depot he was established in a compartment of the Flyer leaving for Leipsic. He sat in his seat by the window, an utter stranger in a strange country. His friend had left him and, even had he wished, he could not have spoken to his four fellow passengers, as they were Germans and he had still to acquire their language. The lonesome feeling was put to flight by consulting maps, reading guide books and viewing the country as they sped through it.

From Bremen on, the noticeable feature of the landscape was the absence of all hill country. It was one stretch of tableland, and it was the same at Hanover, where the first dinner in Europe was taken.

Hanover is the Capital of the Province of same name and is famous in the war history of the Low Countries. It has been greatly rebuilt and now has large railroad works and factories.

It was very warm in Hanover, to The New Boy it felt hotter than the most sizzling heat he ever struck in a Good Old New York July day! The express made fast time. Hanover was left behind. A stop was made at the old city of Madgeburg, the sack of which by Tilly in the thirty years war every boy has read about.

Further on came Hillsheim and here, aptly enough, the expanse of level plain was broken by a hill, on the top of which stands a monument to Prince Bismarck, the building of which took years, and cost millions of marks. It is a landmark so far as the eye can see.

It was after six in the evening that our traveller reached his first European stopping place, the famous German University City of Leipsic.

The country around Leipsic is level but the city has actually made a hill of

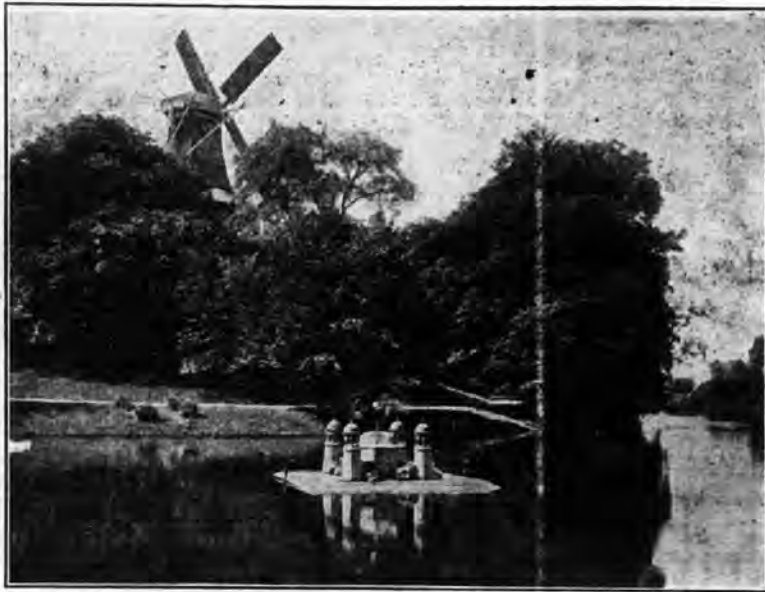


BREMEN.

The run to Bremen was made in good time for Continental travel, 60 miles being covered in 1 hour and 40 minutes.

At Bremen The New Boy met his first European acquaintance, a gentleman to whom he had an introduction, but whom he had never seen. To identify himself he wore a small American Flag in his buttonhole and the wearer of the Stars and Stripes was soon greeted warmly by his new friend.

At Bremen there was no time to be lost. In six minutes after he reached



A PARK SCENE, DRESDEN.

its own. For ten years all the garbage was carted to this great public park of the Rosenthal (which means literally park of roses) and the great mound thus made was added to by earth and stones until they had a real hill, constructed by human hands, on the summit of which stands a majestic tower, gotten to by steps, from the top of which one has a splendid view of Leipsic. This hill was the only thing lacking in the minds of the Leipsic people to make their city the peer of beautiful Dresden, the Capital of Saxony.

Leipsic is essentially a city of learning and literature. It has the greatest publishing and bookselling business in Europe. It is full of historic association, has been besieged half a dozen times and was four times occupied by hostile troops. In the public park, already mentioned, stands the famous tree of 1813, commemorative of the crushing defeat of Napoleon I, where his great French army was put to flight by the allied forces of Russia, Germany and Austria. On either side were 500,000 men; and had Napoleon been victorious he would have changed the destinies of all Europe, and, for a time at least, French speech and French rule would have dominated everywhere. The 1813 tree marks where the great Emperor stood at the hour of his defeat. It has been surrounded by no less than three series of high iron fences, as, during past years, three efforts have been made by relic seekers to cut down the historic timber. A small river flows through the site of the battlefield and as the allies had burned the bridges it is said that Napoleon marched his men over the bodies of dead soldiers that had been thrown into the river until a ghastly bridge was made.

In Leipsic is the Department of Justice for the German States and the Department Building is a magnificent edifice, it covers several blocks and cost millions of dollars. The secret police of the city have a perfect system. Every new arrival at the hotels is at once noted; and, before twelve o'clock of the same night, a full report of his name, business and where he comes from has been made to the precinct controlling that district.

Reference has been made to the Universities. From all over the world students come to Leipsic. There are

some 30,000 there now and among them 200 Japanese.

The German students keep up their custom of duelling. To the German student this is sacred by college tradition. We know Prince Bismarck was a noted duellist. It seems a foolish custom to an outsider. At every corner one met students whose features were in a more or less scattered and dilapidated condition. Noses appeared nearly cut off, cheeks and foreheads were in plasters, ears were out of repair and the general effect was hideous. But the German takes this as a part of his student experiences. He has to fight or his comrades laugh at him as a coward, and, to do them justice, after they have sliced each others faces the students are as good friends as before their duel.

Leaving Leipsic, The New Boy went to Dresden and spent some time viewing its beauties. Dresden is one of the loveliest cities in Europe, outside perhaps of Munich and Hamburg. It lies in a broad valley, is built on both sides of the Elbe and the prospect of the river, the pine clad hills, the stately buildings, the

royal palaces and castles on the mountains can never be forgotten. In Dresden is the Royal Library, which has 400,000 volumes, some 6,000 priceless MSS. and thousands of maps. Its art museum contains famous paintings and sculptures that attract visitors all over the world. From Dresden is the direct line to Prague. In the Dresden depot, on one side is the railroad of the King of Saxony and, on the other, that of the Emperor of Austria. The town on the borders of these two countries is B denbach and here all luggage is opened and examined by the Austrian and Bohemian inspectors. There have been new laws made in the interest of the tourist and no duty is charged on personal effects. The officials seemed to be on the lookout chiefly for firearms and powder.

Once in Bohemia the traveller enters interesting country. The railroad runs by the broad river Elbe, many quaint little villages come into view, the landscape has a rural aspect, great hop fields are all around, on big poles are the hops from which the famous Bohemian beers are brewed. On the route to Prague is Teplitz, a beautiful town, the waters of which for curing rheumatism, are more famous than those of Carlsbad. The scenery is lovely and everything denotes a country whose inhabitants are happy and contented. The traveller feels that he is not in a land of riches but in the real rare land of Bohemia where health and mirth and contentment have ever had their home. In fact, money making as carried out in America is impossible. The taxes are as high as 50% upon the incomes of the people. One thing The New Boy noticed was the women at work in the fields. In Germany, Bohemia and Austria they share the work of the men. He noticed women carrying bricks in hods and in Bohemia proper they came to market with fruits and vegetables in carts drawn by dogs, the women pushing behind the dogs. In the fields oxen draw the plow and very often one would see a horse and an ox pulling in harness together. Horses cost quite a sum in this country and hence the return to the primitive patient ox. Prague the capital of Bohemia, and one of the oldest cities in Europe was gotten to at last, and there The New Boy made a longish stay. Prague is famous in history, song and story. Like Dresden it is



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT,



VIENNA.

built on both sides of a river, which is spanned by several bridges. Taking in the suburbs it has some half a million of a population. Prague had the most famous University in the world until the Germans established Leipsic. Our tourist had many letters of introduction and had a delightful time. He saw the interesting spots and met some interesting people, including representatives of the Bohemian parliament. In Prague are ancient and famous churches where are the tombs of long forgotten Kings, rare monuments of bronze, inlaid with gold and emblazoned with the emblems of the royal dead. One of these churches was a thousand years old. In the churches are famous paintings, many of them on wood. The old city and its surroundings are truly beautiful. On the tops of the mountains are old castles now grey ruins; and, overlooking all from its commanding station on the hill top, is the magnificent palace where the Emperor makes his home when in Prague. The climate is fine; and, except for some little rain, the weather conditions in the beginning of August were perfect. The food was of the best and plenty of it and The New Boy believed he gained weight.

In Prague is the real spirit of Bohemia. People take things easily. The strenuous life is unknown. Many business concerns close daily from 11 until 3 and all close from 12 to 2, those hours being spent in going to the many gardens to listen to the concerts. In Prague The New Boy was royally entertained. A special dinner was given him, to show the love Bohemians have for dear America, where two million of them have made their home to escape the heavy taxation imposed upon them in their own country. Our traveller was nearly moved to tears as he left the depot, waving the American flag from the window, in farewell greeting to those who had come to see him off. Incidentally, at Prague depot, as at all places stopped at during his trip, an admission charge of something like 2c in American money was made for the privilege of seeing a friend off on his train. One buys a regular ticket from the gateman and the plan is a good one to exclude those who have no business there.

It was a four hours trip to Carlsbad. The route lay by the banks of the river

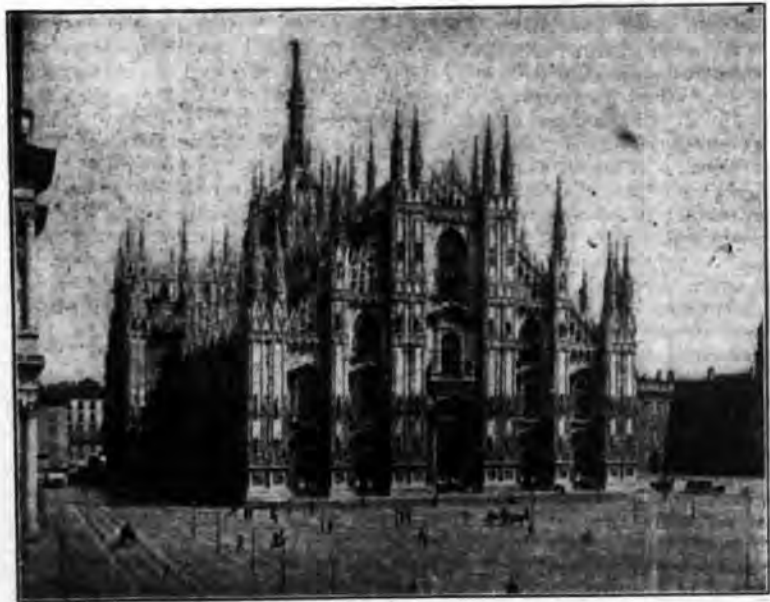
and was picturesque to a degree. The New Boy felt as if at home in Carlsbad, so many American and English visitors were in the city. The sign "English spoken here," was in all hotels and places of business. The city of Carlsbad is situated in a valley between two high ranges of hills. It is a city of hotels and sanitariums without number. As all know, it is famed for its mineral waters which are in great repute for stomach trouble. Unlike many other resorts, the waters in Carlsbad are free. The sight of the city is its three great public fountains which cost millions of kronen. The water is quite warm, it comes out in steam partly and at each fountain stand 10 girls, all in the employ of the city, who hand cups on long sticks from which the patient takes his dose. The glasses are all marked "Carlsbad" and hold about a pint. The New Boy took a glass, not that he had stomach trouble, and spent the regulation 15 minutes in drinking it. It seemed to him to taste like boiled salt water. The rules are laid down strictly for those taking the waters and every morning at 5 o'clock

crowds come for their remedy. As they drink they walk about and no breakfast must be taken until 7 o'clock. The fountains are like open galleries, the pillars are roofed and in one fountain there is a concert from early until late. Among the visitors were thousands of Russians and a matter of 1000 Americans. Special trains are run directly from Paris. Carlsbad in its season, which only lasts three months, is the centre of gaiety and fashion. The New Boy missed by a day seeing King Edward who was met by the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

The prices were four times those charged in any other city visited by our tourist and, in fact the only cheap thing he found in the town was its waters. The stores have only a short season and, as they are rented by the year, an owner has to make hay when the sun shines. In August it was the season's height. Carlsbad was well worth the expense to see it. It is surrounded by high mountains, on the top of which one can dine in swell restaurants, and on the summit of one of the highest hills is a noble monument to Peter the Great, erected in 1853 by the Russians.

Returning to Prague our traveller went on through an agricultural country to Kolin and to Caslav. In Kolin are the great gold and silver mines of Bohemia and not far from here is the mining city of Kuttenberg, miles and miles of which are underground. All this section is Bohemian and the only language spoken is the tongue of the soil. In Caslav the natives live to a very old age. The New Boy came across many who were nearly 100. Any one dying in the 50's or 60's in Caslav would be looked upon as a very young man. The food is plain and the natives lead the simple life. Fruits, grapes especially, are very cheap.

The fast train through the South of Bohemia soon came to Pilsener and then went on through a long stretch of level country, finally getting into Vienna at 10 p. m. The New Boy reached Vienna all alone, with no introductions or directions save on a sheet of paper the name of a hotel to which he was driven from the depot, a pretty well tired out tourist, in a two horse omnibus. Next morning he was up bright and early, however, and joined a party that was going to make a day's tour of Vienna under the direction



CATHEDRAL, IN BOHEMIA.



A COGWHEEL RAILROAD NEAR BUDAPEST.

of an authorized guide whose services cost \$2.00. The party was made up of Americans, English and French and was out to take in every sight possible.

The great Museum was gone over, then came the famous Art Gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, with its paintings by nearly all the great masters. No money could buy these paintings. The owner is a bachelor of nearly 80 years and has an annual income of 24 millions of kronas. Famous churches were visited, including of course the ancient St. Stephens, the building of which was begun in 500 A. D. and took 150 years. In another church, two squares off, were the tombs of the great Maria Theresa, one of the world's noted women, and of her children. The jewels and gold on the altars of the churches represent untold values. Then came a visit to the Emperor's palace and its gardens. The New Boy saw all the magnificent reception rooms and the different rooms reserved for King's who visit the Emperor. Among the latest state apartments was one presented by the Mikado of Japan, wonderfully embellished and draped with the richest and rarest antiques of that country. The various state ball rooms were seen, and visitors had to go on tip toe over the polished floors which were of square blocks of wood. All around were pictures of the great occasions in the history of the Empire and the decorations were superb. The crystal and gold chandeliers were the most beautiful The New Boy had ever seen. The Emperor was stopping at his country residence to escape the heat, and, except his sleeping room, every room was visited. The Emperor's sleeping chamber is open to no one, though, after his death, it can be visited by all the public. The palace gardens are free to all and are a favorite resort of women and children. At the palace a very interesting hour was spent in viewing all the splendid carriages that had carried crowned heads during hundreds of years. The coach ridden in by King Edward was there, also the carriage kept for the Czar, but one had most interest in the magnificent carriages that had carried royalty hundreds of years ago. The coaches of these olden days were beyond belief in the richness of their furnishings, many of them were covered with solid gold, all hand laid in. Every

coronation carriage had been kept. Like many hundreds of others it had only been used once. And all these carriages were as magnificent as had been the imposing ceremonials they had been made for. There was every conceivable kind of vehicle, even to the baby coaches used by royalty, down to the coach the present Emperor was trundled along in when an infant. Further on stood the hearses used during centuries. Some were as large as an American railroad car and one had required 10 pairs of horses even to move it and had cost a fortune.

On the other side of the Imperial gardens are the stables. In one stand 400 black horses, the finest that can be gotten in the world. In another stable are 60 black horses and, in sharp color contrast, 60 white ones. These horses are only allowed to live 25 years, then they are destroyed. The New Boy has seen many horses in America that were so old and were in quite good condition.

After the Royal Palace came appropriately a visit to the Royal Treasury and here you were searched, canes and hats were taken, and at every few steps stood a keen eyed sentinel. The two floors of the Treasury seemed to hold enough gold and jewels to buy all the fortunes in the world. On one floor were the different royal crowns and regalia, golden vessels and ornaments of every kind, antiques of saints and rich relics that even Rome cannot surpass. In another room were the Crown jewels. The New Boy saw one crown that was a mass of great diamonds, an expert said was worth millions. But it was the same all round. About the foot of another crown was a string of 400 diamonds, all of purest water and not one less than three carats in weight. Some single stones represented a fortune. In fact, all that a visitor was conscious of was a feeling of wonder where they had all come from and that such immense treasure could be locked under one roof!

The party then saw the Parliament House, more museums and lastly, the famous opera house. Vienna is a magnificent city and has always been famous in music, art and poetry. All the same The New Boy would put on record that the streets are very crooked and that, in trying to get to a point only some five minutes from his hotel, he lost himself

so badly that he was glad to find himself back at his starting point after half an hour's hard searching!

Vienna has a subway, but a very warm and uncomfortable one to ride in. The locomotives go by steam and the smoke and heat are very unpleasant. The New Boy was told that it was a losing venture to the Company operating it.

There is a kind of Coney Island, too, in Vienna, but it did not come up to the real Coney in the American eyes of The New Boy. It is called Vienna Venice, is full of small canals and the boys spend happy Saturday afternoons there. Theatres, boats, galleries, play grounds and side shows are in evidence. The famous Ferris wheel is here, which was brought from the Chicago World's Fair.

The young people in Vienna are given an excellent education. The laws about this are very strict and parents have to see that every child goes to school until 14 years of age. Should this be neglected the parents are arrested and, for a second offence, are imprisoned. Another point about the boys in these countries is that when a boy leaves school and goes to work he often actually has to pay during his apprenticeship or time of learning and so has small chance of earning. His parents have to support him for quite some time. The river Danube is some distance from Vienna; but a great canal, from the river, runs through the city. This canal was made at immense expense to avoid any chance of the city's being flooded by an overflow of the Danube.

At 7 o'clock, on a lovely August morning, The New Boy took boat on the Danube for Budapest. For an hour the river flowed between level banks, and amid agricultural scenes. There were vegetable or market gardens, cabbage plots and our traveller never saw so many watermelon patches in his life. This surprised him as he had believed his own country had all the rights in watermelons. In the fields were hundreds of dummies or scarecrows to frighten off the birds and the lines of these stiff stuffed figures looked very absurd. Another strange thing he noticed was that every here and there, in the fields, stood little flat houses and he was told that in them were stored explosive bombs which the natives send off to avert hailstorms.

In this section they have hailstorms of extraordinary severity. The hailstones are so large that they ruin any crops they fall among. The farmers have found out that discharge of these bombs seems to have an atmospheric effect that averts a hailstorm and so they keep a store of ammunition in these little flat houses. The New Boy had heard of destroying a waterspout at sea by discharging a ship's cannon at it, but the hailstorm destroyer was news to him.

Very soon the steamer was passing between Hungarian shores. The river now ran between bluffs, covered with vineyards, from the grapes grown in which are made the famous wines of Hungary. On the wooded heights stood many castles and all along the bluffs were picturesque Hungarian villages.

The New Boy got into Budapest at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, just in time to mail this travel letter which was finished on the boat coming down the beautiful blue Danube.

Look for his next letter—In it The New Boy will describe points never before reached by an American Boy.

THE PUZZLER

No. 261.—Additions.

1. Add precise to has eaten and get an English ecclesiastic; to a famous flower and get another flower.
2. Add a covering for the head to magnitude and get upset.

No. 262.—Illustrated Numerical Enigma.



In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the eleven objects have been rightly guessed and the thirty-six letters set down in proper order, they will form the first line of a famous verse.—St. Nicholas.

No. 263.—Double Decapitations.

1. Behead to turn and have part of the body; again behead and have a snake-like fish.
2. Behead a gap and have stretch; again behead and have every.

No. 264.—Riddle.

Here is an implement or tool
Made in more ways than one;
Here is a row of seeds in the ground
Where the gardener's work was done.
And note this method of teaching—
We may call it discipline.
And here is a small black faced baboon;
We'll have to count him in.

No. 265.—Double Acrostic.

Primals, a month; finals, a name given to the American quail.
Crosswords: 1. A certificate of stocks. 2. A kind of puzzle. 3. To reduce to powder. 4. A violent stream. 5. A subtle fluid supposed to fill all space. 6. A kind of paste used for food. 7. A species of hawk. 8. Termination. 9. To draw back.

No. 266.—Anagrams.

All of the stars may be replaced by the same five letters, differently arranged.

A little boy wrote the following composition on his *****:

WATERFOWL.

Certain waterfowl are called *****. They feel bad if you ***** their eggs, but some folks are not in the ***** considerate, and many boys think the ***** about the wrong in robbing nests are very ***** and foolish.

No. 267.—Odd Divisions.

1. Separate docile and kind and have expanse and clever.
2. Separate a fragrant and aromatic plant and have two feminine names.

A Little Essay on Boys.

A little girl wrote the following essay on boys, says an exchange: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was made, and he has never rested since."

Strange.

Freddy—I know a man who makes \$100 a week, and still he is in reduced circumstances.
Teddy—He must be an extravagant fellow.
Freddy—No. He's a living skeleton.

No. 268.—Zigzag.

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another the zigzag, beginning at the upper left hand letter, will spell a place of enchantment.

Crosswords: 1. Severe cold. 2. Imagination. 3. To change. 4. Covered with hair. 5. An imaginary being. 6. Happening every twenty-four hours. 7. To browse. 8. Without sense. 9. Twelve.

No. 269.—Progressive Enigmas.

1. He was 1 2-3-4 boy, and his face was 1-2-3-4 when he stood up to speak.
2. He likes to 1-2-3 4-5-6-7-8-9-10 books and study questions of 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 also.

No. 270.—A Wood Pile.

Sticks of wood are big things to hide, but there are nine different kinds hidden in what Jack says:

"I've been as busy as a bee, chopping wood for a short time, hoping to give papa and mamma pleasure by earning some money. O, a king wouldn't be prouder than I if I could—and give up I never will! I shall tell Archie, Bell and Will Owen I'll pick berries for them, and if I raced around the village I could pick up a good deal of work."

No. 271.—Fractional Problem.

Take part of an error, a room for a prisoner, two-thirds of a busy little insect and a certain amount of righteousness and make a word that applies

to a great variety of things that cannot be classified.

No. 272.—Riddlemere.

In plum, but not in peach;
In oak, but not in beech;
In stone, but not in rock;
In door, but not in lock;
In old, but not in new;
In rain, but not in dew.
Whole a large and renowned city.

No. 273.—A Song Title.



Find the title of a well known song in the picture.

No. 274.—Reversible Squares.

1	2	8
.	.	.
4	5	6
.	.	.
7	8	9

From 1 to 2, the face of a clock; from 2 to 1, deposited; from 2 to 3, a province of Spain; from 3 to 2, a name for Christmas; from 1 to 4, a name for Dordrecht; from 4 to 1, walked on; from 2 to 5, an artificial water trench; from 5 to 2, a Chinese coin; from 3 to 6, the upper part of a glacier; from 6 to 3, level; from 4 to 5, a civil wrong or injury; from 5 to 4, to jog; from 5 to 6, duration; from 6 to 5, to send forth; from 4 to 7, sesame; from 7 to 4, the European pollock; from 5 to 8, flood; from 8 to 5, to prepare for publication; from 6 to 9, the god of love; from 9 to 6, painful; from 7 to 8, to subsist; from 8 to 7, wicked; from 8 to 9, augments; from 9 to 8, an old word meaning "sick."

No. 275.—Charade.

Hushed now is my FIRST,
Nor can it from its silence burst;
My SECOND sees and lends its aid;
My THIRD comes not in time;
So all are free to WHOLE this rhyme.

No. 276.—Central Syncopations.

1. Syncopate pertaining to the sun and leave to fly.
2. Syncopate to drift along and leave tasteless.
3. Syncopate a feminine name and leave epochs.
4. Syncopate a character in "Oliver Twist" and leave gladly.

A pig is usually kept in every stable in Persia; it is thought its presence is beneficial to the health of the horses.

Diamond Fame Is Fleeting

*Players Once of National
Fame Now Retired, In
Business and Unheard
Of--"Orator" O'Rourke,
Jack Doyle, Buck Ewing
and Jimmy Ryan.*

Life on the diamond is evanescent. Very few of the players who a dozen years ago were idolized by the fickle fan are among the professionals today.

In 1892 Clarence Childs led the national twelve club league. Very few of the younger generation of fans ever heard of Childs. Today Clarence is having trouble holding a berth in the New York State league. Dan Brouthers is manager of the Poughkeepsie club.

Buck Ewing is in retirement in Cincinnati. Long John Ewing, his brother, once a famous pitcher, is dead.

Ed Delehanty, considered the greatest natural batter the world has ever



JIMMY RYAN, NOW A TEAM MANAGER IN CENTRAL LEAGUE.

known, is dead. In one game in Chicago Big Ed pounded out four home runs and a single off Adonis Terry.

Tom Burns, once the star fielder of Brooklyn, is in business in Brooklyn. Bill Joyce of the same club is in business in St. Louis and would not return to baseball for any inducement.

Sam Thompson, one of the original

Big Four, is in business in Detroit. Hub Collins is dead. Hugh Duffy still is in the game as manager of the Philadelphia Nationals and bids fair to become as famous a manager as he was a ball player. Jack Stivetts of Boston is driving a brewery wagon in the oil district of Pennsylvania.

"Orator" O'Rourke, once a famous league catcher and fielder, is now manager of the Bridgeport (Conn.) league team and the moving spirit in the organization. Van Haltren is manager of the Oakland (Cal.) team. Jack Doyle, the famous Baltimore infielder, is down and out. He played part of one game with the New York Americans this year, but made such a poor showing that he was let go.

McPhee is living in Cincinnati. He is interested in mining and said to be quite prosperous.

Billy Hallman is a member of the Savannah team of the South Atlantic league. During the winter months he is a hustler man.

Jimmy Ryan is now managing the Evansville club of the Central league.

Herman Long, one of the world's greatest shortstops, is manager of the Des Moines team of the Western league. Roger Connor is in Waterbury, Conn. He is still playing and is well fixed. "Piggy" Ward is in the South Atlantic



JOHN M. WARD, EX-PLAYER AND MANAGER, NOW A LAWYER.

league. Jake Virtue, once a great first baseman, is paralyzed in a hospital in Philadelphia.

Bobby Carruthers is an umpire in the Western league. Jack Milligan, the St. Louis catcher, is a contractor in Philadelphia.

Mike Griffin, the Brooklyn outfielder, is proprietor of a brewery at Utica, N. Y.

Anson is city clerk of Chicago. Harry Taylor, one of the greatest first basemen the game has ever known, owns the Buffalo team and is a lawyer.

John M. Ward, the old captain of the New York Giants, is a prominent lawyer and golfer. He handled the Taylor and other famous baseball cases recently.

Manager Downer of the University of Wisconsin announced recently that Dr. Alvin C. Kraenzlein of Milwaukee, the world's champion track athlete, had been engaged as trainer and track coach for the coming school year.

The securing of Kraenzlein for trainer and track coach will, it is generally believed, greatly increase interest in athletics at the university. He spent one year, 1896-97, as a student in the university and really won his first honors as an athlete there. The following year he went to the University of Pennsylvania, where, under the training of Mike Murphy, he became



ALVIN C. KRAENZLEIN AS A HURDLER.

a world star on the cinder track. He holds the world's records for high and low hurdles and for the 300 yard hurdles, the last having been made in England.

He took part in the Olympic games at the world's fair at Paris and won several events. Since graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, in 1900, he has been practicing dentistry. It is understood that he will receive a salary of about \$1,800 for his work during the coming year.

Odd Mention.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? Because it is nothing without its tail.

The road which leads to success is macadamized with grit and sand.

The man who always keeps his word shouldn't be called selfish.

"A word to the wise may be sufficient," but—has anybody discovered which word it is?

Warm words are often responsible for a cool feeling.

Why He Knew It.

"Do you know," said a Sunday school teacher, addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart. "I can feel it tick."

Hit It Right.

Here is a curious bit of reasoning on the part of a little girl in a north country board school. The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return.

For some time there was silence, but at last the little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her home experiences, exclaimed with a good deal of confidence, "Please, sir, it's the baby!"—London Tit-Bits.

Rowing "Phenom."

*Fred Shephard, a Pianist,
Looks Like Coming National Champion.*

A new figure has loomed into prominence in the rowing world. The name of Frederick Shephard of the Seawanhaka Rowing club of New York was completely unknown until the present season, when in every regatta before the national championships at Baltimore he smashed his oars into the water, passed Fred Vesely, Williamson, Fuessel and C. S. Titus at the very start and increased his lead at every stroke, seemingly by sheer power. The youngster, for youngster he is, compared to the veteran seniors whom he has beaten, relied, in fact, mainly upon his brute strength.

Only once, in the single championship at the nationals, was Shephard beaten, and then by Frank Greer, the title holder, after Shep had rowed in previous events on the same day. At that, the Seawanhaka club oarsman led Greer to the three-quarter buoy.

This Seawanhaka club oarsman stands six feet two inches high in his bare feet and weighs 195 pounds. He has the chest and arms of a prize fighter, the comparatively slender legs of a sprinter and the bull-like neck of a wrestler. His massive shoulders taper to a slender waist.

The queerest part of the story is that this giant is a very good musician and a composer. Among his popular compositions are "On the Seventeenth of March," "Forget Me Not," "On the Nile" and "In the Springtime, When the Lilacs Are in Bloom."

Shephard was born in Port Jervis, N. Y., in 1879. While still at school, he ran away from home, and enlisted

in the United States navy as an apprentice. There he toiled in the holds of warships until his opportunity came on board "Fighting Bob" Evans' Iowa, where he was serving when the Spanish-American war ended.

While the Iowa was tossing in front of Santiago one stormy day a seaman fell overboard from the rigging. Shephard dived after his shipmate and saved him.

After the war he left the navy and began to play the piano, at the same time working on his compositions. One publisher after another turned down his productions and he was about to give up when "On the Seventeenth of March" was accepted, and Thomas Seabrooke made a hit singing it.

Last year he won the intermediate singles at the national regatta at St. Louis. On Aug. 3, 1904, at the Long Island (N. Y.) regatta he rowed in three Seawanhaka winning crews and



FRED SHEPHEARD, SEAWANHAKA ROWING CLUB.

was the strength of each shell. On the following Labor day he won the association senior single scull event in the middle states regatta. The victory put him in the class with the best scullers in the land.

At the beginning of the present year Shephard joined the Seawanhaka Rowing club and trained faithfully as a sweep in the club's unbeaten championship senior four. Yet his sweep rowing did not interfere with his sculling and he beat every one of the best senior single scullers in the land except Greer.

At the recent national he won the association singles, rowed in the winning senior four, international four and intercity octopede. The fact that he rowed in other hard races may have been responsible for his loss to Greer.

Shephard's measurements are: Neck, 16¾ inches; chest, contracted, 37 inches; chest, normal, 40 inches; chest, expanded, 44 inches; waist, 28 inches; thigh, 22 inches; length of leg, 33 inches; calf, 14½ inches; ankle, 8¾ inches; biceps, 14 inches; length of arm, 33 inches.

Even though tall, heavy and powerful, his measurements show that he is built for speed, as attested by the long arms and legs and twenty-eight inch waist.

Saloons Closed on Pay Day.

In Norway on pay days saloons are closed and savings banks open until midnight. Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract at public registry offices. There is a telegraph box on every street car. One writes the message puts on the right number of stamps and drops it in the box. Farmers can borrow money from the government at 3 per cent. There are practically no illiterates. The average wage earnings are \$88 a year. There are more reindeer than horses, more sheep than cows.

Reward For Printers' Errors.

By the recent dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press, over which Anthony Hope presided, attention was called to a queer custom of the old time. Printers used to chain copies of their books outside their offices, and if any passing scholar detected an error he was rewarded according to its magnitude—a cup of wine for a broken letter, a cup of wine and a plate of beef for a turned letter and the like.

American Invasion of Canada.

The business and social relations between Canada and the United States are growing closer than ever before. The American "invasion" of the Dominion is an established fact, and the provinces are rapidly becoming Americanized. A large number of the leading American corporations have established plants in the Dominion near the border.

Ancient Relics Unearthed.

A relic, supposed to be a gold tray or server of rare Celtic design, has been found in Ireland during the operation of turf-cutting in the bogs. A pair of old duelling pistols was also unearthed, and some distance away, at a depth of eighteen feet, was found a coffin containing a skeleton. Emblems in the coffin indicate that the remains may be those of a French officer of high rank.

Japanese School System.

A boy and girl must attend school as soon as they attain the age of six, and remain there until the age of fourteen. The first four years they teach them the Japanese and Chinese languages, and the latter four years they add English; when a boy and girl are graduated from the Japanese common schools they can read and speak English.—Exchange.

A Town Without Births.

With a population of 200, New Salem borough has not had a birth for over a year, and but few children reside in the town.

There are 58 families and 17 widows in the town, and one-fourth of the population has passed the age of 50 years. Nine persons have passed fourscore years, and 19 three score and ten.

Every Boy is Good at Something



Ave have known and read of dunces at school becoming useful and even celebrated men, not, of course, because of their youthful stupidity, but because talent and genius are slow in developing, and because on leaving school the "dunce" sometimes finds new spheres of activity which interest him more than the sometimes dry subjects of Arithmetic, Grammar and Spelling.

You may be head of your class, lessons may come easy to you, you may be tempted to laugh and sneer at the boy who, spending twice as much time at his books, knows his lessons only half as well next day. That boy, however, may pass you in the race of life. And he certainly will do so if he have more common sense and perseverance.

School is not everything. We do not want to discourage you to work less to be head of your class, but you must have other interests outside of school for your leisure hours. Take stamp collecting, for instance, the most popular of juvenile hobbies. The boy who has never known even the delights of a "hundred varieties for ten cents" has missed part of his education, and yet few teachers encourage such work in the class room.

Stamp Collecting, Amateur Printing and Journalism, Coins, Butterfly Collecting, Natural History, Amateur Carpentering and Photography, and all other such interests are subjects not taught in schools but which are none the less necessary to a boy's development. They form pursuits and studies oftentimes for the boy who cannot get the multiplication table straight or analyze a compound sentence.

The world's greatest natural philosopher, Sir Charles Darwin, was considered anything but a prodigy at school. "When I left school," he says, "I was, for my age, neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Darwin says he had "strong and diversified tastes." So has many a boy who is considered dull and stupid because his tastes do not coincide with those of his companions, or are not of the kind that his parents and teachers consider most profitable. The tastes of young Darwin lay in the direction of insects, especially of beetles. He had much zeal for studying them, because they interested him as "seven times seven" and "ran is a verb" did not. He was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the barn and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their play.

It is splendid for boys to play football, baseball and learn to row, swim and hunt, but why should the boy who does not care greatly for these things be despised? It takes all sorts to make a world, and we have no sympathy with the tyranny which makes a boy uncomfortable because he is not like every one else. We respect every boy, for we know not what possibilities of usefulness are buttoned up under his coat. *He is sure to be good at something.*

ACTIVITIES

Amateur Printing
Amateur Journalism
Butterfly Collecting
Stamp Collecting
Toy Shop
Magic and Legerdemain
Camping Out
Natural History
Amateur Circus
Experimental Electricity
Newspaper Clipping Library
Pictorial Poster Collecting
Boat Sailing for Amateurs
Pigeon Loft
Autograph Collecting
Amateur Athletics
Coin Collecting
Kitchen Garden
Physical Culture
Fernery
Amateur Theatricals
Aviary
Picture Collecting
Amateur Photography
Poultry Run
Rabbitry
Kennel
Flower Garden
Window Garden
Football
Baseball
Pushball
Skating
Swimming
Curio Collecting
Post Card Collecting
Coupon Collecting
Crest Collecting
Souvenir Collecting
Carpentry
Taxidermy
Ventriloquism
Fishing
Canoeing
Indian Relic Collecting
Postmark Collecting
Amateur Advertising
Mineral Collecting

Fill out one or two of the blank lines with the name of other Activities not listed above that you are interested in, and then mark an X in front of all Activities you like best. Then fill out the blank at the bottom with your name and address and send this coupon with 10 cents for three months' trial subscription to THE NEW BOY and Life Membership in THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE.

Name

Street and No.

Town

State

Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment, while judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Send in your name to be enrolled as a Life Member and have your name printed in the Membership List, which will be sent to every member. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same things write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership. Send for full information, blanks, printed matter, etc.

THE PIGEON LOFT.

Weed out and keep no bird to eat its head off. You might begin to make up your mind now as to the sort of stock you mean to keep in the coming year. There is money to be made out of pigeons. We would not have our Boys mercenary, but a hobby should pay or it is not worth the trouble. See that your loft is sweet and clean now, or the cold and wet on straw may breed you trouble, and no patient makes a worse invalid than a pigeon. Give them clean, heavy and wholesome food and plenty clean water. Maize and buckwheat, grey peas and beans, oatmeal, all go well. A mixture of old lime gravel and salt, moistened into a paste, is called "salt-cat." Put it on a corner of the loft on a board.

Some breeders keep their lofts in a very disorderly condition, but they do not thrive very long. They are certain to go to the wall. It is only a question of time.

THE RABBITRY.

The hutches must be kept scrupulously clean and well bedded. Some simple disinfectant may be used now and then, but remember that no disinfectant should be used over actual uncleanness. Cleanse your hutch first and disinfect afterwards, to destroy invisible impurities. Be careful to guard against damp, leakage and wet green food. In regard to mange, so-called, if you care for your rabbits properly it will never occur. But if it does sponge daily with water, afterwards annoint with sulphur and zinc ointment, equal parts, mixed. Put your rabbits in clean hutches and break up and burn the old.

Feed most carefully as the weather grows cold. A warm bran mash will do good now and then.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDEN.

Prepare new window boxes in your spare moments, for wood soon rots. Ornament with virgin cork, and when all are ready get new mould and compost from the garden. Old mould becomes useless after a time. Geraniums may still be blooming, but after this month we depend for beauty in our windows chiefly on the greenery and berries of winter plants. Trim flower borders, getting the weeds well up by the roots.

It will be time now to think of laying out new flower gardens, making walks and planting shrubs, but let another month pass before you begin work in earnest.

THE KENNEL.

Your outdoor kennel will want seeing to now. It should be perfectly dry and the door turned away from the prevailing winds.

THE AVIARY.

We have little to tell canary-bird breeders this month. All must be quiet and clean in the bird room or aviary. The feeding must be regular, the food plain, the water soft and pure. Keep green food, fresh sand and gravel in the cage. Avoid dainties, except perhaps a tiny slice of apple or pear or a morsel of sugar. Give the birds all the sunshine and ventilation possible. If these hints are acted up to healthy aviaries will be the result.

THE BEE WORLD.

All is now quiet. We have only to guard against enemies and read books and papers on bees.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Take up roots and stow them carefully away. Potatoes will do best on a layer of straw or hay in a cellar, with a light layer of the same over them. Leave parsnips in the ground; they are better for the frost. Tidy up as you go. Kill weeds, for they may seed yet. Earth up your celery. Plant greens and also lettuces. Begin digging vacant ground.

THE POULTRY RUN.

The season of gloom has about commenced, the days are getting short already and the nights long. Both humans and fowls feel the change. Any boys who have fancy feather stock will have to look out that the birds do not suffer from damp and draughts. The draught from a chink in your fowl-house, or a leak from aloft, may do much damage. Indeed, the very least harm these may do is in putting fowls off laying.

Now, ventilation must be attended to, but it must be scientific. Nothing is much safer or better than a big piece of wire gauze let into the wall or doorway, or a sheet of perforated zinc. Weed out all the weakly ones if you have not already done so, and relegate the older fowls to the pot. But you should fatten first, especially if you are going to sell. Pen them up, and four times a day have them fed regularly on such food as boiled rice, boiled oatmeal and milk, boiled flour and suet, with an allowance of treacle in it. Ring the changes on such diet and do not forget the water. Chickens are fattened when four months old, only they need not be penned up.

Get everything into the best of order for the coming fall and winter. You will never make any money from a fowl run unless regularity rules supreme. In extra cold weather feed rather better. Give scraps of meat and chopped liver and you will find the fowls continue laying.

Keep the floor of the house as dry as a mat, and frequently renew the dust

bath. This last you *must* do if your stock is to keep healthy. Unhealthy fowls will neither fatten nor lay. Laying hens are sometimes overfed and that is a great mistake. Their food should be strengthening and stimulating. Some finely chopped chillies does good. Make it a rule in your run to kill fowls after the second year of laying. Especially should the roosters be bold, strong and young. Have no overcrowding; cleanliness, plenty of fresh water and green stuff and your run will prosper accordingly.

CREST AND MONOGRAM COLLECTING.

Collecting crests is a very favorite amusement among boys, and is, usually speaking, an inexpensive hobby. Many a lad, however, collects crests merely because they are pretty, or because other fellows collect them, or because at school it is the thing to do, and the more thoughtful boy is apt to turn up his nose at crest collecting as a useless and foolish hobby.

But if crest collecting be taken up in the right spirit it will not only prove a most entertaining, but an instructive study.

To begin at the root of our subject, let us have a look at the motto or legend, as it is technically termed, under the crest.

These mottoes generally are in Latin, and it is worth taking pains to try and translate them. The old Romans were very clever in crowding into a few words a great deal of compressed wisdom, and often in a single word, expressed an idea.

Take the motto, "Aspiro," or the legend, "Fenebo," and what a volume of energy and ambition in the one case, and of tenacity of purpose in the other, is implied! "Festina lente" is another example of wise truth, and, "Make your way slowly but determinedly," may well be taken as a valuable motto in life by other boys than those who bear the name of Onslow. Note the motto to the Rothschild family coat, "Concordia, Integritas, Industria," and could any one dispute that the source of the family wealth could not be more happily expressed. Such mottoes as "Volens aut valens," or "Dum spiro spero," will well repay some trouble in translating, and are worth committing to memory.

But all the mottoes are not in Latin and crest collecting will set you puzzling in other and less known languages and be an incentive to obtain a knowledge of foreign tongues. The mottoes used by the Buller and by the Watson families are in Greek; that of the Duke of Beaufont in Hebrew, the Mackenzies use Gaelic, the Prices and Edwards Welsh.

Crest collecting opens up a field in languages.

ABOUT GOING TO COLLEGE.

The actual study in obtaining the university degree of A. B. or M. A., as it may be, amounts to little. In Harvard, Yale, Cornell and any of the great American colleges a student to-day has some 16 or 17 subjects to choose from out, say 150. If he passes satisfactorily in the subjects chosen then he gains his degree and has had what we term a college education.

In the olden times the belief existed that a university was only for those of a most studious turn of mind; briefly, that students were born and never made, and, that if a boy of 16 or 17 intended going into mercantile business or following certain financial and professional lines, it was a waste of time to spend some four years to simply write B. A. or M. A. after his name.

Twenty-five years ago there might have been some slight excuse for this fallacy. The college course for the Arts degree was confined to the Classical, Metaphysical, English and Natural Science classes.

To-day it is very different. There are classes in every known subject. A youth attends college and the real thing he acquires is the study and practice of *how* to learn. He has had a training that has taught him how to start on any subject, let it be the practice of law, the teaching of boys' schools, the buying and selling of soap or the manufacturing of it.

A college education is not a waste of time to any youth. Let no boy say to himself that being dull at school he is inefficient in meeting and working with not fitted for college. He will never waste time that is spent amid fine associates young men of high ideals, in studying good books upon good subjects, and in being instructed by those whose ability has been proven and their experience ripened by years of work.

College is one of the training schools for the battles of life. A youth gets to know men and the ways of dealing with them; he knows books and what books are best to read. He takes part in clubs, societies, studies and sports, and, when he leaves college, the graduate goes into the world able to take care of himself, let his future career be devoted to what it may.

To-day college life is singularly attractive and is easy of attainment. If a youth has little money, then let him remember that some of the best and greatest men in America worked their way through college. The writer knows men of highest academic distinction in this and other countries who worked their way through university after university. At times, scholarships would be gained, now and again tutoring boys would be taken up, copying work and assisting Boards of Education helped along, in fact, there are a hundred ways open to the youth who has little money, but who is sincere in his desire to perfect his school scholarships by a college course.

And a pleasant feature is that money counts for less at college than it does anywhere else perhaps in the world. The poorest student is often the medalist of his year, and not seldom leads his fellow students in sports and in debate as well.

Boys! if you are going into professional work, into financial, mercantile, or, in fact, if you are going into anything at all, you will be the better for the years spent in the systematic train-

ing, reading and study of a college course.

And if a college education be offered you, never hesitate about accepting it. A man never regrets his university years; they are a constant joy to recall. Never give heed to those whom you may hear telling how they had their choice in the matter; but that they knew too much to lose time poring over books and listening to dry lectures! no! the bank book for them! and business just as soon as they could get into it.

Any boy who has had the rare privilege of having had a college education offered him and has refused to take it is in the class of those who do not realize an opportunity in life.

The Editor will always be pleased to hear from any of the League members, and, if it is impossible to publish their letters, will always acknowledge them. The following gossip letter is about the vacation of one of our New York Boys. He has had a good time, as we hoped that he, and all of our League Boys would.

NEW YORK CITY, . . . , 1905.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I read and enjoyed very much The New Boy's Trip across the ocean, and I'm sure he must be having a bully time. I am a New York boy and I thought that some of the League Boys in other places might like to know about my vacation. I think that New York has more jolly places within easy reach than any other city I ever visited. This summer I had a rare good time. I visited boy chums in several of our seashore resorts and so saw what was going on. I spent some days at Manhattan Beach, where you get the ocean breezes and fine bathing, and we did not do a thing to old Coney Island when we put in a whole long day there. We were in the water, and all the big attractions and ended by throwing rings for canes, shooting the chutes, riding hobby horses and seeing all the side shows! Good old Coney Island! At night it is wonderful with its millions of electric lights and stir and bustle. But for a place to live in I should think it would be pretty tiresome.

I had a trip to Atlantic City, the biggest shore resort I ever stayed at. There are miles of boardwalks, thousands of hotels and all kinds of amusements. The hotel keeper with whom we stopped said there were 500,000 visitors in Atlantic City, so you can judge what crowds were on the shore and in the water. If he had told me there were five millions of folks I would not have doubted his word.

We had some very cold and wet weather here about the middle of August, when my father took me to Saratoga, so famous for its springs. It is a very fashionable place and people wear evening dress a great deal, but I had not much of a time. The rain came down in torrents and made the best raincoat look like a ten cent piece! It was very cold, too, and I was not sorry when I started for Asbury Park. It is one of the most popular of the New Jersey watering places. Asbury Park, Mr. Editor, is the spot for the boys and children to enjoy themselves in. There is elegant sea bathing, all kinds of sports, and in the end of August the Children's Carnival came off. It was a big affair.

The Queen of Beauty elected this year was a New York young lady. The Babies' Parade was another great sight. The babies are really the most important performers in the Carnival, and this year they came out 491 strong, pushed along in flower bedecked floats and all kinds of decorated carriages, and, when they went down the line they were admired by thousands and thousands of spectators.

It was a wonderful procession. There were babies from all parts of the country and even from distant lands. One baby was from China, another from Syria. There were many "Indians," too, but they were not genuine. Neither were the picturesque "Italians," some of whom represented organ grinders with monkeys.

And now I am back and my vacation is over, but I made the most of it. I am an enthusiastic Member of your Activities League and a keen collector of stamps and when you issue your great stamp Number in October, I hope you will tell us a lot of new things.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIE MURRAY.

THE OLDEST STATUE IN THE WORLD.

The finding of the statue of an unknown king, Daddu, or David, in the ruins of the temple of Bismya, not far from Bagdad, is described by Edgar James Banks, of the University of Chicago, in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literatures* (the new form of *Hebraica*). This statue the editors of this journal announce, is probably the oldest in the world. The shoulder of the statue was first noticed about eight feet below the surface. Upon digging it out, a headless statue was found, weighing some two hundred pounds. Carefully concealing the find from the superstitious natives, Mr. Banks and his assistants washed the statue at night under cover of their tent, in camp. Soon three lines of a "beautifully distinct inscription in the most archaic characters" appeared written across the right upper arm. "There were but three short lines—little more than three words; but later, when I was able to translate them, they told us all that we most wished to know." About three weeks later the head was found.

A workman who was employed not thirty meters from the spot where the statue was found was clearing away the dirt near a wall, when a large round piece of dirty marble rolled out. We picked it up and cleared away the dirt. Slowly the eyes, nose and the ears of the head of a statue appeared. I hurriedly took it to my tent and placed it upon the neck of the headless statue. It fitted; the statue was complete. From beneath the thick coating of dirt the marble face seemed to light up with a wonderful smile of gratitude for the long sleep of thousands of years in the grave was at an end, and the long-lost head was restored; or perhaps the smile was but the reflection of our own feelings.

The lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest one now in use. It was erected during the reign of Trajan, and rebuilt in 1634.

More men have died and are buried on the Isthmus of Panama along the line of the proposed canal than on any equal amount of territory in the world.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

TRAINING — THE BATH — DEEP BREATHING.

Every month *THE NEW BOY* will print an article upon Strength Culture for boys and give instruction upon some particular branch of physical training.

And right here the Editor would say that there seems to be a fixed idea in the minds of many that to train means the undergoing of many hardships, of much violent exercise, and then perhaps a general breakdown to make up for the short time of physical strength.

Nothing is further from the truth. Training, as we wish our Boys to understand it, is the gradual strengthening of the body, the development of the muscle, the free use of every organ without weakening or overexercising any part.

Training as I recommend it does not necessitate the sweating by artificial means, the eating of raw meat, or the violent running, walking, punching the bag, and other things resorted to in times past. I am not trying to induce you to become pugilists or champion weight-throwers or lifters, but simply strong boys, so that when you go out into life you may be physically able to endure all the hardships of a business career.

Every boy wishes to be strong and healthy, and if you want health, a clear complexion and the glorious feeling of being in good condition, you must make it an invariable rule to take *some* kind of bath not fewer than 365 times a year, as you must never miss a day.

That Cleanliness is next to Godliness is a true adage. It will hold good for all time.

COLD WATER BATH.

A cold water bath is always stimulating, and has no detrimental reaction for one who is sufficiently robust to take it. If you are obliged to exercise after bathing for the purpose of getting warm it is a sure indication that your vitality is too low for such a bath. This applies with equal force to the matter of dressing immediately after bathing.

When the cold water comes in contact with the skin the superficial blood vessels contract and the blood is driven to the internal organs, and the temperature there is raised, while the temperature at the surface is temporarily lowered. Then when the reaction takes place (a healthful reaction) the skin vessels dilate, the blood rushes to them, and the bather experiences a pleasant glow over the entire body. A cold water bath in a cold room is a positive luxury—for one who is in good physical shape.

If you are not strong enough to take a cold bath, then begin with lukewarm water and have it less warm each day until your body becomes accustomed to the change.

Bathing—daily bathing—is necessary to obtain the very best bodily conditions. Those who take a cold bath daily should take a warm bath, with soap, at least once a week for the sake of cleanliness. People do not realize how much the health is dependent upon proper bathing. Not long ago a physician was called upon to examine a case. After carefully going over his patient he assured him that he was merely in a somewhat run-down condition. There was nothing he could prescribe except, perhaps,—a bath! After a few days the man returned and said:

"Why, doctor, if I had known that a bath would make such a difference I would have taken one forty years ago!"

There are two other baths that we shall talk about, and the first is the internal bath, which you all can take by drinking freely of cold water at the proper times.

This water drinking and flushing the body is a great aid to nature.

Drink water freely between your meals, and by between your meals we mean some two hours after. Drink water of natural temperature. It is better by far than turning your inside into a refrigerator by drinking ice water.

The next bath is the sun and air bath. The time of year is past for pleasureable sun bathing in the East, but you can judge of its benefits by the following story about "a sun bather" in the far West:

In the glorious sunshine of California there lived a man a few years ago who was then 120 years old, but he did not look to be over 65 or 70. He attributed his condition to the fact that for nearly seventy years, on his ranch, he never allowed a day to pass without baring his body to the air and sunshine or sunlight for one or two hours at a time. To use his own words: "There is no crankiness in my method. It is simply giving the Lord's own medicine a chance to do its work, and I can assure you that one hour of bright sunshine pouring down on the bare human body is more beneficial to the health of the body than a whole dispensary of drugs."

One of his grandsons (aged 70) says that the old gentleman can run a mile in six minutes flat, on a sandy road.

You may rest assured that the old man's heart is all right, his stomach is all right, his liver is all right, and his kidneys are all right.

DEEP BREATHING.

And now we come to another physical exercise, deep breathing.

Like all exercises, it must be taken very gently. It is because breathing exercises are so good and so powerful that they must be taken in small and gentle doses. The proper effects of all breathing exercises, whatever sort they may be, are merely a feeling of being out of breath a little, the heart should beat a little quicker, and the skin all over the body should get slightly warm, nothing more. When the slightest giddiness is felt, singing in the ears, pain in the nose, dryness of the throat, rush of blood to the head or face, heating of the heart rapidly, then these are signs that the exercise is being overdone.

Do the exercises calmly, smoothly and without hurry. The first exercise you can go through to advantage in your room after rising in the morning. Have your room full of good fresh air, which is another of God's aids to health and strength.

FIRST EXERCISE.

Stand erect, with arms extended in a line with the shoulders, fingers outstretched and palms of the hands turned upwards. Draw in a breath through the nose as if to the top of the head, bring the hands round in the front of the chest till the little fingers touch, arms kept stiff; brace the chest, and squeeze the arms down to the sides;

relax completely and let the breath out quickly, but smoothly, through the mouth; count seven, take up position again, and repeat—three times in all.

This first exercise you can practise before you go to bed, but exercise No. 2 is not to be gone through at night.

SECOND EXERCISE.

Sit on the side of the bed, take in a breath to the top of the head, and slowly sink backwards flat on the bed, without letting the arms touch the bed; breathe out, count seven, draw in the breath again, and slowly rise to a sitting position; breathe out, count seven, take in a breath, and repeat—three times in all.

Natural means of increasing breathing power are hill climbing and rowing. For all deep breathing purposes, exercises must be taken at a rate that enables the mouth to be kept shut, the breath being drawn through the nose as if to the top of the head. The simplest exercise of all, and probably as good as any, is to stand erect and draw in as long and deep a breath as you can through the nose, breathing out comfortably through the mouth. You can keep this up for a few minutes at a time and can do it three or even four times a day.

Next month we shall say something about walking and running.

A FUNNY FISHING EXPERIENCE.

Old Peter Shea worked for many years as deck hand on board the *Mary Ann* sloop which used to ply from New York to Sing Sing upon the Hudson.

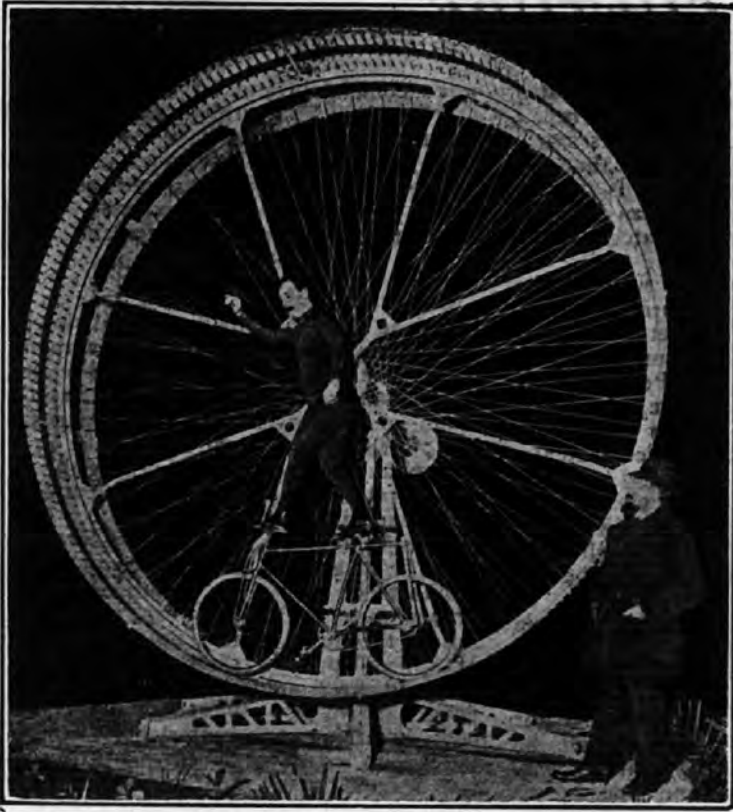
One evening, when they had made fast to the dock at Sing Sing, and Peter had nothing to do, he took a notion to try his hand at fishing. He secured tackle and bait, and sitting comfortably on the dock edge, flung his line into the water beneath. He had not long to wait for feeling a pull at his line he responded by hauling out a lively eel of some ten inches long. Peter disengaged it from the hook and rapping it soundly against the woodwork, laid it behind him and started fishing again. Very soon he caught another eel; but, when he turned to place it with his first catch, eel number one was gone. Peter imagined that it must have escaped through some cranny and to make sure of number two banged it soundly against an iron catch pin and laid it behind him to all appearance very much dead to the world. He soon caught another fish, but when he placed it behind him the eel he had taken such pains to kill, was gone!

Thoroughly mystified, he went on fishing until his attention was drawn by a scratching noise.

Turning, he saw the cause of the strange disappearance of his eels. A large dock rat was industriously dragging off his last catch to its hole among the lumber piled up some distance away.

Peter was more amused than angry and as the eels were too small for table use, he put in the rest of his evening supplying eels for the dock rat's larders!

The use of X-rays has proved a valuable adjunct to pearl fishing on the coast of Ceylon. By this application it is possible to discriminate between valuable oysters and those containing no pearls. Oysters useless for commercial purposes are thrown back into the sea.



A NEW FORM OF LOOPING THE LOOP.

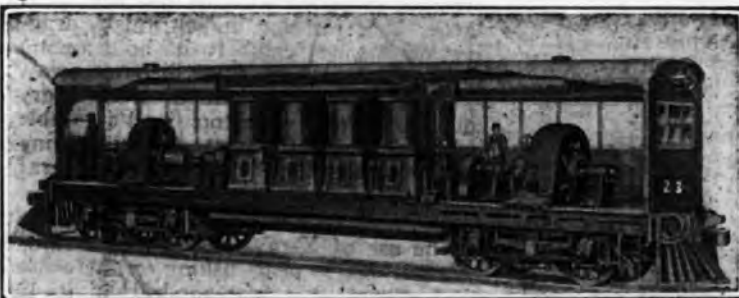
The bicyclist is whirled around several times by the large revolving wheel.

The performer throws himself within a revoluble wheel and sets it in motion by smart pedaling on his bicycle. When the cyclist has whipped up the speed of the large wheel sufficiently he stops and allows himself to be whirled by the large wheel around and around. It is said that the cyclist in this fashion loops the loop five or six times in succession.

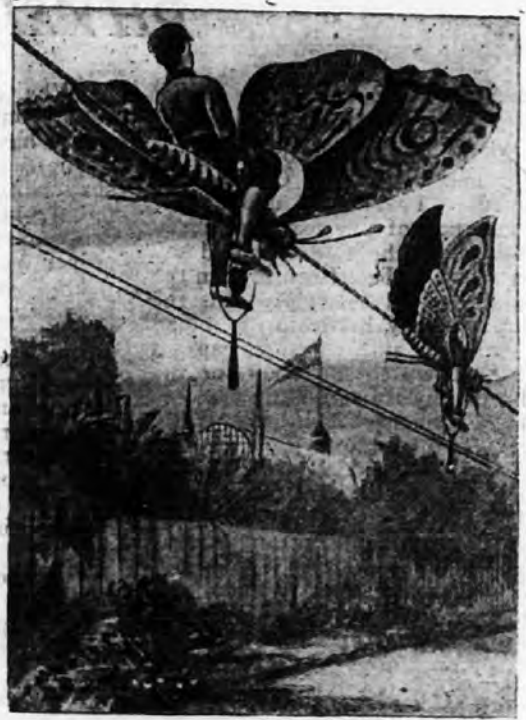


THE MONORAIL IN OPERATION.

The above is a picture of the first monorail road in the world. It will be a radical departure from all present vehicles used in railroad traffic.



NEW LOCOMOTIVE BEING BUILT FOR SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.



"BUTTERFLYING."

The illustration is almost self-explanatory. The upper cable penetrates the body of the butterfly and the two lower, of lighter construction, hold in position the heavy weight designed to balance the rider.

Pedals are attached for propulsion.

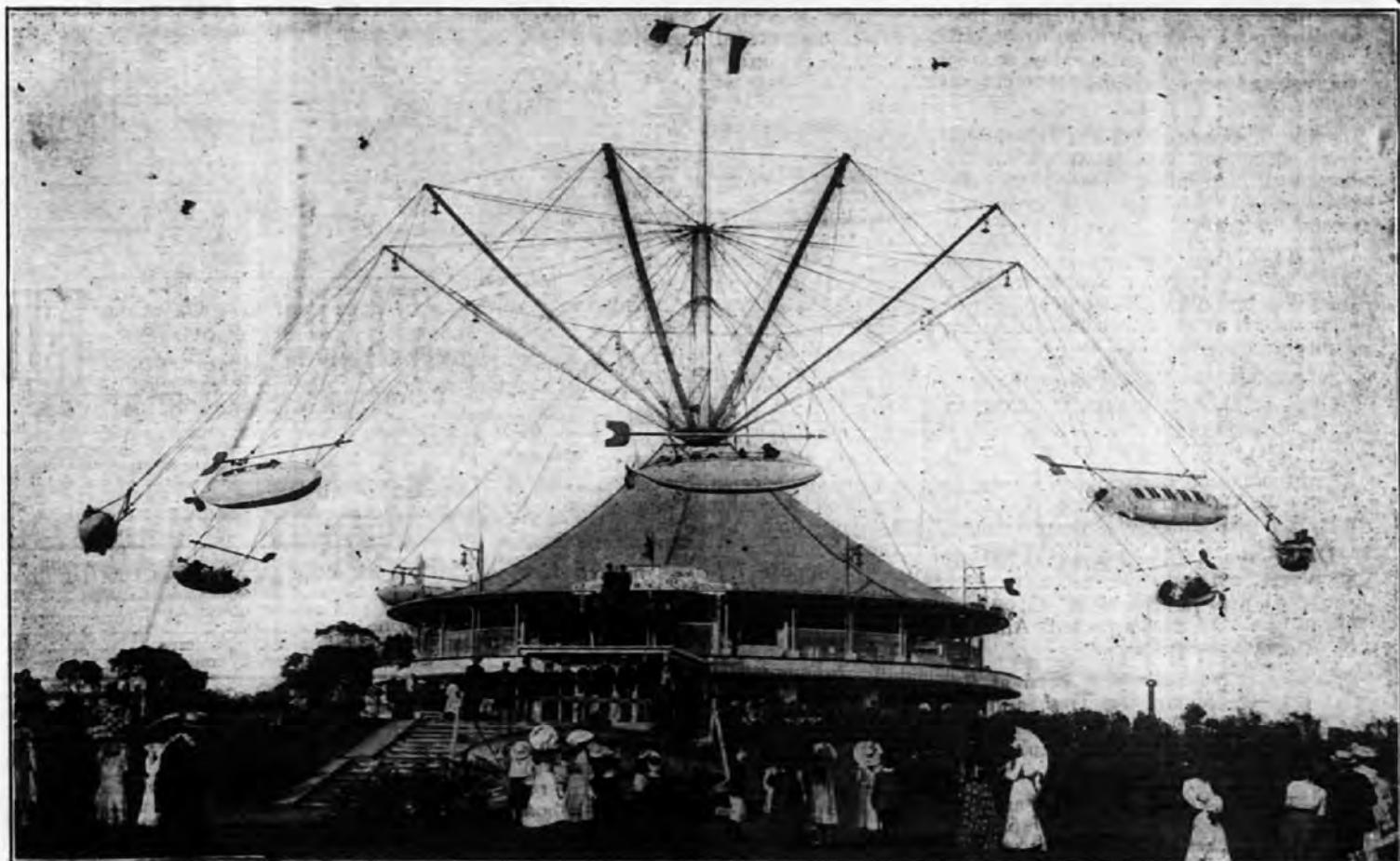


THE "FLYING MACHINE" CAR.

This car is made of steel, is capable of holding 20 or more persons, and contains many novel features.

The airships are to be constructed of a strong but light skeleton steel frame completely incased in rivetted sheet-iron plates, and will be elliptical in shape with conical ends. The ship will have the attractive appearance of the real Jules Verne type and will be lighted both inside and out by electricity. Each car will be furnished with a search light for use by night, and outlined by many colored lights. The ships will have a capacity of about twenty people each and will be furnished with revolving chairs opposite each window or point of observation.

An ideal locomotive is now in process of construction for the Southern Pacific Railroad and will, in a few weeks, be given its initial run. The design is practically that of a familiar baggage car. Within it the engine and dynamos will be mounted parallel with its length. In the usual manner the motors will be mounted under the car platform on the trucks and geared to the axles.



THE MAXIM FLYING MACHINE.

The Sir Hiram Maxim captive flying machine consists of a central structure, 100 feet high, with ten great extending arms, from each of which is suspended an "airship" in which the passengers take their novel flight. When all are comfortably settled in the luxuriously fitted ships, the huge arms begin to revolve and the ships move off in widen-

ing circles. Under full headway the ships travel more than 900 feet at each revolution and by their own momentum are carried high in the air at the ends of their steel cables.

Absolute safety is the paramount feature of the machine. It is constructed throughout of the finest quality of high-tension steel, every part having been subjected to tests many times more severe than the heaviest strain that could

possibly occur in actual operation.

A ride on the flying machine is delightful from beginning to end. There is not even a suggestion of jar or jolt throughout the journey. Each ship rises gently from its platform by an almost imperceptible motion, gliding off into space so easily and gracefully as to make the delighted traveller almost forget that his soaring craft is held firmly in a grip of steel.

At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, were many of the most expensive shows ever built at an exposition, but a horse earned the most money. His exhibitions were given in a handsome and unique structure known as the Silver Horse Shoe Building.

Beautiful Jim Key, this famous Educated Horse, who is known as the Equine Millionaire, is admitted by all to be one of the greatest wonders of the age.

Mr. A. R. Rogers, of New York City, the owner of this most-wonderful horse, says: "It's a one-horse show," but to the visitors who crowd his theatre continuously during the hours he is on exhibition, until standing room only is a regular thing.

To tell what beautiful Jim Key can do is like reading a fairy tale, for



JIM KEY—AN EDUCATED HORSE.

here is a real horse that actually has been educated, marvelous as it may seem, and after watching Jim Key a little while the question comes up at once: How could he be taught it all? For Jim Key reads, writes, spells — not certain set words, but words given him by the audience, though he spells phonetically. His arithmetic is the most astonishing thing of all.

Jim Key uses a National Cash Register and has a handsome gold-plated one presented him by the National Cash Registry Co. because Jim has proven it is so simple that even a horse can use it and rings up sales and makes change as easily as anyone.

He will go to the post office and get the mail, and file letters in a letter file just as correctly as any clerk.

ANSWERS TO NUTS TO CRACK.

William Ewart Gladstone was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809, and died at Hawarden Castle, May 19, 1898. He was a noted British statesman and orator.

John B. Gough was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817, and died at Philadelphia, February 18, 1886. He was distinguished as a great temperance lecturer.

David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland, March 19, 1813, and died at Chitambo, Central Africa. He was a celebrated African explorer.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, August 15, 1769, and died at Longwood, St. Helena, May 5, 1821. He was a noted French general.

Confucius was born at Lu, China, 550 or 551 B. C., and died 478 B. C. He was a noted Chinese philosopher.

Dr. Samuel Johnston was born at Dundee, Scotland, December 15, 1733, and died near Edenton, N. C., August 18, 1816. He was a noted American jurist and statesman.

Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706, and died at Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. He was a noted American philosopher and statesman.

Alexander Pope was born at Lombard street, London, May 21, 1688, and died at Twickenham, May 30, 1744. He was a noted English poet.

Voltaire was born at Paris, November 21, 1694, and died at Paris, May 30, 1778. He was a noted French writer.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, Arabia, about 570, and died at Medina, Arabia, June 8, 632. He was the founder of Mohammedanism.

William Penn was born at London, October 14, 1644, and died at Ruscombe, Berks, England, July 30, 1718. He was the founder of Pennsylvania.

Henry W. Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He was a noted American poet.

Victor Hugo was born at Besancon, February 26, 1802, and died at Paris, May 22, 1885. He was a celebrated French poet.

Lory Byron was born at London, in 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in 1824. He was a noted English poet.

Plutarch, born at Chaeronea, Bocoia, Greece, about 46 A. D. He was a noted Greek historian.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, county Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728, and died at London, April 4, 1774. He was a noted English poet.

Duke of Wellington was born at Dublin (or in Meath?), Ireland, April 30 (May 1?), 1769, and died at Walmer Castle, England, September 14, 1852. He was a noted statesman and British general.

A Japanese house is generally all on one floor. The number of rooms in it depends on the number of bedrooms the owner requires. They are divided for the night by paper shutters, fixed in grooves, like the divisions of an old-fashioned work-box. There are no doors or passages.

HE SADLY REFLECTED.

Jones looked very down in the mouth when he entered the club.

"What's up?" asked somebody.
"It was this way. You know I am an ardent bicyclist. I have a boy who has the same passion. This evening, just after dark, as I was coming down to the club, I was hit in the back by what seemed to be a locomotive. When I had collected my scattered senses, I was all covered with mud, and also very angry. I looked round to see what hit me, and found a young man and a bicycle on the pavement, all tangled up. Without stopping to think what I did, I took that young man by the coat collar and kicked him off the pavement. Then I jumped on the bicycle, smashed all the spokes out of the wheels, and generally disfigured it."

Here the gentleman stopped, and one of his audience said:

"Well, why should that make you feel as you do? You did just the right thing."

"I suppose I ought not to feel so," said the speaker; "but, you see, it was my boy and my bicycle!"

AND THE SNAKE CAME BACK.

Thrown Into River, Turns Up Next Day at Owner's Home.

Members of the Mrs. George H. Brown family, who conduct a boarding house in Sioux Falls, S. D., and all the boarders at the place, vouch for a snake story which is of an unusual character, says the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

One of the boarders who intended leaving the city had a pet snake, which, not wishing to take it with him on his journey, he took to the Sioux River and threw it as far out in the stream as he could.

The next morning when the members of the household arose and opened the back door, the snake was found snugly curled up on a rug waiting for the appearance of its owner.

A buyer named Ned Lloyd from a country place visited a large wholesale warehouse and ordered a quantity of goods. He was politely received, and one of the principals showed him over the establishment. On reaching the fourth floor the customer saw a speaking tube on the wall, the first he had ever seen.

"What is that?" he asked.
"Oh, that is a speaking tube. It is a great convenience. We can talk with it to the clerks on the first floor without taking the trouble of going downstairs."
"Can they hear anything that you say through it?"
"Certainly."

The visitor put his mouth to the tube and asked:

"Are Ned Lloyd's goods packed yet?"
The people in the office supposed it was the salesman who had asked the question, and in a moment the distinct reply came back: "No, we are waiting for a reply from his banker. He looks like a slippery customer."

Lion tamers frequently perfume themselves with lavender. There is, it is said, no record of a lion ever having attacked a trainer who had taken the precaution of using this perfume.

HIGHEST TEN BUILDINGS.

The ten highest buildings in the world are the Eiffel tower, Paris, 944 feet high; the Washington monument, 555 feet; City building, Philadelphia, 535 feet; Cathedral of Cologne, 511 feet; Cathedral of Strassburg, 466 feet; the chimney of the St. Rollox Chemical works, Glasgow, 455½ feet; St. Martin's church, Lindshtut, Germany, 454 feet; St. Stephen's, Vienna, 453 feet; the Great Pyramid, 450 feet, and St. Peter's, Rome, 448 feet.

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Costa Rica 1892, 1c to 10p, 10 var. used, cat. \$2.84, set 75c; 10 sets \$3.00.
" " 1892, 1p, 2p, 5p, 8 var. unused, cat. \$1.05, set 80c; 10 sets \$1.25.
Santador 1894-5 complete, unused, 25c, 10 sets \$1.25 So. and Cen. Am. 15c; 10 Nicaragua 15c; 7 Honduras 10c. Appr. sheets 50% dis. Ref. required. CARL YOUNG, 806 N. Fulton av., Baltimore, Md.

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1000 Hinges and
1 Postage Stamp Album.
All for 50c, postfree.

PERCY G. DOANE,

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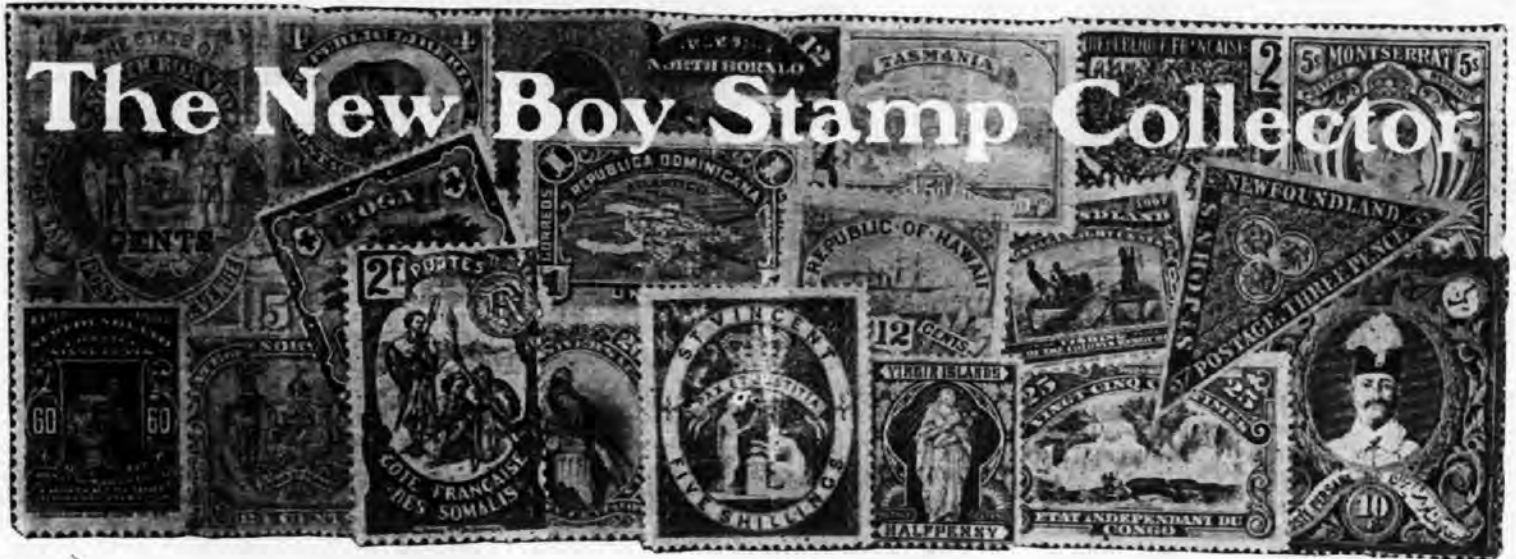
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AT

AUCTION

T. L. ELDER,
32 E. 23 Street, New York City

STAMPS FREE 100 all different for the names of two collectors and 2c postage; 40 Japan Postage and Revenue Stamps 25c; 20 Russia 10c; 80 Sweden 10c; Collector's Album, holds 1,200, 15c. Lists free. Agents wanted, 50 per cent commission. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.



I wish to start this talk with an appeal to every reader of THE NEW BOY to begin collecting stamps. There could not possibly be a better time to begin. Affairs philatelic are picking up; business, so the dealers report, is improving; stamp values are increasing; hundreds of thousands of new collectors are coming into the ranks, and the future looks bright indeed. Then there have been so many interesting and beautiful issues of stamps with the past year or so, and so many interesting varieties of these, that it is a pleasure to collect. Then there is a chance for much profit, too. You may get hold of stamps for nothing that will turn out to be rare varieties, worth a good price, should you care to sell them. In fact, there are a host of reasons why you should begin collecting stamps, and I hope that you will do so; one thing is certain, you will never regret it, if you do begin. I am very much in earnest in this matter. Certain it is that the collecting of stamps will give you great pleasure, and redound to your benefit in many ways.

A Washington dealer-collector recently made a valuable find of a genuine Confederate local. The stamp in question is the 5-cent red, issued at Pittsylvania Court House, Va., during the earlier portion of the Civil War, by J. P. Johnson, at that time postmaster at that place. This is one of the rarest of Confederate provisionals, and as it is on the original cover, its value is enhanced. The lucky finder holds the stamp at \$800.

The picture of the boy on the bicycle, on the 10-cent special delivery stamp of Cuba, is from a photograph of a Washington boy. The boy's name is John Raymond Dunn, and he is sixteen years old, and employed in a cycle store.

The Duke of Leinster, deceased, willed his fine collection of stamps to the Irish Museum of Dublin, a national institution.

Many dealers and collectors who have been in the business for years believe that the future for stamps is bright, and this fall will come a big advance all along the line. Stamps are low now, and you should get lots of them.

The Bureau of Engraving and Print-

ing at Washington keeps a record of every plate from which stamps are printed. The records tell when work was begun on the plate, when it was finished, when first put on the press, when taken off the press, and when canceled.

I have noted the advertisement of a dealer who offers the \$4 and \$5 Columbian, unused, for \$8, which is \$1 less than face. It is seldom that one would use such large value stamps for postage, and so they are offered at a discount. Very few collectors are able to buy a full set of stamps, when they run up into the dollars, as the Columbians do, and the dollar values are a drug on the market.

I note one of the largest dealers in the United States is advertising to purchase large quantities of foreign revenue stamps. Straws show which way the wind blows, and this dealer either thinks foreign revenues are coming into favor, or that he can create a sentiment in favor of these stamps and sell them to collectors. I do not believe foreign revenues will ever be collected to any great extent in the United States, as there is no end to these stamps. The number of postage stamps is limited compared to the fiscal stamps.

The entire lot of 15-cent and 50-cent stamps that was sent to the Philippines arrived in a cake, all the sheets being stuck together, tight and fast. A new supply was ordered, but it will be some time before these two values are on sale here.

A Western daily newspaper recently devoted one page of the paper to stamp collecting, two long and quite interesting articles entitled "Why Stamp Collecting Is Far More Than a Mere Fad or Craze," and "Big Prices Paid for Stamps," being given.

"A lady writes to the Postoffice Department asking if it would not be practicable to incorporate a dash of heliotrope or jockey club perfume into the mucilage used in gumming postage stamps, and thus impart a slight fragrance to the stamps. The department is giving consideration to the matter and doubtless will ultimately bring out a variety of perfumes especially in connection with stamp books. Perhaps the

odor will be printed on the cover of the book so that when a patron calls for a 25 cent book of stamps the clerk will say, 'What perfume, please; violet or boiled cabbage?' This is an age of progress and the Postoffice Department does not propose to take anybody's dust."—Metropolitan Philatelist.

Norway.—Three provisional stamps have been issued to take the place of the high values bearing the portrait of King Oscar. The 2 sk, orange of 1867 has been used, there being 700,000 remainders of that stamp; 1.00 kr. on 2 sk. orange, green surcharged, 100,000 issued; 1.50 kr. on 2 sk. orange, blue surcharged, 50,000 issued; 2.00 kr. on 2 sk. orange, carmine surcharged, 50,000 issued.

Hamburg and Heligoland Stamps.—Several collectors have written that they have complete sets of these stamps in unused condition. Most all of these are reprints. The plates were not destroyed and they have been reprinted several times since.

Should our readers desire information about these stamps any dealer will gladly give it.

Heligoland formerly belonged to Great Britain and in 1890 was ceded to Germany. It is a very pretty island, with many hotels and is a favorite summer resort for the North of Germany. Its native population, outside of tourists, is not over 600 souls.

The issue after next (November), will be the Great Stamp Number, and will have a beautiful cover, carrying reproductions of the famous stamps of the world. It will be the greatest Stamp Number ever published in the world.

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THE NUMISMATIST.

From 1863 to 1880 auction sales of rare coins were held in New York nearly every week during the greater portion of each year. The first auction sale of stamps was crowded in between two of these coin sales in 1870. Since then the stamp sales have gradually crowded the coin sales into the background, and now while every week, during the winter season at least, from one to four stamp sales are held.

For some time only two dealers had regular public coin sales in America, but now there are four large dealers who make it a regular business to have public auctions of coins. These are, Messrs. L. H. Low, G. C. Adams and T. L. Elder in New York and, in Philadelphia, Chapman Bros. have the field.

In Boston, Chicago and St. Louis there are many small dealers who have private sales, sending out catalogues by mail and closing sales to the highest mail bid. In some cases they set a small reserve price on lots.

The public auction sales are held in afternoon. Sometimes an afternoon suffices for an auction sale, but often large collections will take three or four days to dispose of.

The coins are usually on exhibit on the mornings of the day of sale, each coin being numbered according to the auction catalogue. These catalogues are usually issued about two weeks before the auction and are mailed to coin collectors and buyers all over the United States. Many bids are sent in by mail. All catalogues of public or private sales are gotten up very correctly, each coin and lot being carefully described.

Those interested in the sales often wonder where the large dealers obtain their consignments of such rare coins. The explanation is, in part, the continual disposal of collections which have come into other hands through their owner's deaths. A collector pursues his hobby steadily for some 25 or 30 years perhaps; and, when he dies, generally leaves directions where to dispose of it. It is passed on to one or other of the large dealers whose usual commission on such sales is 20 or 25%.

If any readers are interested in coins the Editor of this Department of THE NEW BOY will gladly get them catalogs of coming sales and mail them free of charge, should they write and desire him to do so.

To beginners in coin collecting, who have little money, the Editor would advise purchasing the large copper cents of 1793 to 1857, as the coins will appreciate in value.

With the exception of the years, 1793, 1799, 1804 and 1809, they can be bought very reasonably; in fact, all the others (60) can be had for about \$6.00.

Philadelphians may obtain THE NEW BOY from our agent H. STRAUSS, 532 N. 68th St., PHILADELPHIA.

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U. S 1890, 90c orange	\$ 25
" 1895, 50c orange	06
" " \$1 00 black	16
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Omaha's, Buffalo or St. Louis, 1 to 10c complete, each set for	10
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215 different stamps for	15
325 " " "	36
550 " " valued over \$9	1 35

1000 different stamps, all fine, not the kind imported from Europe, but all fine stamps, price, post free, \$2.50. (Put up in New York)

1000 Mixed Stamps for 12 Cents.

FREE—Set of three Army Franks that retail at 10 cents a set to each buyer.

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A FINE LINE

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FREE An unused set of Cuban stamps to all answering this advertisement.

Orders under 50c postage extra.	My	Cat. Price
United States 1895, 1 to 50c	\$ 29	\$ 10
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Austria, 1900, 1h to 4kr	37	12
China, 1898, 1/4 to 50c	74	25
Costa Rica, 1892, 1c to 10p (unused)	2 56	50
Great Britain, 1887-92, 1/2p to 1sh	33	10
Honduras, 1878, 1c to 1p (unused)	94	25
Hungary, 1900-01, 1f to 5kr, 18 var.	88	30
North Borneo, 1898, 1 to 24c	1 38	35
Philippine Is. on U. S., 1899, 1 to 50c	1 12	40
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We will give highest prices in cash or exchange for any of the following early issues. Only good copies desired. * Unused, x Used. 1853-55, 3c all dies, entire, * and x, cut *. 1857-61, 3c red, entire or cut, * and x. " 1c entire or cut, * and x, incl. wrappers. 1861, 3c pink, entire or cut, * and x. 1863, 2c black, all dies, including wrappers entire or cut, * and x. 1864, 3c pink or brown, entire. Send any of above you have on approval with your lowest price. No later issues wanted.

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40 U. S. STAMPS FREE! All different. Postage 2c.

When possible send the names of two collectors. 200 Foreign, fine, 25c. Agents 50 per cent. com. 600 sets from 1c up, FREE. Free offer good only to those mentioning this paper. QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

Venezuela, 1896 map set complete (Cat. 42c), only	..06
U. S. Civil War Revs. (mostly large), 25 var..	..17
" 50 varieties, fine lot.....	..10
1000 Hinges.....	..05
U. S. 1898 Revenues, \$3, 3c, each, \$5, each.....	..06
Nyasasa, Giraffe set, 2 1/2 to 300, complete set...	..65
U. S. 1895, \$1, black (Cat. price 50c), our price..	..18
" Telegraphs, 11 var., Cat. about 50c, only	..10
Canal Zone set, 1c, 2c, 5c, 8c, 10c, fine, unused..	..50
Belgium Postal Packet, 1885 to 1902, 12 var. (Cat. \$1.14), only.....	..25
U. S. 1890 issue, 15c Blue, 4c each; 30c Black.....	..05
150 varieties fine foreign stamps, only.....	..10

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The sole is double, half-inch thick, specially treated and water-proofed, and having a broad extension. The leather of the vamp and the high-cut upper is made from the best parts of extra heavy and extra stout sportsman's grain leather, which has been subjected to a special process of finishing in Norwegian Cod oil, making it practically water-proof and almost indestructible. Wide bellows tongue—to lace up outside or inside of the trousers, large eyelets, two strong straps and buckles. Wide outside backstay from heel to top.

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Send your order to-day.

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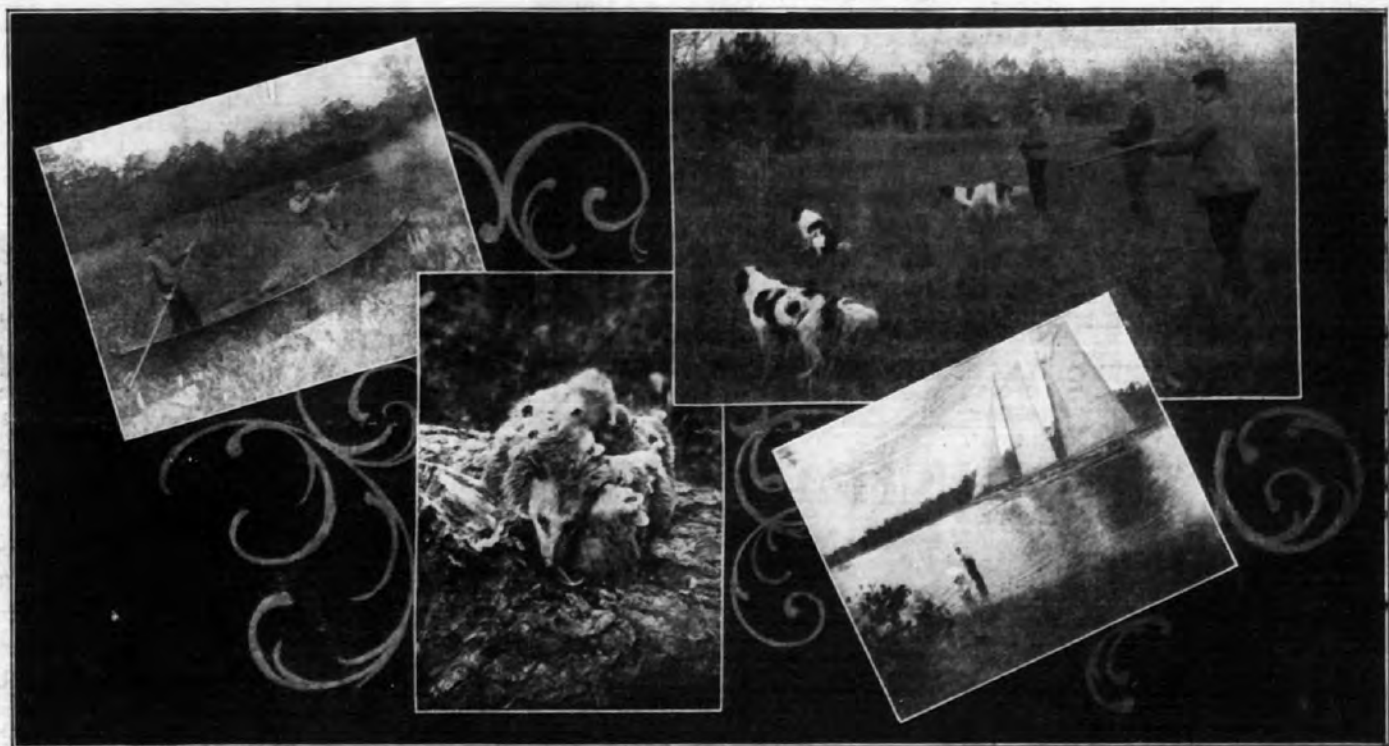
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No. 6. OCTOBER, 1905. Vol. I.

In presenting the October number to our readers the publisher is gratified beyond measure at the success of THE NEW BOY and takes this opportunity to acknowledge the many letters received from all over the country, telling of the pleasure the magazine is giving its subscribers.

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VOLUME I.

OCTOBER, 1905.

NUMBER 6.

THE NEW BOY IN EUROPE

THIRD TRAVEL LETTER

Budapest, the Capital of Hungary—The Gipsies of the Plain of Alföld—The Tyrol and the Alps—Climbing a Mountain Peak—Beautiful Salzburg—Writes from Munich.

Munich, Sept.

The New Boy's last letter found him arrived at Budapest after a memorable sail down the Danube from Vienna. Budapest is a magnificent city, the capital of Hungary, a country of wonderful natural beauty, though not well known to Americans. Hungary can be termed the Gate of The East. Western civiliza-

wonder what these little edifices are. The cars are run by electricity. The city is a great business centre, financial and mercantile interests of vast importance are represented and an enormous business is done with Roumania, Servia, Turkey and the Orient. In Budapest is one of the most important medical faculties in Europe and connected with

The New Boy the Danube looked at this point not quite so wide as the East River at Brooklyn Bridge, New York; it was more like the Mississippi at St. Louis. Spacious docks line the river front for many miles. There is a brisk transportation and shipping trade, and large steamers ply busily up and down the Danube, usually carrying the Hun-



SALZBURG.

tion and culture combine with Oriental customs and make the country peculiarly interesting. Budapest is up to date and has all modern improvements. It has a subway which is much better than that of Vienna. The stations are on street corners as in New York. They have no entrance or exit signs, and unless the tourist examines, he is left to

which are finely equipped hospitals. Amusements of all sorts and entertainments of every variety are to be found in Budapest, so much so that the city is called "Little Paris." The imposing Houses of Parliament are right on the Danube front, magnificent buildings, and there are five great suspension bridges connecting Buda with Pest. To

garian, Servian, or Roumanian flag.

The sports of the country are hunting, riding, yachting, swimming and polo playing. The New Boy saw a great swim by the Hungarian athlete who had won the championship at the St. Louis Exposition. The streets are busy, there is as much rush and turmoil as in New York. The buildings of the Art Museum

and Picture Gallery are very imposing as is also the noble structure of the Royal Opera House. The walks along the banks of the Danube are very beautiful. Electric cars run on both sides of the river and a panorama of matchless beauty charms the eye. The river flows between wooded bluffs and everywhere among the heights are majestic castles. The sunbeams dance a fairy dance upon the rolling waves and the snow white hulls of slender ships reflect their dazzling light. Away to the right, the last spur of the Alps (called St. Gerard's Hill), overhangs the river banks, the gray of the naked rocks being varied by the fresh green of budding Nature. The low-lying outlines of the romantic citadel that crowns the summit of the hill make a truly romantic picture. Near at hand rise the gentle slopes of the fortress-hill, the Southern end of which is crowned by the huge pile of the Royal Castle. Below is one of the greatest engineering works of last century, the Chain Bridge leading across to Pest. There is scarce a bridge that can vie with it. The Elisabeth Bridge, which crosses the river in one gigantic span, is a marvellous creation of modern engineering; but, in artistic beauty, falls far short of its older companion. It is finest here of an evening, when only misty shadowy outlines are visible and thousands of gas lamps illumine the river bank, their green light dancing on the Danube's rippling waters. This picture has often brought visitors back once more to Budapest as it will, we believe, entice many to make a first visit.

The building of the new Elisabeth Bridge and the rebuilding of the inner town has created a new quarter on either bank. On the Pest side may be heard, above the whistling and puffing of the ferry-boats, the bells of electric trams, racing along a kind of viaduct beside the embankment, that the walk of the pedestrian may not be disturbed. At one end of the embankment is the monument of Baron Eotvos, and at the other end is the Petofi Monument which represents as a speaker the great Hungarian lyric poet, Petofi, who fell in the war of Independence in 1849.

An interesting relic of Roman times is an ancient bath which can be reached by a half hour's sail in one of the ferry boats. Hungary, and in particular its Capital, possesses a large number of celebrated medicinal baths, the healing properties of which are known all the world over and, at the Roman Bath, is a steam bath cut out of the solid rock and well worth a visit to see its comfort and cleanliness. Crossing the bridge on foot, in the centre of same is a side-wing to the Margaret Island, which is a veritable paradise in the middle of the Danube. The romantic ruins of a nunnery, snug wooded recesses, smiling rose-hedges, beautiful flower-beds and murmuring waterfalls, unite in one harmonious whole that acts refreshingly on eye and mind. In the restaurants concerts are given every evening by military and gipsy bands, while on the athletic grounds, football, lawn tennis, bicycling etc. are indulged in. Taking the last boat to the town, listening to music played by a military band, The New Boy felt he had rarely seen anything like the world-famed panorama of Budapest, bathed in an ocean of gas-flames and silvered by the witchery of moonlight. There are many splendid churches in Budapest and in them are rare treasures in golden work and paintings. St. Matthias' Coronation Church is a monumental pile erected by an ancient King

in 1236. Human art and skill, combined with an incomparably beautiful site, have created an edifice of such harmony as holds spellbound lovers of the beautiful.

The Zoological Gardens are a great feature in Budapest and are among the finest in the world. There is hardly a species of animal life in the East that is not represented. One could spend days in the gardens and still have much to see.

A convenience is the water traffic in Budapest. You can get to any point on the river front by taking one of the many launches that carry passengers to different streets. Buda is small compared to Pest. It is a city of palaces and castles while Pest is the centre of business and commerce in Hungary. Around Buda are romantic hills, charming valleys and picturesque scenery. All these places are within easy reach of the city. The Szechemyi Hill is a favorite resort of excursionists. A cog-wheel railway runs there and back and the charge is less than 10 cents. All round Buda are the evidences of the old Romans. Aquincum is built by the ruins of a Roman town, with an amphitheatre and old Roman baths.

The Hungarian language is most difficult. It sounds very mixed up. That is about all The New Boy could say of it. The population of Hungary is not very large, even taking in smaller states, like Slavonia. The gipsy population is mainly in the Southeast. Gipsy bands may be found in every concert garden in Budapest. These musicians get no wages. After playing, a collection is made among the hotel patrons and listeners, one of the performers going round with a dish. The Gipsy Bands and Hungarian Bands are famous the world over and the wildthrilling music of their dances and marches has a charm of its own. The Hungarian musicians seem to be born, for they require little training. They can play by ear and with the most exquisite expression and feeling. If the leader of one of these orchestras hears a piece once played, he can have his musicians give a perfect rendering of it, by having them hear him play it over once. This is a marvelous musical faculty that these extraordinary people possess.

A peculiarity of the language is in the using of people's names. In Hungarian, John Smith is written Smith John.

In the North and East, Hungary is surrounded by the mighty mountain-chain of the Carpathians. The mountains are rich in game and for sportsmen it is a hunting-ground hard to equal. The quantity of game is very great. Every kind of animal from bears to wild boars, foxes to deer, and many species of fowl have their home here. Chamois hunting is a favorite pursuit of the sportsman. The Tatra district of Hungary is the Eldorado of the tourist. All that lavish nature can do in creating the picturesque is to be found here. One of the wonders of this wild and unfrequented district is the Dobsina Ice-cave. This cave has an area of 8874 square metres, of which no less than 7171 square metres are covered with ice, the rest is rocky. In the hollows in the chalk-stone enormous blocks of ice glitter unceasingly and the ice is clear as crystal. A freak of nature has moulded the ice into lovely figures, columns, stalactites, etc. The whole cave is lit up with electric incandescent and arc-lamps and looks like fairy-land. Sportsmen have indulged in skating in this wonderful cave in the height of summer. Only a few metres higher up

the scorching rays of the sun beat upon the heads of the farm laborers, here one can skate on the ice-mirror of the cave.

The Hungarians are noted for their hospitality and The New Boy had several invitations to homes by the Danube and spent some delightful days in these visits. The Hungarian enjoys life. From 11 in the forenoon until 2 p. m. all places of business close. They reopen at 2 and shut down at 7 in the evening. Banks follow this rule also. They have the long daylight of the European summer and in Budapest it was quite light at half after nine in the August evenings. Bicycling is popular with the Hungarian boys. Everyone had a bicycle while in America the sport is on the decline. There is a direct connection with New York by the Cunard line steamers which sail from Fiume, near the top of the Adriatic. This port is only some 9 hours ride from Budapest and while there The New Boy saw many of the Austro-Hungarian warships.

The Hungarians call their capital, Budapest, the "Heart of Hungary." The Lowlands, (the Alföld), may justly be called "The Soul of Hungary." The Alföld is the home of the typical Magyar and of the original Magyar popular life. This enormous plain begins near Budapest and ends in the far contours of the Szerem hills and it has preserved the peculiarities of the race and their original customs. The flatland is unbroken save where we find a green wood, a hillock, a populous town, but always the plain stretches away into the infinity of the horizon. This plain resembles the ocean in that it has exercised a binding spell upon the souls of its inhabitants.

The way of thought of a sailor is as simple today and as unchanged as it was centuries ago, in like manner the inhabitants of the Alföld, honest, hospitable, straightforward, have altered little during hundreds of years. Their chief occupation is still the culture of the soil, farming, cattle breeding and fishing. Civilization has not come to a standstill among the patriarchal customs of the Magyars of the plain, and with the dull tinkling of the cattle bell, the howling of the sheep dogs, the cracking of the cattlemen's whips, is often blended the shrill whistle of the rushing trains, and the roar of machinery in factories. The hills and valleys, ruins and waterfalls situated along the railway lines tell the real story of the Alföld, a land with a wealth of poetry and all the romance of a thousand year's existence. The pictures presented by rich arable lands, villages, farms and hamlets, give us an idea of the fertility of the "Granary of the West."

The pied jackets of the women and girls working in the fields crown the beauty of the landscape with their lively colours. The black smoke of the flying express draws long dark lines on the clear pure air of the Alföld, on thatched cottages and lonely draw-wells: past herds of horses resting in the midday sun, the train takes the traveller until he reaches the Hortobagy. Hortobagy Plain is an interesting sight not merely for foreigners but also for native Hungarians. Here is the home of millions of fiery horses, broad-fronted cattle and fat sheep, all kept on model farms. The entire Hortobagy Plain is the property of the city of Debreczen. This very interesting realm, for such it truly is, is ruled on a monarchic basis, its Prime Minister is the Commissioner, a celebrated Hungarian, who has been immortalized by the great Hungarian poet and novelist, Jokai.

The Commissioner rules and governs in the name of the Corporation of Debreczen. The men of the plains (horse-cattle-swine and sheep herds), a hardy Hungarian race, are the last remains of the original Magyar nomad folk. They fear no human being: no man, no animal, not even the thunderstorm; but the Commissioner is held in respect as he knows how to keep military order and discipline among the sons of the plains. The Commissioner welcomes guests with winning heartiness and the traditional hospitality of Hungary. One first notices the cowboys. Some thousands of foals are feeding together. This great herd is guarded by the cowboys, some of whom are on horseback, some on foot, but all armed with a long whip, brass bound and with a many colored handle. An untamed foal, unable perhaps to control its fiery blood, or unnerved, maybe by the presence of strangers suddenly throws up its head, darts from the group and flies away, in search of freedom into the infinite expanse of the prairie. The cowboy on duty knows at once what to do. Sitting on a bare-backed horse he rushes like a whirlwind after the deserter. Soon he gets close and holds his lasso ready. One swing and the lasso whistles through the air; the knot is fast on the neck of the fugitive horse. At a pressure from the knee, the cowboy's horse stands still, as if his legs were rooted to the ground. All resistance is in vain; for the Magyar holds the end of the rope fast in his sinewy grasp.

The New Boy had seen the cow boys of our Western prairies and could fully appreciate the daring of the Hungarian horsemen. His astonishment was great to see how easily they rode the obstinate unbroken colts, that had never felt a load on their backs and how, by the pressure of their thighs, they tamed the most unruly and made it a ready lamb-like mount.

The foals are being driven to the trough, to take their midday rest. The whips crack and the sting of their knotted ends is felt by the fractious youngsters. The Hungarian cowboy never fails to hit the horse where he will with his long whip and never hits harder than is necessary. Neighing, the herd moves on and the clouds of dust, like a drop-scene of nature, hide the interesting group from our eyes.

The shepherd too is mounted, but on an ass, in keeping with the milder disposition of the animals he tends. The sign of his power and rank is the long staff headed with a crook, with the butt end of which he catches the feet of the rams. His faithful companion and assistant is the Hungarian sheepdog, a wild but very intelligent animal that understands every sign his master makes.

In their leisure hours the shepherds indulge in carving, engraving the fantastic pictures of their mental world on sticks and sometimes in their simplicity actually creating a masterpiece. The natural poetry inherent in the hearts of all children of nature, is, in the case of the shepherds of the Alföld, expressed in the plaintive notes of his flute. As evening draws on, lying beside the flickering fire, he draws from his instrument sad plaintive lays, whereby his thoughts take him back to the village, where at the flower-bedded window of some low-roofed house a dark-eyed maiden listens to the melodies from afar. The poetry of the Alföld is not many worded, its feeling is all the deeper.

The cattle-herd is a serious herdsman, proud of his calling, and follows his horned herd on foot, it is true, but is

counted the aristocrat of the herd folk. The dashing cowboy counts it a great honor when the old cattle herd takes a seat near him in the Csarda (inn).

The swineherd is also not the most despicable man in the world. Thousands of swine are entrusted to his care and in the town of Debreczen he enjoys no small esteem for the butcher's craft is here of the greatest importance. All who have ever tasted Debreczen bacon, sausages or smoked ham must think with gratitude of the swineherd of the Hortobagy, to whom all these tit-bits are due.

Very interesting is the life of the herdsmen on the Hortobagy Puszta. From spring till late in autumn they camp in the open. Once a year they go to town to market to buy new boots, other requisites and, when times are exceptionally good, a new fur-coat. For them this day is a real holiday, to which no number of journeys abroad can be compared. The herdsmen only enjoy such holidays again when visitors come to the Hortobagy, the town commission, writers or artists, or curious foreigners. The herdsmen receive all visitors with unparalleled hospitality. On an open fire these sons of the Puszta cook their guests

"Welcome to the guests, we too live well," is the motto of the Puszta-folk.

The New Boy spent some days in this country and those who are tired of the wearying splendor, the noisy bustle and stir of towns, who have had their fill of mountaineering and who desire to become acquainted with a style of life not met with elsewhere in the world, should not fail to visit the plains of Alföld.

The New Boy left Budapest by the famous Oriental Express that runs from Constantinople to Paris. This is the fastest of all transcontinental trains, its coaches are French and like those in the United States. The sides of the dining car are made of glass and the tourist can view the country as he speeds through it. The trip was made at high speed to Vienna where our traveler changed trains taking passage to Riva. Our tourist was now in the Tyrol. The scenery was wild and picturesque beyond description. Break of day among the mountains he will never forget. The climate changed entirely. It was winter cold and he was glad of his heavy overcoat. The railroad ran at times in immense circles. At one point the track could be seen away below in the valley, no less than



THE ALPS.

the celebrated "Gulyas meat," and only after much hesitation will they accept any gift.

The appetizing smell of the tasty dishes blended with the fresh warm exhalations of the earth and the perfume of the grass and meadow flowers, will cure the weakest stomach. When illustrious guests arrive, other festivities too are held on the Puszta. Cowboys' races (on asses) and similar productions. Meanwhile thick smoke comes from the chimneys of the Hortobagy Csarda (inn): guests are expected. From afar we hear the murmur of the double bass and the clang of the cymbal. The gypsies are attempting to enchant the souls of the fine towns-folk with old melodies.

Cow-boys, cattle-herds and the families of the inhabitants of the Puszta, at the sound of gypsy music gather in the courtyard of the inn. They soon settle down to the serious measures of the Lassu (slow Csardas) only to pass to the fiery movement of the whirling rapid dance that follows (quick Csardas). The herds-folk with their old-world, unfeigned hospitality, gladly help to entertain their guests in amusing themselves.

six circles having been made in winding up and around the mountain.

The Tyrol everyboy has heard of. It is one of the most romantic countries in Europe. It is entirely mountainous, being traversed by the main chain of the Alps. It is a strange wild country and The New Boy could never have conceived the sights he saw among the Alpine valleys and mountain slopes. Agriculture and forestry are the sole occupations of the inhabitants. The chief products are milk, butter and cheese. Every householder owns a piece of cultivable land in the valley. His goats, sheep or cattle are driven with those of his neighbors to the mountain passes which belong to the commune or district. Each district has a president chosen by an elected committee of householders. The man selected cannot decline but is bound to serve his office term. Game is still plentiful in some of the remote valleys. In every district there are licensed hunters, the principal game being red deer, chamois, hares and wild fowl. The hunters wear green costumes, just as they appear in artist's pictures, and billy cock hats with green feathers. Our tourist reached Riva,

journeying a day and night through the Alps. The Italian Alps, so famed in classic song and story, were beautiful beyond description. This is an Austrian province though Italian is spoken.

He crossed over into Switzerland and gazed upon the great Mt. Blanc. There was now no lack of companionship as, after not having seen an American for some time, The New Boy met them here at every stop. Near Chamonix a sad accident had happened. Two German boys had gone climbing among the mountains and had got caught in a snow storm. They had no guide so soon lost their way. In trying to get back they became more and more bewildered and one of them missed his footing and, falling into a deep crevasse, was instantly killed. The other boy was picked up nearly dead from exposure by the search party sent out after them and the accident cast a gloom over the whole neighborhood. Every season accidents happen to tourists among the Alps and the cold snow drifts and cruel crevasses claim their victims.

Another party had gone out mountaineering and had been caught in a storm, wandering about for nearly two days before they were discovered and, in this instance, it was one of the heroic guides who was dead and another nearly so.

Even the most experienced mountaineers get overcome and lose their way when the terrible storms arise. The New Boy came across many parties of enthusiastic climbers. They were not deterred by the dangers of their under-

taking. He had many chats with some of the guides. These are men of great courage and fine physique. Again and again lives are saved by them and often they sacrifice themselves to save their charges. The dangers in Alpine climbing are many. Rocks, ice and snow are liable to fall upon the traveller while he is liable himself to fall into a crevasse or over some icy cliff. Selecting a route which is free from these perils, is where the skill of the guide comes in.

The New Boy learned a little of climbing and, with a trusty guide, made the ascent of an Alpine peak. He was firmly bound to a strong manila rope which encircled the guide and together they made their way until they reached the frozen snow and then slowly ascended the steep rocky berg. It was hard tiresome work, but the wonderful view of endless snow clad peaks and the rare bracing air repaid the efforts of the mountaineers.

Although Switzerland is regarded as essentially a summer holiday playground, there are a number of spots where Americans love to live the year around. In Geneva there is a large American colony living in its excellent hotels or in villas or apartments, at surprisingly small cost. There are thoroughly comfortable boarding houses, which charge but one dollar and twenty-five cents or one dollar and a half day for room and board, and a family, say, of parents and two children, having three or four rooms, may live most cosily for thirty dollars a week. They would have their own sitting-room, ex-

cellent meals in the public dining-room, be beautifully situated in the best part of town, overlooking the lake, and have the treasures and charms of Geneva, with its good schools for English-speaking pupils, its music, its theatres, all very moderate in cost, and its endless number of excursions down the lake or into the surrounding country.

Even in such fashionable Swiss resorts as Lucerne and Interlaken one may live economically by taking a suit of rooms for a long stay at one of the smaller but cosy hotels, or a floor in some village chalet and set up light housekeeping, and as all tourists to the Continent are sure to pass through these places, one meets almost more friends than if he stays at home.

At Innsbruck, the capitol of the Tyrol, The New Boy took train to Salzburg, which is a beautiful spot, so beautiful that the Emperor has his summer residence there. He spent some hours viewing all the wonders of woods and hills and lakes and finally took train to Munich.

At the Salzburg depot was the Austrian railway on one side and the Royal King of Bavaria line on the other.

It was a quick run of 3 hours to Munich, where The New Boy sent off his third letter to New York.

Watch for his next letter—The New Boy in Munich—Visits Oberammergau, sees performance in famous Passion Play Theatre. His trip homeward.

FIRES IN JAPAN

In Japan, where the houses are made principally of bamboo, light wood and paper, there are many bad fires, especially in the larger towns and cities, where dwellings are close together. Whole districts are often burned; and nothing remains of the frail little houses when a fire sweeps over them. Before the cities had as good fire protection as they do now, a curious custom was practised in Tokyo. When fire broke out and a district was threatened, a group of men who were detailed for this special work used to go from house to house, saying, "There is danger from fire. Give us the children." And then the little children of the household were passed out to these men, who formed them into lines, with a man at the end of every fourth or fifth line, and together they marched down the streets, their number increasing as they went, until all the children of the threatened district were in the company, when they would march on to a place of safety. Often the children would sing as they marched, for although they were afraid of the fires the singing kept their spirits up and made them feel less afraid.

Do you wonder whether any of the children were lost during these night marches? One would think there might be danger of it, but to prevent all accidents of this kind, and to make sure that each family received back its own children and not those of a neighbor, each child wore a sort of tablet upon which its name and address was written. Sometimes there would be several hundred



TWO LOYAL SUBJECTS OF THE MIKADO.

children in this odd procession, but they always kept in good order.

In the olden times when there was nothing but buckets of water used for

putting out the fires, there were strange ceremonies indulged in to appease what the Japanese thought was the demon of fire. Those who assisted in putting out a fire must wear a certain very gorgeous costume, and the firemen were obliged to sing a religious hymn while at work. Some of their number were sent upon the roofs of the houses where they waved banners which were decorated with dreadful pictures. These pictures were intended to scare away the demon of fire.

At the present time, fires in the cities of Japan are dealt with in a more sensible manner. Every fire station has near it a tall ladder which is set upright in the ground, and surmounted with a small platform. One fireman is posted upon this lookout tower all the time, and as the ladder is high and the houses are low, he can see pretty nearly all over the city. As soon as a flame is discovered anywhere he strikes a bell which gives the alarm to the men below and also arouses the people of the surrounding district. If the fire is close at hand but one signal is given, if it is a little farther away, two signals are sounded, and so on, according to the distance the fire may be from the home station. So you may imagine that if anyone is awakened in the night by the sound of the fire-alarm, he listens pretty intently to see if a second signal comes. But with the new inventions for fire-fighting, the old custom of gathering up the children and conveying them in a body to some place of safety was long ago given up.

WILLISTON'S CHANCE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

It was a day of surprises for the Fairfield School baseball nine. The chances of winning the game from the Sheffield boys had never appeared rosier until the new pitcher went into the box. The twists and curves which Bert Lawrence managed to get in caused one batter after another to swing his club impotently at the empty air.

Williston, from his seat on the substitute's bench, watched the game anxiously. It had been a day of disappointment to him. He had qualified for a position on the regular nine, and had looked forward to the day of the contest. He knew somewhere in the audience a pair of sisterly eyes would be watching for him and wondering at his non-appearance. He wished now that he had not written the letter asking Margaret down to see the final triumph of the Fairfield nine.

"We need good catchers and runners to-day," Will Carver had remarked before the game, running his eyes critically over the list of candidates, "and I think we'll let Merton take center field."

That had settled the matter so far as Williston was concerned. He was a hard hitter, but not particularly strong either in catching or running bases. And so he was retired to the substitute's bench for a possible opening later.

"Why don't they hit the ball?" Williston had asked himself more than once. "Can't they see Bert Lawrence's trick?"

To Williston it seemed easy enough to strike the ball, which now curved over the plate with great swiftness, and then dallied so long on the way that the impatient batsman struck at it before it was within reaching distance.

"There goes the third out," Williston fairly groaned. "And now they're three runs ahead of us."

Will Carver walked gloomily and anxiously away from the home plate. He had been the last to strike at the curving ball and miss it. He flung his bat down in disgust, and turned to Peyton, who was pitching for the home nine.

"You must hold them down, Peyton," he said. "Their pitcher is a wonder. Can't any of the boys hit his balls?"

"There's Williston," Peyton replied hesitatingly. "He's a good batter, but I don't know that he could touch those curves."

"I don't suppose he could," growled the captain, "but we'll give him a chance. He can't do more than miss them—and we're all doing that."

Williston did not see the captain cross the field to the substitute's bench, and he turned his head in surprise when his voice greeted him.

"Williston, throw off your sweater, and take center field," Will exclaimed. "See if you can hit Bert Lawrence's balls when it comes your turn. He's a great pitcher, and—"

"I think I can do it," Williston responded promptly.

"Well, I hope so; try it, anyway."

A moment later Williston was racing down the diamond to take center field. At last he had his wish—his chance.

Now, as he looked up at the grandstand and saw the fluttering of many-colored ribbons, he was glad that Margaret was present. He would win applause for his batting, and show the Sheffield pitcher that his curves had no terror for him.

The Sheffield team won two more runs before they were put out in the seventh inning. Then the Fairfield nine took their turn at the bat. Williston saw with chagrin that four were ahead of him.

"Just enough to keep me from the bat this time," he murmured to himself.

This prediction appeared justified a few minutes later. The first man at the bat was pitched out in short order; the second, with two strikes to his credit, managed to get first base on balls. The third man fumbled badly with his bat,

appeared nervous and anxious.

"You must bunt the ball," he said in a low voice. "Bunt it toward the first base, and let Peyton get home."

"But I can bring them all home," protested Williston in dismay. "If I strike it hard, I know—"

"We can't run the risk," sharply replied Will. "You haven't tried the new pitcher's curves yet. You must bunt it, and—"

The umpire called the game, and Williston had to take his place. He was in open rebellion at the captain's orders. He was to be sacrificed at the critical moment when he knew he could drive home a ball that would win him glory and renown.

"Bunt the ball!" he muttered angrily. "A kid's game. I won't do it. Will's lost his nerve."

He stood facing the pitcher with his bat swung in position ready for the ball. There was open defiance in his eyes. A moment of intense suspense and quietness prevailed. Every one was watching pitcher and batter, and Williston knew that Margaret would realize the critical position in which he was placed.

Was it his duty to obey orders or take the responsibility and strike for a home run? If he should miss? But he would not miss. He was sure of that.

The pitcher twisted his body sideways, raised his hand over his head, and the next moment the ball was hurled toward Williston. It was not a swift ball in spite of the pitcher's contortions, and Williston knew it. It was a pretty ball for a heavy strike, and Williston could hardly resist the temptation to bat it with all his might.

He swung his club over his head, and then brought it forward, and gently bunted the ball toward the first base. It was such a rapid change that the spectators groaned at an opportunity lost, and the fielders stood in astonishment to await results. It had the advantage of taking the other side off guard.

Williston dropped his bat and raced for first base, and Peyton was half-way to the home plate before the pitcher recovered from his astonishment. A run was gained, but Williston was the sacrifice. He had no chance from the first to reach his base.

There was a slight cheer and hand-clapping, but for the most part the audience felt disappointed. It had expected a spectacular play, and it had been treated to a trick that did not appeal to any spectator.

"You did that well, Williston," the captain said approvingly.

"I could have done better had you let me strike it for a home run," growled the disappointed boy.

"Oh, you may have a chance yet for that home run."

Such chances do not happen often to one player, and Williston felt that his sacrifice had been in vain. By cautious playing the home team crawled up a little on the score, but in the ninth inning nothing apparently but a miracle could save the Fairfield nine from defeat.

"I guess the game's as good as lost,"



and called forth derision from the crowd by his wild attempts to hit the flying sphere. Yet more by luck than by skill he hit the ball at the last moment, and sent it flying slowly toward the third base.

When Williston finally came to the plate there were three men on the bases. It was such an unusual sight that day for the Fairfield nine that a mighty cheer rang from the stand. Williston smiled grimly. Here was his chance with a vengeance. One mighty blow with his bat and he could send every one home, adding at least two if not three or four runs to the score of his school.

"Williston, just a moment," he heard the captain call.

He turned to meet Will Carver, who

remarked Peyton, who was tired from his hard two-hour's pitching.

"They're four runs ahead of us," the captain answered anxiously.

"And another inning for them," added another.

Fortunately the Sheffield pitcher was tired too, and his curves were not so effective. By a series of bunts and hits, a little sharp maneuvering, and some muffing on the part of the visiting team, another run was made and three men were on the bases.

"Whose turn is it at the bat?" asked Will Carver, looking about anxiously.

"Williston's," promptly replied half a dozen voices.

The captain looked at the batter. Was it wise to caution careful playing again, or—

"Don't! I won't do it!" Williston suddenly exclaimed, reading the captain's unspoken words. "I'm going to strike this time—and strike hard."

Carver laughed suddenly, good-humoredly, and with relief. It was good to some one so confident of success. Each

batter had shaken his head and doubted his ability to hit the curves. The captain felt that he had carried the whole nine's responsibilities on his shoulders. Here now was one who wished to go his own way; it changed the current of the captain's thoughts, and he said:

"Go ahead, Williston, and do what you think best. But remember, it's the team's chance as well as yours."

"I'll remember," Williston responded.

He swung the bat in position. He let the first ball pass; it was wide from the plate, and the next was nearly as wild. But the third shot straight toward him, curving a little to the outside. Williston stepped forward to meet it, and with a quick, sharp swing of his club he hit it fairly.

All the concentrated energy of the boy was thrown into that strike, and the ball flew up into the air straight over every head. The center fielder ran back to get under it, but it was far out of his reach.

Williston ran madly for the first base, and the others preceded him from base to base amid wild, tumultuous howling.

Williston saw nothing, but eager to reach home before the ball could be returned from the field, he ran as never before, and finally sprawled along the ground and touched the plate just as the catcher caught the sphere.

"Four runs and a home-bagger!" shouted several voices. "We've got them now! Williston, you're a trump!"

The deafening shouts from the grandstand sounded pleasantly to Williston, and he picked himself up with feelings of elation. Will Carver stepped forward and extended a hand.

"That was fine playing, Williston," he said. "Everybody will applaud you. But—," smiling a little queerly, "I think your other play was a trifle better from a professional point of view. You sacrificed yourself then for the sake of the team; you obeyed orders, and fellows who will always do that make fine players in the end. We want you on the team for good no v."

Williston for the first time felt that his sacrifice in the earlier part of the game had not been all in vain.

THE AMERICAN PEARL

By E. G. Bushnell-Hamlin

The western states have held the world's championships in the production of corn, cattle, horses, hogs; fame of their politicians has gone abroad, not only to Europe, but the Orient has acknowledged the prowess of the diplomat who hails from Iowa and other Mississippi valley territory; in literature the sons and daughters of this same territory have won the mead of praise, nor has the glory shone upon one alone, but has passed around to many; in music and art dwellers in the Mississippi valley have won proud distinction; and now comes another distinction in which this region holds the superlative degree of excellence, the pearl. The American pearl today holds the highest eminence among connoisseurs. The "measly mussel" whose home is in the muddy depths of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, especially the rivers of Arkansas, are yielding the finest pearls in the world's markets. Europe, which has heretofore journeyed to the Orient for the beautiful emblem of purity, the pearl, now turns its face to the occident in search of the finest and most valuable pearls. It is "westward ho" for pearls as well as for grain, live stock and brains. The Mississippi river can discount all other waters. It not only turns the wheels of the greatest industries, floats the great boats that carry the rich products of the valley to the sea, drains the richest country upon which the sun shines, but in its muddy depths nestles the most beautiful gem, the pearl. The heretofore insignificant Mississippi clam is attracting the attention of crowned potentates. Today the Mississippi river clams are yielding from their wounded interiors gems of "purest ray serene," fit for the diadem of a queen, even if queens were worth much more than they are. But best of all, the happy-go-lucky clammer are reaping a harvest through the pearl industry of \$2,500,000 annually, and adding that amount of wealth to the river states. Occasionally a pearl was found in the Mississippi from 1856 to 1889. But

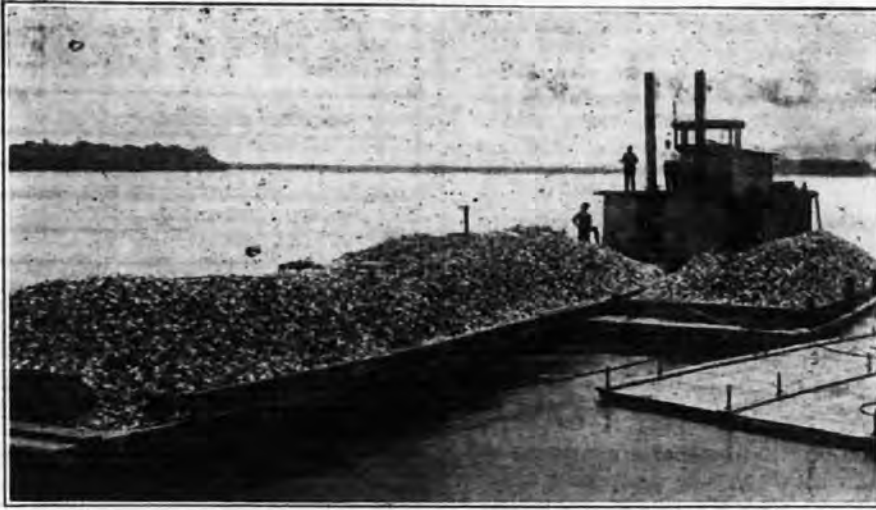
little was realized and no attention was given the subject. But in 1890 J. F. Boepple of Hamburg, Germany, received a sample shell from some "river west of Chicago," which was sent by a friend to the fatherland. He saw the shell would make good buttons and determined to find some more of those shells (the unio). He started for the great west. He found plenty of shells and unaided started in 1890 a great industry—the button industry—which today contributes annually \$4,500,000 to the resources of the river states, mostly Iowa and Arkansas. The button industry incidentally started the pearl industry. In cleaning the shells for the purpose of using for the manufacture of buttons pearls were found. Some of them were so valuable that many hunt clams for the sole object of finding pearls.

The "clammer" or "pearler" mans a

"John" boat, a big flat bottomed boat which has a piece of gas pipe about twelve feet long on either side resting on supports. From this gas pipe or pole depends at intervals of a few inches ropes at the lower end of which is attached a crow foot, a three-pronged hook in the form of a grapple. When the clammer reaches a spot where he thinks there is a clam bed he lowers his hook laden gas pipes and lets the hooks drag on the bottom as he floats slowly down the stream. When the cruel hook strikes the opening in the shell the clam shell closes on the hook. When the hooks are full the pipe is raised and the clams detached. The hooks are again thrown over and the operation continued until the clammer has as many as he can care for. The clams if caught for pearls are opened and carefully examined without cooking, as cooking ruins the pearls.



Pearl Fisher Bert Roby with a \$3,000 Catch at High Bridge, Muscatine.



Shipping Shells by Barge Load on the Mississippi.

There are very many pearls found of little or no value because of malformation or lack of lustre, or because not uniform in color; but many are found that are valued from \$50 to \$300, and some have been valued at \$50,000. Frank Koeckeritz, who was appointed by the World's Fair Fish Commissioner to take charge of the pearl exhibit at St. Louis, made a very fine collection which attracted the attention of the jewelers, not only of the east, but of Europe.

The Arkansas pearl was given the highest award. Mr. Koeckeritz, who was a pioneer in this pearl buying business, and now a member of the American Pearl Co., with headquarters at St. Louis, tells many interesting stories of the "pearlers" luck. One man who had worked long and faithfully had examined the last shell and turned away discouraged having found nothing. His wife stood by anxiously watching. It is said a woman will have the last word. This

woman had the last look and it was worth her while. After her husband had quit she took a look at the clams and found a pearl for which a dealer paid her \$700, and it is said that this pearl finally sold for \$50,000. The woman whose name was Mary, insisted that the pearl should be named for her. It is known as the Queen Mary. Bert Roby of Muscatine found a \$3,000 pearl. The imperfect pearls are known as baroques or slugs. There is a necklace known as Queen Sophia which is made entirely from Arkansas pearls and is valued at \$150,000.

The jewelers and connoisseurs of the world are now conceding that the Arkansas pearl excels not only in brilliancy but in color. Many of the Mississippi pearls have an iridescence found in no other and they are also found in blue and pink tints. The Oriental pearl is either white or dark. The Mississippi pearls are all colors and tints.

Russia's Fatal Error.

The Russians were beaten because they didn't know how to make the best use of the instruments with which they had been provided. Their government had proceeded in the theory that big ships make a strong navy, and that the human element is a subordinate consideration. It was an error which has frequently been made before, but that it is a fatal one the result of the fighting in the Sea of Japan has once more demonstrated. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

Birds as Ship Christeners.

When a Japanese ship is about to be launched there is suspended from the bow a huge cage, into which are crowded a score or more of birds. Just as the prow cuts the water the side of the cage is thrown open and the vessel enters her native element with her prow crowned by a living garland of birds, whose free flight through space is emblematic of the spirit of the ship.—Chicago Chronicle.

Land of "Black Snow."

A strange phenomenon has been witnessed recently in the snow region about Colre, in the Swiss canton of the Grisons. The wide stretch of snow has suddenly been transformed into a vast sweep of jet black. This is owing to the sudden falling upon the country of enormous swarms of a small black insect, without wings, but provided with two long legs that permit him to move like a grasshopper.



A Night Scene on the Mississippi.

Every Boy is Good at Something

WE have known and read of dunces at school becoming useful and even celebrated men, not, of course, because of their youthful stupidity, but because talent and genius are slow in developing, and because on leaving school the "dunce" sometimes finds new spheres of activity which interest him more than the sometimes dry subjects of Arithmetic, Grammar and Spelling.

You may be head of your class, lessons may come easy to you, you may be tempted to laugh and sneer at the boy who, spending twice as much time at his books, knows his lessons only half as well next day. That boy, however, may pass you in the race of life. And he certainly will do so if he have more common sense and perseverance.

School is not everything. We do not want to discourage you to work less to be head of your class, but you must have other interests outside of school for your leisure hours. Take stamp collecting, for instance, the most popular of juvenile hobbies. The boy who has never known even the delights of a "hundred varieties for ten cents" has missed part of his education, and yet few teachers encourage such work in the class room.

Stamp Collecting, Amateur Printing and Journalism, Coins, Butterfly Collecting, Natural History, Amateur Carpentering and Photography, and all other such interests are subjects not taught in schools but which are none the less necessary to a boy's development. They form pursuits and studies oftentimes for the boy who cannot get the multiplication table straight or analyze a compound sentence.

The world's greatest natural philosopher, Sir Charles Darwin, was considered anything but a prodigy at school. "When I left school," he says, "I was, for my age, neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Darwin says he had "strong and diversified tastes." So has many a boy who is considered dull and stupid because his tastes do not coincide with those of his companions, or are not of the kind that his parents and teachers consider most profitable. The tastes of young Darwin lay in the direction of insects, especially of beetles. He had much zeal for studying them, because they interested him as "seven times seven" and "ran is a verb" did not. He was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the barn and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their play.

It is splendid for boys to play football, baseball and learn to row, swim and hunt, but why should the boy who does not care greatly for these things be despised? -It takes all sorts to make a world, and we have no sympathy with the tyranny which makes a boy uncomfortable because he is not like every one else. We respect every boy, for we know not what possibilities of usefulness are buttoned up under his coat. *He is sure to be good at something.*

Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment, while judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure

ACTIVITIES

Amateur Printing
Amateur Journalism
Butterfly Collecting
Stamp Collecting
Toy Shop
Magic and Legerdmain
Camping Out
Natural History
Amateur Circus
Experimental Electricity
Newspaper Clipping Library
Pictorial Poster Collecting
Boat Sailing for Amateurs
Pigeon Loft
Autograph Collecting
Amateur Athletics
Coin Collecting
Kitchen Garden
Physical Culture
Fernery
Amateur Theatricals
Aviary
Picture Collecting
Amateur Photography
Poultry Run
Rabbitry
Kennel
Flower Garden
Window Garden
Football
Baseball
Pushball
Skating
Swimming
Curio Collecting
Post Card Collecting
Coupon Collecting
Crest Collecting
Souvenir Collecting
Carpentry
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Fill out one or two of the blank lines with the name of other Activities not listed above that you are interested in, and then mark an X in front of all Activities you like best. Then fill out the blank at the bottom with your name and address and send this coupon with 10 cents for three months' trial subscription to THE NEW BOY and Life Membership in THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE.

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The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Send in your name to be enrolled as a Life Member and have your name printed in the Membership List, which will be sent to every member. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same things write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership. Send for full information, blanks, printed matter, etc.

The Editor will always be glad to hear from the League Members, and, if it is impossible to publish all letters, will acknowledge them. The letters and stories we publish this month are from five readers. We desire to have letters from 500 of our readers, telling us of themselves and of their pursuits, of how they like THE NEW BOY and what department of Activities most interests them. Our stamp and coin collectors should order extra copies of the November NEW BOY. It is their special issue and we guarantee it will come up to expectations.

And now, boys, for our letters! Charity begins at home and we start off with a letter from Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Sept., 1905.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I am 12 years old and want to tell you about a cat I have. He is a Maltese and has only three legs, but he is very wise and has more sense than many animals with four. I am very fond of pets and during the summer kept a pair of rabbits. I should like to hear of the pets some other of your boys have. I like THE NEW BOY very much.

Very truly

JAMES SMITH.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept., 1905.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

You wish your readers to write you and I thought I'd send a letter to say how much I enjoy THE NEW BOY. I am a member of the League and am fond of out door sports. When I am old enough I hope to go to Princeton University and perhaps to play in one of the big college games.

Very truly

GEORGE STANLEY.

Summit, N. J., Sept., 1905.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

My brother and I get THE NEW BOY and we like it very much. We both collect stamps and read all you have to say about them.

We are members of your League and think winter reading might be an interesting fad. Members could write in what book they had enjoyed most during the month, or you, Mr. Editor, might tell us what would interest us. Last winter our papa made us read Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales. We liked The Last of the Mohicans best.

Very truly

THOMAS DONALDSON.

A conductor, on being asked by an Irishman which car was the most dangerous, replied that he thought the last car was usually considered so.

"Faith, then, why don't ye lave it off?" asked Pat.

THE KEEPING OF LAND TURTLES AS PETS.

You have been walking through a field, a wood, or by a country roadside and chance to see a land turtle slowly moving along its way and you stop to pick it up.

But no sooner do you attract the attention of the turtle than you see how quickly its head and feet will disappear and it will be as motionless as if dead.

But take it home with you and put it in your yard and feed it and you will be surprised in a little time to see how tame it will become. I have some that will eat from my fingers.

I have at least twenty in my yard and find it a great pleasure to keep them.

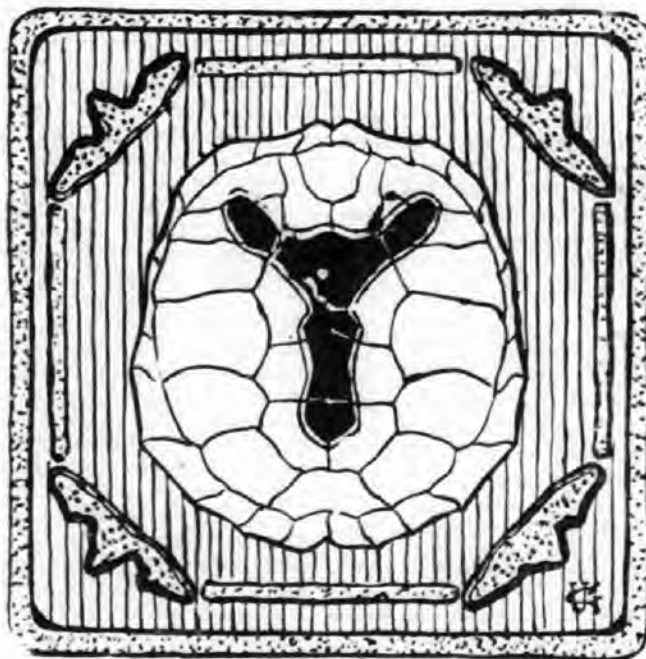
The reason I got them at first was to

entirely eight days before the young turtles make their appearance; their shells are about as large as a quarter of a dollar and they are very troublesome to raise.

When they are about half grown they will scratch under the fence to get out, and it is a constant care to watch and keep them in.

Turtles are gradually but surely decreasing in numbers; they cannot be found nearly so plentiful as in years past. The thing that accounts for this the most is the machines used by the farmers, they cut them up by the thousands every year. I had one which had been cut by a machine, its shell was nearly in two and it only lived a short time.

Some people don't like turtles; they say their heads look too much like a



rid the yard of snails and, in the course of about two months, they were all gone. During the hot days of summer they hide under bushes or tall grass and when it is rainy they mostly promenade around the yard. It is quite interesting in the summer to watch them dig holes in the ground to lay their eggs.

First they dig down as far as they can reach with their hind legs, then hollow all around and make like a small cave, in which place after darkness has fallen upon the earth they lay their eggs and in the morning you will find it all covered up level with the surface.

Their eggs are about two thirds the size of a pigeon's egg, they are shaped at both ends alike and have a pretty tough shell, which is necessary on account of the pressure of the ground against them. Then it takes about sev-

snake in the grass, but if they keep them for awhile they will soon get used to them and will never think of a snake when they see their pets around the yard.

About November they start in for their winter's nap; they dig a hole to bury themselves in and go partly down; if it gets warm again they will come out for a while, but as soon as the cold weather begins to set in they go in for good and you will not see any more of them for several months and when they do come out next spring they always keep in the sun first, which gives them strength.

If you watch them closely you will see they move very gradually at first; it takes them from two to four days before they seem to have their strength back and then they proceed through the same motions I have told you of.

GEO. UMSTREAD,

PHYSICAL CULTURE

WALKING AND RUNNING.

Last month we had a chat about training and we found that the daily bath, preferably cold, was a valuable aid to getting into condition and that deep breathing was another help in the same direction.

Of all exercises for boys, youths and men, none is better than walking. It is a natural exercise and one of the Lord's own medicines. You have noticed how the sick never regain real strength until they are able to walk, but once started walking, they soon get well. Walking exercises the entire body, more or less, strengthens the heart and lungs, tones the nerves, and gets the pedestrian into rugged health. If you make a practice of walking ten miles a day, at least, you will do much to keep yourself in good health. You will be free of headaches and you will feel the joy of living. But to attain physical perfection ten miles is not enough. Fifteen miles a day would be a minimum, and often a ten hour day should be put in upon the roads, the walker covering not less than thirty miles.

There is nothing more pleasant for a party of boys than going out for a long walk in the country. And if your way lies by wood and stream or by the shore then you can freshen yourselves by a plunge in the surf or a dip in some lake or stream. You enjoy each other's company, you become familiar with country things, you know of the birds and the beasts, of the trees and the lakes and streams, of the fish, when to angle for them and of the best lures; and, generally, you familiarize yourself with the life of those who are not of the city but of the soil.

It is a very sweet thing to be young and strong, for true strength is always gentle and manful, and when a party of boys devote their holidays or such hours as they can spare to going long tramps into the country and over the hills they are gaining health and strength and wisdom.

These articles are not of a professional nature and the exercises are not treated from that standpoint, though you will find that walking is an indispensable exercise in the course of training for any feat, be it performed by man or beast. Heel and toe walking races do not enter into this little chat at all. Nor do long distance pedestrian feats, such as a six day's walk, or a 1000 mile walk. The Editor desires simply to point out the pleasures and the solid benefits in health gained by every one of our boys making a point to try and find time to have a few hours in the open air, under the blue sky daily.

One of the best boys' books in the world is "Tom Brown's School Days," and, of course, nearly all The New Boy League Members know it. But it is a book that will always bear referring to and that one never tires of. You remember, in the story, of Tom Brown, the ruddy hardy school boy, being paired off with the pale, delicate Arthur; and how their great Head Master, S. Arnold, chatted with the two and told Tom to take Arthur out long walks and let him see the beautiful country around the old School of Rugby and get some color in

his cheeks and strength in his weakly body. You all know the story of how they went bird nesting and fishing until Tom's weakling became able to enter heart and soul into the sports of his stronger companions. In the letters from League Members this month there is one speaking of Winter Reading, and, if any of our boys have not read "Tom Brown," then the Editor would advise them to do so. It is a good true book and, although English, will interest American boys.

If a party of boys go walking it is a certainty that during the course of their joyous tramp they will break into running, from mere exuberance of spirit, from the feeling of bounding health and youth, that must find an outlet somehow.

Running, like walking, is a natural exercise. Some experts hold that it is the best of all exercises. I do not care to dispute the point. Running strengthens wind and limb and that means just about the whole boy. Every boy, who can run, knows the delightful feeling of speed-strength and lightness that comes of walking and running, playing baseball, cricket, tennis or getting into form for football. Running enters into the sports of every school, and, from the youngest boy up, races are held according to age. The most general race is the 100 yards dash and all of our Members must have seen a 100 yards run at some time and place. The Editor has run in a good many himself and knows something of it.

Every boy likes to win a prize at his school sports, if he can, and to win a foot race means some training. There is not a school, we suppose, that does not have its sports and for those of our New Boys who want to win a 100 yards dash, we would advise practicing starting and running some fifty yards, after they get off their mark. Do all the walking you can so long as you are not over exerting. Get into bed by 10.30 and get up about 7 o'clock. Never miss a good cold shower if you can get it. Eat all you like but avoid pies and sweets and pastry. It is not necessary to say that smoking is harmful to boys. Cigarette smoking is as villainously hurtful to boys as drinking vile alcohol is hurtful to man. Our League Members know that and realize that tobacco and the first prize in their school "100 yards" do not make a likely combination. The afternoon is the best time for a boy to practice. An older athlete has often to train in the evening. After two weeks, even, of daily practice you will feel limber and speedier. You can change your practice, then, and once a week run a full 100 yards, so as to try yourself out. But only do this once in a while. The quick 50 and 60 yard bursts are giving you far more staying power than you imagine, and if you lengthen these bursts and run your full distance, you are apt to take away from your finishing powers.

Before the day of the race do nothing in the way of running. Go and have a good long walk, do not get over anxious, sleep well and finally face our opponents prepared to do all you know and to run your very hardest.

A quarter mile race is a hard race; but, with a strong runner, it is a favorite dis-

ance. A quarter mile is just about as long a race as it is wise for any boy under 15 years to train for. This is no rule, of course; in athletics, the unexpected often happens. I once saw the quarter mile championship of Scotland won by a schoolboy of 16 years, who defeated the best University men of that year, and did inside 52 seconds, I think, on a very bad track. And 52 seconds for a quarter mile in the British climate is certainly good for 51 in the clear atmosphere of America. The best preparation for a quarter mile is good hard practice some three times a week, running distances from 50 yards up to three and four hundred, and, once in two weeks perhaps, running out the full distance. This method may be old fashioned but it has "delivered the goods." On the days you do not strip for training, take a walk of not less than fifteen miles and have it up hill and down dale, giving your legs and lungs plenty of exercise and keeping up a gait of over 4 miles an hour all the time. After a couple of months of this training you will be in good condition and can lay out your course so as to get to the actual day of the race just about as "fit" as you can be. In the quarter mile, as in the "100," getting off the mark means a great deal. Fumbling the start in a dash, as you know, just about costs the race; so all the hard practice you put in before you can spring off, the moment the starter fires his pistol, is very necessary. Many a hundred yard race is won by a strong finish but just as many are lost by missing the start.

For half mile running your best preparation is to run distances of from 400 to 600 yards and do this every day. Once in a while, let yourself out and go the full distance. Methods change in training but the writer has had personal experience for years and has won prizes over all kinds of distances. Whatever distance you train for, keep short of it, then on the day of your race you, as it were, work up to it and get every ounce that is in you. To train for a quarter mile by running six hundreds and half miles, is to take the edge off your speed, and, on the day of your race you will find yourself not in the least the better off by the fact that you have actually to run a couple of hundred yards less than you have been doing in practice.

Long distance running is best left to older athletes. But running, whether for mere sport or for training, is an excellent exercise. It sends the blood coursing through the body and gives every organ a good rousing shaking up that does no harm but much good. Be excessive in no exercise. Prolong your walks until you are tired—but never exhausted. And if you can accomplish it, spend some part of your vacation on a walking tour. Get yourself in such practice that you can do your 24 or 30 miles daily and can keep it up. And then with a jolly chum and a stout staff, a knapsack and a mackintosh slung over your shoulder, you can set out and choose your own route, be it over the hills, through the valleys or by the romantic shore. You will breathe fresh air, see Nature by herself, and take in health and strength and wisdom, every day of your trip.

We spoke of Tom Brow's Schooldays, a book that every boy loves and I shall close this by speaking of another book which many of you know well. It is the story "Guy Mannerling," by Sir Walter Scott. And you, who know the story, can recall the chapter where Sir Walter depicts his young and romantic hero spending his furlough in tramping across the wild hills and valleys of the old Scots Borderland, the country that the great novelist new and loved so well. Just in a few lines the author sets forth the pleasures of walking and if any of our boys have not read "Guy Mannerling," the Editor would suggest it as a good classic to be included in our Winter reading; for, after all, when the snow lies white and high, feats of outdoor walking and running have to bide their time until the days lengthen and the trees bud again. For a couple of months, however, we shall have splendid walking weather and we hope our boys will not neglect to take advantage of it.

The next physical culture article will involve a big jump from the West to the East, where the wonderful Japanese folks have perfected their ingenious science of self defence, Jiu-Jitsu, as it is termed, and of which the Physical Culture Editor will tell you.

FUN IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

"Boys will be boys" all over the world, yet it is a fact that many of the good times enjoyed by those in one part of our broad land, are unknown to the boys in another. The boys of the Sunny South can hardly imagine the sports of Canadian lads, and city boys find it hard to realize the fun that can be gotten from many things of which the shops know nothing.

Cotton furnishes much pleasure as well as work for boys on southern farms. When the crop has been gathered, they carry the big wagon to the cotton gin, and stay there to amuse themselves by jumping from the high girders of the gin house down into the immense white pile of cotton on the floor. Down, down they go in the fluffy mass till out of sight, only to scramble out and repeat the glorious sensation till they are obliged to stop for lack of breath. Meanwhile other boys are pelting one another with handfuls of cotton seed, like snowballs, and he who runs first is declared whipped.

When the cotton has been ginned, that is, the seed separated from the lint and condensed into sheets it is pressed into bales and carried back to the farm or to town to be sold.

It is weighed and marked at a warehouse, and a small hole cut into the bagging from which a sample of the cotton is extracted. The farmer takes this around to the various merchants and sells it to the best advantage.

The boys take the cotton seeds back to the farm and pack them in a seed house in or near the barn, as they are to be used as fertilizer in the Spring.

Now is the boy's opportunity to dig many tunnels in and out of the tightly packed mass making the most fascinating place to play "Rat and Cat," chasing one another on all fours through the winding passages till the "Cat" catches the "Rat." Sometimes the house cat is the rat, and all the boys crawl in line after it, laughing and tumbling along, till the welcome sound of the ox horn calls to supper.

The shining of the golden harvest moon brings ideal time for "possum hunting." A trained hound goes out with the boys, and it is a merry party that starts through the woods and swamps. Across the branches and over the brown fields they go, often happening upon some farmer's cane patch.

Now the hunt is temporarily abandoned. The boys fill their arms with cane and run to the woods, kindle a big fire and sit around on the ground, chewing for all they are worth. Soon the barking of the dog announces the news that he has treed a 'possum. The boys rush for the tree, and either cut it down, or one of them climbs up, crawls out on the limb where the 'possum has retreated and shakes him off to the ground. The dog picks him up, gives him a vigorous shake, and drops him for dead. The wise little animal is only "plying possum" however. He lies there like a log, lets the boys pick him up, put his tail in the slit of a split pole, and swing it over their shoulders. Then off they go again until sometimes as many as five possums are carried triumphantly home in one night, and later presented to the darkies.

When a new boy comes to town, he is initiated into the mysteries of "Snipe Hunting." The boys lead him off to a ditch in the woods and give him a gunny sack, which he is told to hold open, while they go off to drive up the "snipe." There the luckless boy stands for hours, while just out of sight his mischievous companions make a fire and roast peanuts.

When they finally return, it is only to have a good laugh at his expense, and he goes meekly home with firm resolve to watch out for the next new boy that he may enjoy the keen delight of initiating him into the secrets of "snipe hunting."

N. W. HALE.

A little girl came in from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed.

"Mamma," she said, "I'll never, never speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live!"

"Why, dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," pouted the little maid, "because I copied all my samples from her, and every one of 'em was wrong."

WHY HORSESHOES ARE LUCKY.

A new explanation is offered for the belief in the luck of old horseshoes. St. Dunstan was a skilled farrier. One day while at work in his forge the devil entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The saint, although he recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This St. Dunstan did, but only after he had made the Evil One promise that neither he nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of the house where the horseshoe is displayed.

Watch

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The Submarine's Tiny Guardians.

Three white mice are in each submarine boat and are entered on the payroll of the fleet. These little creatures detect an escape of gasoline more quickly than human beings do, and by their squeals and efforts to escape draw attention to the fact that something is amiss.—London Graphic.

Registering Rain Gage.

A German scientific paper describes a new registering rain gage, in which each drop falls on a balanced arm, which dips under it, closes an electric circuit and registers the fall. The number of drops in half a minute indicates the intensity of the shower, and curves of it can be drawn from them.

Electro-Plated Lace.

Electro-plated lace may yet be the fashion. A French writer says that a complete set of ecclesiastical vestments has been made at Lyons of these plated laces, and suggests that society people adopt them for ball dresses.

Elaborate Ornamentation.

One room at Tsarskoe, the Czar's palace near St. Petersburg, has walls of lapis lazuli and a floor of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl. Another has walls of carved amber, and the walls of a third are laid with beaten gold.

Fashion's Manners.

There is no crowd in which rudeness of every kind is so conspicuously displayed as that of a fashionable assembly.—Ambrosia. In the World.

One of Them for the Company.

A well-known comedian, celebrated for his eccentricities, boarded a street car the other day and duly paid his fare upon demand. After riding another nickel and tendered the same to the passing conductor.

The honest conductor refused the proffered coin, while the actor vehemently protested his desire to pay his fare.

"You have given me your fare already," argued the man in uniform.

"I know," responded the comedian, "but this is for the company."

Everyone laughed excepting the disgruntled conductor, who had omitted to register the first collection.—New York Times.

He Was Known

A certain millionaire well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster a short time, he said:

"Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," replied the youngster: "you're the man who rides in my father's carriage!"—N. Y. News.

New Boy Photographer

We will be glad to receive pictures of interest taken by our readers, will publish same in coming issues, will give valuable prizes each month.

MAKING PICTURES.

If there is one thing that the average amateur photographer ought to study it is the making of pictures. They can all make photographs. They make them, make thousands of them, but real pictures are rare. It is not hard to learn, and it is not so difficult to apply any knowledge that one may gain in that direction. There is no lack of material, and the opportunities are everywhere. There is, just to cite an example, hardly a residence in this broad land that does not contain as a part of its architectural plan some doorway that at the right time of day or under the right lighting, would form an admirable setting for a figure study or a genre picture. There is hardly a family but what some of its members would make most pleasing models for some such picture as I have suggested.

These things are only mentioned to disprove the idea, too popular by far, that opportunities are wanting. The opportunities are all about us, but it is the eyes to see them that are lacking.

How often do we find in this or that publication, photographic or otherwise, compositions that are as simple as the most unaffected ones that we could arrange with the material which we have overlooked, simply because it was right at our hands and to which we were so entirely indifferent. We find these more skillful workers have simply applied their power to see pictures, have made use of simple subjects and have achieved results while we have been deploring our lack of opportunity. With the same material that we have so long ignored they have produced pictures that have won them recognition as artists, as many capable of appreciating the beauty that lies all around them.

But how can this knowledge of what is required be obtained, I hear you ask. There are various ways in which the mind may be cultivated to an appreciation of what constitutes pictorial values in our work. The examples published in the better class of photographic magazines are a help. The criticism of one's work by a person who has some knowledge of artistic requirements will aid. Several books on the subject are at the disposal of the earnest seeker after knowledge. Any editor will be glad to recommend the right kind to an inquirer seeking light. A course in one of the several good correspondence schools of photography will assist. With them your work will be criticised and your errors in composition pointed out. Very often one can secure assistance of some one who is himself a worker who is capable of doing work that is artistic. Such amateurs are as a rule most willing to assist their fellow enthusiasts by helpful criticism if it is asked for in the proper spirit. There are several postal camera clubs throughout the country, and there is always an opening for a new member in some of them. In these clubs the members criticise each other's prints as the monthly albums are sent around. Of course, the criticisms of others as ignorant as one's self are of no great value, but these clubs all contain a few

members who are capable of giving the best of advice.

But the main factor is a desire to learn to progress. With this the rest is but a matter of detail. All that I wish to do in this brief article is to advise the turning of your study into a new and more inviting channel. Give up your experimenting with developers, with toning solutions, and with the technical side of the work, and try the more satisfactory and more profitable study of making pictures. Of making prints you will soon grow tired. Of photographs you no doubt have an ample stock. Give your attention to the production of pictures, and I can assure you your interest will not soon decline, neither will your supply of satisfactory pictures early become a burden. Of this last I am convinced.

Amateur Journalism

Any reader of THE NEW BOY who likes to write stories and articles or who has a printing press at his disposal is invited to become an Amateur Journalist.

Several hundred amateur papers are published throughout the United States every year and probably no hobby is of more practical value than this, which has been called the "Prince of Hobbies."

THE COST OF PUBLISHING AN AMATEUR PAPER.

To the uninitiated it seems a large undertaking to publish even a small magazine and one involving considerable expense. Yet an investigation will reveal the fact that an amateur magazine may be published at an expense of only \$30 a year. It must be remembered that few amateur magazines are published with any degree of regularity, and the amateur who issues four numbers a year is considered a very successful publisher.

There are printers who make a specialty of amateur work, who will print a four-page paper at as small a price as \$4 for 200 copies. As there is no expense except for the printing of the magazine and mailing it, it will be noted that an edition of 200 copies can be sent out for \$6, allowing \$4 for printing and \$2 for mailing. In case the amateur does not wish to start so modestly, of course the expense is greater, but this could be kept down to the average by making the issues less frequent. Still, taking everything into consideration, it would seem better to publish not quite so attractive a paper, but to issue it more frequently.

Where an amateur has his own printing press, of course the cost is materially reduced. A good printing outfit for amateur work can be obtained for about \$20. There are outfits as low as \$2 or \$3, but it is better to put a little more money in the printing outfit and thus be able to get this money back by doing some job printing, such as printing calling cards, circulars, etc. There are scores of amateurs who issue their magazines quite frequently and not only do job work for their friends and neighbors, but also earn considerable money besides.

The editor solicits contributions for any of these departments and if good publication you will be paid for it.

Winter Club for Boys

BY EDWARD FOSTER TEMPLE.

The person who undertakes to manage a boys' club during the winter evenings, most of which are likely to be spent within doors, should possess sympathy, self-control and tact. By sympathy I mean not only interest in the boys, and a sincere desire to promote their mental and moral advancement, but also a willingness to look at things from a boy's standpoint. It must, first of all, be remembered that boys are overflowing with animal spirits, that they lack the matured judgment of manhood, and that they are likely to feel that they are conferring a favor by becoming members of such a club, rather than that they are under obligations to the person who conducts it.

And let me say right here that whoever becomes interested in forming a boy's club should persevere in the work. In every town or village there are boys who spend their evenings lounging in stores, or roaming the streets, and the man who gathers them together, in a friendly, kindly way, can easily lead them as they should be led.

Do not expect too much from the boys or you will be doomed to disappointment; do not be too exacting or you will drive them away from you, instead of putting yourself in a position to receive their respect and confidence. To see with their eyes is to map out for yourself a right-of-way to their hearts. Boys will not consent to be scolded or patronized, but I never yet have found one who failed to respond when approached through a sympathetic understanding of his disposition and his preferences.

Let the Boys Make the Rules.

No club can succeed without discipline, but for your boys' club have few rules, and let them be only such as are fundamental and necessary. Instead of dictating rules to the boys, simply suggest them. Leave it to one of the boys to move their acceptance, and have them adopted by a rising vote. Boys will take more pride in observing a discipline they have formed for themselves than in one that has been prepared for them. In the matter of penalties, too, let the boys take the initiative.

The boys of a club in which I am deeply interested at one time annoyed me very much by being tardy. Two or three would be on hand at the time appointed for the meeting, but the others would come straggling in five, ten and fifteen minutes late. After this had happened a few times I good-naturedly called the attention of the boys to it, and invited them to suggest a remedy. After a brief, but serious, deliberation, they fixed upon a fine, to be paid into the treasury, for every instance of tardiness without a reasonable excuse. Since then no further difficulty has been experienced.

The conductor of a boys' club must be rich in expedients, particularly on the evenings devoted to discussions. The moment he sees any signs of flagging interest the subject must at once be changed. Boys tire quickly, and in order to hold their attention you must give them variety.

Some Good Topics to Consider.

Assign the topic to be considered at least one week in advance, instruct them

as to the proper sources of information, and when the time comes for the subject to be presented let most of the talking be done by the boys. Let them give the illustrations and relate the legends or stories connected with the subject in their own words. The interest will be greater and the effect more lasting than if you do the telling. In an experience of fifteen years with boys' clubs I have found that a series of miscellaneous questions, embracing a wide compass of subjects, such as history, literature, science, art and current topics is productive of the most good, although some of my boys have done excellent work with a single topic for the entire winter. One club spent six months in the study of mollusks, and the interest was kept up unflinchingly to the end. The same club gave six months more to the study of American literature, taking in a series of weekly questions, with brief readings from the different authors studied. One club I had in charge made a special study of minerals, and gathered, mounted and exhibited to the public a fine collection; another found astronomy an unfailing source of delight for one winter; and the boys at present under my direction are doing something in the way of history. I have also interested them in looking up the origin of our patriotic songs, and have induced them to learn the words of these songs as well as to sing the airs. Patriotism is the characteristic I have striven most to cultivate.

It is not necessary for the conductor of the club to be profound. Only let him be interested in the boys and in his topic. He wants tact rather than scholarship. He wants to know when to begin and when to stop, what to say and what not to say.

We solicit contributions for this department. If you have discovered a plan that you find helpful in riding your hobby, write a description of it and send it to us. If the editor considers your hint good enough for publication, you will be liberally paid for it.

WILD BIRDS IN NEW YORK CITY.

A passerby chanced to look through the rails of a New York churchyard fence the other day and was struck by the strange actions of a young man inside the rails. He appeared to be on the alert, would look aloft, follow with his eyes the course of something through the air, and then jot down a few words in his note book. He did this several times, and occasionally varied it by squatting behind a gravestone and appearing to watch something intently.

As the young man left the churchyard intently reading the notes he had made the pedestrian made bold to say: "I have been much interested in what you have been doing, but I am completely mystified." "I have been merely watching the birds. I do this every day as often as I find the time. Just a little fad," was the reply.

"Do you mean to say that you can find anything like ornithology in a New York churchyard?"

"You would be surprised to see the number and variety of wild birds, birds you rarely see in the country, in the tiny spots of green in the desert of brick and mortar of our big city," was the answer.

"You may not believe me when I say that you will find a greater variety of

wild birds of every sort in Central Park during the periods of migration in the spring and fall than anywhere else within fifty miles of New York. Not long ago I saw a woodcock in Trinity Churchyard. He did not stay long, but I had a good look at him, and then he started over the skyscrapers toward the Statue of Liberty. I have seen plenty of woodcock in Central Park as well as yellow-bellied sapsuckers, those wild fellows which like the deep woods far removed from any sounds except those of the forest. One of the curators of the American Museum of Natural History recently saw a woodcock in the open lawn about the museum, and it was the boldest thing I ever heard of a woodcock doing.

"Bald eagles have frequently been seen in Central Park as well as along Riverside Drive, but the most remarkable fact in our local ornithology I ever knew concerned two black night herons. For several years they have made Central Park their home in the summer. They have nested in the vicinity of 100th street and Central Park West, and the park entomologist has said that two years ago these herons raised a family in the park, but I did not see the young myself."

"But what varieties of birds can you find in a churchyard, such as this. I never saw any but the little English sparrow," asked the interested listener.

"I have been surprised by my observations made in this noisy section of New York," said the bird student. "It would seem that the most nerve-hardened bird would hardly select such a place for a summer home, but the misfortunes of migration make birds seek strange resting places. Throughout the greater part of the summer and winter a noisy flock of English Sparrows holds almost undisputed sway here. My records show that such common birds as the song and chipping sparrows, robins and yellow warblers have been surprisingly few among the trees and shrubs of the churchyard. But I have espied many feathered fellows you would hardly expect to see anywhere but in the fields and woods far removed from the noise and desolation of the city streets.

"I have noted the reb-bellied woodpecker, the tiny Phoebe, the least fly-catcher, the white-crowned sparrow, the white-throated sparrow, the slate-colored junco, towhee, indigo bunting, scarlet tanager, red-eyed vireo, blue-winged warbler, ovenbird, water thrush, northern yellow throat, American red-tart, catbird, winter wren, brown creeper, red-breasted nuthatch, chickadee, golden-crowned kinglet, hermit thrush, and the bluebird, but few robins. So you see, you do not have to go to the country to see even some of our wildest American birds."

"Do any of these birds we customarily regard as wild ever become tame and then grow accustomed to the associations of people in the city?" asked his questioner.

"Very few," was the answer. "It is hard to change the bird nature. As accustomed as a robin is to being among people, he is hard to tame. Even a young robin raised in captivity will always be timid and rarely warble after he finds his voice. There is a woman in this city who must have something of the bird nature in her, judging from the success she has in taming wild birds. I have seen her lure a chickadee to her end persuade him to take food from her fingers. I have seen her do the same with a red-breasted nuthatch, and he is natural-

ly a suspicious fellow, even if hungry. I have never seen a man succeed in persuading a wild bird to take food from his hand. There seems to be something in the feminine nature that enables a woman to make friends with a wild bird that is wanting in a man. I have lived among birds here and in other countries for many years, but I have never been able to get one to feed from my fingers."

"Have you studied birds in other countries?" asked his auditor, who had become thoroughly engrossed in the subject.

"Yes," replied the ornithologist, "I have just returned from Cuba and Porto Rico, where I had to do work for one of our great scientific institutions.

"But you do not have to go to the southern islands to find the prettiest birds. You can find them in Central Park or right here, by this city churchyard. If you are a bird lover you will find plenty to interest you."

SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.

Some handsome new sets of souvenir postal cards are being gotten out by various publishers, bearing fine colored photographs of public buildings and other points of interest. A certain company turns out cards in natural colors, the process was invented in Zuerich, Switzerland, and is considered the latest and best. Various fine scenic view cards are seen from Naples, Italy. The Castle del Ova which is now a prison and derives its name from its oval shape, is beautifully depicted. It is said to be one of Naples' landmarks. This city retains many 18th century features despite its many earthquakes.

San Carlo theatre, Castle Nuovo and Castle Sant Elmo, are beautifully illustrated. From Rome we see the ancient castle of St. Angelo. It is a large circular tower some 230 feet in diameter on a basement, said to be about 300 feet square. Three Renaissance stories appear on the summit to serve the purpose of a citadel. It was built by Hadrian. The palace of the Quirinal, the former summer palace of the Pope, is depicted on another card. This is located on the highest of the seven hills of ancient Rome. The views from ancient Rome are beautiful and picturesque especially such as viewed from the Tiber, from Santa Bartolomes Island. One Turkish card is very interesting, showing the frowning Turkish fortress with its walls and fudal looking battlements. Within these walls it was the usual custom of the Porte to incarcerate the ministers of a foreign power upon declaration of war.

A party of Yale College students had been celebrating a 'varsity in the manner usual to enthusiastic collegians, and while enroute to their train, about 2 a. m., happened to pass the office of a crabbed old doctor, who was known as one of the greatest cranks in the town. One of the lads, sighting the butt n which connected with the doctor's night bell, halted the group and "pressed the button." Almost immediately a window above their heads was raised and the medico's benighted head was thrust forth as he snapped in a querulous tone, "What's wanted?"

"One of your windows is open, doctor," replied the leader of the gang.

"Thank you very much," answered the doctor; "which one?"

"The one you have your head out of," said the student.



GETTING A GOOD DINNER.

A gentleman played off a rich joke on his better half. Being somewhat of an epicure, he took it into his head that morning that he should like to have a first-rate dinner in the evening. So he addressed her a note from the city, politely informing her that a gentleman of her acquaintance, an old and true friend, would dine with her that day.

As soon as she had received it all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely on time she was prepared to receive her guest. A sumptuous dinner was on the table and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and when the drawing room door opened she saw her husband with smiling countenance.

"Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?"

"Why," replied the husband, complacently, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance, an old and true friend."

"Well," said he, good-humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance and an old and true friend?"

"O," she cried, disappointedly, "this is too bad."

The husband laughed immoderately, but finally they sat down cozily together, and for once he had a good dinner without having company.—London Tit-Bits.

Puff of Fame.

Justice Bewer is from Kansas, and his state is justifiably proud of him. soon after his elevation to the supreme bench a cigar manufacturer in Topeka dedicated a 10-cent "domestic" cigar to the jurist, named it "Our Justice," and on the cover of each box pasted a portrait of Mr. Brewer.

A few years ago the justice was in Topeka on a business trip. The hotel clerk recognized him, and the negro bell boy, although he had no idea who the newcomer was, knew from the way he was ordered about that the patron was of some consequence. Going up in the elevator the negro stared constantly at the tall, dignified man.

Suddenly the black face was wreathed in smiles, and the boy said:

"Scuse me, boss, but ain't you de gemmon dat invented dem 'Ouah Justice cigars?"

This reminds one of the man who was recalling famous persons who "parted their names in the middle."

"And then," he said, "there is 'E. Pluribus Unum,' the man that makes the bass-drums."—Kansas City Journal

Local Entertainment.

A newcomer from the metropolis, feeling sure that the people of the little mountain settlement in the Cumberlands would be interested to know in advance the date of a certain event, asked permission to place the following clipping from his daily paper in the window of the little postoffice: 'A total lunar eclipse will take place tomorrow between 8 and 9 p. m.

Not long after there was a knock at the door of his cottage near by. A half-grown girl stood there, industriously twisting the corner of her ragged apron.

"Please, sir," she began, hurriedly, "mother wants to know if it's to be in the chanel of the schoolhouse. And may I be doorkeeper? I ken' it for the waxworks last year, and there didn't a soul get past me 'thout puttin' in!" —Youth's Companion.

LATER TOMMY GOT A LICKING.



Rev. Dr. Thirdly (visiting)—Tommy do you know what a miracle is?

Tommy—Yes; pop said it would be a miracle if you didn't stay to dinner.

A Washington collector reports that he has seen a set of proofs of the Omaha stamps, printed in two colors, as it was originally intended they would be printed, like the Buffalo issue which were in two colors, and as they would have been but for the rush of work brought on by the demand for war revenue stamps, which had to be gotten out quickly. The borders, or frames, are in colors, and the centres in black, and they certainly would have been a handsome set had they been issued thus.

It is much easier to make a collection of, say, 2,000 varieties now than it was ten, fifteen or twenty years ago, and a collection numbering 2,000 varieties can be made so cheaply and will give so much pleasure that it is a pity more people do not collect stamps. The number of stamp collectors keeps on increasing, however.

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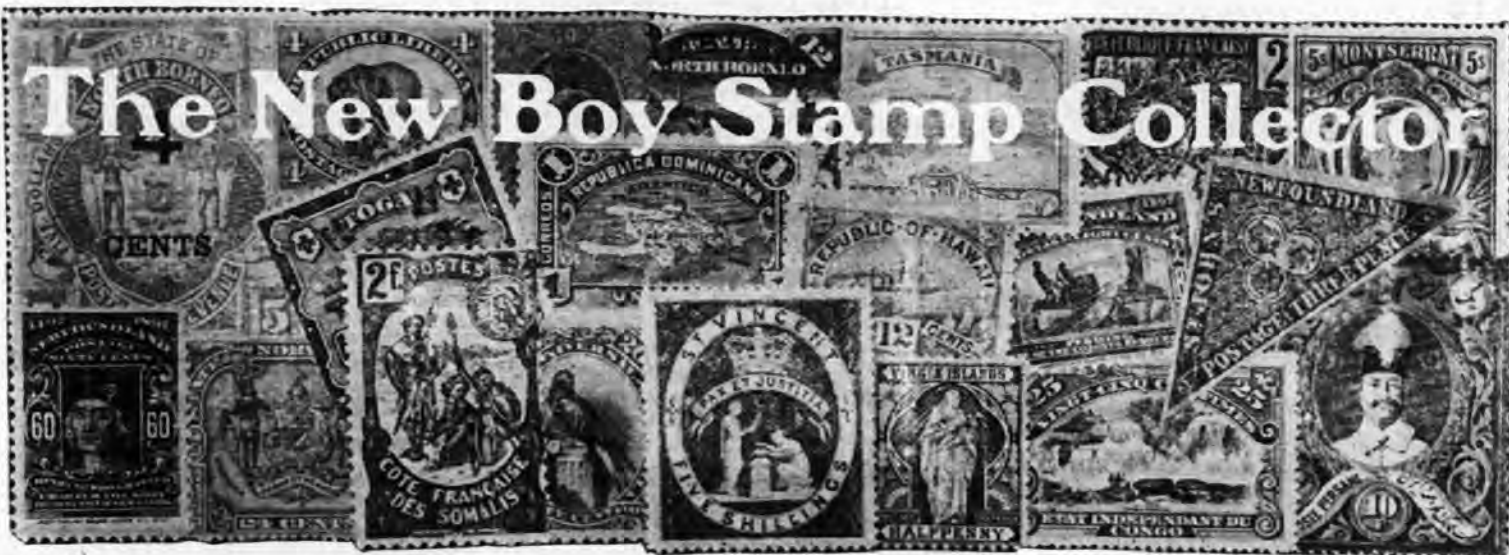
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The "boy collector," as he is called, is, so dealers report, more in evidence than at any time within the past five years. A score of boys and youths visit and patronize stamp dealers, to where one did before; and this springing into life of a great host of new and young collectors is going to do Philately a world of good. Let the good work go on. Certainly there are many, many worse things a boy (or a man either) could turn his attention to than stamp collecting. I think there is nothing in the world that will so quickly arouse the business instinct in a boy as collecting stamps. It makes a hustler of him, every time, and develops within him qualities that will be of immense advantage to him in a business way in after life.

It is hard to say what particular class of stamps is most in demand among collectors these days. Nearly every department of collecting has its followers, and all classes of stamps are in demand.

A few years ago the number of collectors of revenue stamps was small, but now nearly all collectors collect them. This is due to a great extent to the beauty of the stamps themselves, and then the late war with Spain, necessitating the issuance of hosts of revenue stamps of new and popular designs helped materially, as the attention of everybody was attracted to the revenues. As may be readily understood, these interesting stamps do not look nearly so beautiful to the non-collector as to the collector. The moral of which is obvious—become a collector.

As the collecting of entire stamped envelopes grows in favor, so also is the collecting of stamps on the original cover growing in favor. Certainly there is much of interest in rare stamps attached to the original envelope. They are interesting and valuable, anyway, but much more so when on original cover.

Pairs and strips of revenue stamps are worth a considerable advance over the price for single specimens. Especially is this true of private proprietary stamps.

The longer one collects stamps, the more in love with the pastime one becomes. This is true, and, being true, I wish to urge every reader of THE NEW BOY to start a collection. It will cost

you little, and will be a never-failing source of interest and delight. There is no pleasure greater than the pleasure of anticipation—the anticipation of rarities to be found, when you are looking through old correspondence for stamps and envelopes. Start a collection; you will be glad of it to the end of your days. Start it now.

It is estimated that there are 2,930,000 stamp collectors in the world.

The Earl of Crawford is supposed to be the owner of the most complete collection of stamps of the United States in the world.

The picture on the stamps of Austria, the early issues, is that of Francis Joseph, who came to the throne in 1848 and is still the Emperor. When the Magyars of Hungary got the home rule in 1877 the Emperor's portrait was still used on the stamps.

Last month the Postmaster General announced that the introduction of considerable improvements would take place beginning January 1. The first one of these is about to be put into practice. Heretofore it was impossible to sell stamps at postoffices. It is stated that within a short time orders will go forth to redeem stamps at their face value, where they are in perfect condition. This will be a big thing.

Attention has been called to the fact that Edward Livingston, who was a younger brother to Robert R. Livingston, who was honored on the one-cent St. Louis stamp, was minister to France, like Robert R. Livingston. Edward Livingston was secretary of state and was highly renowned as a jurist; his career extended from the years 1764 to 1836.

A questioner who asked some time ago if properly he could insist upon a postmaster selling him at face, obsolete postage stamps that are included in the stock of his office, is asked to submit his case to the postal authorities for decision. We have found the following clause in a circular sent out by the postoffice department some years ago, shortly after the retirement of the Columbian set: "No postmaster is permitted to solicit the sale of stamps (of any kind) outside the range of his office delivery, and hence will not send inventories of those he has to inquirers."

NEW USE FOR STAMPS.

The monks of the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Chent, have in their leisure moments decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on the branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic, in the style of Chinese landscape gardening, and already between nine and ten millions of stamps have been used.—Herald.

A GRAND OLD STAMP JUBILEE.

"It may not be generally known," remarks the Australian Philatelist, "that the 1st of December, 1905, will see the jubilee of that grand old stamp, the 5d, diadem, New South Wales, this stamp having been issued on the 1st of December, 1855. The other stamp of the 1854-56 diadem series that has survived the many changes in design since those dates is 3d, whose jubilee will be in Oct. 1906." Our contemporary is not prepared at present with any suggestion how to celebrate the jubilee except to hint that the Sydney Philatelic Club as the leading philatelic institution of New South Wales, should take the form of celebration into its own hands. "In the interests of collectors (adds the Australian Philatelist) we are against the issue of a special stamp for this occasion." If a suggestion may be proffered from the old country, we propose that the postal authorities celebrate the fiftieth birthday of this venerable five penny stamp by changing its color on that date from the present rich green to some equally distinctive tint, while in all other respects preserving the present form of the stamp. This would create a new variety, it is true, but we feel quite sure it would be one that all philatelists would welcome as marking a jubilee unique in the postal annals of the world.—Stamp Collector's Fortnightly.

Watch for the next number (November). "New Boy's" special Stamp Collectors issue, 40 to 50 pages, articles by 15 Philatelic writers. History and pictures of all the large stamp houses in Europe and America. If not already a subscriber to "The New Boy" subscribe now, 50c a year; 3 years for \$1. No free copies will be given.

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November, 1905

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THE NEW BOY

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A Monthly Magazine
of Romance and Activity
for all Kinds of Boys

THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

Special Collector's Number

THE NEW BOY.



A monthly Magazine of Romance and Activity for All Kinds of Boys. Published on the first day of every month. Subscription price 50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.

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15 cents a line. Not less than five lines accepted. No discount for time or space.

Forms for December Issue close Nov. 29th.

Address everything to

THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 West Twenty-third Street,
New York City.

No. 7. NOVEMBER, 1905. Vol. I.

In presenting this November number to our readers we take the opportunity of thanking the many boys and their parents throughout the country for the subscriptions they have sent us, as it is owing to their help that has made THE NEW BOY what it is. They may rest assured that we will do all in our power to give them the best boys paper ever published. This is the ideal of the publisher who has always had such ambition in view, to give out a clean and interesting paper, to educate, cultivate and refine the boys of America and the entire world.

The publisher, who is still a young man, will devote his life and energies to this beautiful cause. The boys can look forward, without possibility of disappointment, to new features in every issue.

We kindly request all our readers to show a copy of THE NEW BOY to their friends and to cooperate with us in the good work.

As it is only a matter of a few days before Thanksgiving will be here and many of our readers will be enjoying this glad some occasion, we embrace this time to extend to them the good wishes of the season.

A little history about Thanksgiving Day will not now be amiss. Contrary to the idea of many people it antedates the American Revolution. It was inaugurated by our forefathers at Plymouth, Mass., in November, 1621. The previous year they had very hard times, but for some months before that time their harvests had been good and in other respects they were quite fortunate. Governor Bradford therefore set a day in November of the above year as a special thanksgiving occasion to God for His kindness to them. Such custom of thanksgiving feasts has been faithfully observed from that time to date.

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STAMMERING

and all other defects of speech can and will only then be removed with certainty and permanency when the pupil is instructed individually—and not in classes.

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The above 25-year guaranteed solid gold stiffened "Tiffany Model" case is fitted with our regular 7 jewel works, made especially for us by one of the largest watch movement makers in America. They put our name on them in place of their own. The retail price is \$22.00

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Wear this watch for one week, if not satisfied that it is worth \$22 we will refund your money.

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One of our old trade customers recently ordered 500 Seal Rings of special design; through a mistake was unable to take them. Not wishing to remelt them, we have decided to sell them at actual cost.



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The design is after the famous painting "Venus Cast on the Wave," and is carried out in every detail in high relief. The design is on each side of the ring supporting the monogram plate.

They are made from solid gold, stiffened, rose finish, and perfect in every detail. We made to sell retail from \$7.00 to \$10.00. We will sell them at the uniform

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A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

NUMBER 7.

THE NEW BOY IN EUROPE

AND HIS TRIP HOMEWARD—HIS FOURTH AND LAST LETTER

Munich, the Beautiful—Oberammergan, the Home of the Passion Play—Nurnburg, its Great Museum—Rhine River, Historical and Beautiful—Bremen, Embarks on Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse—Southampton, its Great Walls—Cherbourg, its Strong Forts—Old Ocean, the Majesty thereof—Wireless Telegraphy, Wonderful—Home Again, Sad Yet Happy!



New York.

The New Boy's last letter found him arrived at Munich (after a beautiful ride through the picturesque Hungarian Tyrol, Switzerland and Salzburg. Munich is a modern and up-to-date city and made the New Boy feel as if he was back again on good old American soil. It is a city of parks, squares, theatres, art galleries, monuments and beautiful churches. It presents every variety of architecture from the ancient Basilica to the most modern styles. It is the capital of Bavaria and the residence of the King, having a population of about five hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the most important art centre in Germany, possessing also various scientific institu-

tions. Nor must we forget the other industries of Munich, for it has very many manufactories, some of which are regarded as the best in the world. Last, though not the least, is its famous beer exported everywhere throughout the world.

One of the most interesting features of the city observed by the New Boy was the merry and happy lives led by the people. You may find them in the afternoon and evening at the concerts listening to the music, striving to banish all care and worry. The people are very hospitable and are always glad to render strangers any assistance possible. The New Boy took a ride to the Royal Castle which is only on the suburbs. This

famous castle was built by the late King Lewis The Second and is of great splendor. The halls, galleries and rooms are of extreme richness and grandeur, which no money could buy. This famous royal castle cost over twelve million marks. It is reached by boat across a very beautiful lake. It made the New Boy think he was in a real dreamland and he could not quickly realize what a strange and magnificent country he was in. There are very fine views from the towers and bay windows. The vista is ideal and poetic. This wonderful castle is open to the public from May to the middle of October. The New Boy was quite at home here as he found many Americans. After spending the day

here he returned back to the city of Munich. At almost every store and business place he found signs saying: "English spoken here."

One great advantage of Munich is its proximity to many beautiful and interesting spots to which excursions may easily be made by means of the Isartalbahn or railway through the valley of the Isar. The Lakes of Starnberg and Ammer, and many parts of the Bavarian, Tyrolian and Algovian Alps are easily accessible by short and inexpensive trips.

King Otto is the sovereign of Bavaria, but as he is now mad and confined in his country palace Prince Luitpold reigns in his stead. Bavaria is one of the most interesting states of the German Federation.

His next trip was to Oberammergau, which is only a few hours ride on the train. This place 841 metres above the sea is a pretty mountain village with about 1400 inhabitants. Its charming cottages are spread irregularly through the valley and surrounded by little gardens; a number of them are orna-

their friendly greetings to the boys of America. All the higher schools in Bavaria instead of teaching Latin and French as before now teach English.

GARMISCH AND PARTENKIRCHEN.

The impression which the scenery of the Bavarian uplands makes to the visitor is overwhelming, and prominent is the Wettersten-group with the Zugspitze, which through the majesty of their forms call forth the admiration of the travelers.

On the fragrant green velvet of the meadows lie the Alpine and cheese huts. The wildly romantic valleys and ravines, enclosed by high precipitous rocks, collect the infinity of springs which form the much admired waterfalls and hideously wild precipices. Through the woods stalk the majestic deer, over the rocks hastens the fleet chamois, and high in air circles the eagle in proud flight. Here is heard not the groan of machines, nor is seen the thick factory smoke puffing through the district, nor pale work people going to their daily toil.

land or veritable eldorado. They think that fortunes are easily made here and that gold almost lies in the streets. They are very industrious and frugal, but despite all their industry and frugality are unable to rise above the station in which they were born. But they are very kind and hospitable to strangers with whom they get acquainted.

My next visit was to Augsburg which is one of the largest cities engaged in the manufacture of iron, steel and various novelties. From here the New Boy went to Wurzburg, another city where people take life easy. After that he went to Nurnburg. This is another beautiful ancient city, over five hundred years old. He visited the great German Museum, one of the largest and best in the world. Here are collections of almost every conceivable description, of war relics, coins stamps, agricultural implements and specimens of almost all other kinds of curiosities in the world. Most all of these things have been presented by the rulers of different states and countries.

After spending a very short time in



Oberammergau. Theater.

mented with religious frescoes, by the hands of different Oberammergau people. Since 1840 the famous passion play is performed every ten years in a large theater holding 4000 persons. The next passion play will not take place until 1910. While there he witnessed another scriptural play called: "The life of King David," which is rendered once a week during the summer months. Fully five hundred Americans were here to witness this play. Oberammergau people are good and merry folks. The refining influence of the occupation with wool-curving, and not the least the passion play have given the population's character an original shape and gifted it with a certain degree of self-education, which places it today on a scale of intelligence far above the level of ordinary peasants.

The New Boy had quite a little chat with the inhabitants of this beautiful village of the valley. He was charmed with their kind, and truthful ways. The people in this pretty little city of the passion play live almost like the ancient people in the time of Christ. They sent

With a hearty "Gruss Gott" is the stranger received by the mountain dweller with his sinewy limbs in picturesque garbs, the jacket, green hat with feathers, leather breeches and short stockings.

Garmisch with its 2000 inhabitants and Partenkirchen with its 1900 inhabitants, are celebrated for their air-cure, lying at the foot of the "Zugspitze." Large choice of Hotels and Boarding-Houses. Good food and service.

From Munich the terminus Garmisch-Partenkirchen is reached in 3 hours.

Among the many recreations that the New Boy found the young men liked were military manoeuvres, golf, tennis and other athletic games. The fads of the boys are principally the collecting of stamps, coins, souvenir cards, relics and curiosities, also they have other small hobbies. Almost all the boys that I talked to asked me to send them some souvenir cards of America as they are intensely interested in this ideal home of the brave and land of the free. The people have the most extravagant ideas of America, regarding it as a promised

this gay and interesting city the New Boy made a short trip on the River Rhine. He viewed the beautiful castles and vineyards on both sides of that famous stream. The vineyards were so numerous that they actually impregnated the air with a delightful aroma. The Rhine is perhaps the most beautiful, historical and romantic river on this earth. The New Boy finally ended his land journey at the city of Bremen, where he awaited the departure of his steamer. It was the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse one of the largest and fastest of vessels, a veritable floating city, palatial and magnificent.

Here the New Boy found quite an interesting state of affairs. Many Americans were returning home and the steamer was greatly crowded. Unless the passengers had engaged accommodations four or five weeks previously they could not be obtained at any price. At the port of Bremen Haven is one of the largest dry docks ever built. It was here that the New Boy had the pleasure of seeing the Deutschland of Hamburg, the fastest steamer crossing the Atlantic, a

regular ocean grey hound. It was then in the dry dock undergoing some slight repairs. There being no other port in all Europe having a dry dock sufficiently large to accommodate her, she was compelled to dock here. After the New Boy had got his state room and other matters arranged, the Kingly vessel, Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, slowly and majestically steamed out of port late in the afternoon. Next morning at seven o'clock he found the vessel again in port—but at Southampton, England. Here passed, as in panoramic form many of the forts and monster war vessels of Great Britain which were lined up in the bay. The boat was towed up by tugs to the pier which was situated in the center of the city. All of the passengers were allowed to leave the boat and have a view of the place. The New Boy embraced this opportunity to walk about this ancient city. He saw the old wall around the town which was built centuries ago. There are many houses built right into this great wall which is extremely wide. He saw a most unique race in the public square. Two hounds at opposite ends of this park, at the whistle of their masters, rushed swiftly toward each other. The one arriving at the centre of the park first was the winner. It was quite laughable and had many spectators. After the arrival of the Lloyd London special train which brings the passengers for this great steamer who are departing for America, the vessel left at 2 p. m. Her next landing was at Cherbourg, France, arriving there at dusk. It was quite a rough passage. One minute we would be engulfed by fogs and the next they would clear away, thus playing hide and seek with us. The special train from Paris brought in nearly five hundred passengers which further crowded the steamer. This is a very beautiful and ancient port. Many of the old forts which were built in Napoleon Bonaparte's time are still to be seen. This port is regarded as nearly impregnable. Indeed the New Boy could not see how any enemy could possibly enter the bay and capture the city. It was quite a refreshing and welcome sight to see the French people and their flags. The latter are red, white and blue and were gayly flying over the forts and buildings. They made me feel that I was so much nearer home and old friends.

When I was at Cherbourg there were perhaps more than two thousand Americans "stranded" in Paris. This statement at first may seem somewhat alarming, and to allay any disquieting fears let it be said at once that those Americans stranded in Paris were not victims of financial embarrassment, but were there solely owing to inability to return to America on account of the lack of accommodation on transatlantic steamships.

In fact, the situation was more than the companies could cope with. The steamship offices were absolutely besieged with persons anxious to return by an early steamship, and the reply in most cases given was "All berths are booked up until October."

Many people, however, had chosen to sail by slow boats, but the majority preferred to remain in Europe rather than endure a fourteen days journey.

This "stranding," however, had not been without effect on the tourist agencies. Although disappointments had been numerous, the large number of Americans had become reconciled to fate, and, instead of remaining in Paris

in the hope of obtaining the berths of those persons unable to use them at the last moment, they were making fresh tours on the Continent until it was time to sail.

Rarely has the attraction that Paris exercises over Americans been more manifest than during the last few months. When the 'rush to Europe' began, early in April, a record breaking season was confidently predicted. Representatives of the steamship line interviewed by the New Boy reported that 'advance bookings' were unusually heavy.

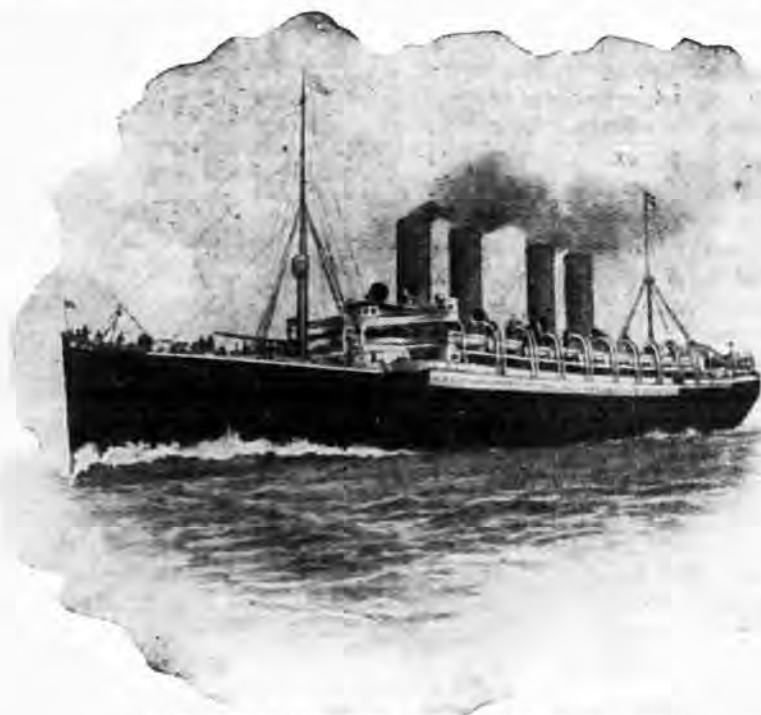
There was nothing surprising in this. Last year was one of great prosperity in the United States, and the outlook there was remarkably encouraging. Either one of these two conditions is sufficient to induce the average American to 'take a trip to Europe.' When they are combined the temptation is irresistible. A busy season in transatlantic travel, therefore, was expected.

"But the most optimistic anticipations have been surpassed. According to an official at the offices of the Norddeusch-

After remaining several hours at Cherbourg the steamer sailed, and the passengers amused themselves looking at the incoming vessels whose lights could be seen quite a distance away. Soon land was invisible. On the second day it rained. The weather turned cold and the waves were high, heavy and angry, almost washing over the decks at times. But the huge vessel grandly continued her course. The steamer rocked so much owing to its great speed that many of the plates, dishes and other articles would have been thrown to the floor, but for the railings that were around the tables.

When within two days sight of land the passengers on the steamer were sending wireless messages to a Marconi station at Cape Cod. The smallest message that was transmitted was one of five words. This cost three dollars. Additional words fifty cents each.

There was no land to be seen till Sandy Hook was sighted at day break. This gladdened the hearts of the New Boy and other passengers to find them



STEAMSHIP "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE"

er Lloyd, about one hundred thousand Americans have visited Europe this season. This number has not been exceeded in any previous year, with the exception of 1900, the year of the last international exhibition in Paris.

"This computation is corroborated indirectly by the visitors' list at the offices of the *New York Herald*. During the last four months 10,515 American visitors have inscribed their names on the register in order that they could be cabled to New York for publication in the *Herald's* American edition, as a sort of greeting to relatives and friends at home."

"It should be noted that these names form only a fraction of the Americans who have really passed through Paris. In the majority of cases each signature represents a family or party of friends who are traveling together. One may reasonably conclude, therefore, that the great majority of the 100,000 Americans who have visited Europe this season have passed a portion of their holiday in Paris."

elves nearing dear old America again. This was a record breaking trip for the steamer as it made the journey in five days and a few hours from Cherbourg France to Sandy Hook. The speed, the waves, and rough cold weather off the lower banks of New Foundland were too much for me and I was made very seasick for the last two days. But this ailment is an excellent tonic, though many people are unaware of that fact. Physicians frequently advise their patients to take an ocean voyage and try sea sickness as a rejuvenator. But quite a number of people are unable to get ill during ocean voyages and thus have this expense and inconvenience without the desired result. After passing Sandy Hook the United States government boat came to the steamer which was soon boarded by the government physicians and custom house inspectors. Every passenger was examined.

The vessel steamed slowly up the bay, the statue of liberty and other objects of great interest gradually loomed up like a changing and beautiful panorama.

Finally puffing and fussy tug boats were attached to this giant leviathan and she was towed to her pier in the Hudson River. The pier was crowded with smiling humanity gathered to welcome their returning friends with flowers, music, presents and hearty hand shakes. The New Boy's heart gave a throb as he again set foot on terra firma, his own, his native land. He had previously bid good bye to the many friends he made

on ship board, people from almost every state in the union. The copies of the New Boy that he had distributed among the various passengers of the steamer were much appreciated.

As he stood on the pier surrounded by bustling and happy people the thought swept across his mind that however grand historical and interesting was Europe, it was not so grand, interesting or beloved as America, the home, sweet

home of his childhood and his youth! He was glad yet sad.

Glad to grasp the hands of friends and look into their smiling faces.

Yet sad to realize that his "dream" of years—a European tour, with all its thrilling and scintillating incidents, though fully realized in every particular, was over, perhaps never to be taken again.

Good bye, boys!

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

THE NEW BOY'S FEW REMARKS ABOUT WASHINGTON AS A BEAUTIFUL CITY

See Washington and be glad you are living in the great country of which it is the capitol.

It is almost a duty of every patriotic person to visit Washington at least once in his life.

Our National Capital is indeed a picture city, and aside from its historic interest, which is supposed to be its chief attraction for the patriotic, its natural and architectural beauty is sufficient compensation for a journey from the northernmost point of wooded Maine, the banks of the Rio Grande, or across the continent from the Pacific's shore.

And the time of all the year to visit Washington and see it decked in Nature's most gorgeous apparel, is when Autumn is about to relinquish the sceptre to Winter, when green-bordered and white-surfaced vistas unfold in every direction.

Whatever the visitor admires most in the features which go to make up a beautiful city, that will he find in its most advanced development. If he is a lover of Nature he will be inspired by

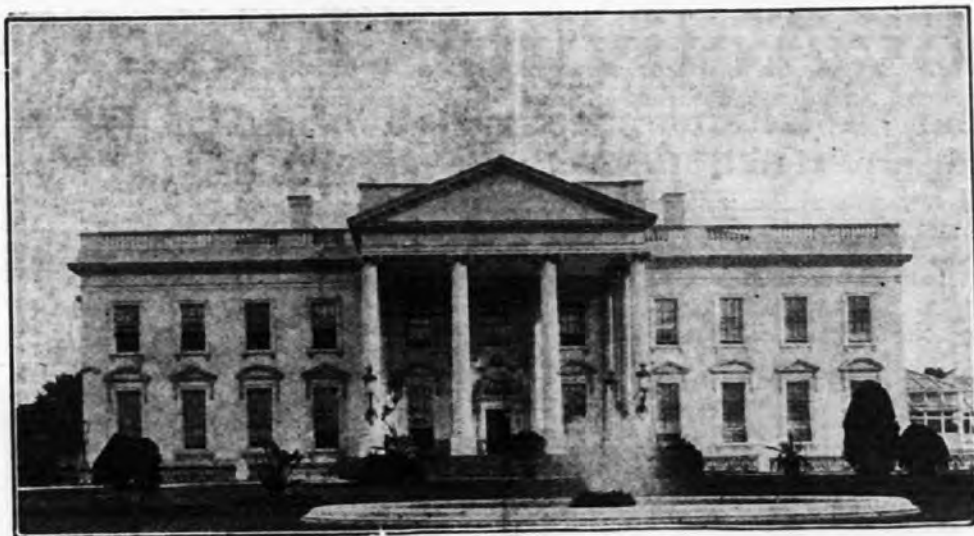


THE CAPITOL—EAST FRONT



CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

the magnificent outlook from every Washington vantagepoint, the seemingly endless rows of grand trees along each street and avenue; the confusing but charming variety of flowers and plants in the parks and Capitol grounds, and the sparkling fountains playing everywhere. If he revels in curiosities and antiquities, there are the National Museum with its unrivalled collection, and the Hall of the Ancients. If he loves art, there are the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Capitol rotunda and the novel exhibits in the Library of Congress. If his taste runs to modern statuary, he will find new pleasures in every circle, square and park. If grace, beauty and impressiveness in architecture appeal to him there is no one city in the world to equal Washington. In the Nation's Metropolis the buildings are notable chiefly on account of their height; in the Nation's Capitol they are attractive because of their beauty. The Capitol and the Library are included in the short list of the world's most architecturally perfect buildings. The Capitol, through



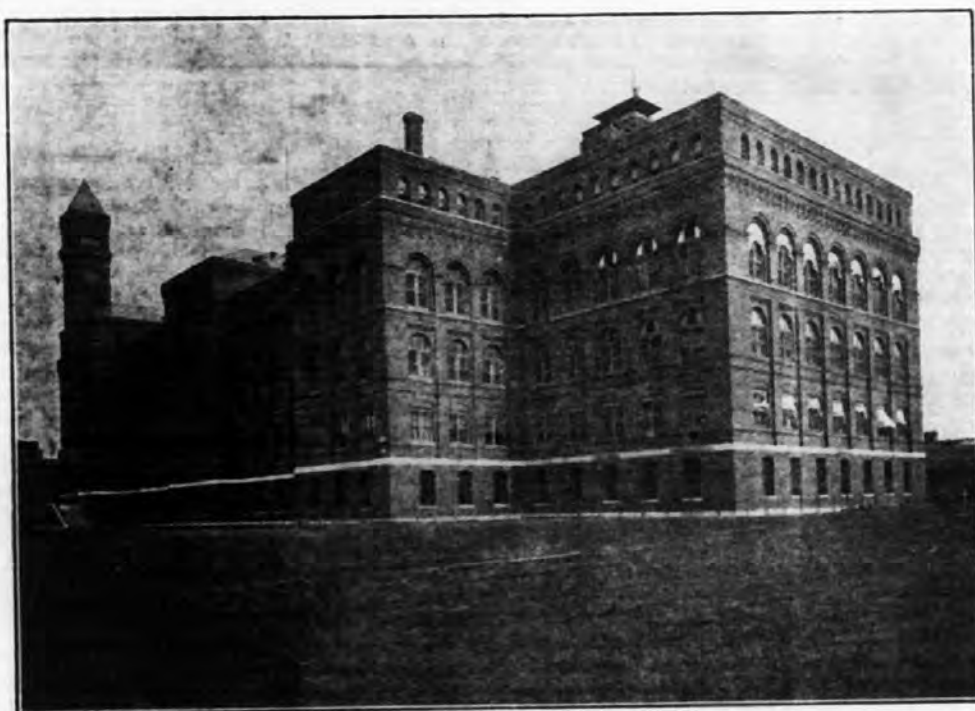
WHITE HOUSE

number, so we can only hope that many of our friends and readers will visit the National Capital and have the pleasure of seeing these and other beauties and wonders of the city of magnificent distances.

Visit Washington when the President is "at home," when members of the legations, the heads of the departments and officials of all ranks are in their places, when the Senators and Congressmen are gathering for another session, when the Nation's Capital is teeming with official society and commercial life, and everything is at its best.

It will be the event of a lifetime, to be remembered and talked about for years. Pictures of a few of the sights are published in this number but these are only a few. You want to see Washington sometime.

Make up your mind to see it and be glad you belong to Uncle Sam.



BUREAU OF ENGRAVING

illustrations, is as familiar to every reader as it is conspicuous in Washington, where the visitor meets with a surprise in every section of the city when he looks up the street and lo! there is the Capitol, arrarently at the end of it, until he concludes that all streets lead to the Capitol—an end there.

Across the grand plaza and the beautiful sward, just east of the Capitol, stands the Library of Congress, not so conspicuous and not so familiar, but more beautiful—one of the World's greatest triumphs in architectural art. It was begun in 1889 and completed in 1897, at a cost of a little over \$6,000,000. It is three stories in height, its outer walls are of New Hampshire white granite, its inner courts of Maryland granite and white enameled bricks. Its bronze doors and its mural decorations in paintings, mosaics and metals, allegorical and historical, are the wonder and admiration of every true lover of art.

A detailed description of its grandeur and beauty would more than fill this



WAR, STATE AND NAVY BUILDING

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

We have received several requests from the League members for names and addresses of other boys who are interested in the same hobbies with whom they desire to get into correspondence in exchanging or buying from them. We have sent each of these boys the names and addresses of many of the members who are interested in the same pursuit. The most of them being boys who are anxious to exchange stamps, souvenir cards and photographic prints. Now, boys take advantage of this wonderful League, as we have thousands of boys who are interested in almost all known fads. If you send us a postal card stating the fads you desire to obtain, we will supply free of charge the names of other boys.

The certificate of membership to the "Activities League" will be mailed to all subscribers of THE NEW BOY, free of charge. This certificate, 10x12, is a work of art, in colors, fit to hang up in any boys room.

Now, boys, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to THE NEW BOY and become a member of the "Activities League."

The certificate will be sent immediately on receipt of your subscription.

AN "OLD BOY" SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW BOY.

The interesting letter which is here reproduced is far more convincing than anything we could say in regard to the merits of THE NEW BOY, and clearly proves that our publication meets the favor of both young and old.

Though 82 years of age, Mr. L. J. Browne, of Modesto, Cal., finds much to entertain him in our popular boys magazine, and looks forward eagerly to each succeeding issue. And that he is well pleased with what he sees therein is well borne out by the fact that he has warmly recommended the paper to his boyhood chum, another "old boy," Mr. "Petey" Ewing.

Not only does Mr. Browne take an active interest in the NEW BOY, but he is always on the alert to get us a new subscriber, and already has added many names to THE NEW BOY's swelling subscription list.

Modesto, Cal.,
Oct. 28, 1905.

To the Editor of THE NEW BOY,
128 East 23rd St., New York City.

Dear Sir:
I am rather an old boy, as on next Jan. 8th, I will be 82 years old. Still I am very fond of reading boys' papers, and also take two other magazines devoted to boys.

I wrote to "Petey" Ewing to subscribe for THE NEW BOY for his grandson. They live in Ludington, Mich.

I am devoted to several of the activities embraced by your League, the principal ones being stamp and mineral collecting. Yours respectfully,

L. J. BROWNE.
Box 678, Modesto, Cal.

Elmsford, N. Y.
Oct. 29, 1905.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am 13 years old and my brother Ed showed me your paper. I read about keeping rabbits and I kept a pair all summer so I know what I am writing about. It is no use to bother with rabbits when the cold comes—the best way is just to kill and eat them.

Being killed doesn't hurt them very much and then it is a good thing for them to help to keep your inside warm if you can't keep them warm inside when the winter comes. Rabbits make fine pies. I hope some of the New Boys will now be able to keep rabbits as summer pets.

Truly,
HUGH GREENAN.

Holyoke, Mass.,
Oct. 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE NEW BOY,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed the "New Boy Activities" and subscription to THE NEW BOY. I like your paper very much and am anxious to join your "Activities League." Another boy is in partnership with me in all of the activities checked off on the slip. My partner's father owns a barn and we got permission to use a part of the loft. We made a roomy house in one side of it and fixed it up with cigar boxes for pigeons to nest and roost in. Afterwards we fixed up a wire runway to the side of the barn, where we made small openings for them to get in and out. We wanted to keep homers but decided to start with a few pair of cheap ones, and let the flock grow to large proportions, then sell out and with the money thus acquired buy homers.

Well, I guess I'll stop telling about our pets, and let the other boys tell about theirs.

Yours truly,
EDW. J. DOWLING,
106 Beech St., Holyoke, Mass.

DOINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

GOATS—We hope quite to earn the goodwill of a large number of our boys, by giving this month a few brief hints about goats. They are written in reply to many queries on the subject. Well, the goat is one of the most useful little domestics or home-farm pets we can possess. It is a cheap animal to begin with, and fairly prolific. Nanny gives us milk and she gives us kids, and when dead we have her head to stuff and her skin to tan. Billy, if his nature can be subdued by firm or gentle treatment, makes a capital children's carriage horse. Before you buy your goat, however, you must prepare her a house and home, and have a store of food ready for her to commence the principal business of life, which, with a goat, is eating—apparently.

If you have to build, that will make the job more expensive. But mind that, healthy and hard as goats are, they will not thrive if kept in a draughty, rickety,

leaky shanty. Any kind of lean-to will do if it be dry and big enough—say six feet square. Put in your uprights first, make your door, then cover the whole with weather boarding, which is very cheap. If possible, thatch the roof with straw, ferns or furze. Let the floor be brick or cement—the latter is best—and it should slope downwards to a drain or gutter.

Find out for yourself some handy and safe plan of ventilation by door or roof or gables, as it is essential to life and health. The goat must not stand in a draught, or you will get its skin sooner than you expected. About five or six feet should be the height of the house in front, and over seven feet where it joins the wall. The bed is usually of straw or hay, and sawdust comes in handy to place beneath this.

You will want to keep the animal very clean, else the milk will suffer. All boy-farmers should know that milk, if exposed to bad air of any kind, poisons itself, and too often poisons those who drink it. It does not kill directly, but induces unpleasant ailments. Do not bed deeply, else the goat will be uncomfortable about the feet.

There should be a feeding-trough fixed in front, and this also must be kept clean. This box should be of convenient height, so that your pet may eat in comfort. Copy the hay rack horses have in their stables, and make a little one similar.

We believe it pays to keep a goat even in its house, with only the amount of exercise each day that is necessary to keep it healthy and keep its milk pure and good. It is best the animal should have a free range by day, and be taken into its house at night. The staple food of the goat is herbage, and this it can pick up in meadows. There is hardly any green stuff a goat will not eat, or try to eat. Vegetable matter which would kill many other creatures is relished by the goat. It will teach you habits of early rising, for on summer mornings the animal should be out as soon as possible, and taken in towards the evening. As your main object is to keep her in good milk, you must not let her live on green stuff alone, so get 14 or 15 pounds at a time of good chaff, and mix this with one part of clean corn and a hand full of bran. Besides this, there is a lot of garden stuff and vegetable parings, roots, etc., that a goat will delight in, if you try. So be economical. Do not throw anything away without first asking the question, "I wonder if Nanny would care for this?" Do not forget the fact that all goats must have an abundant supply of water. Put a large lump of rock-salt in a position where the goat can lick it. Groom your Nanny regularly out of doors, and keep her little house as sweet and clean as a walnut-shell.

THE PIGEON LOFT—You will begin to think ahead now in earnest. We hope you have been reading up some book about your pets, you may not be able to

THE LEAK IN THE AIR LINE OR A DIVERS STORY.

BY ZALMON F. WEBBER.

buy, but if you are a good and earnest lad a pigeon-farcing neighbor will lend you one, and you could read and take notes. If you are going to change your stock, and go in for some other sort, you may as well do so now as later on. Only get young birds—strong, bold, healthy birds—and feed them well when you get them. The aviary or flight should be as large and roomy as possible, feed well this month, but do not fatten, be regular and see that in frosty weather the water does not get frozen.

THE RABBITRY—There is but little doing now in this department, only beware of neglecting your stock. A bran-mash will do good on cold or damp days, as will a run in the sunshine if there is any.

New Boy Photographer

The publisher wishes to announce to those readers of THE NEW BOY who are interested in photography work, that he has engaged the services of one of the most experienced and noted men in this line to write articles of interest. Each month there will be a page devoted to this interesting subject. Subscribers will be supplied with any information required by addressing us.

HEIGHT OF THE CAMERA.

The effect of raising or lowering the camera is one of those little matters which many beginners are apt to ignore, perhaps due to the fact that the ground-glass is inverted, the effect of position is not so quickly noticed. The effect of raising the position of the camera is to spread out the foreground more, and consequently the lower the camera is the more the foreground is compressed, and therefore small objects in the immediate foreground are emphasized in importance by their relative position being altered. For example, a tuft of long grass in the foreground may, by lowering the camera, be made to cover a large object like a tree or building in the distance. There is a tendency at the present day to have either a high horizon with a long expanse of foreground, or to select a low view point, and emphasize the size of objects in the foreground. It should be noted that most painters sit at their work, and consequently they see things from a lower point of view than does the photographer standing behind his tripod.

REMOVING PRINTS THAT HAVE BEEN SQUEEGED ON GLASS.

Place the glass or the polished metal plate, on which the print has been squeegeed, flat on a table, and with a brush coat the back of the paper with a solution of formalin. The paper should be well wetted, so that the coating is thoroughly imbibed. Then dry, and when the drying is complete, the print leaves its support without the slightest difficulty.

GOOD ADVICE.

A negative you wish to keep should be thoroughly fixed; a second fresh hypo bath after clearing is advisable, well washed, carefully dried away from dust, and then varnished. Do not place several of them close together in a negative rack to dry, or they will dry unevenly and show the effect of having done so.

The narrowest escape I ever had was when the air line sprung a leak, remarked an old Diver to a friend, as he sat by the warm fire in the month of January when the mercury was ten below zero. How was that asked his companion, as he relit his pipe and crossing his leg's leaned back to an easy position.

Well went on the other it was when I was at Rockpoint that a small tug owned by Captain Wheeler went down. The Captain and his crew were saved. Soon after the Captian came to me, wanting me to go down and get some valuable papers that had been left on the tug. As it was about eleven o'clock in the morning I told him that I would go down that afternoon.

So as soon as I had eaten my dinner I went with three good men out to where the tug went down.

I soon got into my diving suit and then stepping over the starboard side of the boat I was lowered.

It took about five minutes to reach the

did not find the key, so with my ax I knocked open that particular one.

After I had secured the papers in my pocket, I went up the companion-way, and just as I got to the top of it I felt something drop on my head as though a pebble had rolled down the air-line.

One after another dropped on me, and then I began to realize that the air-line had sprung a leak and the water was trickling down on my head. At first I did not know what to do but I knew something must be done, so grasping the signal line I gave it a jerk that must have rocked the boat above.

But the water was coming in faster, almost a stream was pouring down and I knew it would take me at least three minutes to reach the surface. At the rate the water was coming in my suit would be filled before that.

Of course when I gave the signal I began to rise, but I might as well have been on the tug as far as the stopping of the water was concerned, for I could feel



bottom and when I flashed my light I found that I was standing on the bow of the tug.

As I had been told by the Captain where the papers were, I at once made my way to the companion-way, but had some trouble in descending, for as you perhaps know that all the wood and other light substance will rise to the top of the boat if not fastened down. Well some of these things got wedged into the companion-way.

Among these things was a boat-hook which had got crossways of the opening. I struck it with an iron bar that I had taken down with me and one end of the boat-hook slipped off the casing of the opening and shot up past me like a shot out of a cannon.

I then signaled the men in the boat above, that I had started something toward the surface. Then after I had sent several other things up I went down to the Captians room.

When I reach it I went to his desk and on opening it found that the drawer which contained the papers was locked.

I looked in all the other drawers but

it as it rose to my ankles, then to my knees, then to my hips; then I knew something must be done, and, the only thing I could think of was to bend the air-line double and in that way shut out the water.

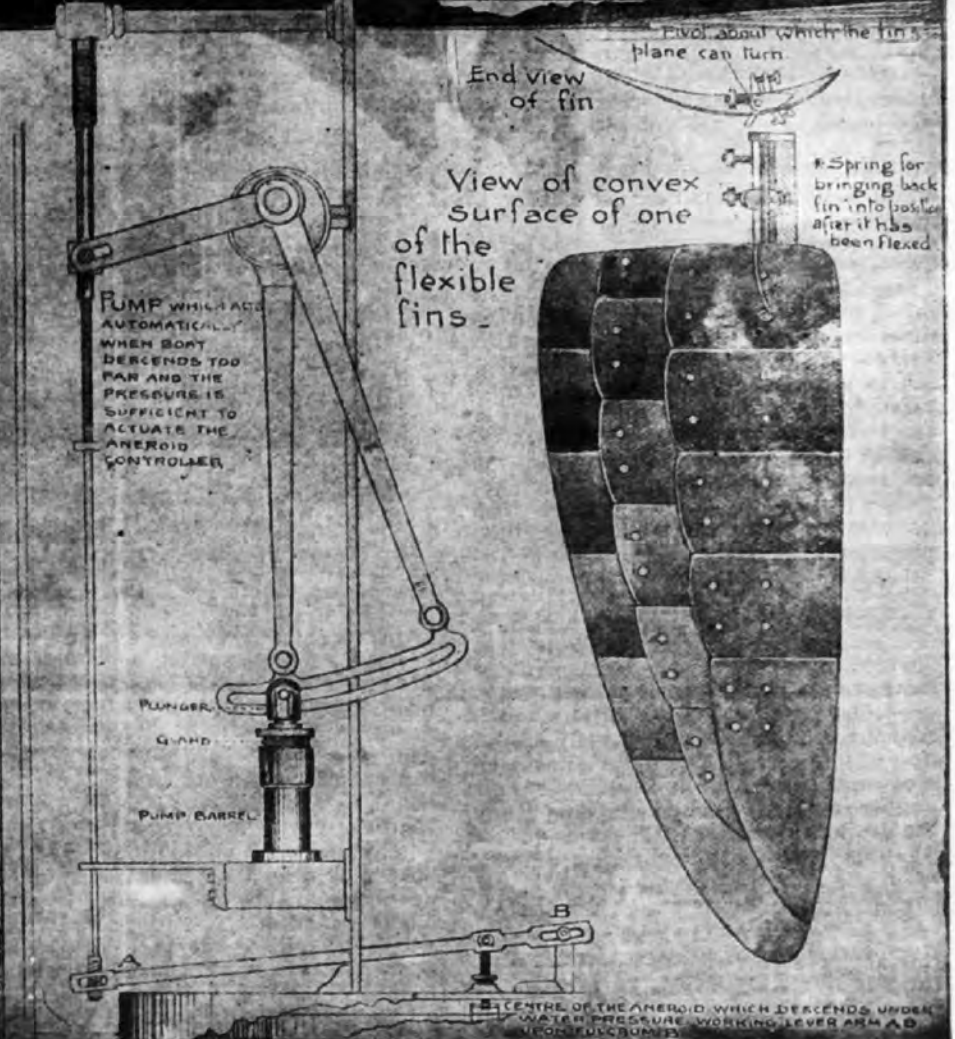
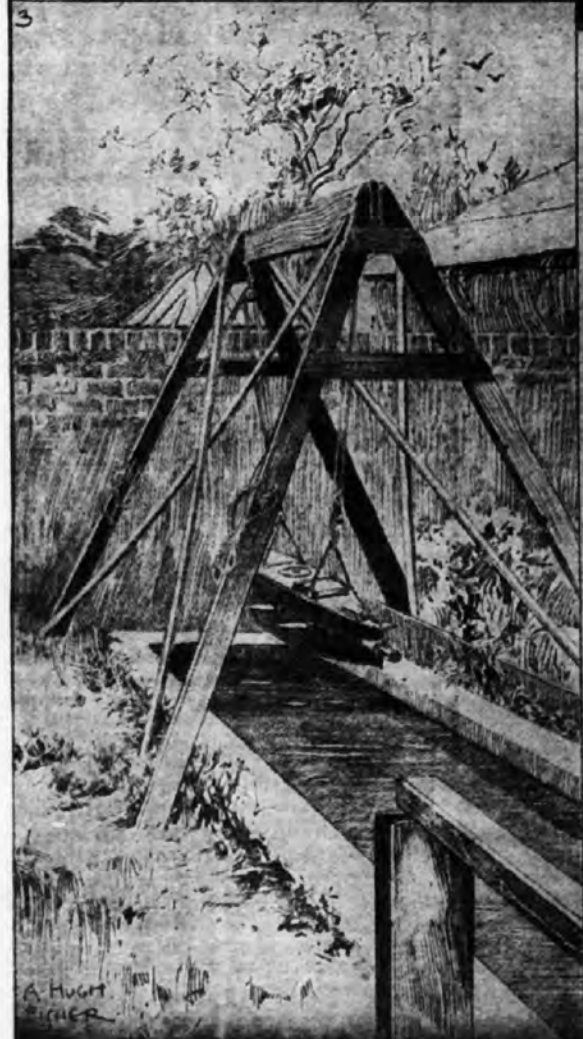
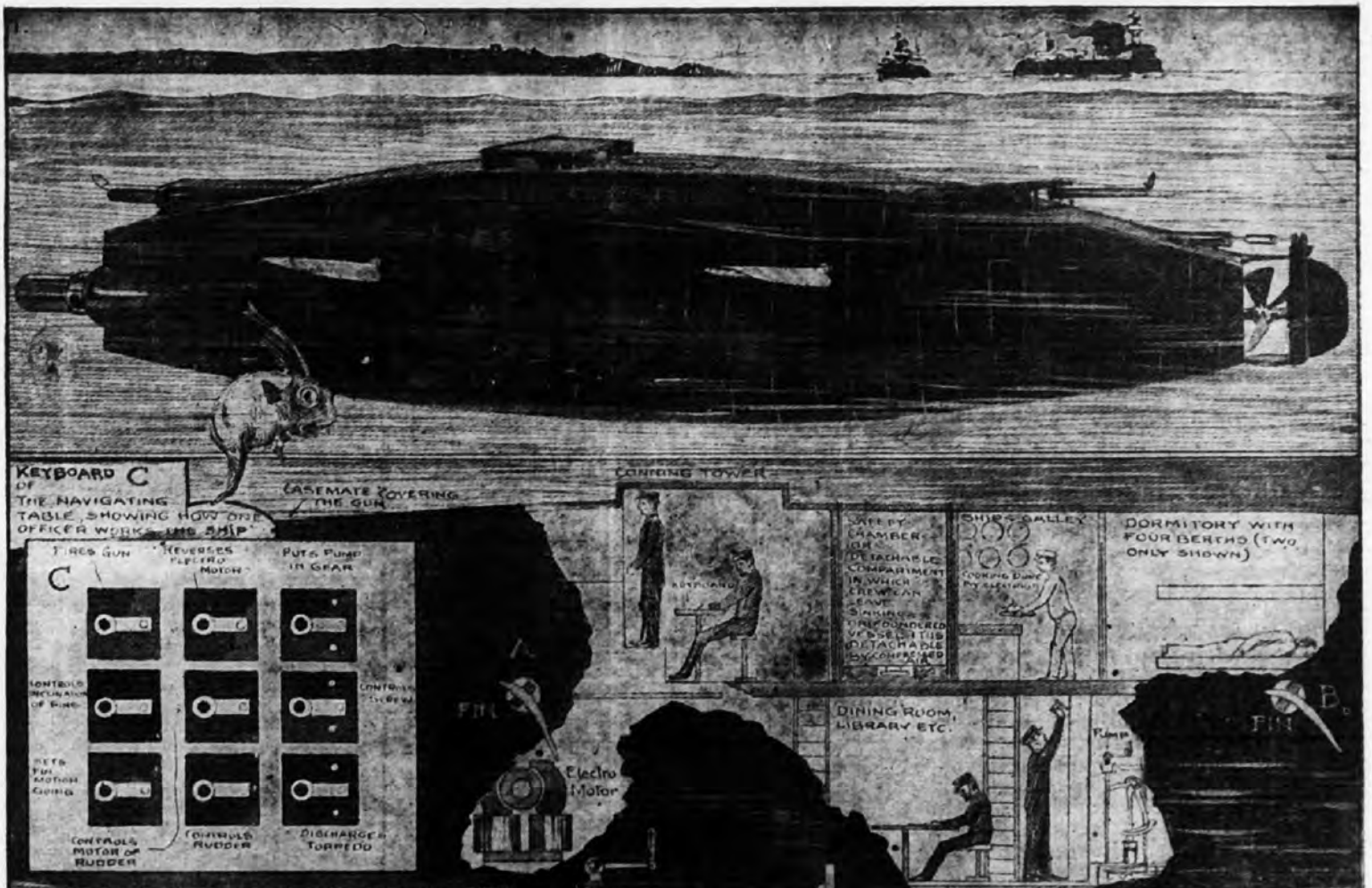
But that would shut out the air too but, nevertheless as I have said before something had to be done. I reached up and took hold of the line and going hand over hand a few feet so as to have the line slack, I managed to take in about two feet of it and double it together.

In doing that the water stopped entirely. But to go with-out air until the surface was reached was going to be something hard to do. Soon after that my head began to ache fearfully, almost before I could realize it, I shot out of the water like a fish after a fly.

I was so weak that the men had to help me into the boat and you can bet I soon got out of my suit.

After we reached land we examined the air line and found a small slit.

The only way I can account for the slit is that the boat-hook as it went up ran against the line, and cut it.



1. Nearly Crewless Sea-going Submarine. 2. Part of Boat with Side Broken Away to Show Internal Arrangements of a 800-ton Submarine. 3. Mr. Middleton's Trial Tank at Hove, with the Fitted with Fins Driven by Electro-Motors. 3. Mr. Middleton's Trial Tank at Hove, with the 2-cwt. Model Slung Up to Show Fins.

A NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

On the opposite page is an illustration of one of the latest developments in the system of under-water navigation. The salient peculiarity of this system is that the vessels are propelled, impelled, directed and controlled by fins, the screw propeller fitted in addition being purely to simplify the mechanism impressing the proper motion on the fins. The fins are a new instrument of impulsion invented for the purpose of enabling a vessel to be navigated in tridimensional space, and not merely in motion in two dimensions, like the screw propeller. A submarine vessel should be capable of moving even better in a vertical plane than a horizontal one, and the use of these fins enables it to raise and lower itself apart from alterations of buoyancy. Three men are sufficient to navigate the vessel and fight it. Six allows a change of watch. A and B represent the fins flexed for raising the boat.

ADVENTURES IN A BALLOON.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN.

"Let her go boys!" At which command twenty men relinquished their hold on the ropes and Dick Daredevil and Joe Fearnothing went sailing skyward. They were well provisioned, well armed, well clothed, and cared naught for the future.

Higher and higher they went till the voices of their shouting friends below were not heard. Still upward, till the city could not be seen except as a patch of indistinct buildings. While they were sailing around and having a high time generally, they saw what they supposed to be a small sized cloud approaching them. It seemed to move in a circle but got nearer and nearer. "I guess we will have a big gale, old man," said Dick. "So it seems," answered his friend, adjusting the powerful field glasses to his eyes and looking at the rapidly increasing supposed black cloud. "Why that's not a cloud," he suddenly exclaimed, "but a big flock of fierce hawks making directly for us. Hurry and get all the pistols ready!" Dick did so, having ten seven shooters at their disposal. They also had their faces covered with canvas, having punctured holes for the eyes. The blood thirsty hawks evidently thought our friends were intruders and had no business in their element. They swept down on them like a small tornado—but before they got ten yards away crack, crack, went the pistols. The boys kept up a deadly fusillade against them till they killed sixty immense hawks. But still others flew viciously at them. Seizing their long sharp knives our heroes hacked at them for half a hour killing about a hundred. The dead yet graceful creatures with half folded wings descended slowly to earth. Many of them were picked up by the fellow townsmen of the balloonists. In fact quite a number of their friends had been witnessing the fight through powerful glasses. The remainder of the birds seeing they had no show left as suddenly as they came. Dick and Joe to celebrate their victory lit a couple of good cigars and had a quiet smoke as they gradually ascended heavenward. Beyond a few scratches on the hands they escaped unharmed.

"Say, Pard, I can hardly breath," said Joe. "Neither can I," answered the other. "And I believe its raining, for I

feel a few drops on my cheeks." "Raining, be hanged, lad, you are bleeding at the ears and nose!" So it was. For these men having ascended about four or five miles had reached an atmosphere so rare as hardly to support life. They let out some of the gas, descended to a lower lever and were soon all right again.

They never slept a wink that night but spent the time looking at the moon and stars. They looked larger and far more beautiful than when observed from terra firma.

Early in the morning as they were disporting around among the clouds they struck a current of wind that almost capsized them. It was running at the rate of seventy miles an hour. For hours and hours they were swiftly carried along and were as powerless as infants to prevent it. They were carried away out to Colorado and hovered far above the Rocky mountains. The storm gradually died away till they found themselves in beautiful, balmy atmosphere. They skirmished around for four days, then they flung out some of the sand and ascended higher. They were now above the regions of the clouds and storms. One day they witnessed a thunder storm which was terrific. It seemed so strange to see the lightning flash and hear the thunder crashing below them.

Six big ravenous eagles attacked them the next day before they had time to put the canvas masks over their faces. Their faithful pistols soon began to bark and four of the huge birds keeled downward. The two others were hard to dispose of. They kept out of the range of the revolvers and pecked a hole in the top of the balloon.

The immense affair slowly and lazily descended. Dick through his field glass could plainly see they would alight near an Indian Village and both probably be scalped. "Pistols ready, Pard!" he shouted. Joe loaded up the whole ten. All the Indians turned out and stood gazing at the strange sight in speechless wonder, never having seen a balloon before. When about four hundred feet from the ground the two adventurers opened fire on the savages. They killed or wounded about fifteen. The others fled panic stricken.

They cut loose the parachute and descended safely to the Earth—a little sore and cramped but otherwise none the worse for the journey.

They found a slightly wounded and very badly scared Indian who could talk English imperfectly. From him they found out the nearest Railroad Station. They went there, and bought tickets for Illinois. They arrived home after an absence of two weeks. Their friends had given them up for dead. But a monster ovation they received on their return.

SOLID ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY P. T. O'NEILL.

Boys are embryo, undeveloped men. They look forward with great expectancy to that supposed happy period that lies beyond the age of twenty one. Let me not mock your hopes, but very many older heads have said that boyhood was the happiest period of their lives. These hoary heads instead of looking forward, look backwards, to times that cannot be recalled or purchased by untold wealth. Those joyful days are yours, therefore enjoy them. Do not yearn for the cares, labors and grind of maturity. They will come quickly enough and though you

sigh deeply and say in your heart: "I would I were a boy again," that can never be.

Now I will talk to you in a parental manner, for I am old enough to be your father, yes even to be a grandfather. I love the young very much, because they are so guileless and natural. I take great interest in them and like to watch them in their sports and hear them talk.

Boys, don't try to ape men. It is ridiculous and unpleasing. You cannot force nature. Do your duty as you go through life and let God do the developing. For instance some boys think it manly to smoke, chew, use profane or improper language or even to drink intoxicating liquors. These acts "go against the grain" considerably at first, but by persistent efforts therein they become habits, so strong that it is almost impossible to throw them off. They bind like iron cables that cannot be broken. Instead of making you manly, the contrary is the case. Instead of developing they stunt your growth. It is said of mortals that they are bunches of habits. How important therefore that they have good instead of evil habits. If you want to be a true, brave, yet gentle boy, shun all bad habits and be courageous enough to advise the lads who are falling into them. Be kind and considerate of the rights and happiness of others. Love and revere your parents. They have had anxiety in bringing up children. Lighten their burdens as much as possible. Don't overdo things. To overdo is as bad and sometimes worse than to underdo. For instance, sports and recreations are well, but if carried to excess they do more harm than good. This especially applies to football, baseball, boating and various forms of physical culture. Over indulgence that way often results in serious accidents besides keeping the young from their studies. Therefore respect the happy medium. Be human and tenderhearted. You can be brave just the same.

In conclusion, make good books your companions. Read the works of the master minds, study the classics in literature and art. I close my advice to boys with the famous lines of Shakespeare embodying the blessing and advice of the worldly wise father Polonius to his gallant son, Laertes.

"Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame! The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, and you are stayed for. There—my blessing with you.

And the few precepts in thy memory Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue.

Nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption trial, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel. But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear 't, that the opposer may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy. For the apparel oft proclaims the man. And they in France, of the best rank and station, Are of a most select and generous choice in that Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all—to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell: my blessing season this in thee."

X-MAS PRESENT.

Give the boy a copy of the X-Mas Number, and he will spend a Merry X-Mas. Give him one year's subscription, and a Merry X-Mas will last one whole year. Single copies 5 cents; 50 cents per year.



THE JOYS OF STAMP COLLECTING.

BY R. R. THIELE.

The joy of collecting is inborn in every human breast; it must be an abnormal specimen of humanity indeed which does not gather something or other. The directions, in which this collecting tendency develops, are legion; they all have their charms, but some of them are prohibitive for any but the rich. Among them all, however, there is hardly one which is so well adapted for all classes of mankind, no matter whether old or young, male or female, rich or poor—only a certain degree of intelligence and education is indispensable—as stamp collecting. Nor is this remarkable when we realize how many fields of human interest are touched by this hobby—some call it a science. Every intelligent boy who takes an interest in his studies—as he should—will find stamp collecting of the greatest aid in acquiring knowledge and culture, a broad point of view and a practical acquaintance with many subjects which do not usually come under the scope of the ordinary human being. Let me show you some few examples of what I mean.

To begin with, the stamp collector not only should be, but usually is, better informed on general geography than most other people. Obscure little islands, fourth rate states, unheard-of cities are as familiar to him as his album. For instance: when the terrible disaster overtook St. Pierre, Martinique, a great many confused it with the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, up near Newfoundland. Would any stamp collector make such a mistake? Not on your life. Just ask any other boy in school where to look for Labuan and Aitutaki, for Sungei Ujong or for Diego Suarez, for Lourenzo Marquez or Macao, and the chances are he would miserably fall down, but your stamp collector would scornfully ask you for something hard. All the foreign happenings of the day as recorded in the daily papers acquire a concrete tangibility to the stamp collector; he knows all about the places where they occur through his album. And likewise does the stamp collector know more about the inside working of recent history than most other people. At a time, for instance, when very few outside of diplomatic circles were aware of the storm brewing in Eastern Asia which eventually ended in the late terrible war, thousands of collectors knew it: Russian

stamps surcharged Kitai for use in Manchuria and Japanese stamps surcharged Cho-sen for use in Korea told the story. That is but one example of many; a true philatelist is of necessity a close student of modern history—for history to the stamp collector begins with 1840, the year of the first stamp. There is many a boy who thinks history a dreadful nuisance; not so the proper stamp collector. Need I quote another instance of the historical interest of philately? The divorce proceedings between Sweden and Norway have already born fruit in certain Norwegian provisionals intended to do away with the stamp portrait of deposed King Oscar; thus is current history at once recorded on the album page.

Postal history and postal arrangements are another topic on which a stamp collector is better informed than other people. The post office is to most people a mysterious something which daily brings certain letters to their door; of its workings they know next to nothing, especially as concerns foreign intercourse. I doubt that one in a hundred persons of average intelligence knows anything definite about the Universal Postal Union, which to the stamp collector is as familiar as the A B C. With what reverence do most non-collectors look upon an original cover, say, from anywhere in Australia! It may bear but a few of the very commonest Australian stamps, but the distance it has come lends it a halo in the non-philatelic eye. Not so to the collector for whom the Universal Postal Union has brought Australia as near as Podunk Corners. The various postmarks on a foreign letter tell a story to the genuine collector which throws a limelight on the way the wheels move in the great postal machine. For this reason I would advise every collector to start as a side-line a little collection of stamps on the original cover. Even the commonest foreign stamps are of interest in this shape, fortified with postmarks, registration labels and the like. I have quite a large collection of such covers and, as a rule non-collecting friends view this side-line with absorbed interest while they see the main collection with polite indifference.

Outside of professional circles few people, as a rule, know as much about engraving and the arts of reproduction as the stamp collector. Line engraving or surface-printing, lithography or photo-engraving; and all the branches of these and allied processes are familiar to the collector, because in these days of forg-

ery he simply *has* to know how any given stamp was printed. Of course only an advanced collector will be apt to know all about the different engravers and printing establishments to which we owe the stamps in our albums, but even a beginner may acquire knowledge in this respect which is apt to astonish the outsiders to whom, of course, Perkins Bacon & Co. and De la Rue & Co., National, Continental or American Bank Note Companies are as little known as as they are familiar to us collectors.

Of course the feature of a stamp which is most apt to attract the attention of a non-collector is the design and for this reason alone a stamp collector should endeavor to learn as much as possible about the designs of his stamps, so that he need not confess his ignorance when non-collecting friends to whom he may show his collection inquire: "Who is this? What building is that? What does this design represent?" And that they are very apt to do so every collector knows. Just think of the superior airs you can put on when you are able to introduce Shah Nasr-ed-din and Shah Muzaffer-ed-din, Sultan Abul Bekr and Sultan Sidi Abbas, Prince Arisugawa and Prince Kitashirakawa as old acquaintances, when dignitaries like Rivadavia, Juarez, Celman, Urquiza, Bolivar, Sucre, Barrois, Toussaint L'Ouverture are familiar friends, when you can tell all about Mount Kinebalu and the Kawa bird and know the difference between the emu of New South Wales and the *crithorhynchus* of Tasmania. But a collector, if he is of the right kind, will learn all these things about his stamps for their own sake, just so he may know them; how different a collection seems when one knows it from this standpoint! There are two kinds of stamp collectors—one who in showing you his collection will tell you of every other stamp: "This one is worth so and so much," or "That one cost me ten cents and is now catalogued at three dollars and fifty cents"—the other who in showing his collection will call your attention to stamps interesting because of their history, who can tell you why this stamp was issued and that one withdrawn, who engraved this one and what firm printed that one, who has the meaning of each design, the chief facts about each ruler or statesman portrayed on the stamps at his fingers ends. Which of these two is the ideal collector? Which of them, do you think, really gets most enjoyment out of his stamps? And which kind would you

rather be. It cannot be argued that only advanced collectors can belong to the better class. It takes no money to belong to this class, because this knowledge can be acquired at the hand of even the most common stamps—it only needs study and a little brains; but I can predict that the gain in general knowledge and broader culture is far and away beyond comparison with the trouble spent in acquiring it. For this reason also I would advise everybody to collect on general lines, if one does no more than acquire but one specimen of each type of each country. True, one will never reach completeness in this way, but is completeness a fetish we must worship? I for my part in looking at my own or anybody else's collection waste no time in shedding tears over the stamps which are not there, but rather rejoice to see those which are there. And if you see a beginner's collection put in your time telling him interesting things about the stamps he has rather than pointing out to him that he lacks just the rarest stamps. What of it? You haven't got them all, either, and still you get just as much pleasure out of your collection as Count Ferrary gets out of his.

In short, dear reader, if you will not strive after the unattainable, but will endeavor to learn all you can about what you have, you will find stamp collecting what it really is, the most fascinating and instructive hobby in the whole wide range of collecting.

NEW ISSUES OF STAMPS.

To be thoroughly posted on philately we must know something about the new stamps that will make their appearance in the near future, or have just been issued. We give below an outline of the principal changes.

Among the most interesting to us are the new stamps of the Philippines which are the first stamps ever issued bearing distinctive Filipino features. The new series will consist of the same number and denominations (expressed in centavos) as the present issue of U. S. stamps.

The 2 centavos (equal to one cent) has the bust of Rizal, the idol of the Filipinos who was executed by the Spaniards because of his activity in fighting for his country's freedom.

Four centavos—Bust of McKinley.

Six centavos—Bust of Magellan who discovered the Philippines.

Eight centavos—Bust of Legespie who first established civil government in the Philippines.

Ten Centavos—Bust of General Lawton who was killed in the Philippines.

Twelve centavos—Bust of Lincoln.

Sixteen Centavos—Admiral Sampson.

Twenty centavos—Washington.

Twenty-six centavos—Bust of Carriedo, the Spanish philanthropist who gave Manila its first water supply.

Thirty Centavos—Benjamin Franklin.

The 1, 2, 4 and 10 pesos bear the coat of arms of the Filipinos. The special delivery stamp has the figure of a Filipino messenger at one side and a picture of Mount Mayan on the other.

In German East Africa the money has been changed to hellers. One hundred hellers being equal to one rupee. This of course necessitates a new set of stamps to conform with the new money. They have been issued in the same type (ship) as the former ones and the denominations are 2½, 4, 7½, 15, 20, 30, 45, and 60 hellers.

The Netherlands will soon issue a new

high value stamp for ten guildens. It will be of the same type as the high values of the present issue. Ten guildens represents \$4.00 in our money, so it will readily be seen that this will be a hard stamp to get.



The new Chilean stamps have a new picture of Columbus and although Chili has issued very pretty stamps the new set bids fair to outdo them in popular favor. Columbus is shown without the cap and beard and the numerals of value are at one side only. The peso stamp is larger than the others.

The current two centavo stamp of Cuba is now appearing in pink instead of carmine. The plate has been retouched and the stamps are now being printed by the American Bank Note Co. (formerly printed by the U. S. Bureau of Engraving.



Guadeloupe has a new set, oblong in shape like the high values of French stamps. There are fifteen in all, from one centime to 5 francs.

Peru has issued a very pretty twelve centavo stamp showing the picture of the Municipal Institute of Hygiene.

Spain has adopted the express stamps and the first one to make its appearance is the 20 centavo, red, with a picture of a winged horse and a coat of arms.

The stamps of Horta, Angra and Ponta Delgada are to be replaced by a single set inscribed "Acores." This will probably make the issues of the little islands named, scarce.

Corea has issued a commemorative stamp, in remembrance of the Japanese taking over their post office. This stamp bears the chrysanthemum of Japan and the plum blossom of Corea. The effect is very graceful and pleasing. The stamp is for domestic use only, value three sen.

Collectors should watch Denmark. Several provisional surcharges have been issued for a short time and the new stamps bearing the King's head that were to be permanent are said to be unsatisfactory and a new lot is announced.

The new issue of Rhodesia showing the Victoria Falls over which the highest bridge in the world has been completed are said to be the finest from an artistic standpoint that has been issued by any country for some time. They are

about the size of the British New Guinea stamps. The set is made up of six values the 1, 2½ and 5 pence and the 1, 2 and 5 shillings.

New Caledonia has a new set, similar to those of Guadeloupe, except that the franc values are large and the centimes the ordinary size.

Italy is to have a new set of thirteen stamps. They will bear the portrait of King Victor Emmanuel III. The inland postage has been reduced from 20 centimes to 15 and in order to supply the increased demand for the 15 centimes the 20 centimes stamp has been surcharged "Vale 15." This surcharge will be used until the regular set is issued.

Norway has thrown out the high value stamps bearing the likeness of King Oscar and has surcharged the 2 skilling orange stamp of the 1967 issue Kr. 1.00, Kr. 1.50 and Kr. 2.00. As Norway will soon have a complete new set it will be wise for collectors to possess themselves of these surcharged stamps at their first opportunity.

Roumania is to have a jubilee set to commemorate the 40th year of the reign of King Charles I. There will be ten values with pictures representing historical events during his reign and a portrait of Prince in 1866 and the King of to-day.

Many of the British Colonies are appearing on multiple watermark paper, replacing the Crown and CA. Collectors should be careful to possess themselves of the Crown and CA stamps as many big jumps have been made in the prices lately. Chalk surface paper is also coming into favor in the British possessions and stamps printed on this paper have a much finer appearance and cannot be cleaned from pen marks.

Nicaragua presents another new set, similar to the 1895 issue.

Venezuela is reported to have a new set of stamps under way but particulars are not yet obtainable.

Rumor has it that a new set of stamps is to be issued for the Transvaal to be printed in one color instead of two.

The 30 cent current stamp of Dutch Indies has been surcharged 10 cents owing to the 10 cent values running short.

San Marino has surcharged its 20 centime stamp to 15 centimes.

Brazil has a new issue in contemplation and it is to be hoped that they will be better than the awful things this country has issued for the past number of years. It is intended to have them similar to the 1866-78 issue with portraits of some of the leading Brazilians.

Greece is about to issue a new set of the Olympian Games stamps which promise to be very interesting. The one and two lepta stamps will show a picture of Apollo throwing a disk. The 3 and 5 lepta, Atlas, taken from an ancient disk. Ten lepta, Victory sitting in an amphora with a scroll in her hand. 20 and 50 lepta, Hercules carrying the world on his shoulders and Atlas bringing him the apples of Hesperides. Twenty-five lepta, the fight of Hercules with Ante. Thirty lepta, wrestling. Forty lepta, shows a demon on a shield transformed into a winged youth holding a bird. The 1, 2 and 3 drachama, races, taken from Ancient tiles. The 5 drachama shows three torch bearers, Goddess of Victory and priests making offerings at the games.

New issues are comparatively easy to get and collectors should take them in preference to some of the old issues, because as shown above it is very frequently a case that a new set is not satisfactory, consequently is withdrawn and soon becomes scarce.

RULERS AND MILLIONAIRES THE RICHEST COLLECTORS OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The collectors of postage stamps count among their number, some august personages—such as the Prince of Wales, who began his collection while he was still the Duke of York. He is president of the London Philatelic Society and at one of the meetings of the Society in 1904 exhibited his collection of the stamps of Great Britain, which is probably the best in the world.

The Queen of Italy, and Czar Nicholas of Russia are likewise philatelists. The British museum possesses a collection valued at more than one hundred thousand pounds.

In France, among the great collectors,

subject. But the palm goes to M. de Ferrari without contest. It is he, who at this moment possesses the richest collection in the world. A Parisian banker, whose collection is well classified, showed to the public at the last world's exposition, some pages from his albums. The first issue of Hawaii, blue figures, with varieties of types, were worth not less than \$7,000. Three pages of the first issue of Canada represented \$20,000.

The King of Spain, on his recent visit to France, was presented with a complete collection of all the stamps of France and colonies neatly mounted in

we must not forget Doctor Legrand whose works are an authority on the albums—because the President found out he was an ardent philatelist, and that a gift of this sort would please him more than anything else.

In order to provide for these collections, both large and small, there must be specialists. A glance at the Parisian directory shows no less than sixty dealers in postage stamps.

The house of Arthur Maury is the oldest and most important. It was established in 1860 at 80 Rue Saint-Lazare, but the business increased so rapidly that Mr. Maury was obliged to open larger quarters, and since 1891 he has been at 6 Boulevard Montmartre, in the very centre of Parisian activity.

The front of the building is rather original—between the windows are some blue enamel signs which bear the words "Postage Stamps for Collections" in fourteen languages, including Sanscrit and Chinese. From the centre of the whole a head of Mercury, the messenger of the gods and the emblem of the poste, stands out surrounded with rays of gold. The passage which leads to the sales-room is a sort of vast philatelic museum. Here are displayed, under glass, stamps of a thousand different shades of color. Several offices open out from the main office, each brilliantly lighted and containing tables upon which are kept drawers holding a large number of envelopes, filled with the stamps of each country in rotation. These drawers are placed in a vault each night to protect them, not so much from robbery as from fire.

On one side M. Maury has his private office, also the editorial room of his monthly journal *le Collectionneur de Timbres-Poste*.

M. Maury is the recognized authority on stamps in France, and is lovingly called the "King of Stamps" by those who know him best.



Mr. A. Maury expertizing rarities.



Approval department of a great Paris dealers store, Mr. A. Maury.



Stamps by the ton in shop of Maury.

PHILATELY AND THE NEW BOY.

BY VERNON WESTON HANWAY.

Where is the real, live, full-blooded American boy who does not love, honor, idolize our President? To him "imperialism" is an empty term—"Rooseveltism," the meaning for all that is live, strenuous, enjoyable in life. Any fad, hobby or pursuit in which our President has been known to indulge, and enjoy, at once becomes to him the ideal pursuit. And this is not a slavish following of another's whims, but a healthy idea that what the man Roosevelt finds worth while must certainly be worth while.

Admirers of Roosevelt and the hobby, Philately, will be pleased to learn that in his boyhood days he was a stamp collector. True this will not lead our boys to view philately with any higher esteem, for well does this New Boy know that many useful, noble-minded, well-known men have found it not only a boyish pastime, but a pastime worthy a manly man's attention.

There are few boys today who do not collect something. If not stamps, coins or curios, it is very likely marbles, fishing hooks, strings or jack knives. You see dear boys I understand your foibles, for the days when I was a *tom boy* and shared my brother's pleasures are not many mile stones past.

Most of you have friends whose collections and fancies you have often had aired before you, and you in turn air yours. "Piggy," (proper name William) dips into amateur journalism perhaps. You have often had a longing to see the inside of that wood shed from whence he emerges with inky fingers and a very learned look. Johnny collects old coins, and his collection, although often drawn upon to go into the voluminous trouser pockets of the "hokey-pokey" man, is a very good one. Bill has a fair sized collection of sea curios, while "Henry-stone," known on dress up occasions as "Henry Livingstone Montgomery," has a passion for everything barbarian, so strong that he has been known to see tomahawks and find ancient Indian burying places while peacefully slumbering. "Jonesy" collects bird eggs, but while you admire the results you don't like the methods, while you yourself are known as the Philatelist (spelled with as large P as Professor.)

Ah, dear chum, my heart warms to you! I can see that "den" with stamps pasted upon the walls, and the battered, yet priceless album. The contents make up for the shabbiness of the cover, for it contains all the colors of Joseph's coat in all their glory. "The fellows" cast envious eyes at your collection. You occasionally permit them to feast their eyes upon a Persian issue, for which you paid the whole of a week's allowance, or a Japanese stamp whose design breathes of all things mystical.

Perhaps you have received on the last mail a *select* packet of a hundred stamps, and are even now in the den engaged in the ecstatic bliss of placing them in the album. Then tomorrow you will show the additions to the fellows with as much pride as the Steel King or the Copper King, or any other of those chaps display in the last million they have added to their collection of dollars.

There are few youths who have not at some time dabbled in stamp-collecting, or at least known of the possibilities for pleasure pure and simple to be found therein. In all the years of my collecting life I have never known but one

"young man" who really disdained our hobby. Poor chap! He had to turn to collecting as a refuge from my superior scorn and indignation. But he is still collecting.

We philatelists—you and I, brother collector—have a hearty pity for the misguided persons who can't appreciate the science.

There are few of us who can find a sweeter pleasure in our lives than the moments spent in either *dillitante* or serious collecting, as our taste demands. But this pleasure is as inexplicable to the novice as the pleasure which some find in *hashi*. It is a psychological principle that what has been never felt, realized or enjoyed, can only be explained by comparison with some similar sensation. The pleasure to be garnered from the following of philately, is unlike any other pursuit. Therefore it cannot be depicted or described, but like a certain other emotion, must be felt.

Many recruits will be added to philately through the influence of this stamp number of THE NEW BOY. To such I tender the assurance that never will their lots be cast in more pleasant paths.

A NEW FEATURE.

The publishers of THE NEW BOY have secured the services of Mr. H. J. Hasselbauer, an illustrator who has been on the staffs of several publications in New York City and elsewhere, who will give, in the coming issues of THE NEW BOY, hints and articles on a subject which we are certain will interest most of the readers of this paper—pen and ink drawing.

This new feature will be a source of pleasure as well as an instructive study to a majority of boys who have a liking or natural talent for drawing, and if Mr. Hasselbauer's articles and suggestions will be carefully followed boys will soon succeed in turning out creditable sketches and in a short time will be able to surprise their friends by showing them their drawings illustrating almost anything they can conceive or copy from objects that will attract their attention and appeal to their minds. Their home, their games, their pets, and familiar

scenes around their neighborhood will afford them studies for many sketches

Mr. Hasselbauer's first article will appear in the columns of THE NEW BOY next month, so begin at the beginning by following carefully his instructions and start right.

THIS MONTH

We have sent out many copies of THE NEW BOY to stamp collectors asking them to subscribe. Don't miss our Christmas and New Year numbers. Stamp, coin, curio, souvenir card, photographic prints, and other collectors should subscribe at once. 50 cents per year; 3 years for \$1.

E. T. PARKER,

BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

Issues at frequent intervals a priced list of bargains in stamps. These lists are sent free of charge to all stamp collectors. Among other special bargains are the following:

	Cat. pr	My pr
Honduras set, 1878.....	\$ 94	\$ 15
33 Hawaii 1861, 6c yellow green.....	63	20
64 Hawaii 1893, 25c dark violet.....	1 50	60
1c Post Office department.....	40	12
1/2c Canadian Jubilee.....	25	12
1c State Department.....	2 50	98
4 varieties Peru "Gobierno".....	61	12
2c Certificate, orange.....	40	09
Costa Rica, 1892 set.....	2 56	56
Ecuador, 1896 set.....	56	24
Nicaragua 1900, 5p black.....	4 50	1 00

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WHY I COLLECT STAMPS.

BY DOUGLAS E. A. HUNT.

When I was a boy I wanted to be as much of a new boy as possible and as all the new boys collected stamps I started in.

How I used to look forward to Saturday, my great stamp day. That was the day spent in searching the waste paper bins at my father's office for the enticing little pasters. All the foreign consuls in my city were faithfully called upon and many were the treasures handed out to me. Next came the wholesale sugar houses with lots of Cuban stamps, the china-ware houses which always had Hong Kong and Japanese stamps for me. The leather houses saved me the stamps from Argentine and Uruguay, and, when the day had ended and I had made my rounds, hundreds of stamps were my reward. Then came the cleaning (that is removing the paper) counting and putting in books. All the following week my boy friends could buy from me or exchange if they had any stamps not in my book. How the boys used to wonder how I got so many stamps, but, as my only chums were my stamps, they never knew.

When school days were over my Saturdays were lost to me and my only opportunity was to buy my stamps from dealers. Like other boys my money came in very small lots and buying stamps was almost out of the question. How was I still to get my beloved stamps.

There was an old man near our office who was a stamp dealer that I had scraped an acquaintance with. One day I told him my troubles and there I found my remedy. He gave me a few sheets of stamps and told me to sell them and half of what I got for them was to be mine to buy stamps with.

By this time many of my boy friends were like myself, working. Evenings I sold the stamps and many the fine stamp the old dealer gave me for my work.

Years went by, my little collection still climbing a little every week. Now there are the stamp clubs, the stamp papers and magazines and I no longer think about what lots of stamps I may get, but the kind of stamps, and many are the hours spent in testing a stamp for the intricate perforations, water-marks, errors and combinations of colors.

After many years, experience has taught me that money spent in stamps, if it is spent judiciously, is as good as money put in bank as the old stamps are getting older and rarer and collectors are more numerous every day, making the demand keener.

Now I am going to drop my little story, and, in just one statement, I'll tell you why I collect stamps. "Because I can spend my money and get it back again any time I want it."

Hope I won't have to, though.

X-MAS PRESENT.

Give the boy a copy of the X-Mas Number, and he will spend a Merry X-Mas. Give him one year's subscription, and a Merry X-Mas will last one whole year. Single copies 5 cents; 50 cents per year.

Subscribe now and get the big Christmas and New Year's numbers. 50c per year; 2 years for \$1.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

D. E. A. HUNT.

The first annual entertainment and ball given by the New York Stamp Society was held in the large ball room at Terrace Garden, New York City, Thursday evening, October 19th.

It is many years since so many stamp friends and their friends were together under the same roof. Although the weather was very bad the large hall was comfortably full.

Mr. Julius Levy, the president of the society, preceded the entertainment by a short address of welcome. He showed much pride in a society that was able, though only 18 months old, to gather so many members of the cult together.

The principal attractions of the entertainment were the zither duet by Prof. Loewy's sons, Alphonso and Bernard, the club swinging by H. H. Doolittle, violin solo by Otto Kruger and the wonderful card tricks of Prof. Loewy. Besides the above several ladies favored the club with singing.

The unique part of the evening's performance were the Philo Pictures, meaning philatelic pictures.

The first illustration was the current issue one gulden stamp of Holland. All but the Queen's head was painted upon a stiff board in exact reproduction of the stamp except in size which was about two feet high. Through the hole in the center of the painting, made up like the young Queen of Holland, was the head of Miss Trujillo.

The next picture was of the Cuban 3 centavo, 1898, with Alphonso Loewy as the boy king of Spain.

Dr. Heath made a very good Mikado in one of the Japanese jubilee stamps.

Austria was represented by the 5 kreuzer stamp of 1867 with Prof. Loewy as the Austrian monarch.

The old black one penny stamp of Great Britain was the next feature with Miss Cook as queen Victoria.

Last, but not least, was the \$5.00 Columbian stamp of our own country. The execution of this picture was very fine and Mr. Platz made a perfect Columbus.

The drawing for prizes for holders of the lucky tickets followed. The first prize was won by Bogert & Durbin of Philadelphia.

After the prizes were awarded about 75 couples enjoyed dancing until the wee small hours.

Worthy of mention were tickets of admission, which were printed over a Guatemalan postal card. The dance orders were enclosed in a double Honduras postal card, the name of the owner being written on the address side. These cards were similar to our return postal cards.

Much credit is due the officers of the club and their various committees for their success, also for the general good which is bound to accrue to our hobby.

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SOME NEW JOKES.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN.

A man ravenously hungry was advised to go to Constantinople and eat Turkey, after which to emigrate to Athens and fill up-on Greece.

People that like everything so nice should emigrate to Nice, France.

Talk about banks being "busted" by a run upon them by depositors, I've known many a bank completely demolished by the Sun who never deposited a dollar in them—snow banks.

A bad bank in which to deposit your money and valuables. A sand bank.

A worse bank than that. A mud bank.

A burglar tried to steal a mattress from under a sleeping man. He mistook the mattress for a watch, because of the tick.

I went into a hardware store and asked the proprietor to change me a ten penny nail. He gave me two five penny nails in exchange.

He had many kegs full of five penny, ten penny and twenty penny nails. I told him to extract all of those pennies from the nails and be wealthy.

A man got a job sampling glue. From every barrel he was required to drink a pint to see if it was any good. But they fixed him on the fourth day. He drank so much glue that he got stuck on himself.

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- U. S. Col. (1863) 50c slate..... 30
- U. S. Col. (1863) \$2 red..... 1 00
- Care of Good Hope, 1885, 5sh orange..... 20
- Chili, 1904 provisional, 1, 2, 5 and 10c..... 10
- *Cuba, 1896, 20c violet..... 10
- *Cuba, 1888, 10c blue..... 10
- *Cuba, 1899, surch on U. S., complete..... 85
- Curacao, old, 2, 2½, 5, 10, 12½ and 25..... 12
- Curacao, new, 2½, 5, 10, 12½ and 25..... 15
- Guatemala, 1902, 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 20 and 50..... 12
- Haiti, 1898, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10..... 15
- *Haiti, 1901, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20 and 50c, all..... 30
- Netherlands, 1899, 5 gulden..... 50
- Newfoundland, 1897 ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5c..... 07
- Nicaragua, 1900, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 and 15c..... 11
- Nicaragua, 1901, 10c on 2p salmon..... 10
- Nicaragua, 1901, 1, 2, 5 and 10c surcharge..... 10
- Nicaragua, 1901, 20c on 5p black..... 10
- Panama, 1892, 1, 2, 5, 10 and 20c map..... 15
- Panama, 1908, 1, 2, 5 and 10c surch..... 15
- Venezuela, 1904, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 1B..... 08

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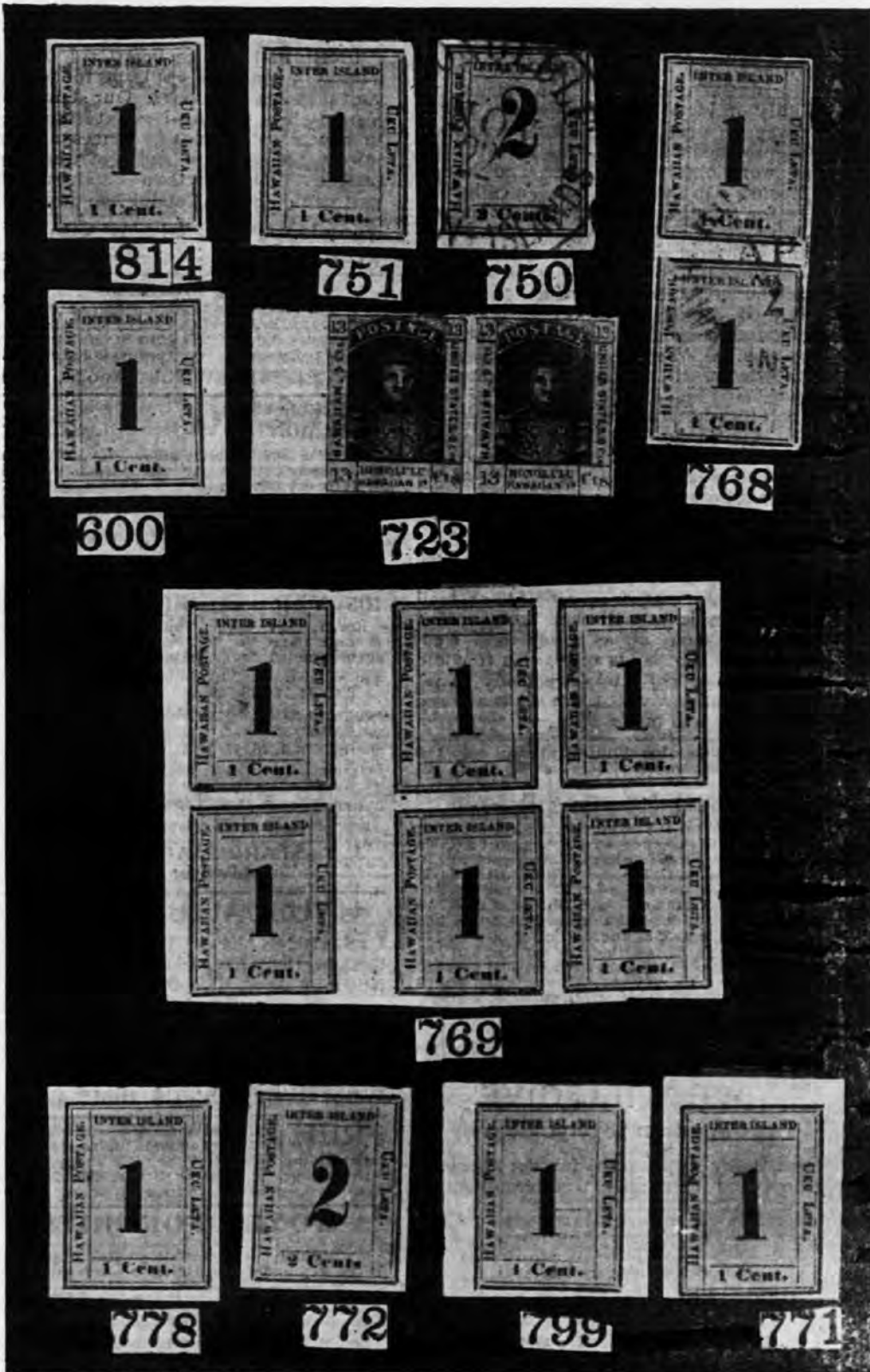
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Venezuela '96, 1b, cat. 20c; Venezuela Reg. 25c, cat. 15c; 3 French Colonies, Seychelles 1933, 2c, 10 diff. So. and Cen. America, 3 Anjouan, Ivory Coast, Nossi Be—All for 10c and names of several stamp collectors. This lot consists of only unused stamps, and we know you want them. Price List Free. Send for some of our new approval sheets at 50% commission.

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RARE HAWAIIAN STAMPS

SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION NOVEMBER 14th.

The above rare stamps were formerly in the collection of Mr. Manning of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. They were sold by Drew & Co., in N. Y. to the highest bidder. The prices realized were from \$15 to \$180 each.

Mr. Manning specialized in U.S. and Colonies, and the condition of the stamps in this class, run from very fine to superb, and should satisfy the requirements of any reasonable collector. The Hawaiian Numerals are the finest lot that ever passed through their hands. They deserved the highest consideration and brought the highest prices.

The 1906 Standard is out and again may be seen the advanced collectors attending auction sales and buying rarities for their collections.

STAMPS THIRTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY L. G. DORPAT.

When I was a boy stamp collecting was boy's play, and men of that period hardly thought it worth while to bestow any attention to those used bits of paper which denoted that some one had somewhere paid postage on some letter or parcel. But few men saw that in these bits of paper was any more than a past and gone value. Boys, inquisitive as they naturally are and should be, saw one value in stamps which men could not easily discern, the value they have as objects of amusement and curiosity, coming as they do from so many different countries, out of so many variously constituted workshops and in such a diversity of forms and designs, that a classification and study of them must certainly afford a highly pleasant pastime. Boys who had a chance to see many different stamps almost instinctively fell to collecting them. One thing boys did not know, and in fact nobody did or could know, is that in time those little stickers, or at least some of them, would on account of rarity and because stamp collecting would increase to wonderful dimensions, be worth more than they were ever intended to be by the authorities who issued them, some of them becoming more valuable than gold, diamond or pearl.

In those times "a stamp was a stamp," and we generally traded even, stamp for stamp, with little regard for rarity. In fact the rarity of stamps was not known thirty years ago as it is now; it was brought out by the incessant and multiplied demand for certain stamps that could rarely or never be supplied. Some stamps were not even known to exist, except to a very few collectors. Now we are in a much better position. The pastime has grown into a science and the play into a study. We have catalogues, books and journals which give us information of which the boys three decades ago hardly dreamed. The boys of then grew into men, and they carried their stamps with them; the boyish pursuit is a manly one now, and many a stamp which a boy may have swapped for an apple may now pass hands at the price of a handsome residence with a whole orchard to boot. Had we known the changes that would come in the future we would no doubt have looked at our little treasures differently from what we did. There are stamps the rarity of which is not known. There is a time in every stamp's life when the boy can get it for the asking, or at least for very little more. The difficulty is to see that opportunity when it presents itself and to improve it. Don't put off collecting because you cannot buy the stamps that are now known to be rare, but go right to work and collect all that is within your reach; keep at it and do not stop until you have tried it for 30, 40 or 50 years; then you will wonder too at the rarity of some of your acquisitions which came to you so easily. In England there was a boy who got a certain stamp for a couple of pennies, and recently that very same stamp was sold at public auction for more than a thousand pounds sterling (\$5,000). A similar occurrence may happen again. It may happen to you if you are quick enough to see your chances and make use of them. Besides that it is a very pleasant occupation for a man to look over a fine, large collection brought up from boyhood days. Every stamp tells its tale, and the whole serves

to show youthful energy and perseverance.

The best collections were first started on a small scale, but they grew as the owners grew. They reflect the character of the owners. A nice, clean and tidily arranged stamp collection should always be a recommendation for its owner, provided the stamps contained therein were obtained by fair and honest means. On the other hand, a collection gotten together by illicit operations will prove a continual reproach for its maker and will most likely betray him by its ill and slovenly condition. Stamps should not be collected only; they should be studied. The most successful collectors are students who try to learn about their stamps all they can. Their superior knowledge will in time enable them to reap many an advantage and the pleasure accruing the study and emanating from the knowledge is alone worth about again as much as the stamps themselves.

Thirty years hence the names of our present boys will shine out bright as the names of accomplished philatelists, and out of the small beginnings of today will then have grown magnificent collections, valuable both as objects of curiosity as well as objects of rarity. How small and insignificant will then appear what we now stare at as grand and rich. There are thousands of stamps to come and our boy collectors are ready to receive them. Watch them do it and see what they will make of them!

HAWAII \$3 catalog value, all different only \$ 90
6c green, No 33, o. g. cat 60c. only... 25
3 12c 1875, No. 36, fine, o. g., cat \$1.50, only... 75
4 10c 1882, No. 40, fine, used, cat. \$1.25, only... 50
5 15c 1882, No. 41, fine, used, cat. \$2.50, only... 1.00
6 10c 1884-85, No. 41, fine used (10c) o. g. cat 1.50... 60
7 10c 18-3-76, No. 45, fine used (65c) o. g. cat 1.25... 55
8 12c 1883-86, No. 46, fine used (1.25) o. g. cat 2.25 1.00
9 25c 1883-86, No. 47, fine used (1.50) o. g. cat 3.50 1.75
10 50c 1883-86, No. 48, fine used (3.75) o. g. cat 8.00 5.00
11 \$1 188-86, No. 49, fine used (5.00) o. g. cat. 13.50 7.00
12 \$1 18-3-84, No. 49, maltese cross cancellation 1.25
13 5c 1880-91, No. 52-a, fine, o. g., cat \$1.50, only 70
14 12c 1893, No. 63, red lilac. (red sur.) cat 5.00 2.00
15 2c 1893, No. 64, dk violet (red sur.) cat 1.50. 60
16 2c 1893, No. 65, rosy ver. (blk sur.) cat 8.00 1.50
17 12c 1893, No. 69, red lilac (blk sur.) cat. 16.50 8.00
18 \$1 1893, No. 73, rose red (blk sur.) cat 3.50... 2.00
Post free. All other Hawaiians off set. U. S. Post. Revs. and Cols at low rates. Lists free.
F. B. KIRBY, 48 Newton Street, New Bedford, Mass.

WE WILL GIVE

A Canadian 1859 5c Beaver

with every application for our approval sheets and the name of 1 active collector.

7000 hinges.....\$ 25
U. S. 1865, 2c..... 09
" 1870, 6c, catalogue 12c..... 05
St. Louis, 10c..... 05
Columbian, 8c..... 08

CO-OPERATIVE STAMP CO.,

Canal Dover, Ohio.

1-4 lb. U. S. sta'ps (about 50 var.) \$ 10
Foreign (over 100 var.).. 10
1 lb. (about 5000) (from Ton Lot) absolutely unpicked, only..... 75
500 var. stamps and album, only..... 70
1000 varieties stamps from all part of the world..... 2 25
100 var. U. S., cat. over \$2.75, only... 15
Mixtures for Approval Sheets
1000 fine, many varieties, catalogue over \$25, no cheap 1c stamps, only good salable stamps..... 1 25
1000 fair, for packets, etc., good value, only..... 59
1000 Continentals, only..... 12
Approval sheets at 60% discount

P. G. BEALS,

38 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

BARGAINS, BARGAINS
IN JAPANESE

FREE - 1 Japanese Post Card, 50 var. Foreign to any one applying for our approval sheets and books. Our stamps are a nice clean lot, good variety mounted on sheets or in books. Prices are the lowest. Send now and get the free packet. Collectors Own Catalogue 10c post paid. Scotts Catalog 60c post paid.

JAPANESE STAMP CO.,

741 E. Pine St., Portland, Ore.

THE MIDGET

Approval book holds 60 stamps, all diff. only 10c.
With 50 var. Br. Col. 15 | With 50 var. Aus'ns 20
With 50 var. Asiatic 25 | With 50 var. Afr'ns 30
5000 mixed stamps.. 50 | Approvals 40 to 60% dis.

REV. EDWIN EWELL, Anoka, Minn.

SPECIALS FOR
THIS MONTH

	Cat.	My
	price	price
70 Bavaria 1900, 3m olive gray.....	\$1.00	\$.40
63 Germany 1900, 2m gray blue.....	12	.04
64 Germany 1900, 3m black violet.....	70	.35
\$5 gray and black revenue, cut.....	15	.04
\$10 gray and black revenue, cut.....	40	.09

For thousands of other bargains get my price-lists.

E. T. PARKER, Bethlehem, Pa.

105 VAR. FOREIGN STAMPS.

Korea, Crete, Siam, Tonga, etc. Album and 14 large page list for 5c post free. Reliable agents wanted, 50% commission.

South Australia, Nos. 16, 66, 78, 80, 94, 116, 117, 259, 283, 284 and 285.

South Nigeria, Kings Head, used, 7 varieties. 80c net.

Spain, Nos. 1, 46, 47, 51, 57, 63, 69, 95, 222, 245, etc.

Belgium Nos. 51, 152, 158, 217, 218, 219, 234, 235, 239, 240.

Denmark, Nos. 17, 52, 54, 80 and 83.

Any of above at 50% discount from Scotts.

J. T. STARR STAMP COMPANY,
Coldwater, Mich.

UNUSUAL BARGAINS

U. S. 1902-03, 50c-7c, \$1.00..... \$ 20
Canada, 1902, 7c Queens Head, mint 40
Newfoundland, 1898-01, 1/4c, 1c, 2c,
3c, 4c and 5c, mint..... 20
100 Pre-cancelled U. S. 25
Scott's 1908 Catalog, post paid..... 60

Condition the finest. Postage extra.

WENDOVER NEEFUS, Hudson, N. Y.

FREE 7 varieties unused Philippine stamps for the names and addresses of two active stamp collectors. Send 2c stamp for return postage. EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., Dept. R, 38 Clarkson Street, Dorchester, Mass.

MONEY FOR BOYS

My popular books contain 60 good stamps all priced way under the catalogue. You can easily sell the stamps for \$1.00.

A complete book of stamps worth ONE DOLLAR cost you only FORTY CENTS.

You make 60 cents on every book you sell and give your friends genuine bargains.

To show you are in earnest send me a deposit of 25 cents on each book wanted and I will send them to you by return mail.

When you have sold a book I trust you to send me the balance of 15 cents.

Remit in 1 cent unused U. S. stamps.

All books are different. Reference, the editor

D. E. A. HUNT,

40 W. 28th St., New York City.

FOR COLLECTORS, DEALERS & SPECULATORS

150 different Postage Stamps from South America, Central America and the West Indies only, no others. Catalogue value \$4.16.

100 different United States Postage and Revenue Stamps 1851-1902. Catalogue value \$1.10.

1000 well mixed U. S. Stamps, about 75 different kinds.

1000 well mixed Foreign Postage Stamps, about 200 different kinds.

The Four Packets for \$1.

Postage and registration 14 cents extra.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Thomas Stamp Co., 189 Broadway, N. Y. City.

THE STANDARD POSTAGE STAMP CATALOGUE

The Sixty-Fifth Edition (for 1906)

IS JUST PUBLISHED

It is too well known to need any introduction to American collectors.

Price 50 Cents. Post Free 60 Cents.

Remember We are headquarters for Stamps, Albums and Philatelic Supplies of all kinds in the United States.

Scott Stamp & Coin Company,

18 East 23rd Street,

New York City.

BOYS, GIRLS, EVERYBODY! DO YOU COLLECT?

Stamps, Paper Money and Postal Cards for Collectors, Dealers and for Business Purposes

I have a fine stock of unused Foreign Postal Cards, very attractive, many designs, colors, etc. Nice for a collection or can be used as Souvenirs, and can be mailed to friends by placing a one cent U. S. stamp on them and the address. Also can be used for business cards, notices etc. 6 varieties sent for 10 cents; 25 varieties for 50 cents; 100 assorted sent for \$1.00. Samples and price list of many varieties sent for two cent stamp. Wholesale List Free.

PAPER MONEY FROM THE SOUTH, OF WAR TIMES

A 25 cent and 50 cent note from Alabama for 5 cents. A \$10 and a \$20 from Richmond, Va., issued in 1864, sent for 12 cents. The four varieties for 15 cents. These are genuine and were once good money. They are now curiosities.

STAMPS! STAMPS! I HAVE THEM BY THE 1,000,000

A set of Nyassa giraffe stamps, 7 varieties, very attractive.....	\$ 15
A set of Honduras 1891, 10 stamps, unused, for.....	25
A set of Costa Rica stamps, 1892, complete, unused, cat. value about \$2, my price.	40
Any set of Seebeck stamps sent for.....	35

FOR DEALERS

100 25 and 50 cent Alabama notes	35
1000 sent for.....	2 50
300 Army franks, 3 varieties, attractive.....	40
1000 Cuban Revenues, unused, 3 varieties.....	45
1000 2c Columbians	13
1000 assorted U. S.	13
200 assorted foreign stamps, catalogue value over \$3.00, sent for.....	50

Send for lists. If you send an order from this advertisement I will send you two unused Porto Rico Postal Cards free. Twenty-five years a dealer. Address

J. E. HANDSHAW, SMITHTOWN BRANCH, N. Y.

ALL BARGAINS IN STAMPS & ALBUMS

Costa Rica 1892 1c to 10 pesos complete, cataloged at \$2 84	
Our price	\$ 60
Hayti 1894 1c to 50c complete unused (regular price 65c)..	30
Honduras 1878 1c to 1 peso complete set, catalog 94c ...	19
North Borneo 1893 1c to 24c complete, catalog \$1.38, price.	35
Nyassa (Giraffe) 2½ to 300r, complete	65
U. S. Columbian, Buffalo, Omaha, or St. Louis 1 to 10c complete, each set for...	15
U. S. Columbian 1893 15c green	12
U. S. Columbian 1893, 30c brown.....	20
U. S. Columbian 1893, 50c blue.....	30
U. S. Columbian 1893, \$1.00 salmon	10

**PACKETS
OR
SMALL COLLECTIONS**

All Fine Stamps (no trash).

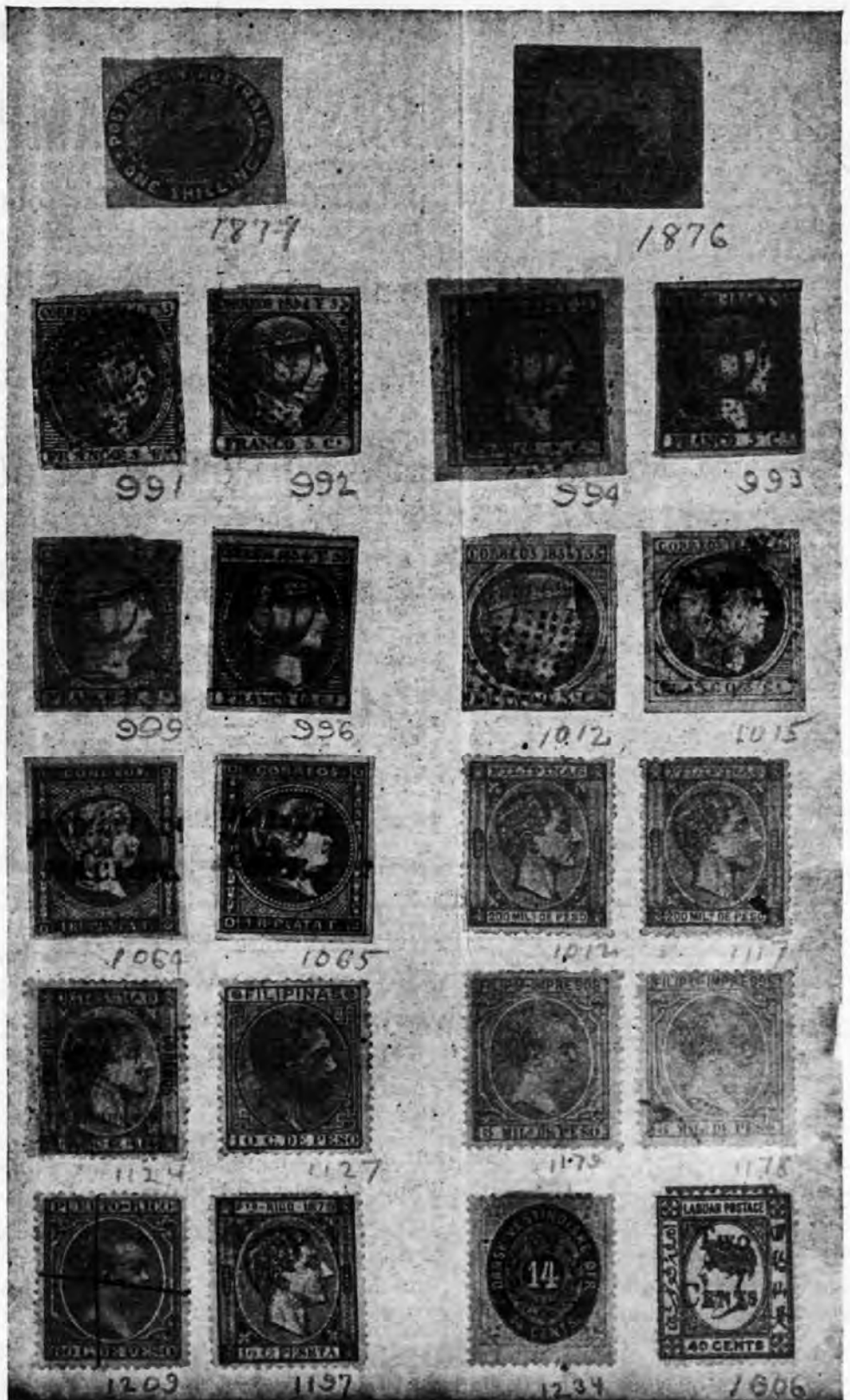
100 different.....	10
200 different.....	20
325 different.....	50
1000 different (cataloged over \$27).....	3 50

All orders filled the day received.

New 1906 Scott's Standard Catalogue (over 730 pages) is now out, price postfree...	60
International Album, bound in half Cloth, postfree.....	1 50
International Album, full Cloth, gilt, postfree.....	2 50
Modern Album bound in full cloth, spaces for 10,000 stamps, postfree, illustrated with pictures of 2200 stamps	1 15
Imperial Album, spaces for 4000 stamps, postfree.....	30

GRAND STAMP CO.,

342 E. 15th St., New York City.



SOME RARE STAMPS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER AT AN AUCTION IN NEW YORK ON NOVEMBER 14TH.

UNPROFITABLE SWAPPING

Here's a Good Stamp Story From "The Captain."

Some boys are a bit sharper than they need be in their own interest. Some boys dearly love a bargain in stamps. It is a failing that runs through all grades of stamp collectors, from the boy to the specialist.

One day a sharp-looking lad entered a stamp dealer's shop in New York, and asked for some United States stamps.

"There you are, my lad," said the

dealer, as he placed a book of stamps on the counter in front of him. "Pick what you want." The boy made his selection, paid his money, and left the shop.

In a few minutes he was back.

"See here, Mister. this stamp has got a corner off."

"Has it, my lad?" said the dealer, taking the stamp and examining it, and adding, "Very well, there's the book. Pick another."

The boy selected another and more perfect copy, but when he got outside the door he turned round and, with a broad grin, shouted, "Done ye, Mister.

THE NEW BOY.

That old torn stamp was out of my collection, and now I've swapped it for a nice clean one."

The stamp dealer, still holding that stamp, looked after the boy with a quiet smile. The stamp was slightly torn at one corner. Nevertheless, it was a very saleable specimen of a great rarity, known as the 15 cent United States of 1869, with inverted centre, and was worth from \$100 to \$150.

THE FASCINATION OF STAMP COLLECTING.

BY ACHE L. ECKTA.

Who can explain the charm which surrounds a postage stamp? What is it that makes a little piece of paper usually found rectangular in shape with a face on one side, and sticky stuff on the other and with saw-like edges so attractive—more than that, actually fascinating? All interested and absorbed in the collection of postage stamps clearly understand and appreciate amongst themselves without question or argument exactly wherein lies this fascination. But to explain it to a non-collector, one of those poor persons "without the pale"—is another matter.

Let us try to do it. Which phase of the subject will appeal to a non-collector first? What point will his mind first seize upon and hold him spell-bound? Will it be the artistic side of the question or the scientific, historical or the geographical side? Neither to begin with—his higher feelings will develop later if he becomes a collector. The first hit must be made upon his bump of acquisitiveness.

Attack him through his cupidity! Show him a stamp which you once found in an old bureau drawer and tell him its worth \$25.00 in cold cash and you've got him all right, all right! The same night he will probably retire hours later than usual leaving his library or office floor pretty well covered with old envelopes. By degrees you can instruct him in the mysteries of watermarks and counting dots and perforations. After a while he will be the proud possessor of a magnifying glass and will occupy his spare hours searching for secret marks and counting dots, lines and curve. A peep at our friend any night will find him redolent of benzine with a pair of tongs in one hand and a perforation gauge in the other. After a while we shall find that he is able to talk learnedly about re-engraved stamps, surcharges, "full ornaments," busts pointing to notches, cleaned plates, remainders, et cetera and so forth, and then we shall know that we have converted our almost lost brother into a valuable member of society, and a genuine, good old, dear old stamp "fiend."

And now how surprised and delighted our friend will be to find himself in such good company. Stamp collectors include among their number the best intellects of all grades of society from royalty down. The King of Portugal, the King of England, and Czar of all the Russias have each a magnificent collection of high value in which they take great interest and pride. Among noblemen, literary men, doctors, clergymen, merchants, great and small, will be found many collectors of stamps. Whenever you run across a man who strikes you as being above the average in intelligence and of a studious or thoughtful turn of

mind, you may be sure that the chances are in favor of his being a stamp collector.

The fine points of stamp collecting are so many and varied and come upon you so fast and furious that you are completely carried away by this attraction and fascination before you are aware that you have "got the fever."

In concluding this little article the writer feels constrained to sing the praises of those brilliant and painstaking gentlemen who have made stamp collecting as a delightful pastime possible. How many collectors of stamps—how many dealers in stamps would there be today if the wonderful catalogues and other books of reference compiled and written by great authorities and experts did not exist? Many sentiments are suppressed for one reason or another, but it is well to remember the truth of the maxim—"Let him who deserves the palm bear it."

X-MAS PRESENT.

Give the boy a copy of the X-Mas Number, and he will spend a Merry X-Mas. Give him one year's subscription, and a Merry X-Mas will last one whole year. Single copies 5 cents; 50 cents per year.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL

At less than half catalogue. Agents wanted. Any of the following sent prepaid for 25c: 500 U. S. Revenues, 2000 U. S. postage, 2000 foreign, 6000 hinges, 12 Confederate or 10 broken bank bills, 20 foreign coins, 10 old U. S. Coppers.

Selling catalogue 10c; buying catalogue 5c. A very large stock of valuable stamps and coins always on sale. Collections bought.

STAMP & COIN EXCHANGE,
61 Nassau St., New York City.

STAMPS 100 China, Java, etc. stamp dictionary and large list 2c. Agents 50c. Catalogue of stamps of all nations, illustrated, 10c. **A. BULLARD & CO.,**
446 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS 2c 100 Honduras, etc. album and catalogue, all for 2c. Agents 50c. Big Globe Album 10 cents. **HILL STAMP CO., So. End, Boston, Mass.**

75% on Columbian Republic stamps. 18 varieties of unused and surcharged, value 83c, only 24c—100 var stamps, 500 hinges, 1 stamp catalogue, 1 stamp book, 2 varieties Cuba envelopes, 12 varieties U. S. and Canada revenues and 5 varieties S. Australia postage, all 32c. —Tobago* 2d env., Dom. Rep. '79, *1r and Colom. Rep. '08, *50 and *1p, all 19c.—*5 var Costa Rica '06, 5c—*5 var Mexico 1872 (R) 12c—100 damaged stamps, not suitable for sheets, 13c—Fine approvals 50c—Others 60 to 75c, depending on sales. Electric pocket lights given as presents for large sales. **W. C. WHITE,**
Box 187 B, Lewiston, Maine.

MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS

IS THE

"King of Stamp Papers."

Issued every Saturday, 8 large pages, 32 columns filled with the latest news about stamps and stamp collectors. Thousands of bargains every week. Official organ of the National, Boston, Chicago, and a dozen other stamp clubs. No stamp collector can afford to be without this paper.

6 MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS

If a NEW subscriber we offer you

Your Choice of These Premiums

FIRST—200 clean foreign stamps, all different. No postcards, revenues, envelopes, or other rubbish.

SECOND—The book "What Philately Teaches," by John W. Luff. A splendid work on Stamp Collecting, freely illustrated. Every Collector should have it.

THIRD—1000 peelable hinges, such as are usually sold at 15c per thousand. A fine hinge.

FOURTH—We have had made up some packets of stamps, all different, and all foreign. Catalogue value nearly \$3.00. Free with a 6 months subscription.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. WRITE TODAY.

Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News,
R 508 Kast Bdg., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW BOY.

ABOUT MATCH AND MEDICINE STAMPS.

BY CHARLES A. NAST, DENVER, COL.

I have been asked to say something on this subject for THE NEW BOY. It is not often one sees space taken up in the philatelic journals of the day with discussions about match and medicine stamps and there are very many good reasons for it.

In the first place few people possess anything like a large collection of them; secondly, they were issued years ago; there are no new issues coming out every few days, as there is of other kinds and countries; thirdly, the source of supply is being in a great measure exhausted; fourthly, a great many of these stamps catalogue at very high prices, and lastly, dealers have no stock of them to sell. Now all this together makes news items about them very scarce, hence we do not hear much about them, although they are listed in Scott's Catalogue right along.

Now I am going to point out a few things in their favor. First, they are very beautiful and more interest and history attaches to them than many other stamps much sought after. Again, a large number of them are listed very cheap, many at only five cents each. Hundreds of them catalogued at 10 and 20 cents and more can be bought at large discounts, and you have no idea how beautiful a few sheets of these will look in your album. You don't have a whole set of six, eight or ten stamps, all of the same design and color, and all looking alike except the numeral of value in the corners. And you don't see a whole series repeated with a minute change of design or a difference of color. No, indeed! The few series that do exist are short. As a rule the sizes and shapes and designs vary a great deal. The stamp itself either reflects the individual taste of the proprietor or it indicates in a great many instances the nature and use of the compound for which the tax brought it into existence.

For rarity of design, for beauty of engraving and execution, and for brilliancy of color nothing exceeds them in the stamp line. In the history of the world's emissions they are unique.

Under the head of "Match and Medicine" we include, of course, "perfumery" and "playing card" stamps.

Lately a new album has been issued called "Carter's U. S. Revenue Album," which sells at \$2.00 and which is an excellent book. I advise boys to get one. They will never regret it. It cost so much to produce this work, that no one will very soon have the courage to undertake another such task. Then again the wars which were the cause of these stamps coming out are all over, and there will not likely be any more revenues issued for years to come.

This album beside having spaces for all kinds of U. S. Revenues, has spaces and frames, with full instructions in each square, for every variety of match and medicine stamp ever issued, and there is just as much fun and pleasure in filling up one of these albums as there is in any other kind.

But now I am going to tell the boys how to go about filling up this book cheaply.

You boys who live in eastern cities no doubt know of drug stores that have

been doing business in the same place for years. Perhaps your family deals at one of these stores, if so, all the better. Go down to the druggist some evening when he is not very busy, and ask him to give you the stamps off the old bottles and packages. Many drug stores have lots of this old stuff stored away in closets and upper shelves, and sometimes in basements and cellars. Sometimes the medicine is so old they can't sell it. You know drug stores generally cannot sell patent medicines unless they are advertised and few of the firms who put up proprietary medicines forty years ago still exist.

Now right after the war all these people were compelled by law to put a tax stamp on each bottle or package at the rate of 1c for each 2c selling price. So if a bottle sold for \$1.50 or \$2.00 it had either a 6c or an 8c stamp on it.

The highest priced revenue of the first issue is the 6c orange Proprietary. This was used only on "Osgood's Indian Chologog." All the used specimens ever seen of these stamps are cancelled with the name of Charles Osgood in a circle with date. Later he used a great many of the 6c blue and violet of the 1875 issue (value \$50.00). You can afford to pay the price for this medicine if you find a bottle of it with the orange stamp on it.

Then another medicine was called "Swaines Panacea." It had a great big 6c orange stamp of very peculiar design, this is catalogued now at \$100. Wouldn't you like to find a few bottles of this stuff and pay \$1.50 per bottle?

But these are the great rarities, there are plenty of other good stamps still to be had which list at \$1.00 to \$10.00 each and I only mention the above, because a specimen of each was recently turned up in my town in a drug store I used to pass twice a day, but I never thought to go in and look.

I have a friend now who is a druggist, and he keeps on the look out for me, and although he gives me lots of cheap stamps, still the other day he handed me a 10c blue proprietary of the 1878 issue which lists at \$12.00 and it is the finest specimen I ever saw.

Every day these things are still turning up, and you boys ought to go right after them. Always take a few stamps along to show the clerk what you want, as they are sometimes supremely dense on the subject.

Although the 1c black "Dalleys Pain Extractor" was issued thirty five years ago, it is only recently that the difference in the two dies was discovered. One was printed "Price \$1.00" and the other "Price \$100." That little period, boys, made it read instead of one dollar, one hundred dollars; well that stamp lately sold for \$63.00 cash at an auction in Chicago.

And so I might keep on telling you about these things till I filled a book. All I have to say is get all you can. You can trade your duplicates for other stamps you need, and if you are lucky enough to find a great rarity you can sell it for a good price. The prices of these stamps are going up. Many collectors feel that it is too much to collect all the countries in the world, so they restrict themselves to several, and always, of course, their own country comes first, and what is more natural than to wish to do that well in all its departments.

So here is a chance boys to look for gold, and you don't have to have a pick and shovel and a wash pan, all you have to do is to "ask the man."

UNITED STATES STAMPS

Unu-ed, full original gum, condition fine.

LOWEST PRICES ON EARTH.

Every stamp offered in this advertisement is priced below cost some are

PRICED BELOW THEIR FACE VALUE.

1894 \$5.00 green, not wa ermarked	\$4.95
1893 \$5.00 black, Columbian	4.95
1893 \$4.00 lake, Columbian	3.95
1893 \$3.00 green, Columbian	2.95
1893 \$2.00 brown red, Columbian	1.95
1893 1c to \$5 set of 16, face \$18.84, Columbian	15.95
1893 2c cat mine, imperforate, block of 4	4.00
1888 90c purple	cat pr. \$3.00 net 1.35
1888 3c orange brown	.65
1879 30c black	2.00
1867 1c blue embossed 11x13	8.00
1851 8c red, imperforate	1.50
War, 2c dull vermillion	1.50
1873, 12c purple, used	.50
Justice, 6c purple used	1.01
Navy, 12c blue, used	1.50
Post Office, 9c black, used	2.00
Treasury, 7c brown, used	1.50
War, 30c rose, used	.50

Scott Stamp & Coin Co's latest (1906) Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue post free 61 cents.

Please remit by Bills or P. O. Money Order.

C. F. ROTHFUCHS, Roxbury, Mass.

3 Savin Street,

DON'T PAY

Half Catalogue for Your Stamps

My approval sheets contain a fine line of stamps marked 10 per cent. to 60 per cent. below current catalogue prices and I allow 50 per cent. discount from marked prices.

Agents make big sales from my sheets.

Collectors save money buying from my sheets. Send reference for a trial selection stating about what priced stamps you want and I will send you a selection that will please you and also send you absolutely free 10 beautiful Australian stamps catalogued at 30 cents.

LEON V. CASS, Lenox, Penna.

PRECANCELLED STAMPS

Wanted for Cash.

FRANK MCCHESENEY, ELKTON, MD.

China 10c green

Free to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 5% W. T. McKay

15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.

Costa Rica, 1892, comp (cat \$2.81) 75c; 10 sets	\$3.00
" " " 1, 2, 5p (cat \$1.05) 30c; 10 sets	1.25
* Venezuela, 1900, 5c to 20c (cat \$1) set	.32
* Guatemala, 1897, 11 var. (cat \$1.71) 50c; 10 set	3.21
N. Borneo, 1893, 9 var. (cat \$1.38) 4c; 10 sets	2.25
* Peru, 1888, 18 brown (cat. 30c) 12c; 10 for	.60
* " 1894, 5c green (cat. 40c) 15c; per 10	.75
* Leeward Is., 1890, 1/2 to 7p, set	.65
" 1890, 1/2 to 6sh, set	2.50
Belgium P. P., 1902, 4 var. (cat 6c) 20c; 10 sets	.80
" " " 6 var. (cat 20c) 10c; 10 sets	.40
Paraguay, 1901-5, 1c, 2 var., per 100	.40
Approval sheets 10% below cat. Ref. required.	
CARL YOUNG, 806 N. Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.	

35 SELECTED STAMPS FOR 15c.

This special packet contains stamps from Nicaragua (peso values) Mozambique, Tasmania, high values of Austria, Germany, Netherlands, etc. Guaranteed to catalog over \$1.00. Price 15c.

Germany, 1900, 30, 40, 50 and 80pf, cat 16c	\$.05
Austria, 1900, 1 and 2kr, cat. 9c	.08
Tasmania, 1900, (Picture) 1 and 2p, cat. 9c	.08
Netherlands, 12 var., cat. 17c	.08
Guatemala, 4 var., cat. 18c	.04
Portugal, 10 var.	.04
Australia, 20 var.	.10
Cuba, 6 var., cat. 19	.04
Salvador, 1903, 5 var., 1c to 10c	.08
China, 1898, 1/2 to 50c, cat. 74c	.30
Mexico, late issues, 10 var.	.08
Mexico, 1861, 8 var. unused	.08

Postage ext-a. Price list free. My approval selections at 50% are as good as any on the market. Do you want a trial selection? Send reference. I buy stamp collections, duplicates, etc. H. J. KLEINMAN, 3641 N. Marshall St., Phila., Pa.

105 VARIETIES

USED AND UNUSED STAMPS

Including Corea (soon to be out of use), India, Portugal, Japan, Russia, Australia, Philippines, etc., \$1 and \$2 U. S. Revenues, 250 Faultless hinges, and 5 entire postal cards all for 10 cents in silver and 2 cent stamp for postage.

CHAS. A. TOWNSEND,

36 Good Street, Akron, Ohio.

THE NEW BOY.

PRICE LIST OF THE STAMPS OF BOLIVAR

1879 ISSUE, WHITE WOVE PAPER,

	EACH
5c Blue.....	\$ 04c
10c Violet.....	04c
20c Red.....	08c
40c Brown.....	18c
Complete Set, 4 varieties.....	30c

1879 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	8c
10c Violet.....	12c
20c Red.....	20c
40c Brown.....	30c
Complete Set, 4 vars., scarce.....	65c

1880 ISSUE, WHITE WOVE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	10c
10c Violet.....	7c
20c Red.....	8c
40c Brown.....	10c
Set, 4 vars., scarce.....	32c

1880 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	10c
20c Red.....	40c
40c Brown.....	45c
Set of 3 varieties.....	85c

1882 ISSUE, WHITE WOVE PAPER.

5c Blue.....	8c
10c Lilac.....	4c
20c Red.....	8c
40c Brown.....	18c
80c Green.....	80c
1p Orange.....	45c
Complete Sets, 6 varieties.....	1.50

5p Blue and Rose, large.....	90c
10p Brown and Blue, large.....	1.10
Set of 2.....	1.90
Same Imperforated per set of 2.....	3.25

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SOUVENIR CARDS.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Argentina, S. America.

I have before me some cards from the set issued by the Argentine Republic on May 23rd, of the year 1903, in honor of the visit of a Chilean embassy to the Argentine capital. This visit was of such importance as to justify the issue of a special card because it consummated the settlement by arbitration of the long-pending dispute between the two republics concerning certain territory in the Andes, which difficulty not long ago almost involved the two countries in war. The stamp—a very large one, at the left of the card shows two ideal female figures symbolizing the two republics; the two Coats of Arms are at their feet, while in the foreground appears the harbor of Buenos Ayres and the Andes tower in the distance. The back of the cards shows views from the disputed territory; there are 23 different ones, but only a few are before me.

One shows a certain Crest of a much traversed pass of the Andes, and travelers on donkeys are seen along the way-side. A second view shows the famous chain of Cordilleras mountains in the Province of Mendoza,—better known as the Cordilleras de los Andes. Mendozalies south of San Juan and east of Chile. It was the point where Saus Martin made his celebrated march over the Andes on March 20th, 1861.

Mendoza was entirely destroyed by an earthquake some time ago in which 13,900 perished, only 1,900 reviving. The main chain of the Andes was created by upheaval at some remote date, but no one can say when it occurred or how long it took. It may be of a year, or was spread over thousands of years. A third view shows the mountain chain Cordon de los Tobas in the Province Chubut of Arg, also the famous Mount Aconcagua, the giant of Arg, which was first climbed in 1886 by the Fitz Gerald party from England, and two years later by Sir William Conway. It is probable that they would not have reached the top if they had not been accompanied by Swiss guides.

Much of the credit for the conspicuous ascents in recent years is due to these professional mountain climbers. Aconcagua is counted as the highest peak of South America, although Sir Wm. Conway is of the opinion that Sorata overtops it by at least several hundred feet. This distinction cannot be given to the latter mountain, until it is shown that it is the culminating point of South America.

Another card shows another mountain scene of the Andes, the Recuerdo del Lago Nahuel Huapi, at the foot of which are seen a party of ascenders.

Still another shows a view of a mountain in Mendoza, the Calavera—a very high chain, snow covered and picturesque to look at.

Riga, Russia, on Cards.

We will now see some of the fine sights of Riga, the seaport of Russia, situated on the Duena, on new cards. Our first view shows the Riga cathedral, which is said to contain the largest pipe organ in

the world, having 6826 pipes, with a gas engine of 4 horse-power. St Peter's church, with its beautiful tower of 440 feet high, graces one card as well as the castle, built by the Master of the Knights of Sword, Walter von Plettenberg.

Still another view is one showing the noted Votive chapel, erected on the spot where Alexander was killed. It is built in a beautiful Russian style of architecture.

Next, we see a granite column erected in commemoration of the defeat of Napoleon I. Some of Riga's finest streets and buildings come to our eye as well as older streets which still preserves its Hanseatic features—high storehouses and narrow winding streets.

The Bastei place is one street which shows the old Powder magazine. Most of these scenes depict Riga as it appears by night, being illuminated cards.

Various park scenes are from the parks, "Wohrman's," and the "Kayserlich" park, and the sea-bathing resorts of Bildlingshof.

Other cards show the theatre, a fine structure built in greek style. The streets shown are Elizabeth street, and the Bastei Place, the Market Places and other squares.

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FIRST U. S. COINS.

The treasurer of the United States just redeemed two half cent pieces. This is the first time in the history of the country that any such coins have been presented for redemption. It is more than a century since the first half cent piece was coined, and it is nearly fifty years since the government discontinued minting them.

Possibly not one person in a thousand now living in the United States ever saw a half cent piece.

The last annual report of the director of the mint, shows that 7,896,222 of these coins, representing \$39,476 11, were issued. For almost half a century each annual report of the Treasury Department has included them among the "outstanding" obligations of the government.

The half cent piece was the coin of the smallest denomination ever made by this country. It enjoys the distinction also of being the first coin issued and also the first whose denomination was discontinued. The United States mint was established in 1792 and copper half cents and cents were issued in 1798. Half the total number of half cents were coined previous to 1810, after which year their coinage, with few exceptions was limited. None was coined for circulation from 1812 to 1825, nor from 1836 to 1848. Finally, in 1857, their coinage, with that of the big copper cent, was discontinued. On account of their limited issue in the last years of their coinage they practically had disappeared from the channels of trade.

The needs of adopting the half cent as the lowest value computing factor for a coin were made in the early days of the republic. Colonial half cents and British farthings of the same commercial value were then in circulation, and many articles were priced and sold in half-cents. With the progress of the nation values rose and the needs for a half cent disappeared, and their use following the first decade of the century was almost entirely confined to multiples.

While all other discontinued types and denominations of United States coin have found oblivion, the half cent is the only one of which the treasury reports do not record some portion of the issue redeemed. This singular and unexplained fact has been one of frequent comment and inquiry from mint and treasury official.

Large quantities of half cents are to be found in the stocks of coin dealers. The most common dates are sold at a good premium (20c) and the extremely rare ones are worth their weight in gold.

\$.0001.

The smallest coin in actual circulation is a sort of wafer made from a resinous

juice and used by the natives of the Malay peninsula. It has a value of one ten-thousandth of a cent.

The smallest metal coin is the Portuguese three reis piece, worth six-twenty fifths of a cent, while the smallest English coin is a Gibraltar piece, the five millesima, worth one-quarter of a cent. There has been put into use in the canal zone a small silver coin worth about one penny, and this is probably the smallest silver piece ever coined.

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No. 8. DECEMBER, 1905. Vol. I.

As we are near a time of festivity and pleasure, we wish to convey through the columns of this paper our sincerest thanks and our very best wishes to the readers and subscribers of THE NEW BOY—may Xmas bring all that joy to you that was given when Our Saviour was found in the manger—that joy which makes us feast, become charitable, peaceful and loving to all mankind—that all clouded frowns, and chilling expressions will disappear when the new boy sits down to his Xmas dinner.

As the New Year ushers in the new life of another year, so may we hope new and good resolutions, will be ushered in by the new boys—our readers. May it be a year of health, happiness and prosperity to you all.

As a paper of this kind cannot be made successful, without much perseverance on the part of the publishers—we beg to state—that, that energy which has made us so successful to date, will be renewed, and that the readers will find everything teeming with romance, adventure and activities, in all the numbers running through 1906. Extra talent, new ideas and much time will be devoted to all the articles appearing in each number, and as this is the time when all boys subscribe for their 1906 papers—we hope they will include THE NEW BOY in their list.

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A TURKEY LEGEND.

The day of feasting draweth nigh,
And scores of turkeys soon must die.
Get one that's young and sweet and fat,
And stuff it full of this and that.
With fruit and berries sauces make,
And add preserves and pies and cake.
Ask friends and kindred all to come,
And make thanksgiving at your home.
Let not the cares of life distress,
But fill each goblet with happiness.
Revive the joys of youthful days,
And for the blessings offer praise.



A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

DECEMBER, 1905.

NUMBER 8

C H R I S T M A S

Of all the gladsome days with which this world is blessed Christmas should be the most welcome. This is the day accepted by Christians at large as being the one on which Jesus Christ the Savior was born. Think of it boys—and all! A dear little wee, chubby baby, like a tiny cherub, without wings, born in a manger, over nineteen hundred years ago? Born in a stable among cattle and chaos was this little baby, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, the Creator of the Universe with its countless brilliant worlds, moons and suns! He so great that even the Heavens cannot contain his glory. Yet there he laid in that lowly manger, a little dimpled infant, perhaps crying for its mama the same as any other sweet baby. And when its mother, the Virgin Mary, would bend over it with fond caresses, it would most probably entwine its cunning arms around her neck and crow and smile with love. Think of it, people, and be astonished for it was one of the most wonderful events that ever occurred. A miracle undoubtedly performed by God Himself. Conceived immaculately he lay there the type of weakness and yet the infinity of strength. So weak as yet unable to walk or crawl, yet so strong that all the universe was powerless before Him! A babe, yet Christ, God Almighty, for He and the Father are one. As he lay there, caressed, admired by the friendly group, he was regulating the course of the innumerable celestial bodies and aware of everything both great and small that was occurring on this and all globes throughout Creation.

Though Christians at large observe the 25th of December as the natal day of the Messiah, yet it is by no means certain that is the exact day. Indeed it is a very open question. But it is of very small consequence the exact day in which the child Christ opened his eyes upon this miserable yet wonderful world so that he was born at all, and will ultimately open the doors of Heaven, that is the event for which hallelujahs and paeans should be sung. Christmas is pretty well observed in all civilized countries and has been for centuries.

For some hundreds of years after the birth of Christ the day was kept by many

of his followers as one of heroic ordeals and abstinence. But now the contrary is the case, as jollity, feasting, and sad to say, too often drinking, is the custom. The injunctions, "Merry Christmas," "eat, drink and be merry," is too often accepted by some convivial folks as a license to go to excess in those respects. Thus the time that should be observed as a holy day is sometimes devoted to revelry and debauchery. Such people should restrain themselves. They should remember the sanctity of that blessed day and act accordingly.

A few remarks of how this supposed natal day of Christ is observed in some civilized countries will now, I think, be in order.

In England that day is kept by the church as a solemn festival. Most business is suspended, an honor paid to hardly any other day except Good Friday. The families have great reunions emphasized by big dinners, in which fine roasts, plum puddings and other eatables form a conspicuous part. The houses are decked there as here with holly, ivy and other evergreens. The old custom of singing carols early in the morning, though yet somewhat observed, is gradually being discontinued. Those carols are among the oldest of English songs. A lot of them were printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521. Indeed they are yet printed on single sheets and sold as cheap literature. A queer belief of some superstitious English people is that anybody who turns a mattress on Christmas Day will die within the year. Others think it praiseworthy to bake bread on Christmas Eve, that loaves baked then will never get mouldy. Many Scotch folks believe it to be very unlucky for any except a dark haired person to first cross the threshold on December 25th; the reason being that Judas had red hair. Some lowly people in England and Wales believe firmly that those who die on Christmas Eve are sure of salvation.

The day is observed in Germany by the people going to church. The whorshippers are armed with candles and the first arrivals find the church in darkness. But by the time the congregation has entered it is well lighted. The services over the festivities of the occasion are

then in order, with good old German beer galore.

In Norway and Sweden the 'Julafred' or peace of Christmas is publicly proclaimed. These good folks attend church, after which they gather around the genial and blazing hearth to have a feast of jollity and a flow of soul. They tell stories and legends of such amazing order as to make old Baron Muechhausen turn over in his grave, green with envy. With hearty laughs and jests one tries to outdo the other with such narratives. These people are especially hospitable on that day. Their kindness not only embraces their own folks but also the domestic pets and wild birds. This custom of feeding the dear birds also extends to Switzerland, Montenegro and other countries.

At Lyons, France, the first infant received at the Foundling Hospital on December the 25th is welcomed with special honor. It is the star of the occasion being greatly petted and a good future predicted for it. A handsome cradle is provided, with softest of clothing. What a contrast to the hard manger birth of the Redeemer of the World!

In Serbia and Bulgaria the orthodox people strive not to cross a strange threshold on the morning of Christmas. Another of their superstitions is that the Yule logs should not be allowed to smolder quite away, but are collected and the burnt ends placed in clefts of the fruit trees, so as to ensure a bountiful crop.

Many people in America would not think that the Turks greatly observe Christmas. On the contrary it is greatly observed in Constantinople and other parts of Turkey. It is true the Moslems hate the Christians, yet they honor Jesus and Mary. The day is very much devoted to church attendance, where is heard grand and splendid music. The poor are generously remembered. At evening the people attend balls, and theatres, often have carousings which sometimes have unpleasant ending. The boys observe it as we do fourth of July. Pandemonium is let loose by firing pistols, exploding fire crackers, topedoes, etc. They call this 'scaring away the devil.' But my opinion is that the devil is too used to fire to be thus easily scared.

But the various ceremonies observed that day are entirely too many to be described here.

Last, though not the least, a few words must be said of the observance of that day in America.

In the North it is observed more like Thanksgiving, a day of family reunions, feasting and jollity. Also the beautiful and well decorated Christmas trees and the rooms heavily trimmed with evergreens are in evidence. This is the time that old Santa Claus, according to the ideas of the children, gets in his fine work of sneaking down the chimneys and filling innumerable stockings with presents from fairy land. Down South the day is observed much like the fourth of July is north, by noisy demonstrations of fire arms, firecrackers, blowing trumpets, etc. When a boy says "Christmas gift" to a friend first the latter is supposed to give him a present. Otherwise he is out of order. Sometimes boys will stay up all night to get in their innings this way. I remember when I was a kid one of my brothers named Joe got up very

early in the morning, long before daylight, to spring his "Christmas Gift" salutation on his brother Bill. Visions of a silver watch, or a pair of skates or a big bag of candy floated through his mind. But Bill was more foxy than he for he did not go to bed at all. So when Joe burst open the door and before he could pucker up his mouth Bill yelled "Christmas Gift!" If a bomb shell had to have exploded, Joe would not have been more surprised or crestfallen. He had to "pony up" to the extent of a fine accordeon, for Bill was relentless and would not let him off with a cheap Jewsharp or a bag of peanuts. I will close this article with a few remarks on the dying year, the death of the good old year because it follows so closely after Christmas as they both seem almost to expire together.

It is a great custom, December 31st, for people to remain up to bid farewell to the old year and welcome the new. This is called Watch Night and is often the time for tears and gladness. Tears for the dear old dying year with all its

memories of sweetness and bitterness. Gladness to welcome in the strong stalwart New Year with its promises of a better and more happy life.

In some cities the old year is rung out and the new rung in by the chimes of church bells. Especially is this the case in New York city. It is estimated that from thirty to fifty thousand people are packed around famous Trinity Church to hear the beautiful chimes December the 31st of the respective years. In addition to which myriads of these people have big tin horns which they blow, also the steam engines and vessels blow their whistles "like mad." All of this clamor combined makes such a terrific noise that it can be heard for miles around and is almost great enough to "wake the dead" hyperbolically speaking.

What an ideal winter scene are such times, especially in the parks and country with nature so beautifully covered with her soft snowy mantle of immaculate white, reminding us of grotto scenes in fairy land.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

Written by S. B. LAMBIN. Illustrated by H. J. HASSELBAUER.

Two Americans, Henry Colton and James Townsend, were making a tour over the world. They came to Bengal, India, and tarried at a certain village for some time. While there they expressed the wish to engage in a genuine tiger hunt. As these young men spent their money freely, and were good, jovial fellows, they were very popular among the natives. Quite a number of ducky hunters volunteered to accompany them, though ordinarily they would have been very loath to go. But their kindness was respectfully but firmly declined. It was then suggested that they go on the back of an elephant trained for that purpose. But no, they would alone beard the beast in his den. Deaf to all expostulations, taking with them two winches, two rifles, plenty of ammunition, and a big dirk knife for each, they sallied forth. After two hours walk they came to a thick jungle. They hunted around for an hour before they saw anything worthy of a shot. They discovered lots of chattering monkeys and gorgeously plumaged birds—but they were not worth bothering about.

At last Harry, peeping deeply into the thicket, saw a cleared space a short distance away full of bones. A few yards from it was a cave in the mountain side which they knew must be the home of some beast. "Hist!" said Jim, "approach softly." They cautiously crept on all fours to within a few feet of that cleared space, and a horrible sight met their eyes. Strewed over the ground was a mass of bones leading back into the cave. Among the lot were four human skulls, and skeletons broken to pieces. "Good," said Jim, "we are in luck, we have found the lair of a veritable man eater. Either he is in that cave or is out in search of prey, and will soon return. We will wait here a few minute. If he don't make an appearance we will fire a couple of shots into the cave to arouse him if he's there." Neither one of the young men were cowards. In their adventures as school boys were always noted for their daring and foolhardy acts.

After they had waited about three minutes they heard a great rustling of the bushes from the opposite side, and all of a sudden an immense tiger jumped into

that space with a big calf in his fangs. The calf was dead and a stream of blood was flowing from him. The tiger had just settled himself to have a good square meal when he happened to see our two friends. Quick as a flash he dropped his victim and glared at the two hunters, with eyes that glowed like coals of fire. They were sitting at the time, and before they had time to shoot, he sprang at them like a chain ball. But they had both dodged a fraction of a second previously, falling flat as a log. Luckily they did for the tiger went several feet beyond them, the wind from the great

be with both hands thrust forward the rifle. The tiger's mouth closed upon the barrel like a steel trap and almost bit it in two. Jim rushed up and gave him a shot, but not having had time to take more effective aim he shot him in one of the fore legs, breaking it. The fierce monster closed in on Harry and by his resistless strength bore him to the ground. His breath was hot and stifling like that of a furious furnace and his eyes danced with fury. "For Heavens sake, Jim!" yelled his friend, "hurry up, he is tearing me to pieces." Jim came gallantly forward and in quick succes-



"For Heaven's sake, Jim!" yelled his friend, "Hurry up! He is tearing me to pieces!"

momentum of his body ruffling their hair.

The boys were as quick as he, and before he had time to return they both blazed away at him. One shot missed him, but the other tore off an ear. This seemed but to inflame him the more and now like a diabolical fiend he sprang at them again. There was no dodging him this time. Had it not been for the instantaneous thought of Harry he would have been killed. As the beast sprang,

his left hand was free and quickly grasping the deadly dirk he plunged it to the hilt into the breast of the tiger. He then drew it downward cutting a deep gash about eighteen inches long. A stream of blood gushed out saturating his clothes. Jim also poured several more shots into him—that caused his

hold on his friend to get weaker and weaker. He also cut the creature's throat from ear to ear, completely settling him. He fell back dead—as ugly looking monster as one ever gazed on. After quite an effort Jim got Harry on his feet. It was found that his left arm was broken at the shoulder, and his face severely and deeply gashed by the claws

of the tiger. He banded up the wounds as best he could, and was half leading, half carrying him to the village. They had not gone far when they met about fifty of the natives, fully armed, who had come out to help them. They took the two heroes and carried them on their shoulders to the village. They dragged the beast after them. It was

found that he was a savage old man-eater that had long since been troubling that section and defied all attempts to kill him. They had their wounds dressed and tarried there till completely well. Then they resumed their journeys. As for Harry he carried those scars all through life and acknowledges it to be the narrowest escape he ever had.

THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"**A**H! No! Mickey, my boy, them days is gone by intirely! Dear, think of the times when I raised me own birds, and the pride of them and me, when I would go around the country with my little cart, selling the dear craters, big and small, and never forgetting to keep one of the finest for our own selves. Ah! and now, Mickey, it's sorra a bit of goose we'll be having f'r tomorrow's dinner, but just the scrap of bacon and mouthful of praties I've been saving up these two months, and sure its thankful we ought to be for that same, these hard times, when there's many that haven't the bit or sup to put in their mouths, and, maybe, was onest better off nor we, so just be still, for it doesn't be any use talking!"

"But, mother, why wouldn't the new squire be giving us something hot from the big house?"

"Why, just because he's the new squire and sorra a bit like his honour; the old master Ah! It's hard to find anyone like him nowadays, I'm thinking. Never was there a Christmas Day but he would be sending down something nice; sometimes from the servants hall, and more times from his own table; bless him! However, as I was saying them days is over intirely, and we must just do the best we can."

Mike answered not, but sat, great strapping fellow that he was, hunched up on a three-legged stool, with his shock head supported on his hands, and remained in this attitude so long that the old dame, well knowing his nature was not so to do, peered over her brass-rimmed spectacles, and fell to wondering what was "up" with the lad.

"He's no ways ill, I'm thinking, and yet he does be sitting there so square and still. Saints defend us! What's the matter?" For Mike suddenly bounded to his feet, with a flush on his cheek and a sparkle in his eye, seized his old capben, and made for the cottage door.

"Ah! mother, be aisy now," he said, as he opened it, "it's only just a bit of a plan I've been making; wait now and see, maybe it's no goose we'll be wanting for tomorrows dinner at all, at all!"

"Sure, Mickey, you're never—"

But Mike was gone with a rush and a bang.

He had not proceeded far down the muddy lane that led from the cottage to the high road, before, leaping the low stone wall, he made his way across country as straight as a crow flies, despite the fash gathering twilight.

Thus he continued for five or six good Irish miles, and at last reached one of the outlying farms belonging to the new squire.

Here he was apparently well known, for as he crossed the stone-paved yard he was hailed with a hearty "God save you, Mike, my boy," from the gudewife, who sitting in the open doorway, was fast and deftly denuding a deceased goose of its downy covering.

"God save you, mum," returned Mike as he glanced around and perceived in a distant corner a fine group of the deceased's late companions, expecantly awaiting their evening meal.

"Sure, now," he continued, as he again brought his eyes to bear on the old dame's occupation, "that's a mighty fine bird you're picking intirely! It will be for the squire, I'm thinking?"

"Indeed, and there's a pair of them that's got to go to the big house, and how I'm to get them over this blessed night, wid all the fellows gone to Loughbraulain, the saints only knows, for I don't! I thought, maybe, some of them would be back by the time I was done, but it's likely they'll be that full of potheen as not to know their head from their heels! It's just always the way, bad scan to them!"

"Well, now, mum," said Mike, with a twinkle of the eye and a flourish of his shillelagh, "if so be it's the laste convainence, it's meself will take them over to the squire for you, and proud to do it!"

"Ah, well, it's a good lad you are, Mike," exclaimed the old woman, evidently much relieved in mind, as she bustled into the house.

"But ye'll be taking a bit and sup while I get the birds ready for you to take handy."

And so it came to pass that in less than a quarter of an hour the stalwart form of Mike might have been seen striding away with his shillelagh over his shoulder, from which depended two plump and weighty geese, and a singular look of content on his sunburnt countenance.

On he went, steadily enough, till he reached a gate well out of sight of the farm. Here with a grunt of satisfaction he deposited his burden on the ground, and, leaning his back against the gate, thrust his hands into his pockets, and began softly chuckling to himself. The chuckle, however, soon gave place to a boisterous laugh, and throwing back his head, Mike gave full vent to the enjoyment of what was to him apparently an excellent joke.

"Ah, but Mickey," he ejaculated, apostrophising himself as soon as he could speak, "it's a clever lad ye are, and no mistake about it! But," he continued, with a self-admiring slap on the leg, "ye must get to work quick or ye'll be too late at the squire's."

So saying, he rapidly divested himself of his coat, and in another moment had so completely enveloped one of the geese therein that not even the tip of its yellow beak was visible.

Tucking the bundle securely under his arm, he caught up his blackthorn, from which the remaining goose still hung, and resumed his walk, and in a wonderfully short space of time was knocking at the squire's lodge gate.

"Here, Biddy," he said to the lodge-keeper as he handed her the visible goose, "this is for the squire, from Mrs. Moloney, and you'll mind, plaze, and

let them have it up yonder first thing in the morning."

Mike then departed down the road, till he heard the door of the lodge shut to, when with a leap he cleared the park palings and continued his way straight for the big house.

"Tut, tut!" said the squire, as he threw himself back in his easy chair. He was by no means pleased at being thus disturbed, but finally growled out, "Show the fellow in, then, if his business is so marvellously important that it won't keep till morning?" and accordingly Mike, carrying his bundle in one hand and his hat and stick in the other, entered the awe inspiring presence of the new squire.

"God save your honour!" remarked Mike, with a low bow.

The squire gave the faintest possible nod, and forthwith demanded his business.

"Sure, then, its robbery it is, your honour," replied Mike, placidly.

"Robbery!" ejaculated the squire, with a start. "You don't mean to say the premises have been broken into?"

"Faix, no, yer honour," said Mike undoing his bundle; "it's just this bit of a goose I was after stealing! The truth of it is I'm not anyways used to doing that same, and, not feeling altogether aisy in my mind, I thought I'd just ax you, squire, what I'd best do with the cratur."

"Why," said the squire, with all the sternness he could muster, "you deserve to be sent to goal this instant! But, as you appear to repent your infamous conduct, the best thing you can do is to deliver the bird back to its owner and throw yourself on his mercy."

"But, your honor—"

"Well, what is it now."

"I was thinking your honour would, maybe, accept the goose, just as a kind of Christmas present like."

"Who—I, you scoundrell!" exclaimed the irate squire. "Do you think I, a justice of the peace, will make myself a receiver of stolen goods, hey? Go along with you, and restore the goose to its lawful owner, or I'll have you locked up before you know where you are?"

"But, plaze your honor," said Mike, submissively, "I did—"

"Did what?"

"Sure I did offer it to the owner, and he wouldn't take it."

"Do you mean to tell me the man wouldn't take his own goose back?"

"No, he would not, yer honour; it's as true as I'm standing here! And, what's more, he flew into a rage, and, says he, 'Go along wid ye, ye rascal, or I'll have ye locked up, so I will!'"

"Well," said the now bewildered squire, "all I can say is, the man must be a precious blockhead to let you get off scot free with his goose. 'Pon my word, he deserves to have his things stolen!"

"So I think, sir," put in Mike, cheer-

Continued on page 8.

GULAB SINGH:

A STORY OF PERIL AND HEROISM.

By R. Martin.

CHAPTER I.—A RIDE FOR LIFE.

"THIS is really jolly!" said Jack Pentland to his companion, Alick Seymour, as they cantered along a sandy road with a clear, starry sky over their heads.

"Yes; but we must not go so fast, or we'll get so hot that we shall never cool again!" replied his companion, laughing.

Jack Pentland, the son of an officer quartered in Delhi, was at the time of our story—in the month of May, 1857, A.D.—in the eighteenth year of his age. He was tall and active but his frame was slightly built, and it was evident that he had somewhat overgrown his strength, and that for some years his body could not endure much fatigue.

Alick Seymour was two years older, and very different from Jack. Slightly below average height, he was strong, almost heavily built, and yet with such perfect symmetry that few were his equal in manly sports. He was especially noted for his speed and endurance, and won all before him in long distance races at the large public school at which he had been educated. He was also famous for his skill with single-stick and the gloves, his quickness and activity enabling him to hold his own even with those whose weight and height gave them an advantage.

He had joined, six months before, the native cavalry regiment of which Jack's father was the colonel and a warm friendship had sprung up between him and the colonel's son cemented by the fact that they were both keen sportsmen. Many a long day had they spent together stalking the black buck in the country around Delhi, or pig-sticking in the scrub along the river's banks. This latter was their favourite amusement, and they were now riding out to the great tomb of the Emperor Humaiun, about three miles from the city of Delhi, where they had made arrangements to sleep the night, so that the next morning as soon as it was light they might enter a large piece of low-lying ground close to the river, and just beside the tomb, where they felt sure that they would find sport.

They had started after mess, but as they were mounting their ponies an unusual thing had taken place. One of the troopers of the regiment had come forward and entreated Alick not to leave cantonments that night. Gulab Singh, for so the trooper was called, had been

acting in a very mysterious manner for several days. He was the colonel's orderly, and on several occasions, when in private, he had been dropping mysterious hints as to the need of caution and of danger being near, which had greatly irritated the colonel. Ever since he heard of the projected pig-sticking expedition his manner had become even more mysterious than before, and now when he ventured to address Alick after Jack had mounted, the colonel got into quite a passion, and reprimanded him severely for daring to interfere in matters which in no way concerned him. The trooper retired respectfully, evidently much pained at the way in which he had been received, and Alick, mounting his pony, followed Jack, who had set off

representation of a peacock's tail, the sole materials being the most costly and magnificent precious stones. Now in the same palace—but not on the Peacock Throne, for it had been broken up and taken away by a former conqueror—there lived a descendant of the founder of the Great Mogul dynasty, who still held a nominal court, but whose power did not extend beyond the limits of his palace.

After passing the city they rode in silence through a flat country, covered with the ruins of former cities, past the great walls of the fort built by Humaiun, at whose tomb they meant to sleep that night—a fort which drew forth Bishop Heber's admiration and the words, "These men built like giants and finished like jewellers."

But Alick and Jack thought little of these ruins of bygone years, each engrossed in his own thoughts, till at last Jack said, "I don't like Gulab Singh."

"Is that fair?" replied Alick. "Till today you have always done so, and we can hardly change our opinion of him in so short a time. I have always thought him the most frank and manly trooper in our regiment."

"I dare say," replied Jack; "but why should he do his best to stop our sport? He confessed to father that there was no reason, but said something silly about it's not being a good time of year for pig. I must say, though, that I am sorry father pitched into him so warmly for interfering."

"So am I," responded Alick. "We English people use our tongues much too freely on these natives. It's true that many of them are

liars and cowards, but still they are men, and it's a disgrace to our manhood to treat them as we do." Then, after a pause, he added, "I wish I could understand what that fellow was driving at. He came to me as mysteriously as possible this morning, and said, 'Don't go to Humaiun's Tomb. Stay here.' But there's no good troubling ourselves. Here is the tomb. I hope that Hosein has everything comfortable for us."

Hosein, Alick's servant, had everything comfortable, and it was not long before the two friends climbed up the steep steps leading to the flat roof of the tomb, where their beds were laid. In the middle of the great flat roof there rose a massive dome of white marble, and in the shadow of this, so as to be protected from the moon's rays, their



as soon as he heard his father's burst of wrath descend on the trooper's head.

The cantonments lay two miles from the city. The road led the rider along the top of a ridge of ground which was soon to become famous in the history of the siege; and here, though it was the night time, they could still feel the heat coming out of the great red sandstone blocks of which the ridge was composed. Then for another two miles they skirted the walls of the great old city, which had been once the capital of an empire of an extent and importance which has rarely been surpassed in the history of the world. Here the great King-Shah Jehan, two hundred years before, had sat in his marble palace on the famous Peacock Throne, so-called because behind the throne there was the most beautiful rep-

beds had been prepared. In a few minutes they were sound asleep.

Early next morning they were roused by Hosein, a very small, wiry Mohammedan, between whom and Alick a closer feeling of friendship had already sprung than that which generally exists between a young officer and his bearer.

After an early breakfast they mounted their ponies, and as the sun was rising they entered the scrub in the river-bed. The River Jumna in the rainy season rushes along in a swollen torrent nearly a mile in width; but in the month of May it was, though still a quarter of a mile wide, a shallow, sluggish stream, across which in many places men could easily wade. That part of the bed of the river which it covers in the rainy season alone at other times of the year is in many places covered with tangled tufts of long grass. Into this dry river-bed Alick and Jack entered on their ponies in search of pig.

Jack had a mount which was the envy of the station. No pony could gallop as Micky could. Full of spirit and life, he had not a particle of vice, and if he was only allowed to go his own pace he could be managed with a silken rein. But there was one thing that Micky would not allow—another pony or horse to pass him, and the sound of a galloping steed behind him was always the sign for Micky to run away.

Pig-sticking is considered great sport in India. Each rider is armed with a stout, sharp pig spear, and, owing to the rough nature of the ground and the sharp turns and twists round clumps of grass when following a pig, it needs a tight grip and a steady balance to keep a good seat.

They entered the scrub about thirty yards apart, and almost immediately there was a snort and rustle.

"Pig!" shouted Jack. "Look out, Alick!" And off started Micky, Alick closely following; but on coming to an open space Jack saw that it was not a boar, and the rules of sport forbade a further chase.

Five minutes later another pig was raised, and this time it was a large boar with enormous tusks. Twice Jack thought he had the tusker, and was within a foot of him when round a clump with a sharp turn the pig disappeared, and then the chase began again. Alick then got a chance, but his pony stumbled when he was close up, and the pig again escaped. At last the pig burst out into the open, and Jack with a whoop followed, sure of him now, and close on his heels. The pig seemed to know his danger, and swerved across Micky so unexpectedly that he shied violently and Jack was thrown heavily to the ground. Before he could stir the boar had turned. It glared a moment, and then dashed straight for him.

A wild pig is a fearful animal when it turns enraged on a defenceless foe, and it was lucky for Jack that Alick had been following close behind. Just as the pig was commencing its rush Alick charged. Straight through the chest and heart passed the spear, which was wrenched from Alick's grasp. But the boar lay dead, and Jack, as he gazed at its quivering limbs, felt thankful that the ugly tusks had not ripped open his side.

He was little the worse for the fall, though very dusty and a trifle shaken, but he soon was able to remount his pony; and as the sun was already uncomfortably hot, he and Alick returned to the tomb.

After they had taken a cold bath and

dressed themselves in clean white suits, they sat down to breakfast, for which their morning's ride had given them an excellent appetite.

They had not quite finished when they were startled—in the midst of a merry peal of laughter at a remark of Jack's—by the sound of musketry firing followed by a discharge of cannon.

"What is that?" Jack quickly asked.

Alick was puzzled. For a few moments he sat silent, listening. Again there came the rattle of musketry.

"There is a riot of some sort in Delhi, Jack. That is not blank cartridge being fired, but ball!"

"What can have happened Alick?" replied Jack. "Could it be from some suspicion of this that Gulab Singh warned us to stay in cantonments?"

"We must not delay here, that is plain."

Turning to Hosein, his servant, Alick gave him directions to have the horses saddled immediately for a return to Delhi.

Then hastily finishing breakfast they moved to the clump of trees at the entrance of the large garden in the centre of which the tomb stood. They found two grooms leading the ponies, on which they had hunted that morning, up and down the road, for they were not yet cool, while other men were hastily putting saddles upon Alick's Arab charger and a small pony which belonged to the Colonel and on which Jack had ridden out the evening before.

"Be as quick as you can," said Jack to the grooms.

The words were not out of his mouth when they noticed a sawar (as a native calvary soldier is called) galloping towards them.

"It's father's charger Monarch," said Jack, surprised.

"Yes, and Gulab Singh is riding," added Alick.

Gulab Singh was waving his lance excitedly as he came towards them full speed.

"Mount! mount!" they heard him shout.

Jack mounted his father's pony, and Alick ran to his charger. The girth of his saddle was not yet tightened when Gulab Singh reached them.

"A massacre of the English," he said, hurriedly. "A party of sawars are on my heels. You must ride for your lives!"

As he spoke a party of twenty horsemen swept round the turn of the road a few hundred yards away. And when they saw the Englishmen they shouted loudly and waved their lances.

A wrench at the girth, and Alick vaulted into his saddle, and he and Gulab Singh followed Jack.

The tomb of the Emperor Humaiun lies off the main road between Delhi and Muttra, but there is a road leading to it from the side nearest Delhi, and this road, passing the entrance of the tomb, takes a turn back to the main road, which it rejoins a mile from the point from where it diverged.

It was down this old road, which was very rough and steep, that Jack had dashed, leading as it did in a direction opposite to that from which the sepoys were coming.

Before Alick and Gulab Singh had gone more than a few yards, Hosein, Alick's Mohammedan servant, seized the rein by which the groom had been leading Jack's pony Micky, and though it was not saddled, he jumped on its back and fled after the others.

The grooms ran through the gateway into the tomb and escaped, for the pursuers did not heed them, but with loud exulting shouts followed the riders.

As long as they were on the old rough road it was impossible for the horses to go fast, but as soon as they reached the high road leading to the great Hindoo city of Muttra they seemed to fly.

A hundred yards alone separated the pursuers and pursued. It was a race. Time would show which had the better horses.

Fighting was out of the question. Not only were they four to the troopers' twenty, but also Jack and Hosein were unarmed, while Alick had only his pig spear in his hand. Gulab Singh alone was fully armed, having his sword at his side and his lance in his right hand.

Over the old bridge built by Akbar the Great, round the curve to the left, and along the flat road they galloped. Gulab Singh, on Monarch, the colonel's splendid charger, and Alick on his beautiful Arab, which was perfectly fresh, had to restrain their horses to keep on the same level as Jack, who was worst mounted of all, for though Micky, on which Hosein was riding, had hunted all that morning, he was a much better pony than that which Jack rode, and seemed to enjoy the rapid pace at which they were going.

Soon they had increased their lead from the main body of horsemen, but three of their pursuers, better mounted, kept close behind them.

Not a yard on that first hundred had they gained, and only that the troopers had already ridden seven miles from cantonments to the tomb their fate would have been quickly sealed.

Already it was getting desperate, and after they had passed the temple of Kalka, nesting amidst the trees on their right, and as they swept round a turn over some rising ground Alick saw over his shoulder that the three sawars who were leading the others were gaining on them, while their comrades were close together three hundred yards behind them.

Jack had to force his mount, and it was evident that if this terrible pace had to be kept up, in another mile his pony would be thoroughly exhausted, and they must fall into the hands of their pursuers.

Noting all this, Alick made up his mind to try and check the three leading troopers. Speaking a few hurried words to Gulab Singh, who rode on his right, he turned to Jack and explained his intentions to him.

"You and Hosein keep on at this pace; Gulab and I, who are better mounted, will gallop forward so as to increase our distance. We will then turn and charge the leading sepoys. You and Hosein keep to the sides of the road and leave us the centre."

It was necessary for them to gain a long lead, otherwise when they turned the pursuers would be on them before they could get up speed in the opposite direction.

As soon as they gave their horses their heads the two gallant chargers raced away from the ponies, and Alick and Gulab soon made a wide gap between themselves and their comrades.

The troopers behind them, thinking that fear had prompted the two, who were better mounted, to desert their comrades, spurred on their horses with a loud cheer.

When Alick saw that his lead was sufficient he gave the word to Gulab. They

reined in quickly, and charged back over the ground they had travelled.

It was but a short distance, and the horses could not get up full speed. This tells enormously in a cavalry charge, and the troopers were going faster than they were. But the move was a complete surprise, and, losing the advantage that they would have had, the pursuers stopped their horses. It was fatal to them. Before their horses could recover, Alick and Gulab were upon them. One of the troopers turned and fled, the two others were ridden down. But the spear of one as he fell pierced Alick's charger, and Alick and his horse rolled over and over.

Gulab Singh could not rein in quickly, and was almost into the main body before he could turn Monarch. They, too, had halted to see the result of the charge. This gave Gulab a moment. He rode back to Alick, who was standing in the centre of the road, dazed from his fall and with his face and hands cut and bleeding.

"Quick, quick, sahib!" shouted Gulab, seizing him.

With an effort Alick swung up behind him. It was not a moment too soon. Already the spears of the lances were within a few yards of them.

Could Monarch carry the two riders? He was a grand English horse, big boned and full of power, accustomed to carrying weight, for the colonel was a heavy man. He did not seem to feel the difference, and galloped right away from the troopers.

"But he can't keep it up long," thought Alick; and he was right, for weight must tell in a long run.

CHAPTER II.—THE RUINED CITY.

The check that the troopers had received from the courageous charge made by Gulab Singh and Alick allowed Jack and Hosein to get half a mile ahead, and Hosein suggested a change of horses, for Micky had much more lasting power than the other pony. They made the change as quickly as possible, and though they lost a few moments, Hosein's light weight made a great difference to the pony. They were, moreover, approaching a walled village, through the centre of which the road lay and if necessary Hosein could slip off the pony he was riding, and escape down a narrow street unnoticed.

But the pony now went as well as the other, and when Monarch overtook them they were far ahead of their pursuers.

But they were not yet out of danger, for the troopers were still following them.

The horses flew through the great gateway of the walled village, clattered madly down its central street and out at the other gate, and before the people ceased wondering their amazement was increased by the arrival of the sawars, who, without halting, dashed along at full gallop in pursuit.

The fast ride through the air revived Alick, who had almost lost consciousness from the shock of his fall on the hard road.

Their steeds were now covered with white foam, and the heat of the sun, which was high in the heavens, was trying both to horses and riders. But it was apparent that the extra seven miles to the tomb was telling on the horses of the troopers, and the fugitives rapidly increased their lead.

"This can't go on much longer," said Alick, as he noticed that Hosein was

forced to use every means to urge on his pony, while both Micky and Monarch were labouring heavily.

"What are we to do, Gulab?" he added.

"I have a plan, sahib. We are now two miles from the village; in another mile we shall have reached a great nullah, which in the rains is a rushing, unfordable river, but is now perfectly dry. Let us gallop there as fast as possible, and then dismount, all except Hosein. He will lead our horses, and, deceived by their tracks, the troopers will follow him while we on foot rush up the nullah."

"But they will see us in the nullah," objected Alick.

"No, sahib, for there is a turn, round which we will have time to disappear."

"And where will we go then?" inquired Alick.

"To the ruins of that great city that you see to the right, sahib. It is five miles away, and if we can reach it we may hide in safety till nightfall."

Then calling to Hosein and riding close to him, he said,

"Hosein, do you try and lead the troopers astray, and return to Delhi; we will try and reach your house before daybreak to-morrow."

"Bismillah! I am ready," said Hosein. "The plan will succeed, Insha Alla-ta-'ala" (God willing)

"But why to Delhi?" asked Jack, after a moment's pause.

"He is right, Jack," replied Alick. "Delhi itself is the last place where we will be looked for."

"Ay! and perhaps we may hear of father," said Jack.

They had been spurring on their horses during this conversation, and the noble animals had responded gallantly, as if they understood that it was their efforts alone which could save their riders. The explanations had only been completed when the nullah came in view.

Quickly dismounting and handing their reins to Hosein, Gulab Singh, Jack and Alick, turned to the right and rushed over the rough stones and gravel that formed the dry bed of the nullah. Hosein, meanwhile, galloped straight across it and continued across the road, going at full speed to be out of sight before the pursuers arrived at the nullah.

The three others had to run two hundred yards, and then a sharp turn in the bed hid them from those who might look up the nullah at the point where it was crossed by the road.

They had only just reached this turn when they heard the rush of horses as the sawars galloped up.

They had suspected some plan at the nullah and reined up a moment; but, seeing the tracks of the three horses leading across it and up the other side, their leader shouted,

"Forward! They are still before us."

It was a moment of breathless suspense to the fugitives, for, had the horsemen looked carefully, they could not have failed to notice their tracks in the nullah's bed. As soon as they heard the soldiers in full gallop following Hosein, they went quickly along the nullah which wound back towards the road they had travelled. After a short distance it approached to within fifty yards of the road, and then Gulab begged the youths to ascend the bank and follow him to the road, making as plain marks as possible.

"Why should we do this, Gulab?" asked Alick. "The ruins lie in the other direction. Should we not hasten to them?"

"The troopers will return and find our tracks, sahib. I wish them to think that we have taken the road as if returning direct to Delhi."

Alick and Jack saw the wisdom of the course suggested, and, following Gulab, they went to the road; but after walking along it a few hundred yards they came to a place where very dry rocky ground enabled them again to leave the road, without leaving any traces that they had done so, and reenter the nullah at a point half a mile away from the place where they had ascended the bank and gone to the road.

From this point the nullah led almost directly to the ruins for which they were aiming.

Till now excitement had kept them from being tired, but the rough stones of the nullah tried their feet terribly, while the sun shone down fiercely upon them. At last, wearied out, they reached the ruins, into which they entered, and choosing a place where they could command a view of the nullah and road, they threw themselves down to rest.

They were hiding in a great deserted city. Nearly five hundred years ago, this city had been built to satisfy the whim of an emperor, but was deserted a few years later by his grandson.

Its walls are probably the most massive in all India, and are most extensive; but now this great city is unpeopled, save only that a small village nestles in one corner, but so completely hidden as not to be seen from the greater part of the ruins. Great walls, massive buttresses, and strong towers stand as a monument of former greatness; but the walls are in places falling down, the buttresses are crumbling away, and the strength of the towers is gone, while the silence and sense of desolation that pervades the place tells but too plainly that the greatness is departed—the pride and the magnificence all passed away.

The place in which the fugitives lay was a ruined upper-chamber from which they could see all around, and easily make their escape if danger threatened.

Here they determined to wait till nightfall.

(To be continued).

Their Christmas Dinner.

Continued from page 5.

fully. "But perhaps yer honour would just tell me what I'd best do wid the thing!"

"Oh—ah—ahem!" said the squire, much puzzled; "The fact is—well, I think the only thing to be done is for you to go and give it to the first deserving person you meet—provided you're sure they are deserving. And now be off with you; and, mind, if I find on inquiry your story regarding the bird is not strictly accurate I shall—well, you'll very soon find out what!"

"Deed, yes," persisted Mike to his mother next morning, "them's just the squire's particular words. 'Take the goose,' he says, 'and,' says he, 'give it to the first deserving person you mate with,' and I'd just like to know the cratur that's more deserving than your own swate self, mother darlint!"

And that worthy, what did he think of the trick played him? Ah, well, the squire could see a joke as fast as anyone. "Besides," as he remarked in confidence to an old crony, "you know it wouldn't exactly do for a man in my position to become the laughing stock of the whole county, so—ahem!—perhaps the less said the better."

OUR SCHOOL OF MAGIC.

Starting with this edition of THE NEW BOY a series of magical tricks will be published every month. These seemingly difficult tricks can easily be mastered by any one who cares to devote a little time to the study of Sleight of Hand.

To become a successful conjurer it is absolutely necessary that the beginner should first read the solution of the trick which he wishes to perform until he understands it thoroughly, then he should practice the performing of it until he is able to perform it successfully (a good plan is to practice before a mirror). After he is able to perform the trick he should preface it with a little speech, termed "Patter," the object of which is to make the trick more interesting to the spectators.

The learner should first of all familiarize himself thoroughly with the various sleights, such as the "palm," the "pass," the "false shuffle," etc., for upon these little sleights the most effective tricks are based, and if the beginner will bear in mind all that has been said in these few lines he will soon be able to mystify his friends with magic.

We will first of all take up the study of the various sleights used in card manipulation.

THE PASS

The object of the pass is to cause a card that has been selected by one of the audience to be replaced in the pack, which is then shuffled; the performer being always able to find the selected card. The pass is accomplished in the following manner:

The performer spreads the cards out and offers any one a card. After the card has been selected the pack is closed and placed in the left hand. The right hand then cuts the cards. The spectator is then requested to place his card on top of that part of the pack which remains in the left hand. The right hand then places that part of the deck which it holds upon those in the left hand (in the meantime the third finger of the left hand is placed upon the top of the part of the pack of cards which it holds). The pack is thereby divided into two parts by the third finger of the left hand. See Illustration.

The right hand now deliberately places the lower portion of the cards upon the top portion, and by this process the chosen card is brought to the top of the pack.

The performer should then pretend to shuffle the cards; he really keeping the chosen card either at the top or the bottom of the pack. This is known as the "false shuffle." When the card is at the top of the pack the performer can slightly lift the chosen card with the thumb, thereby seeing its suit and value. The pack may then be shuffled, but the performer knowing the name of the chosen card, can readily find it.

This sleight should be practiced by the learner until he can execute it very rap-

idly (a good plan being to practice before a mirror). If this sleight, which is the basis of the most difficult tricks, be performed properly, none of your audience will be aware that a change has been made.

CARD CAUGHT UPON A PLATE

A deck of cards and a china plate are given to the audience to be examined, and after having been returned a card is selected from the pack by one of the audience and marked by the spectator who drew it, and after having been returned, the pack of cards is shuffled. The cards are then held in one hand and the china plate in the other. The cards

slightly opened where the selected card lies.

The performer then places his third finger over the selected card and makes the pass (see Pass), thereby bringing it to the top of the pack.

The pack is then placed upon the middle of the plate, upon which a small pallet of adhesive wax has been placed, and by slightly pressing the pack with the fingers the chosen card is caused to adhere to the plate. The back of the plate is now turned towards the audience, the free cards falling into the hand. The pack is then thrown into the air, the card upon the plate being apparently caught from amongst the others as they descend in a shower.



are then thrown in the air, and as they descend the chosen one is caught upon the plate.

This seemingly difficult feat is accomplished in the following manner:

Before handing the cards to be examined the performer bends the ends of the cards in a downward direction. After the card has been selected, and before it is returned, the performer bends the ends of the cards in the opposite direction, so that after the card is returned no amount of shuffling will prevent him from finding the card, as the pack is

The card is then taken from the plate, the performer secretly removing any traces of wax that may be on the back of the card with his finger nail. The card is then handed to the spectator who chose it to identify it by the private mark which he placed upon it.

Next month we will continue with card tricks, to be followed by tricks with ball, thimbles, handkerchiefs, etc.

H. STRAUSS.

PRESIDENTS

Mount Vernon 5th July 1797

Sir,

As you pass by, Mr. Lund Washington will put a sheep or two on Board your vessel in aid of you on Sea Acres - My best wishes for a pleasant voyage & happy meeting with Mr. Rumney & your friends attend you

I am with esteem
Sir

Y^r most Obed^t Serv^t
G. Washington



GEORGE WASHINGTON.—A glance at the excellent fac-simile of his autography, which forms the chief ornament of this page, must bring a glow of reverential gratitude to the heart of every true American. We are fortunate in having numerous specimens of his regular, open, decided hand-writing; and could have given dispatches written when he served under Braddock—or when he was marshalling the peasant recruits into veteran conquerors—or when the sentry walks of his destitute soldiers were stained with the blood of their naked feet, cut by the frozen ground—or when he humbled the British Lion at Yorktown—or when he occupied

the Presidential chair. But we have preferred to select a friendly note, written after his retirement from office, and showing the kind heart of the brightest name inscribed upon the incomparable list of American Farmers—and, with a portrait of the "Father of his Country," is a faithful representation of the simple tomb, shaded by trees, in which his mortal remains were first laid, and where they were visited, years afterward, by Lafayette. How many scenes of national interest does the graver here recall! What deeds of patriotism and of virtue—what a life-record of republican majesty—comes forth from the page upon which the hand that

refused a sceptre traced the workings of the master-mind of our nation! The rising sun of our independence gilded his chapel of fame; and when that national orb, now at the zenith of renown, shall sink behind the horizon of empire, it will linger to play around that ruined sepulchre—the rightful receptacle of Washington's ashes—

But, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For, like thine own eagle, that soars to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name which, before thee, no mortal had won."

Very respectfully, Sir
your most obedient
John Adams.

Your very humble and obed^t Serv^t
John Quincy Adams

W. H. Hempton

I have the honor to be
Dear Sir your obed^t serv^t
Th. Jefferson

Andrew Jackson
Hermitage
John Tyler

a True Copy of an
Authentic Document
James Madison

Millard Fillmore

your friend
Jas Monroe
burly J. J. Taylor

W. Van Buren
J. Taylor

JOHN ADAMS, the second President, wrote a conservative, easy hand, and the signature, larger than the text, shows he was aware of his social position, his wealth, and his attainments.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who was elected sixth President during the life of his father, inherited, with his name and fortune, a small, clear autography, superior in neat tameness to that of any American statesman, and, towards the close of his useful life, somewhat crabbed. There is nothing mistakable about it, however, and it was evidently his constant determination, as his industrious pen covered thousands of pages not to write a "line that dying, he would wish to blot."

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, ninth President, was a worthy citizen and a war-worn soldier, when dragged from his humble home to the White House. There the simplicity and frankness so clearly indicated by his autography, could not stand against the wily arts of politicians, or the ravenous assaults of political commentators, and he soon breathed his last.

JOHN TYLER, who was called to the Presidential chair by the death of General Harrison, is yet amongst us, and therefore it may be impertinent to analyze his bold, dashing, hap-hazard autography. One thing can be said, however, and that is, that honesty can be traced on every line, and is embodied in the formation of every letter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third President, was one of those statesmen who are not made great by office, but upon whom office is conferred because they are great. His autography, in which the Declaration of Independence was first enshrined, is nervously bold, and at one time was almost majestic in its proportions. In the later years of his life, when laboring in the cause of letters at Monticello, his hand-writing bore the quiet, even traces of a simple life and consciousness of public esteem.

JAMES MADISON, fourth President, wrote an irresolute hand, lacking in firmness, yet possessing many evidences of a highly cultivated intellect.

ANDREW JACKSON, who was the seventh chief magistrate of the nation's choice, was a man of resolute will, high integrity, and determination to carry out the views of his iron mind. His autograph shows this, and there is not in our national archives a more genuine specimen of American chirography, than are those pages which were written by the gallant "Hero of New Orleans."

JAMES K. POLK, the tenth President of the people's choice, wrote a fluent, handsome and ornamental hand, characteristic of that extraordinary energy which history chronicles as the prominent traits of his mind.

JAS. MONROE, the fifth President, was a profound statesman, whose sagacity, discretion, and ability are portrayed in the

many pages of his autography which he has left behind. His election was a popular triumph, and his unassuming patriotism made him one of the most popular incumbents of the chair of state.

MARTIN VAN BUREN'S hand-writing is clear, passionless, and non-committal. Every word of the eighth President's chirography appears to have been first weighed, and then written with apparent haste. Every line bears autographic evidence of profound thought, logical power, and careful preparation, if not of transcendent abilities or brilliant genius.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, of whom his soldiers used to say that he wrote orders with a pistol ramrod, has a good name among those who have filled the Presidential chair, for his pure integrity and tried patriotism inspired universal confidence. But his true glory is that of the camp, where his simplicity of manners and gallant services won him a reputation which filled the hearts of his countrymen, and led them to add a civic crown to the laurel wreath of him who "never surrendered."

MILLARD FILLMORE, who succeeded General Taylor, writes a full, elaborate, careful hand, which smacks somewhat of the Comptroller's office, yet is decided and open. His patriotism, integrity and good services have endeared him to his countrymen, and by his judgment and his wisdom he has gained universal respect: his administration has been singularly prosperous.

HOW DALE WON.

BY S. MORRELL, JR. ILLUSTRATED BY H. HASSKEHAUER

ON Thursday, only four weeks before the Thanksgiving game, Dick Sheppard, star half-back of the Harwood Varsity eleven, telegraphed to his father—

Harwood, Nov. 2, 1905.

Cannot make up grades to get into big game. No use to stay here. Shall I come home for a holiday? DICK.

He expected comfort and sympathy from his dad. He usually got it. For his "dad" loved football and was proud when he could invite his friends "on change" to see his broad-shouldered son with the bull dog grit "mix-up" with the other big fellows. But, as may be inferred, Colonel Sheppard, Civil War veteran, and manipulator of stocks, was accustomed to quick decisions. The colonel was weary of these miserable grades.

Wall Street, Nov. 2, 1905.

Come home. Guess change of school is what you need. R. J. SHEPPARD.

That was the answer to Dick's last. And that is why, on Thursday, only three weeks before the great game, the erstwhile Harwood half-back was sitting in his dormitory at insignificant little Dale University, gloomily thinking over the "laying out" his "governor" had treated him to.

Going to Dale did not stop the flow of Dick's energy. Football forbidden, he performed fell back on the "gym" as an energy killer. And there he did "kill it," causing many a freshman to gape, sigh and glance at his own insignificant legs and arms.

But the gym was a poor make shift. There was not a thing to it but football, when it came to a choice between that highly exciting game and lifting weights or swinging dumb-bells with a bunch of facetious "undergrads" around loose. Anyway, so thought the big "half." He couldn't help drifting out to the college campus to watch the varsity team at scrimmage and signal practice.

"Who is the fellow on the sidelines, with all the chest and shoulders," came from one of a trio of Dale men, who were following the fortunes of the scrubs against the varsity in the scrimmage.

"He's a new one," replied another, a knowing junior. "Strikes me he looks a good deal like the great Sheppard of Harwood."

"Yes, he does," a soph assented, "though I don't see what he could want at little old Dale."

"What is that!" broke in the first speaker, pointing at an excited bunch of men in football togs, who were bending over a prostrate figure. "Why it's Clem, Captain Clem, he's hurt. That settles the Barton game. Stovall's mother is sick and Stovall is out of it. Now Clem is out and that takes our two halves. He had no business taking such risks with Thanksgiving only a couple of weeks off."

Dick walked slowly away from the campus with bent head and hands thrust deep into the pockets of his "Norfolk," for he had overheard the speaker.

Meanwhile the injured Captain Clem was taken to a dressing room in the

gym. The eleven crowded around while Doctor Allen, head coach, bandaged a badly twisted knee. The captain held a council of war.

"Boys," he said, with a rueful countenance, "you know how we stand for the big game. We are minus our half-backs and I don't see how we are to advance the ball when we do get it. The full-back can do something but we must save him until we get a chance to score from the field on a kick. I think the line can hold Barton all right, but we can't win that way. We'll have to hustle the ball some ourselves. Now I want you fellows to start thinking and if you have anything on your minds get up and relieve yourselves. The coaches are in a hole too, and if you have any suggestions to make they will consider it."

An ominous silence of three minutes followed Clem's effort at oratory. Then came a bustle and a cry of "Stufn!"

Barton will cause us to appear as a white spot.

"Now I don't want to cause a big stall, or give you more gab than a hound can jump over, or anything of that sort. My intention, my dear fellow-players is to hand you a proposition that will cause 'Old Barton' get up and go several."

Cries of "Get to the proposition Stump."

"Well, boys, this is my proposition. Ever heard of Dick Sheppard, left half for Harwood last year?"

"Yes, yes, what's that got to do with us?"

"Well, he is here at Dale. I sached next the other day. Saw him hand the Dean his 'James Smith'. It seems he got in wrong about his studies at Harwood and his governor floated him down here. As a football hero he is the candy, and that is no tout's tip. The only objection I can see is that he might not



He clutched the ball . . . and passed three white lines.

Stump Daily I hear I hear!" and Stump Daily, quarter-back of the eleven and slang artist of the school rose to the occasion.

"Stump" came of a family of race horse breeders from somewhere in the blue grass state. It was probably on the track that he had picked up his picturesque vocabulary of slang. He had on occasions, a very refined manner of expression—in discoursing with the "profs" for instance; addressing his teammates on the eleven, however, was different from that and Stump had a happy way of showing his realization of the fact.

"Fellows," began the chunky little quarterback, "you don't need any of the talent to put you wise as to how the dope on the big game figures. They have us on the ropes right and somebody had better say something on the jump or

want to go to the post with a bunch of selling platers like us, after playing with Harwood, but from the tip I have he is not built that way. Now I move that Clem go school him at the post and put him over the jumps and enter him for the Thanksgiving game."

"Hooray," shouted the Dale Varsity team.

"Fellows, I'll put it through or bust," cried Captain Clem.

The council broke up with that. Clem laid the matter before Doctor Allen.

"That's one load off my mind," sighed the "doc." Why his place kicking will win for us."

That evening Clem laboriously made his way up the stairs to Dick's room. "I have probably given the atmosphere of this place a bluish tinge," he thought. "Blame a twisted knee, anyway!" He rapped.

A rather pleasant voice told him to "Come in."

"Good evening. You are Mr Sheppard of Harwood, I believe?"

As the Captain entered, Dick noted the broad shoulders, the determined but good humored face, and the blue eyes that gazed straight at him.

"That is my name." Dick rose and grasped Clem's hand. "Sorry to see you hurt today. Is it very bad?"

"No—only a twisted knee, but it may put me out of the game for good as I graduate this year. I didn't know you Harwood players studied," he ventured, glancing at the open book under Dick's study-lamp.

Dick might have taken offense at a remark so close to the personal, but the blue eyes were too frank and the strong mouth too engaging in its smile.

"No," he said, also smiling, "we don't study much at Harwood. It's too bad though, about your not being able to play. I understand your team is in a bad way?"

"Yes, that is what I wanted to see you about. You see, Stovall, our right half, was called home a short time ago. This accident puts me out and we have only Kirk at full left in the back field. Our subs don't amount to much except Danny Ambrose and he is so light—weighs only a hundred and fifty. We thought if you could give us a lift we might still win from Barton on Thanksgiving. Of course it will be a come-down for a fellow who has played with Harwood, but you see it's my duty as Captain to —"

"Now see here, Captain Clemens, I won't have you to say another word about any 'come down.' I belong to this school now and it's as much my duty as it is yours to do the best by the team. I wouldn't ask anything better than to play with you, but—"

"But what?" asked the delighted Clem.

"Have you heard why I am here?"

"Yes I have heard something of it; but can't you fix that up just for this time?"

"I'll have to convince the governor," said he doubtfully. He knew what that meant.

"Tell you what," said Clem, after a pause, "you get the Dean to pass judgment on your grades, get his consent to play and then ask your dad to let up on you a little."

"Well," replied Dick, "I have been digging pretty hard for the past several days. You see when the dad sent me here, I decided to reform and sort of divide my time more evenly between getting the faculty down on me, and study. He continued as if thinking aloud. "The governor said he would send me where I should learn something and"—he brought his hand down on the table so hard that the floor shook—"by God, I've decided to stay by him, and study till I get brain fever or surprise the faculty. Excuse me," added Dick quickly. "I didn't mean to give you a young history of myself."

"That's all right," said Clem, "I understand your feelings. But see if you can work it anyway, won't you. It is rather selfish of me I dare say, but it's my last chance and I want to finish up with a winning team, if I don't play myself. Good night and good luck," he ended rising.

"It's pretty hard to move the dad, but I'll try." He grasped the Captain's hand. He was beginning to admire the frank good nature of Dale's left half back.

The next day Dick had an hour's interview with the Dean. The "half" from Harwood came out smiling, and going to the telegraph office, for the second time opened communications with his "dad."

"Daletown.

"Have been requested to play with the Dale eleven. Dean says my grades are O. K. Think you can trust me. Shall I play. You might run down to the game anyway."

"Dick."

An hour later Dick was conversing to Clem on the sidelines of the college campus.

"It's all up," he said mournfully. "The governor says there is no football in mine."

"That's all right," said Stump, who was standing by, "you can roll your hoop out here every afternoon and coach us anyway. Clem's knee is bad, but at that he might be there when the barrier goes up."

"Yes," assented the disappointed Captain, catching at any hope. "Your coaching will help a lot."

"Thank you," replied Dick. "I'll do all I can."

From that day until the day of the Barton game, Dick was in padded pants and Jersey every afternoon, drilling the varsity eleven in their formations and signal practice. He was no false alarm. The scrubs showed a slight tendency to "lay down" when he illustrated a straight or cross-tackle buck, while the regulars stood back and admired. He made innovations in the formation of interference for end runs, never dreamt of by the Dale coaches.

"You'll make a bunch of champions of us yet," laughed Clem, coming from under a cold shower one evening after a particularly brilliant practice game.

"I think if the boys play as they did today and—if you give that knee a rest, you have a chance."

"I can depend on the boys and on you," said Clem, pressing the hand of the Harwood half, but this knee"—and he drew his brow into a frown.

The truth was, Dick had won the admiration of the Dale men for his hard, honest efforts. To Clem he was a close friend. To Stump, he was the best friend and the greatest half back and coach of the day.

The day of the great game came and found the Dale eleven fit and ready. Stump said "Everybody was feeling finer than cracked ice except 'Ted' (the bull-dog mascot) and he had lost his bark and was a dead one anyway." Play was to commence at 10 o'clock, so as to leave the afternoon open for the Harwood-Yates game which everybody wished to see. A big delegation from Harwood was expected at the Dale-Barton game.

At 10 o'clock the grandstand of the Dale campus was filled to overflowing with shouting, horn-blowing, excited enthusiasts. Along the sidelines were "tallyhos" loaded with "rooters" and decorated with the red and black of Dale or the red and white of Barton.

The noise ceased as the two teams lined up and awaited the referee's whistle.

"Dale ready?"

"Barton ready?"

The whistle sounded shrilly. The game was on. A loud cheer went up as Kirk's instep hit the ball with a "plunk." The leather shot away turn-

ing end over end as it flew through the air toward the Barton goal.

"Go to 'em boys," shouted Stump, as he sprang off his toes after the ball.

A Barton half made a clean catch and returned fifteen yards before a Dale end downed him. Then followed a series of fine bucks which brought the ball half way to the middle of the field. Now it was Dale's turn and the guards and tackles were again the point of attack.

All through the first half the ball alternated in the same way. The teams seemed evenly matched. Barton's superiority in weight was matched by the Dale grit. It was thirty minutes of desperate line-bucking with no tangible results for either side. Once plucky Danny Ambrose broke away on an end run for twenty yards and once Kirk made ten through tackle. Those were the biggest gains made. Clem gained consistently but seemed to be worried by his bandaged knee. Time after time he made a few yards and was picked up by Stump with a white drawn face.

"Better get out, Clem," said the quarter once.

"Shut up, I'm all right," replied the Captain hoarsely.

On the very next play he carried the ball through for five yards. But when the mass of players untangled he lay, unable to move. The whistle sounded for the end of the half and Clem was helped from the field.

"Ah," said Colonel Sheppard to his son in the grandstand, "that was the captain who was hurt. Have they a substitute? They are playing a fine game against odds."

Dick hurried to the dressing room where the fellows were sucking lemons, smelling of witch-hazel and looking blue.

"Dick, I can't move. I think it's good night for ours," said Clem as soon as he saw him.

"Wait," said Dick, "there may be something in sight." He hurried to the grandstand.

"Dad, there is no sub. We will lose sure. Can't I help them out?"

The fire of forgotten days burned in the old Colonel's eyes.

"Yes, yes lad, go win for that gritty Captain."

"You watch my smoke," said Stump as they trotted on for the final half, "if our line will only hold, we will nose them out in the stretch sure."

In the second half the quarter played a waiting game. It was the same story with the Barton weight telling. The ball was forced to Dale's fifteen yards. Dale held for two downs. Barton tried a place low and Stump, diving over from his position close behind the line, got the low ball full in the chest. It nearly put the little quarter out for good, but he came to with more vim than ever. He had managed to hold to the ball. Dale punted and a great shout went up as the Barton full-back dropped the ball and it went to a Dale end.

At this point the Dale back-field was pretty much used up. Danny was trying to hide a twisted shoulder from the sharp-eyed doctor and Kirk was breathless from desperate line bucking.

"Dick, I'm going to give you the ball," whispered Stump with a grin.

"All right, I'll be there," responded Dick.

"0-5-12."

He clutched the ball and hurdled the opposing guard. He passed three white

lines and then went down under a living mass.

"I'm on their forty yards," he muttered. "Only three minutes to play but I can boot it over."

"You could have heard a coupling pin drop when I called for that kick," said Stump later, "and she went over like a duck, too."

After dinner the Colonel was speaking to his son in the dormitory.

"Well, son, do you think you can go back to Harwood now, and study law?"

"Dad, I don't want to risk it," replied the dutiful son, "I like the fellows here, and besides, I am where I can learn something you know."

WHERE DOGS WORK.

Have you ever seen a big dog harnessed to a little boy's cart? How they both enjoyed it! The driver was careful not to make his dog pull him up hill, and in return the dog did not run away to play with his friends. The boy laughed, and the dog wagged his tail that was his way of laughing.

There are countries where dogs earn their living by hauling carts. In Belgium they are used more than horses. In the North, where the Eskimos live, there are miles and miles of ice. A horse would slip on this, but a dog does not. So the Eskimos harness six or more dogs to a sledge which is much like to a toboggan. On this sledge they pile their baggage and seat themselves. They make long journeys this way.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on
The winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis
The knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and
wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams
rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud, the air is
stirr'd
As by a mourner's sigh; and on you
cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through
Heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's
solemn form
And Winter with his aged locks, and
breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touch-
ing wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year
Gone from the earth forever!"

JUST SO.

"You——," with a rising inflection, began the possessor of a prying mind.

"My name," was the careless reply, "is laziness."

"Indeed! Why I was given to understand that it was illness——!"

"Oh, that is merely the *nom de plume* I use when I write patent medicine testimonials."—Puck.



HOW TO BEGIN.

BY H. J. HASSELBAUER

Everybody likes to look at pictures—but it is not everyone who can draw them. However, a great many try who have natural ability, but who fail because they do not know how to commence.

If you want to succeed in your work—if you want to soon be capable of turning out drawings worth showing, begin at the very bottom, then work up, and sticking to it, you will by your persistent efforts succeed in getting the result you have aimed for,—to be an artist.

We all strive for success. Have you ever stopped to think what is the real secret of success? It is simply effort, persistent effort. The boy who succeeds is the boy who strives.

Any boy who has learned to write can learn to draw. The first effort to convey signs with the child, as with the savage, is by pictures. Hieroglyphics, the ruins of the Norsemen, the ideographs of the Chinese, and the many forms of peculiar signs used by the ancients indicate generally that it is much more natural for a person to convey his thoughts by pictorial representation than by the alphabetic signs.

Practice and training one's self is the only road to success in drawing. There are many books written on this subject—read them and study them carefully. Also study the works of the various illustrators and artists. All this will materially aid you in accomplishing that which you are trying for, and as they say, "it's up to you" to do it.

First of all we will begin on the subject of pencil drawing. In this as in everything else you must be willing to begin at the very foundation and practice first of all to gain a control of the muscles of the hand and arm, so that they shall obey every command or passing fancy of the brain.

Practice patiently with straight lines. Learn to make them from left to right and from right to left, rapidly and accurately, until you can make them, not approximately, but actually straight. Then as a training for the eye make the lines a certain length, then try to make longer lines, and place a dot where you think the middle of the line should be, after which measure with a ruler, and see how near right you are.

For the next step practice connecting two dots with a curved line, but do not turn the paper to make the varied posi-

tions for the lines, otherwise you will not get the benefit of the practice and the independence of stroke. Next draw parallel lines, straight and curved, in different positions, then to complete these simple exercises—try and draw a perfect circle without the use of compasses or other instruments. If you will practice persistently you will be able to make perfect circles. Use a free swinging motion and keep at it, then finally you'll get it.

These preceding exercises are rather commonplace, still they can be made interesting if entered into with a determination to start right and thereby gain proficiency by practice. Nature is made up of straight and curved lines combined in various ways, so you see that practicing these exercises good results must necessarily follow.

Now, for the next step try to combine these lines in various interesting forms. By practicing these combinations many pleasing forms will suggest themselves, and soon you surprise yourselves by making an almost endless number of different designs.

Every youth has more or less originality—so make use of same.

Now altogether, boys, get out your pencils and paper, start practicing these exercises and work out from your brains as many different designs as you can conceive. Send them in and let us see what you can do. The names of those sending in the ten best drawings will be published under the List of Merit.

Later on, when we get to pen and ink drawing we will publish the three best sketches and in addition will give valuable prizes.

In sending in your drawings, mail them so as to be in our hands before the 25th of the month, and be sure to make same with a medium grade pencil on a fairly good paper, after your name on the drawing, but do not add the date or writing of any kind. Write us what you want on a separate sheet of paper.

The next article will deal with a more interesting subject, but in order to work right you must start at the bottom, and by degrees you will get up where you want to. There is no mystery in drawing; if you have an earnest inclination in this direction, by patience, study and practice and you will achieve your desire.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

THE NEW BOY'S FEW REMARKS ABOUT WASHINGTON AS A BEAUTIFUL CITY

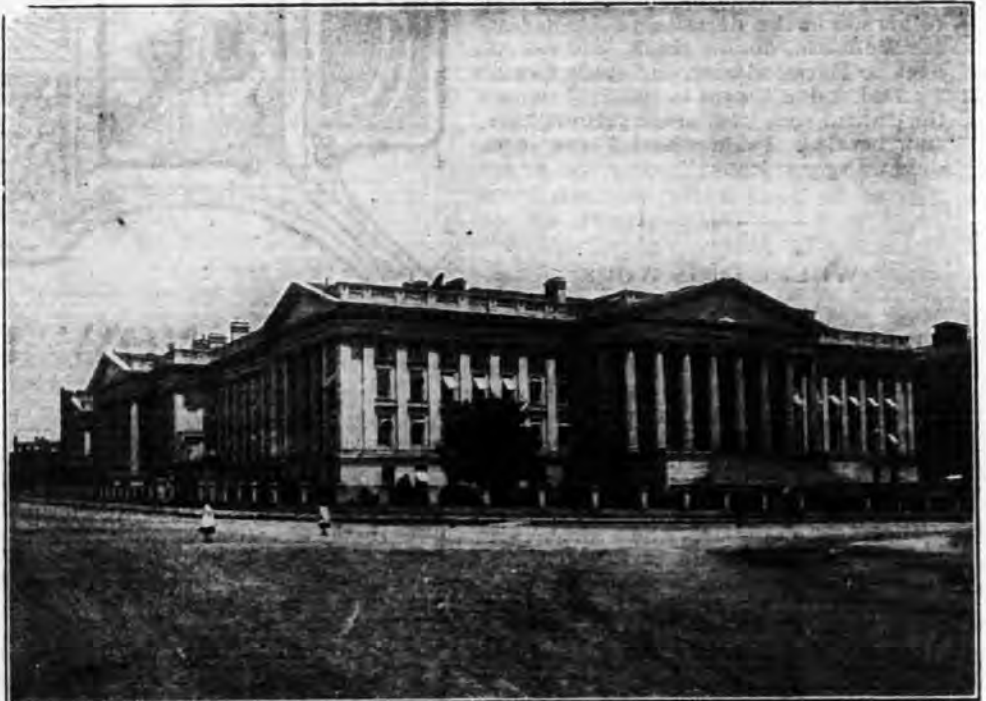
The impression the Treasury building gives is one of enduring solidity and security, and it is fitting that this should be so; for, while the 200 rooms on each floor of the building are devoted to a surprisingly varied range of activities, the Treasury is first of all a financial institution, and it is as the Bank of the Nation that it has most interest. To study its various operations, one should visit the Bureau of Engraving and Printing (in another building); the Division of Issue, the Redemption Division, the Bond and Silver and Gold Vaults. The Cash Room and the Secret Service Museum may be seen at any time from 9 to 2; no pass is required. To be shown the other rooms, one should time a visit between 11 and 12, or 1 and 2.

From 11 to 12 in the morning, and from 1 to 2 in the afternoon, visitors who present themselves at the office of the United States Treasurer, Room 96, on the first floor, are escorted through the money departments of the institution. If you give your attention to the very courteous and well informed messenger who conducts the party, you will hear him relate of the several phases of the work.

The average daily volume of new money passing through the Division of Issue is a million dollars, made up of 320,000 separate notes, ranging in value from one dollar to the \$1,000 silver certificate, which is the largest denomination now issued.

Other branches of the Treasury Department have to do with a variety of interests; among them are the Supervising Architect of Government Buildings throughout the United States, Bureau of Navigation, Lighthouse Board, Life-Saving Service, Steamboat Inspection and the Customs and Internal Revenue.

The Pension Office—Within the immense building—for it covers an area of



TREASURY DEPARTMENT

200x400 feet—one finds a vast court, with lofty roof of iron and glass. It is a veritable bit of out door between four walls. Gallery rises above gallery, surrounding the court, and tier upon tier of offices. The roof, of iron and glass, is supported by great columns which appear to be marble, but are brick—150,000 bricks to a column. They rest on foundations 18 feet below the floor, and from the floor to the roof they are 85 feet in height. The building was completed in 1885. Some notion of its magnitude may be had from the fact that at the inaugural

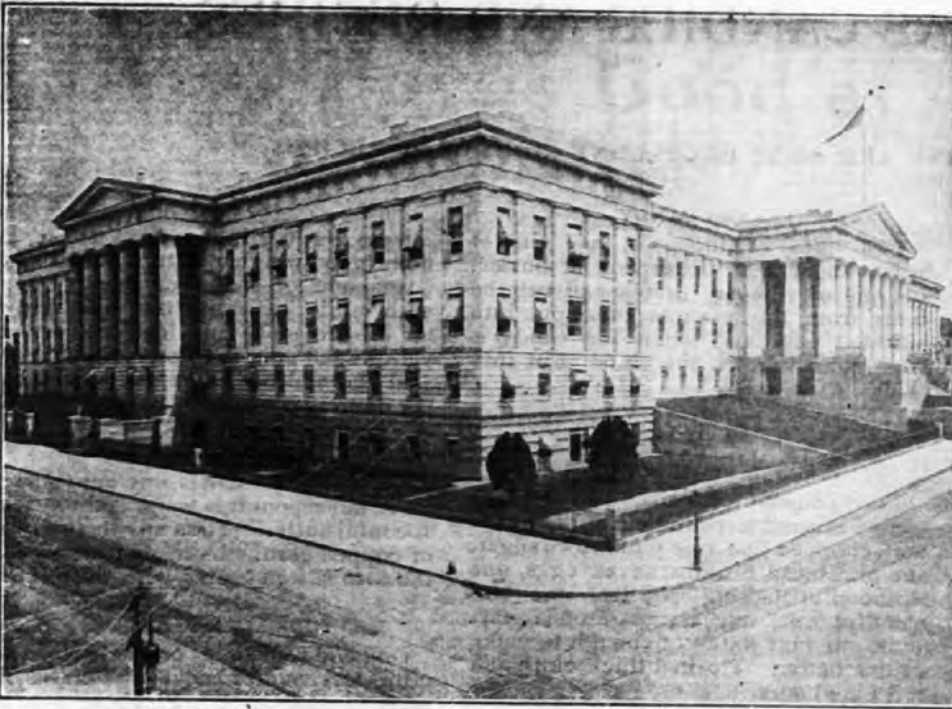
balls, which are held here, 18,000 people have been gathered within it. The floor space is filled with rows upon rows of cabinets, in which are filed the hundreds of thousands of documents relating to pensions. So perfect is the system that within five minutes after inquiry the entire record of a pension case may be put before one. Among the 2,000 clerks here may be noted many an old soldier wearing in his coat lapel the bronze button; and here may be seen, too many an armless sleeve.

The building of the Department of the Interior, occupying two squares, is constructed of freestone, granite and marble, and is adorned on the F street front with a fine portico of Doric columns copied in pattern and dimensions after those of the Parthenon. The three other fronts also have porticos, classic in design. Of the several fields into which the work of the department is divided, that relating to patents is most widely known, and the great building is popularly called the Patent Office. The Museum of Models fills the four halls on the second story, and contains an immense array of models. The number of patented articles approaches 400,000. In addition to those shown here, some 80,000 are displayed in the Union Building near by, on G street.

The range of patented articles includes an almost complete list of the necessities and conveniences and luxuries of modern life. Here one may study inventions in all the stages of their development, from the first crude forms to the perfected methods and appliances of today, and in every branch of mechanical, industrial, social and domestic life. The Patent Office is a vast exhibit, multitudinous and multifarious, of the products of American inventive genius and skill. Many of the models, which have come to be regarded as relics of the past, are



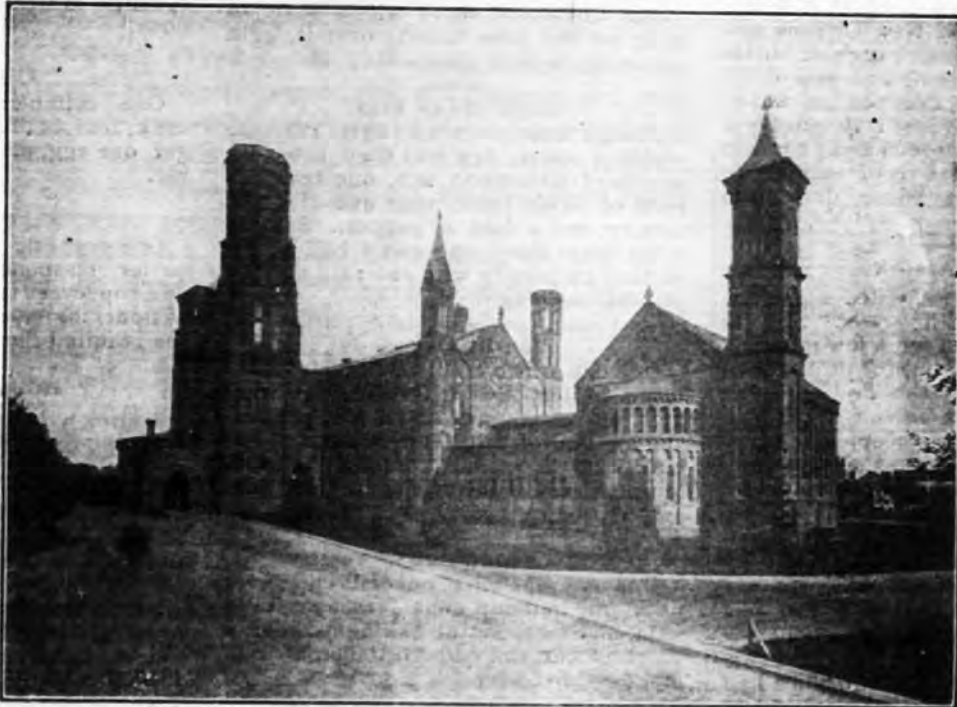
PENSION OFFICE

PATENT
OFFICE

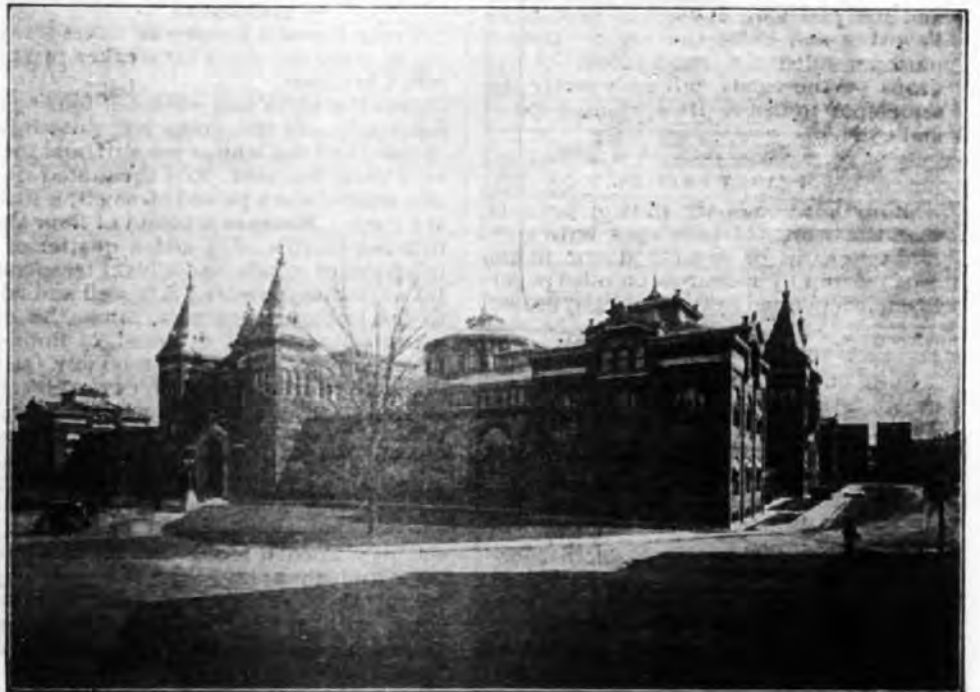
now deposited in the National Museum.

The Smithsonian Institution was established and has been maintained on an endowment by James Smithson, an Englishman, who in 1829 bequeathed his entire property "to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The original fund of \$500,000 has been creased to \$700,000. The Institution stimulates, encourages and rewards scientific investigation and study in various departments of knowledge. It has a library of 250,000 volumes and extensive scientific collections. The Smithsonian publications are the Contributions to Knowledge, Reports and Miscellaneous Collections.

The Smithsonian Building is constructed of red sandstone; it is 447x160 feet, and the highest of its nine towers is 150 feet. The building is justly admired as a specimen of Norman architecture, but the style is one poorly adapted to the purpose. The Smithsonian collections comprise tens of thousands of birds, fishes, reptiles, and invertebrates. Sponges and corals are numerous.

SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTENATIONAL
MUSEUM

The National Museum is under the direction of the Smithsonian and is in charge of the Assistant Secretary; unlike the Smithsonian, however, the Museum is supported by Government appropriations. The building, completed in 1881, is square, 327 feet on a side, and covers 2 1-3 acres. The collections have been derived chiefly through Government agencies, such as the great exploring expeditions of Wilkes in the Pacific and Perry to Japan, the Pacific Railway and the Mexican Boundary surveys, the investigations by the Fish Commission, and the Geological and Army Surveys. The Museum is made by law "the authorized place of deposit for all objects of art, archaeology, ethnology, natural history, mineralogy, geology, etc. belonging to the United States or collected by any agency whatever for the Government of the United States, when no longer needed for investigations in progress." Large contributions have come as gifts from foreign exhibitors at the various expositions—Centennial, Berlin, New Orleans, World's Fair; and other additions have been made by purchase and by private gifts.



CHRISTMAS CANDIES AND RECIPES.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME EXCELLENT CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

One cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of grated chocolate, half a cupful of milk, one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Boil all together, stirring constantly. When it will harden in cold water, pour in well buttered shallow pans and as it cools, cut in small squares.

PEANUT CANDY

Fill a small square tin not more than half an inch deep with shelled peanuts, leaving the skins on. Boil some sugar till it will thread or crack in cold water and pour over the peanuts, just covering them. Just before it becomes cold, cut in squares.

OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES CANDY.

Put into a large pan a cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of New Orleans molasses, one tablespoonful each of butter and vinegar. Mix well and boil till it will harden when dropped in water. Then take from stove, stir in quickly a teaspoonful of baking soda and pour into a greased tin. When cool enough to handle, pull it till white, draw into sticks and cut.

SUGARED ALMONDS

Put a cupful of granulated sugar in a saucepan with a little water. Stir till dissolved and let boil for a few minutes. Then turn in a half cupful of blanched almonds and stir off the fire until the nuts are well covered with sugar but turn them out before they become one mass. Boil another cupful of sugar the same length of time and turn in the coated almonds and stir again, giving them a second coating of sugar, being careful not to let them stick together.

PEPPERMINT DROPS

Boil a cupful of sugar with a little water until it is brittle when dropped in water. Remove it from the fire, add a half teaspoonful of essence of peppermint and stir just long enough to mix in the flavoring and cloud the sugar. Drop it onto an oiled tin, letting four or five drops of the candy fall in exactly the same spot to insure its spreading round and even.

PEANUT PATTIES.

Chop fine one-half pint of peanuts. Beat the whites of four eggs until stiff. Add two cups of sugar and stir in the nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on oiled paper. Place in a pan and bake until light brown.

MAPLE SUGAR CARAMELS

Four cupfuls maple sugar, one quart milk. Stir constantly while cooking. Test in cold water and when it forms a stiff ball it is done. Pour into buttered pans and cut in squares when cold.

MOLASSES TAFFY

One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil hard and test in cold water. When brittle pour in thin cakes on buttered tins, and as it cools mark in squares with the back of a knife.

PEANUT CANDY

Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of butter, and one of vinegar. Crack and rub the skins from the peanuts then put into buttered pans and when the candy is done pour it over the nuts. Cut into blocks while warm.

Recipes.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Two pounds currants, two pounds seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound citron, one pint suet, chopped fine, one pint brown sugar, one pint bread crumbs, seven eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, one nutmeg, one quart flour, one pint water, or enough to make a thick batter. Tie in a thick cloth and boil nine hours.

Serve with hard and soft sauce.

For Christmas, serve with a sprig of holly on top, pour brandy over it, light and carry to table afire.—M. I. H.

ROAST SPARE RIBS.

Plunge three pounds of spare ribs into scalding water, dry and then rub with one-third tablespoon salt, one teaspoon each of onion juice, sage and chopped parsley, and a dash of pepper. Bake in a hot oven about one and a half hours, basting frequently with cider till about a pint has been used.

FRIED CAKES

One cup sweet milk, small tablespoonful of butter, one cup sugar, one egg, heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. One teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, enough flour to make a stiff batter. Fry in half suet and half lard.

CORN GEMS.

One cup sour milk, one-half cup sweet milk, one half cup sugar, teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful baking powder, a pinch of salt, and enough Indian meal to make a thin batter.

SPRINGERLIC.

Every German housewife bakes a supply of these delicious little cakes just before Christmas.

Beat the yolks and whites of four eggs separately, till the yolks are quite light in color and the whites are stiff, and then beat them together. Add the grated rind of a lemon and a pound of sugar, a little at a time. Measure a pound of flour and to three-fourths of it add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift well and add to the other ingredients, using the remaining quarter of a pound of flour if necessary to make a tolerably stiff dough. Now knead well, cover closely and let stand in a cold place two or three hours. Then cut the dough into several pieces and roll into sheets about an eighth of an inch thick. Dust each lightly with flour and cut into small squares. Press some object on each with the little wooden molds sold for that purpose and then let stand on a floured board till morning, when you sprinkle them with anise seed, put on buttered pans and bake in a slow oven to a light brown color.

SPONGE CAKE.

8 eggs, 1 lb. (light weight) sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour (good weight) $\frac{1}{2}$ tumbler of water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of cream of tartar. Flavor with vanilla. Dissolve the sugar and water on the stove and let cool, beat the yellows and pour the dissolved sugar over. Add the whites beaten very light, then the flour, mix cream of tartar in the flour.

SUGARED POPCORN.

Cook until it candies, one cupful sugar, three tablespoonfuls water and one table spoonful butter. Then stir in two quarts of popped corn, stirring constantly until the corn is well coated with the mixture.

SOUR MILK PANCAKES.

One cup sour milk, one-half cup sweet milk, teaspoonful soda or saleratus, dissolve in sour milk. Pinch of salt, teaspoonful of baking powder added to the flour.

PUMPKIN PIES.

One coffee-cup pumpkin, one cup milk, teaspoonful of cinnamon, and ginger, one egg, pinch of salt. This for one pie.

CUP CAKE.

One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup sweet milk, one and a half cups of flour, for layer or loaf cake, and add the required flavoring.

Household Notes.

Adding a little baking powder to pie crust improves it greatly.

For cleaning black dress goods, boil five cents worth of soap bark in a quart of water and strain it, sponge the goods and press on the wrong side.

For cleaning carpets, take a table spoonful of ammonia, one of turpentine, and one-third cake soap, for two quarts of boiling water.

For a good liniment, take two ounces spirits turpentine, two ounces ammonia, two ounces kerosene oil, two ounces soap liniment, two ounces camphor gum, and the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and put into the mixture. Shake well before using. P. H. G.

THE BEST HYGIENE FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

When fires are lighted and the windows closed house plants may suffer so much from the change that they will stop growing. Trying to stimulate them with fertilizers and copious watering will only make matters worse. Instead, give them very little water at the roots, frequent sprinkling over the leaves, and all the fresh air possible, until they begin to grow again. On mild days it is easy to completely change the air in our rooms. During the process the pretty screens of our sitting rooms may be made useful in keeping currents of cold air away from the plants. On cold days the windows may be lowered from the top a little. When the air outside is frosty extra precautions must be taken.

Every Boy is Good at Something

WE have known and read of dunces at school becoming useful and even celebrated men, not, of course, because of their youthful stupidity, but because talent and genius are slow in developing, and because on leaving school the "dunce" sometimes finds new spheres of activity which interest him more than the sometimes dry subjects of Arithmetic, Grammar and Spelling.

You may be head of your class, lessons may come easy to you, you may be tempted to laugh and sneer at the boy who, spending twice as much time at his books, knows his lessons only half as well next day. That boy, however, may pass you in the race of life. And he certainly will do so if he have more common sense and perseverance.

School is not everything. We do not want to discourage you to work less to be head of your class, but you must have other interests outside of school for your leisure hours. Take stamp collecting, for instance, the most popular of juvenile hobbies. The boy who has never known even the delights of a "hundred varieties for ten cents" has missed part of his education, and yet few teachers encourage such work in the class room.

Stamp Collecting, Amateur Printing and Journalism, Coins, Butterfly Collecting, Natural History, Amateur Carpentering and Photography, and all other such interests are subjects not taught in schools but which are none the less necessary to a boy's development. They form pursuits and studies oftentimes for the boy who cannot get the multiplication table straight or analyze a compound sentence.

The world's greatest natural philosopher, Sir Charles Darwin, was considered anything but a prodigy at school. "When I left school," he says, "I was, for my age, neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Darwin says he had "strong and diversified tastes." So has many a boy who is considered dull and stupid because his tastes do not coincide with those of his companions, or are not of the kind that his parents and teachers consider most profitable. The tastes of young Darwin lay in the direction of insects, especially of beetles. He had much zeal for studying them, because they interested him as "seven times seven" and "ran is a verb" did not. He was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the barn and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their play.

It is splendid for boys to play football, baseball and learn to row, swim and hunt, but why should the boy who does not care greatly for these things be despised? It takes all sorts to make a world, and we have no sympathy with the tyranny which makes a boy uncomfortable because he is not like every one else. We respect every boy, for we know not what possibilities of usefulness are buttoned up under his coat. *He is sure to be good at something.*

ACTIVITIES

Amateur Printing
Amateur Journalism
Butterfly Collecting
Stamp Collecting
Toy Shop
Magic and Legerdemain
Camping Out
Natural History
Amateur Circus
Experimental Electricity
Newspaper Clipping Library
Pictorial Poster Collecting
Boat Sailing for Amateurs
Pigeon Loft
Autograph Collecting
Amateur Athletics
Coin Collecting
Kitchen Garden
Physical Culture
Fernery
Amateur Theatricals
Aviary
Picture Collecting
Amateur Photography
Poultry Run
Rabbitry
Kennel
Flower Garden
Window Garden
Football
Baseball
Pushball
Skating
Swimming
Curio Collecting
Post Card Collecting
Coupon Collecting
Crest Collecting
Souvenir Collecting
Carpentry
Taxidermy
Ventriloquism
Fishing
Canoeing
Indian Relic Collecting
Postmark Collecting
Amateur Advertising
Mineral Collecting

Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment. While judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure

Fill out one or two of the blank lines with the name of other Activities not listed above that you are interested in, and then mark an X in front of all Activities you like best. Then fill out the blank at the bottom with your name and address and send this coupon with

subscription to THE NEW BOY and Life Membership in THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

Town _____

State _____

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

We have, once more, great pleasure in stating to the members of the Activities League that the exchange of the names of members is becoming very popular; and, as there are many letters that require special answers from us, we have adopted the plan of putting the answers to such correspondence under headings on this page—as space will permit—so that the correspondent and all other members of the League may be able to understand and appreciate them.

The certificate of membership to the "Activities League" will be mailed to all subscribers of the NEW BOY, free of charge. This certificate, 10x12, is a work of art, in colors, fit to hang up in any boys room.

Now, boys, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to the NEW BOY and become a member of the "Activities League."

The certificate will be sent immediately on receipt of your subscription.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMATEUR MECHANIC.—For drilling holes in glass, moisten the drill with a solution of camphor in turpentine. Diluted sulphuric acid answers the same purpose.

COINS.—1. Clean coins with ammonia or any of the soaps that "won't wash clothes." Do not rub them, or you will destroy the sharp impressions. 2. The gold and silver coins in circulation in this country are nine-tenths pure metal and one-tenth alloy. In the gold pieces the alloy is silver and copper; in the silver coins, copper.

WHITWASH.—Slake about half a bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste, half a pound of powdered whiting, and one pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix them well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash in a portable furnace, and, when used, put it on as hot as possible with either painter's or whitewash brushes. This will stick to brick, wood or stone.

MINING.—By the crumbling away of rocks by frost and rain, gains of gold are washed down into the valleys and river beds, and thus originate the rich deposits known as placers. In such cases the gold occurs in dust, scales, grains and lumps, and as it is heavier than sand or gravel, it usually works its way down until it reaches the rock underneath it, where it settles in holes in the surface of the latter, called pockets. Gold found in rocks is usually smaller than that dug from placers, and requires more labor to get it out, the rock being first blasted, then crushed in a stamping mill, and finally washed out through a series of sieves. When the gold dust is very fine it is separated by mixing the dust with quicksilver.

ART.—In preparing plaster-of-paris for molding, place as much water in a basin as will be sufficient to make a mold of the size desired. A very little experience will enable the operator to gauge this. Then take the finest plaster-of-paris and sprinkle it into the water, stirring it until the mixture becomes of the consistence of thin cream; then pour it into the metal, clay or wooden mold, previously wiped with oil or glycerine and allow it to set and dry.

THE AQUARIUM.—Being so often asked about gold fish, we thought we would please many of our boys by devoting a few lines to the Aquarium. We may dip deeper into the aquarium in a month or two. Now, gold and silver fish are easily kept, but they do need a little attention. We have known them slowly starved, until some fine morning they were found floating dead on top of the water. It is marvelous that people should be found to exist who believe that any creature can live without food. As well might we expect to invent the perpetual motion, or sit down in a tub and lift ourselves up. Instead of having a large aquarium to begin with, it will be better to have a large glass globe. It is a very pretty ornament for the dining-room sideboard. The fish themselves may be bought for very little. Put in the bottom a handful of clean sand and shingle, and two or three fresh water snails. These tend to keep the water pure and your pets healthy. One side of the globe should be darkened, to afford shade. A blind would answer. The water may be changed three times in winter, and twice a week in summer. It is easy to draw it off with a syphon, but do not pour the water in cataract-fashion over the fish, or you may injure them. Rain it in from a watering-pan.

Food.—No bread. Little bits of finely minced raw meat, small garden worms, gentles, and small grains, such as millet, fine rice, etc. The water must be soft, and it is best to have it from the river.

THE POULTRY RUN.—We hope many of our boys have fowls laying. Well, by good and careful feeding, not allowing them to get too fat—which they will if you use nearly all floury food—we hope they will continue to supply the breakfast table for many a day to come. Give meaty scraps, or boil bits of bullock's lights and mince fine among their food. Warm food, too, will often be an advantage; and remember that hens that are not well housed cannot be good layers. Give good corn, and do not spare the green food. At this time of the year the dust-bath must be guarded against wet, or it will be mud, not dust.

We are often asked about soft-shelled eggs, or "wind" eggs, as they are sometimes called. Even boys who give plenty of old lime, etc., are surprised to find some fowls constantly laying these soft eggs. Get some old oyster-shells, and powder them. Mix this with the food. Let the food be not too soft or sloppy; let them have a large quantity of grain for a time. Finish all repairs at once

before the bad weather begins in earnest.

Weed out useless fowls, and begin even already to consider what breeds you intend going in for in the ensuing year.

Chickens that lie about on damp floors, whether wood, earth, or stone, are apt to suffer from cramp in the legs about this season. Give them more space for a run. Put bone-dust in the food, and a rusty nail or two in the water as a tonic. Feed on rather better food—good grain, and meaty table scraps. Pair birds you mean to show; feed well and so tame them.

Beware of overcrowding. Kill off older birds. Keep you best and healthiest cockerel for the next season. Five hens with one cock are quite enough.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—You must do all you can this month to render the loft pure and sweet and clean. It should be kept as dry as possible, and, although well ventilated, free from draughts. If you do so, and if you feed judiciously and well, and watch the weather, you will hardly have a sick bird. Remember that sick pigeons are most unsatisfactory patients, as well as birds of all kinds. Their inherent courage seems to enable them to make no show of illness until it is past hope and recovery. Nevertheless, a sick bird ought to have a chance, and hence we advocate the hospital-pen. Warmth, too, is a very great reviver, and, as with the old wife's plan of rolling a sick chicken in a piece of flannel and laying it near the fire, we have known a pigeon placed in a quiet warm corner in a pen revive when probably medicine would have killed it. You will have cleared out your loft, or weeded it by this time, keeping only useful birds—namely, those you mean to breed from. Of course you do not go in for more one or two breeds. Well, then, at this season I earnestly advise you to do your best to get a book on pigeons—the loan of it if you are too poor to purchase, and study those breeds well. Begin already to think about the coming season. Lay your plans and hatch them, and make all your improvements when the weather is fine.

VALUABLE SPECIMENS OF BIRDS EGGS.

Many thousands of dollars worth of hawks and other birds eggs pass annually through the mails of this country. They are sent in exchange between collectors living in widely separated parts of America, and many come from Europe, where the study of birds eggs and the sport of collecting them has been developed to a much greater extent than here.

A rare merlin found only in the northern part of Canada during the breeding season lays an egg worth \$15 to its fortunate finder; and not only this, but the merlin usually lays from three to five eggs in every nest, so that a "set" (as the full number of eggs laid by a bird is called) may be worth a neat sum to the hawk who finds it. But it is not for money that most of these men who have taken up this kind of sport go out; many

of them are independently rich, others are in lucrative positions, but they take it up as a means of getting out into the world of the wild, and bring home the eggs as souvenirs of their trips. In time this has grown to be a regular study, until now almost all the large museums have a department devoted exclusively to the study of the eggs of birds, living and extinct.

WHERE OLD BANK NOTES GO.

"Rolling in money" is a phrase of literal truth when applied to express trains on many lines. A single wheel of a locomotive represents many millions of what was once good paper currency. From a banknote to a car wheel is quite a radical transformation, but it happens every day, and to become a supporting atom in the revolving mass is the ultimate fate of every soiled dollar, ten dollar or thousand dollar bill.

Between \$450,000,000 and \$500,000,000 worth of paper money is canceled every year in the Treasury Department in Washington and after being macerated is converted into filling for railroad car wheels. This pulp makes the best kind of wheels. And the government gets \$40 a ton for it from the manufacturers.

The destruction of soiled paper currency goes on daily, and is in charge of three treasury employees who represent respectively the Secretary of the Treasury, the Treasurer of the United States and the Comptroller of the Currency. Bundles of the canceled notes are dumped into the big macerators and crushed into a puttylike mass. The pulp is then treated with an alkali which extracts the ink; the stuff is dried, shipped in bales and forwarded to the car-wheel manufacturers.

For every note so destroyed unless it has come from a national bank in liquidation, a new one of the same denomination is printed at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. All this work costs the government nothing. The national banks pay the expenses, although the Treasury Department has full control of the redemption division.

THE PUSSY-CAT AND THE BIRD.

A pussy-cat sat on a garden fence,
And winked and blinked at the size immense
And numbers to catch of rats and mice.
Offering meals of all that's nice.
But for mice this pussy cat had no taste,
To catch the rats she made no haste;
In plaintive tones her voice was heard,
For she'd set her heart on a dicky-bird.

A dicky-bird? A dicky-bird!
This most fantastic, very gymnastic
Fancy, though absurd;
"If I can claw-up a mouse to chaw-up.
Why not a dicky-bird.

The rats and mice did all rejoice
When they heard the sound of that plaintive voice;
The cat's-meat felt relieved, no doubt,
The lights, at least, were not put out;
The liver de-liver-ance knew that day,
The milk unlapped in the saucer lay;
Till a weird and dismal cry was heard
As she pounced with a pop on a dicky-bird!

A dicky-bird? A dicky-bird!
This most fantastic, very gymnastic
Fancy, though absurd,
Had made an ending of an unoffending
Poor little dicky-bird!

New Boy Photographer

IN THE DARK ROOM.

When first entering the dark room do not commence operations at once, but wait a few minutes until the eyes become accustomed to the darkness. You will then be able to see better, and more correctly judge the power of your ruby light, which will appear to grow stronger and stronger, as also will any little stray streaks of light coming from niches or cracks.

COMPOSITION.

According to many French painters a good composition should have three parts; foreground, width and extreme distance. If the extreme distance be omitted its absence gives a confined limited, shut-in effect. It need not be more than a very small bit, but should be present if possible. Failing this, a sky showing retiring clouds may do much. If the middle distance be left out, the general effect is artificial and suggestive of theatrical scenery. One is conscious that there must be a series of plans connecting the foreground with the extreme distance, and if they are not indicated, a false effect is suggested. If the foreground is left out, all strength, force, vigor, character is omitted. Photographers soon learn by experience that the foreground is the part requiring the utmost care in its arrangement. Without a satisfactory foreground it is next to impossible to make even a passable picture; certainly not a strong one.

DODGING NEGATIVES.

Procure a sheet of white tissue paper and cut it to the size of the negative, damp it, and place it between blotting paper whilst you brush over the glass side of the negative with a weak solution of gum arabic. Now place the damped paper evenly in contact with the glass and leave to dry. When dry you can easily work on it with chalk or pencil and stump for intensifying high lights. When the high lights are already too dense you can either scrape paper away with a sharp knife or just dab the spot with a little oil where necessary.

TO COPY ENGRAVINGS.

The following method is said to give good results where there is much deep shadow in the picture. First soak the print in cold water for some little time until quite limp. Then place between two sheets of thin glass, and copy by transmitted light as though the print was a transparency. The engraving should be dried between clean sheets of blotting paper under pressure between sheets of stout cardboard.

In the village of Tuckahoe, New Jersey, there is a boy who has broken two cats to harness. This boy drives the cats, in single as well as double harness, up and down the main street almost every day. There is no telling what might happen if some cruel person with a bad dog should cry "sick 'em!"

"If New Year's eve night-winds blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, much storms and cold there'll be;
If east, the fruit trees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, 'Bee it, man and brute.'"—
Old Saw.

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Malta has given us a number of very interesting pictorial stamps to vary the monotony of the old Queen's head and succeeding King's head issues. The last one of these, issued for newspaper postage in 1900, bears a tiny picture of the entrance to the harbor of Valetta, the capital of the island. The city was founded in 1566 by Jean de La Vallette, forty-fourth Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, whose statue, together with that of the brave L'Isle Adam, who preceded him in the important office, is to be seen over the Porta Reale.

This picturesque capital lies on the north shore of the island, at its nearest point to Sicily, upon a promontory extending a considerable distance into the bay. The port consists of two spacious land-locked bays, divided by the tongue of land upon which the city stands, and guarded at its entrance by a system of forts of surpassing strength, as is necessary for the preservation of this British half way house to India. On the top of the point occupied by the city is Fort St. Elmo, named for the patron saint of sailors, which has a light house whose rays are visible far over the Mediterranean at night. Flanking this fort are Forts Ricasoli and Tigne on either side of the harbor entrance, and within the twin harbors themselves are still other forts. It is said that there is not a more complete system of fortifications extant, in any part of the world, than the cordon of defensive structures at Malta. The forts of the harbor, however, form but a portion of the vast system of fortifications which completely surround the city. The latter were largely the work of the Knights of St. John when the city was their stronghold, but they call forth to this day the admiration of all military officers who visit them.

The port of Valetta contains two marine docks, capable of receiving ships of the largest tonnage, and is resorted to by both naval and commercial shipping for needed repairs, while it is also the head quarters of the British Mediterranean war fleet. In fact, besides the fortifications, the picture on the stamp shows a British ironclad lying peacefully at anchor.

INVENTION OF POSTAL CARDS

Postal cards are not good to write love letters on or to carry secret diplomatic dispatches, but they have important uses. We owe their invention to Germany. In 1865 the German postmaster-general advanced the idea. His govern-

ment rejected it, but the Austrian post office department took it up, and issued the first card in 1866. All the important countries of Europe used postal cards before the United States, which did not use them until 1873. To Germany we also owe the picture post card, which has become such a popular way of sending a bright message to one's friends without the labor of composition. Much can be written on the relation of the postal card to the decline of the art of polite correspondence; and the postal card would join hands with the telegraph, in the defense of brevity, at the expense of literary style.

THE POSTMARK.

Great Britain, it is said, can, without fear of contradiction, claim the honor of having originated the postmark. The first one, which was used in London as long ago as 1660, was a very simple affair, consisting of a small circle divided into two parts. In the top portion were two letters indicating the month, while in the lower half the day of the month was shown. No endeavor was made to denote the year, and it is only by the dates of the letters on which the mark is impressed that it is possible to fix the date of its use.

PHILATELIC PUBLICITY.

A movement is now on foot to make stamp collecting better known, by the aid of the newspapers and magazines. There are hundreds of things about our hobby which are exceedingly interesting and well worthy of a place in the public prints. All our readers are urged to give any stamp news they may have to their local paper and get them to print it. In this way the collectors of stamps will be recognized to a fuller extent than at present and new collectors will begin.

One thing I want to impress upon my boy friends and that is that stamp collecting is not confined to boys. Many of the most valuable collections were started by the owners when they were boys. Every boy should have a collection as the knowledge it will give him is often very useful. Don't you think it is a nice thing to be able to distinguish a lithograph from a steel engraving; also to tell soft paper from hard and to know what pelure paper is? The experienced philatelist has the geographical and political divisions of the globe at his fingers ends, while he must needs have an exceptional familiarity with the general history of the world for the past two

generations, particularly the revolutionary changes, succession of dynasties, reigning monarchs, lists and governmental system of colonial dependencies and the like. How much in our money is a French franc, a German mark and an English pound? The stamp collector knows all about it, as he comes in contact with so many unused stamps which he can buy at a certain percentage over the face value.

More absolute knowledge is required to be a good philatelist than the majority of hobbies or pastimes. Why then shouldn't we devote ourselves to something that not only gives pleasure but knowledge as well?

Few people, even collectors, have any idea of the magnitude of the business built up in the United States and other countries to satisfy this taste. In our own country alone not less than a dozen weekly and monthly journals devoted wholly to philately are published. Even in India and Australia philatelic publications are to be found. Nearly all the large American cities have stamp societies, which are supplemented by organized systems for correspondence, mutual protection and the prevention of forgeries. National and international conventions of these bodies are of periodical occurrence.

The capital invested in the stamp business throughout the world probably runs far into the tens of millions. One American company engaged in the sale of stamps, with branches in New York, Philadelphia and Boston has a capital of \$500,000. Every large American city has its quota of dealers, carrying stocks, the value of which is all out of proportion to the space they occupy. The majority of their business is conducted by mail, by means of approval books and sheets. In addition stamp auctions are held at regular intervals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. The sales are not confined to bidders in person, for bids by mail, based upon minutely descriptive catalogs are presented.

Push it along all ye collectors, publish it in the papers, induce your friends to get aboard, and make philately the most respected and popular hobby in the world.

PHILO.

1906 Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, post free, Stanley Gibbons, two parts, post free \$1. Universal Stamp Co., Bayonne, N. J. **60c**

Philately has produced a great many tales of curious finds of rare stamps in all sorts of out of the way places. But all of them are far outdone by the bizarre occurrence the story of which has been lately going the rounds of the European stamp press. It seems that some years ago at a big masked ball in Palermo, Italy, one of the dancers wore a domino and a "Gibus" hat, — which is, we believe, a fantastic fancy dress hat, especially made for masquerades and carnivals. In the course of the evening the company became somewhat boisterous and some especially riotous person found vent for his spirit in smashing this hat. It was found to have been constructed principally, so far as its interior was concerned, of old newspapers, and wonderful to relate from one of the worst holes in the ruined headgear protruded no less a prize than a 1/2 toruense blue stamp of Naples (catalogued at \$75 00) on the original cover. How it came there was never found out. But the lucky owner was never heard to bewail the smashing in of his hat, without which counterfeiters the hidden rarity would very likely never have been disclosed to sight. All of which shows that some people are born lucky, some achieve good luck and some have good luck thrust upon them.

We hold that all points connected with the designs and what may be called the symbolism of stamps are of real interest and value to those who desire to study their stamps rightly. We are therefore glad to note down here the significance of the nine stars on the stamps of Bolivia, as given in an old number of the Philatelic Record. They stand for the nine provinces of that republic:—LaPaz, Cochabamba, Potosi, Chiquisaca, Oruro, Santa Cruz, Tariza, Beni and Atacama—in the same way as do the stars and stripes in our own "star spangled banner." It is well to remember, in studying the stamps of almost any nation, that there are many points like this about their designs that well pay discovering.

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All books are different. Reference, the editor

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APPROVAL SHEETS, 50 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

The public is warned against writing anything except the address on the face of pictorial cards intended for parties in the Netherlands. The Dutch postal law provides that in case there is writing on the face of the card the recipient is fined in the sum of six cents, our money. The card with writing on the face is regarded as a letter under paid and the rule of assessing double postage applies. The same rule also applies if the words "Post Card" are not printed on the face.

There appears to be considerable discussion over the question of change of color of the current 10 cent stamp, it having been contended on the one hand that a noticeable change has been made, and on the other hand that the change referred to applies to the 4 cent stamp rather than the 10. Your correspondent has been shown this week copies of the 10 cent stamp received by a dealer in one day's mail in which two distinct shades are easily seen. Inquiry at the postoffice elicits the statement that the 10 cent stamps now being received are much lighter in color than those used up to within a couple of months. It is stated that this change was made on the order of the chief of the stamp division. It is also stated that the brown of the 4 cents was made slightly darker, although the difference does not appear to be so marked as in the case of the 10 cents.

The postal authorities of the Netherlands are inaugurating an innovation that it is not unlikely will be adopted by other countries in the postal union, to wit: carrying a stock of the stamps of other countries to the value of 5 cents, the denomination of the stamp required to frank letters from one country to another. There is great need of a universal postage stamp of the value of 5 cents. At present a citizen of the United States cannot write to a person in England and enclose reply postage because the 5 cent U. S. stamp would not be available for postage in England. Thus far it has been impossible to arrange for this universal stamp because of the slight difference in monetary standards of the various countries. This may be worked out later but the Dutch government is going a long way toward solving the problem by carrying in stock the 5 cent stamps of the United States, the 2½ penny stamps of Great Britain, the 20 pennig stamps of Germany, the 25 centimes stamps of France, etc. Thus a person in Netherlands writing to a man in this country will be able to enclose a 5 cent stamp to frank the reply desired. Following this plan the United States would carry on sale at its leading offices the stamps of England, Germany, France, Netherlands, etc., of the value corresponding to our 5 cent stamp. It is probable the matter will be brought to the attention of the United States postal authorities and a small appropriation may be set aside for the purchase of stamps for this purpose. Once made the appropriation would never have to be renewed as the revenue from the sale of these stamps would always buy additional supplies.

A PHILATELIC ZOO.

We are all familiar with collections of stamps consisting entirely of specimens classed together under such heads as revenues, United States, or British Colonials, but the writer recently had the pleasure of examining the collection of

an enthusiastic philatelist of Philadelphia, which he had gathered together under the suggestive name of "A Zoological Stamp Collection," and a description of which may be interesting to readers of THE NEW BOY. This entertaining and instructive "zoo" is a small sized collection of regularly issued stamps, on each of which appears the picture of some animal. In this way has been brought together representatives of almost as many different animals as are to be seen in our largest zoo parks. The stamps are all unused and neatly mounted in a blank album, arranged in five groups representing the divisions of continents—Africa, America, Asia, Australasia and Europe.

In the first group, representing the continent of Africa, we find the elephant pictured on the stamps of both Liberia and the Congo Free State, and Liberia also shows the hippopotamus, a not very beautiful figure in an æsthetic way. On each side of the portrait of Queen Victoria, on the British East Africa issue, appears a finely featured lion, while the French Congo stamps contain a fierce looking leopard. The crocodile wickedly grins at us from the 12 cent North Borneo issue, which country is also responsible for a beautiful peacock and a finely poised deer's head. The long necked giraffe and the grotesque camel are seen to advantage on recent Nyassa productions. The camel also features on the triangular Obocks, carrying the courier on his rounds in the interior, as well as on the Egyptian Sudan stamps. The Borneo pheasant stamp is also well known. In the Straits Settlements of Pahang, Perak, Selangor and Sungei Ujong the tiger is easily the favorite postal device. A giant sea-turtle perambulates on a Seychelles Island adhesive.

Our own continent of America, North and South, contributes equally as varied and picturesque a collection of zoological specimens to this unique album.

The buffalo, and cattle in a storm on the Omahas are works of art. Newfoundland, besides the head of its namesake, the Newfoundland dog, performs a real service to biological history in recording the form of the fast disappearing seal. It also furnishes representations of the codfish and the ptarmigan, the latter a bird of the quail family which craftily changes its color to suit the season and surroundings, appearing white in winter and brown in summer.

Asia, the continent of heathen ways, also adds interesting types to the zoo. Progressive Japan pictures an eagle, while China has the will goose and the carp, the latter being in China a token of literary talent. Other animals of the Chinese states are the egret of Amoy, the pheasant bird of Ichang, and the beautifully designed crane, deer, and white owl of Wuhu. Formosa has a strange combination of horse and demon. Of the Indian States, Gwalior shows a deadly cobra snake, and Sirmoor an elephant.

The island continent of Australia is not to be lost sight of. New South Wales shows the beautiful lyre bird and the ostrich-like emu, as well as the strangely formed kangaroo. The funny looking platypus of Tasmania, and the apteryz, a wingless and tailless bird of New Zealand, would be features of any zoological collection. Western Australia appears to be well satisfied with the graceful black swan, which appears on all its issues, while South Australia favors the kangaroo. Tonga furnishes a large sized

parrot, and the Cook Islands a sea-bird.

Europe contributes but one example to this unique lot, the horses of the Grecian chariot, on one of the issues of Greece.

This, in brief, is a description of the first "zoo" stamp collection the writer has ever seen. A perusal of the album, accompanied by a running fire of stories and description by its owner, furnished a good two hours entertainment, which, I think fully justified the oddness of the idea.

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This firm, which is the largest and best known of all the stamp concerns in America, was incorporated on June 1st, 1886, and has been steadily increasing its popularity and clientele ever since.

With its main offices located at East 23d Street, it is situated in the heart of the retail shopping district of New York and within easy walking distance of most of the fashionable hotels and clubs, including that distinctively New York institution, the Collectors Club. It is an ideal situation and, standing at its front windows and looking out upon Madison Square, one almost feels as if a section of the real country had been magically deposited in the very midst of the bustling city life.

The front portion of the shop is devoted to the salesroom, with its long counters and four large safes in which what is known as the "counter-stock" is kept. The counter is in charge of four young ladies, all well versed in stamps and not only willing, but anxious, to impart all possible information to customers and to satisfy their philatelic wants in every way. This they are able to do not only in English, but in French, Spanish and German as well.

Next come the private offices of the concern, where both Mr. Toppan and Mr. Rich may be found.

Mr. Toppan, the President of the Company, is, comparatively speaking, a new recruit to the ranks of the dealers, having become affiliated with the Company only about two years ago. As a collector, however, he has been well known to the philatelic public for many years, through his writing upon philatelic subjects and his active participation in the affairs of

the American Philatelic Association and the Boston Philatelic Society. He has a most cordial and affable manner and is always glad to greet old friends as well as make new ones.

Mr. Rich, Secretary and Treasurer, has been with the Company for nine years, and is one of those genial, whole-souled gentlemen whose friends are legion. His work upon *The Telegraph Stamps of the United States* is still the *vade-mecum* of all who are interested in that interesting side-line. Indeed, the collecting of side-lines, or anything that is out of the ordinary, is Mr. Rich's hobby and it is not at all an infrequent occurrence when two collectors are discussing something rather out of the usual lines, to hear one of them say: "Let's ask Joe Rich, he collects everything which no one else does," and, usually, he is able to settle the question offhand for them. Besides his other collections, he is an enthusiastic collector of philatelic literature and has a library which is equalled by only one or two others in this country. He is, also, an expert photographer and, adding to this his intimate acquaintance with even the most minor details of electrotyping, etc., the reason why the cuts used by this Company are so much better than those used by other philatelic publishers, either in this country or abroad, is immediately understood.

Opposite the private offices is the book-keeping, wholesale order and correspondence department, presided over by Mr. J. W. Russell, who has been with the Company eighteen years. He who has not received communications from the Company bearing the familiar and boldly written signature, "Russell,"

must be a novice indeed. His office is a busy place, as may be readily understood if one stops to consider the large number of letters received by such a concern, often averaging several hundred per day during the busy season.

The rear of the shop is occupied entirely by the workroom and it is here that the vast quantities of stamps received are sorted, classified, made up into sets, packets, approval books, etc. One large safe is devoted entirely to the Approval Department, another contains a portion of the reserved stock of those stamps which are most likely to be wanted for the "counter-stock," while the other walls are covered by a series of cabinets of small drawers, and even large boxes piled upon shelves above the cabinets, which contain the reserve stock of the commoner class of stamps.

In the basement is stored the stationery, some of the albums, etc., while its rear portion is devoted to the "cut room," where are kept upwards of twenty thousand cuts used by the concern. They are all stored in cabinets, arranged by countries and issues, so that any one of the vast assortment is instantly available for use.

Below this, again, is the sub-basement, the front part of which is used for the shipping room for albums, catalogues and the various publications of the Company. Here, too, is the large fire and burglar-proof vault wherein is kept the reserve stock, which is in the shape of entire sheets of stamps, entire envelopes, etc. It is in this vault that most of the collections which are entered in the competitions of the Collectors Club are stored, both before and after the exhibitions.

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SOME STAMP NOTES.

At a recent London auction sale a 12 pence, 1851 Canada, imperforate on laid paper realized \$200.

Of the three provisional stamps recently issued in the Danish West Indies made by overprinting 4, 5 and 8c values "5 BIF, 1905" none are now obtainable.

A book will soon be issued by the Junior Philatelic Society of London, "The Stamps of the United States" treating in a popular style our regular postal issues.

A very efficient committee has been given charge of arrangements for the annual convention of the American Philatelic Association to be held in Boston next August. As the leading stamp

To every reader of this advertisement who has favored me with his or her patronage, and also to those who have never bought a stamp of me, I sincerely wish a

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

I also offer for sale a few stamps at **UNUSUAL PRICES**

Orders under 50c postage extra.	1906 cat.	Price
Belgium P. P. 1895, 6 var.	\$ 28	\$ 16
Belgium P. P. 1902, 8 var	34	08
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China 1898, 1-2 to 50c	74	25
Great Britain 1887-92, 1/2p to 1sh.	83	10
Great Britain 1901-02 1/2p to 1sh.	27	08
Guatemala 1902, 1c to 2p (unused).	1 00	80
Nyassa 1898, 2 1-2 to 300r 1 93	40	08
New Zealand 1882, 1, 2 3, 4, 6p, 1sh.	20	08

COSTA RICA

1892, 1c to 10p, catalogue value \$2.56 (unused)
 PRICE 87 CENTS post free.
 Scotts 1906 catalogue 60 cents post free.

H. A. BLACKWELL.

WOODSIDE, NEW YORK.

society in the country a very large attendance will be planned for.

It looks as if John P. Green, United States postage stamp agent, will be minus a job one of these days, the recent reorganization of the postoffice department leaving nothing for him to do. When the next appropriation is made there will be no salary in it for a stamp agent. That work in future will be under the stamp division.

STAMP COLLECTORS

Young and old subscribe for THE NEW BOY. Each issue will have interesting notes from philatelic writers the world over. Send 50 cents for a full years subscription.

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5c Blue	8c
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1p Orange	45c
Complete Sets, 6 varieties.	1.50

5p Blue and Rose, large.	90c
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Set of 2.	1.90
Same Imperforated per set of 2.	3.25

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10c Lilac	4c
20c Red	8c
40c Brown	10c
80c Green	20c
1p Orange	35c
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10c Lilac	4c
20c Red	8c
40c Brown	12c
80c Green	35c
1p Orange	40c
Complete Set, 6 varieties.	1.00

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1879 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

5c Blue	\$1.25
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20c Red	1.40
40c Brown	1.40

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5c Blue	25c
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1880 ISSUE, BLUE PAPER.

5c Blue	90c
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A limited number of above can be supplied in unused pairs or blocks of 4 at same rate, as can also the 5 and 10 pesos of 1882.

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SOUVENIR CARDS

THE NEW BOY will take care of the "Atlas Souvenir Cards and Stamp Collectors Society."

The Publisher of THE NEW BOY, always trying, to make this paper the best of its kind, has made arrangement with the "Atlas Society," according to which THE NEW BOY will be beginning with this number also the Official Organ of the "Atlas Society." No doubt, many readers of the NEW BOY are interested in "Picture Post Cards" and those, who are not, certainly will be before long. It is a fact, that several stamp collectors have put the old hobby on the upper shelves and only talk "Picture Post Cards."—Below, we give the names of Members enrolled during last month, several are recommended by old members and the list is a little "International"—just the thing for collectors of both Stamps and Post Cards.

NEW MEMBERS:

- 1460 Madam Matilde Appert, Calixa No. 27, Angola—Loanda, Cote Occidentale d'Afrique.
- 1461 A. W. Holston, 532 Herman Ave., Norfolk, Va., U. S. A.
- 1462 Miss Edith Noble, Riversdale Road, Camberwell, Victoria—Australia.
- 1463 Miss Charlotte Brandt, 26 De Pew Ave., Nyack, N. Y., U. S. A.
- 1464 F. Van Houten, Langkon Estate, Marudu Bay, Brit. N. Borneo.
- 1465 Fred P. Decker, 861 East 137th St., New York City.
- 1466 George F. Balduf, 21 McKibbin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 1467 Capt. Felix de Prat y Delcourt, Regimento de San Fernando, No. 11, Lugo, Galicia, Spain.
- 1468 Miss Clara Stanz, 320 3rd Ave. S., Bozeman, Montana, U. S. A.
- 1469 Manuel Lalinde, care Juan E. Olano & Hijos, Medellin, Rep. Colombia.
- 1470 Pedro A. Restrepo, Libreria Restrepo, Medellin, Rep. Colombia.
- 1471 Billy Johnson, 1943 5 Ave. E., Huntington, W. Va., U. S. A.
- 1472 Maud Tredrea, G. P. O., Perth, Western Australia.
- 1473 Fred Ziegler, 2025 2nd St., North, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.
- 1474 Adolphe Feller, Via San Vito 31, Catania, Sicilia, Italy.
- 1475 Chas. F. Ochsner, Hermann, Mo., U. S. A.
- 1476 Geo. Brindley, P. O. Box 1350, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.
- 1477 Miss Rausie Roecher, 319 3rd St. S., Bozeman, Mont., U. S. A.
- 1478 Mrs. E. T. Tinning, Essex House, Bellerise, near Hobart, Tasmania.

If you are a collector you should join the "Atlas Society" and have your name published in the next number. Your name will be before several thousand collectors. Ask for application blank, the Treasurer of the Atlas Society will send you one or more free for asking. We also want you to help us to secure new members and if you succeed in getting 6 new members within 6 months, you will get free of charge 125 different Callotype Cards, views of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland. If you cannot make up the 6 applications,

we will give you for each new member which joins through your recommendation 20 different cards. If you want more information, just drop a line to the Treasurer of the "Atlas Society," 10 East 23rd St., New York City.

PICTURE POST CARDS.

It is said that the invention of Picture Post Cards has been traced back to a German Herr Franz Borich, who first gave it to the world in 1872. Herr Borich, who died some time ago at Nuremberg, was a Bavarian painter and is said to have started the modern craze by reproducing some of his own pictures on post cards at Zurich in 1872, but the idea of the thing is very much older than that, according to the "Chronicle," and even some of its modern manifestations seem to have been forestalled 150 years ago. It is said that "Political Caricatures," which were probably Italian in their origin came into fashion in England during the South Sea panic. Caricatures on Cards, which were for a time very popular, were invented in 1756 by George Townsend.

A Zurich firm of photographers have introduced a "life insurance" post card. You have only to buy one and address it to a friend—or, for that matter, to your self—to insure against accident while travelling for the sum of \$200.00 during thirty days from the date of postage. In case of a non fatal accident he receives \$2 a week during the time he is incapacitated from work.

At evening dinner parties and fashionable restaurants, the latest novelty in menu cards is the detachable picture post card. The names of the various dishes are written on one side only of the card, which is a folding one. The other half, on which is printed a beautiful picture, detaches by means of a perforated edge, and can be used as a post card.

125 Different Callotype View Cards—U. S. and Canada.
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ATLAS-SOCIETY,

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Boys:—Get my Illustrated Catalog showing the Lord's Prayer, Scenery, etc. only 10c. Souvenir Post Cards of the St. Louis Fair 10c a dozen. Herbert Myers, 64 W. 95 St., N. Y. City.

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THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.,

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CONFEDERATE MONEY AT PAR.

When we were boys at school Tom McAllister, my chum, was always planning sea voyages, long railway journeys and Indian fights. The truant officer was a very frequent caller at his home and it took a great deal of influence on the part of his parents to keep him out of the reform school.

Tom was a handsome boy, tall and broad shouldered, well built and a fine boxer. To him belongs the credit of my whole head for it would have been broken many times if it hadn't been for Tom.

We graduated at the same time. He went with a civil engineer and I into a business office. By the time Tom was 25 his passion for traveling was realized and he was sent to foreign countries to construct bridges and build railroads. On returning from a trip to Venezuela we met one day at his home and as near as possible in his own words I will tell his story.

"I never thought when I left home what a fine predicament I would be in in such a short time. My boat, the Sanchez, had a fine trip and I landed in Caracas feeling as if I could personally build half a dozen railroads. The rails and material for our road was lying on the dock ready for transportation into the interior. Our contract with the government was to be completed in 6 months and that meant rapid work on our part. As the railroad was to be a government affair the materials were to be admitted free of customs duty. Imagine my surprise when I found that the materials were being held subject to a heavy duty, which would compel my company to either lose a lot of money on the contract or abandon it. The new president just elected needed money and evidently thought our company could supply it. To cable home and settle the thing through the regular diplomatic channels would have taken so long that we were liable for a penalty for not completing the road in the time promised. I passed my time for a few days trying to work some way out of the difficulty. Venezuela has a revolution at short intervals, and ex-presidents are quite numerous. I hunted up one of the ex-presidents and offered him the position of Superintendent of Construction of our prospective railroad at a good salary if he would start a little revolution and put himself in as president again and get our material free.

Gen. Manuel Golzanos (my ex-president) knew absolutely nothing about the railroad construction, but if he would release our material he would be well worth his price. He assembled a crowd of cut throat looking mulattoes and a few Spanish-American officers and marched on the president's house in the dead of night surprising the occupants and installed himself again as president.

Next day our material was moved and construction work went along merrily. Word had gone forth that the American

Company wanted Golzanos for president and as the American Company was paying out so much money for labor and supplies the president was supreme. Right on time the road was finished and hundreds of men were discharged. These men who saw no more money coming from the Americanos to buy alcohol with, decided to have a revolution in order to get more work. They were encouraged by the president who I had been instrumental in forcing out and who had no particular love for me. Just as planned the revolution came about and I found myself in jail the next day. What to do in such a predicament I didn't know as our money was nearly spent and it would be impossible to get word home. One solid week I stayed in the filthy hole they called a jail with scarcely enough to eat to keep body and soul together. My friends had either forgotten me or were unable to find me. The only visitor I had was the old doctor, a Confederate veteran who had drifted down to this wretched country. He was a nice old man in many ways but was not quite evenly balanced. The Confederacy will live forever, according to the doctor, and many the times he has plead with me to become a citizen of the Confederate States of America. When the back of the prison guard was turned, he whispered "If you will join the Confederacy I will invoke its great power to release you. The United States never can."

After many arguments, to please the old man, I consented to become a Confederate subject. With this promise the doctor went away, giving his word to release me in just ten days. How miserable those ten days were, as I had no faith at all in his promises. On the morning of the eleventh day the doctor came back to my cell carrying a big bundle. On opening it we found it contained \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 bills. These we distributed among the guard who released me immediately. The governor had to have quite a stack to appease his appetite and the president took the rest.

A ship was to sail that day at noon and by a little judicious persuasion the captain sailed within an hour after we had boarded his ship.

It was very necessary for us to leave Venezuela at once, as the government officials, prison guards and others might discover that they had Confederate money. When they find out what they have another revolution will be in order."
PHILO.

N. Y. Nov 28th, 1905

NEW BOY PUB. CO.

DEAR SIRS:

I notice on page under Coins in your November number you speak of the 8 reis Portuguese being the smallest coin issued, which equals 4-25 of a cent, or say 1/6 cent.

Having been out in Japan several years I enclose one of their iron coins which used to circulate among the people and shows their poverty (wages in the interior 6c per day). This coin is 1-10 of a rin or the 1-100 of a cent. The current Japanese coin, both American manufacture, and Natin, of which I enclose samples, is 1 rin, or 1-10 part of a cent, the same as the Hong Kong mil or Chinese cash. Compared with our cent as the Japanese yen or Mexican dollar which is current in China only represents about 50 cents in gold, these cash or rin are really only 1-20th of a cent.

10 mon equals 1 rin 100 sen equals 1 yen
10 rin equals 1 sen 100 mon " 1 sen
WM. BROWN.

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25 Confederate Bills, different.....	1 00
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10 Hard Times Tokens, different.....	50
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10 Roman Coins, different.....	75

Send for my monthly mail auction circulars.
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The funniest out, everybody laughs a bright colored head of Happy—to wear in the button hole—to the back is a long rubber hose with a bulb at the end to be filled with water. When your friends are examining it press the bulb concealed in your pocket and Happy will blow a fine stream of water in their face. Agts. wanted. Sample 15c. No. Nov. Co., Box 508, Alpena, Mich.

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One Guess What goes when the wagon goes? What stops when the wagon stops? Its no use to the wagon and the wagon cannot go without it. Book of 1400 more postpaid with your guess and 14 cents in stamps.
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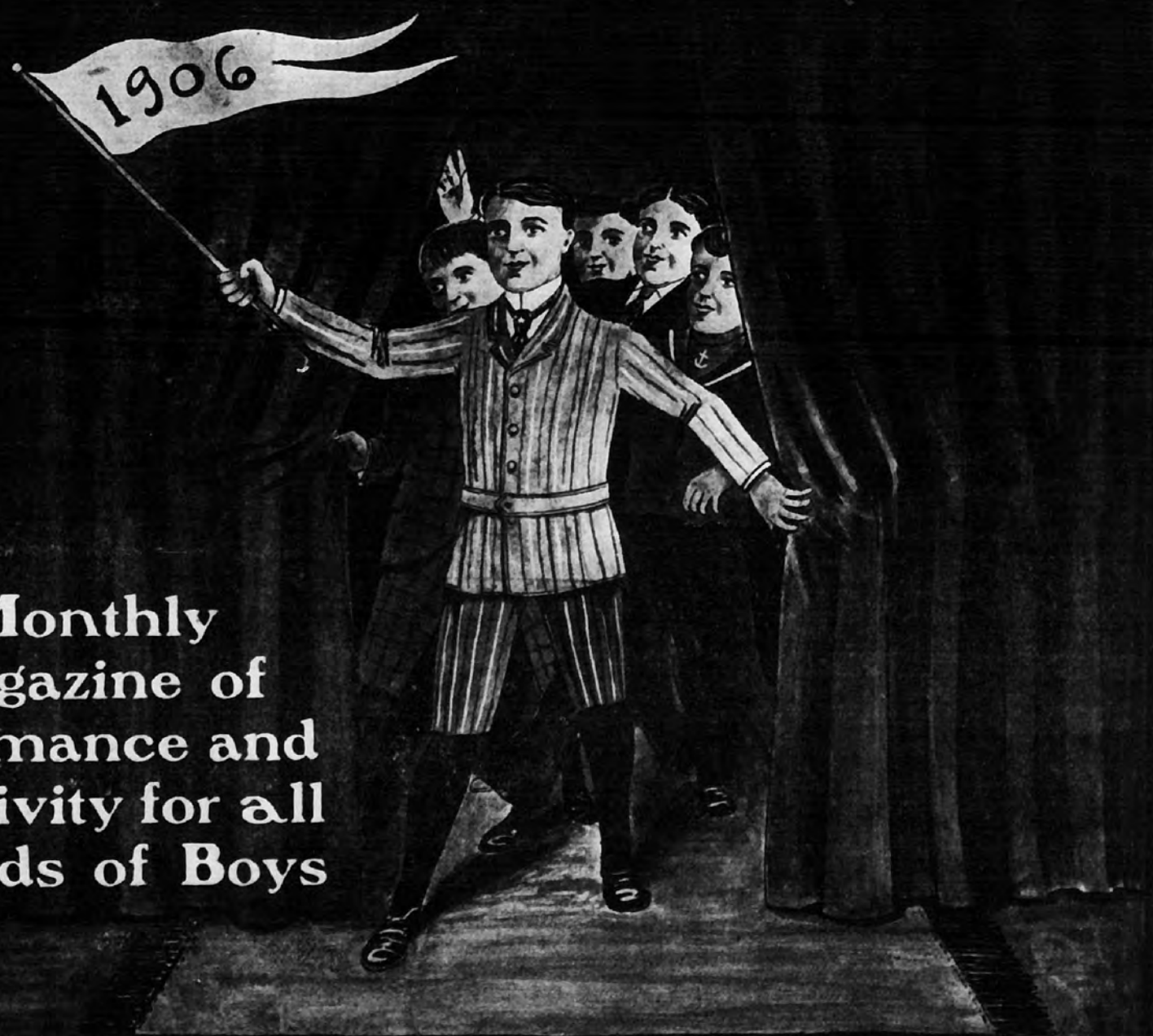
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

H. J. HASSALDAUER

The New Boy Publishing Company,

Editorial and Main Offices:
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No. 9. JANUARY, 1906. Vol. I.

Boys, have you ever stopped to think how strong, how powerful, and how suggestive, that word of three letters, NEW is? It is suggestive of almost everything bright and beautiful that we can think of. What invention, what improvement, what change of character can be properly explained, without that adjective having been first placed before it. When we say new, it seems that all the bad, all the unnecessary, all the fictitious elements that one can discover, have been wiped out. It was after much study that the publisher of this magazine decided on the title for his paper, THE NEW BOY. Every line that is written herein is written with every consideration for the New Boy.

And, now, my young friends, a New Year is upon us—not a new birthday but, an universal new year; which out of love for all mankind, we all adopt as the beginning of our each new year of life. Now, then, what have we discovered from our experience in the old year, that is bad, unnecessary or fictitious that needs wiping out? Let us ponder awhile—and, when we have found them, let us invent new resolutions, and with that strength of purpose let us enter the New Year like new boys,—always remembering, that, if each boy improves himself, the whole world of boys will be improved.

Now, boys, look at the picture on the cover of this magazine, see, how fearlessly the boys come from darkness into the light of the New Year. They have adopted 1906, as the beginning of their New Year of life; their faces speak of calm determination, they are not chasing Old Father Time—they are satisfied to leave him behind in peace, and in the dark—they want light, their battles will be fought in the open. The black and white effect of it represents mourning for the Old Year.

Hail, New Year! We greet thee, we welcome thee! Thou art oft ushered in with snows, sleet, rain, wind and cold. Yet thou art so stalwart, so buxom thou carest naught for these. Thou canst laugh at the elements. Thou canst wait till the furies have exhausted themselves and died away into weakness. Thou art not as the Old Year, weak, debilitated, venerable, tottering. Midst snows and

storms he died in thy arms abhorred by some, beloved by many. With his vast record of joys and sorrows, defeats and triumphs, riches and poverty, good and evil gone to meet his God, gathered in the archives of his fathers

But with thee, New Year, how different! So young, so guileless, so inexperienced! Thou art on a diary whose pages are not yet written upon. Pure, untarnished, white almost as the snow that heralds thy approach. May thy record bear the scrutiny of Heaven. But thy pages will not always be spotless. Deeds will be recorded on them by the hand of time. Some, deeds of tenderness, of love, of pity, of pathos and undying affection. Others of hatred, of strife, of cruelty, bloodshed, murders, and crimes of voluminous order. Such is the inescapable portion of people and the creatures on this "vale of tears" and wilderness world. But let us believe, New Year, that thy record will be a vast improvement on thy predecessors. That it will be luminous with goodness, holiness, truth. That sophistry, error and superstition will be routed and truth, advancement, civilization, enlightenment, humanity, wealth, happiness, health and prosperity substituted therefor. May inventions and discoveries be made, in a far greater ratio than ever, to the astonishment and blessedness of the world. Time, relentless time, moves not backward, but forward. Soon thou wilt be gathered to thy fathers, no longer young, but hoary with age and rich in history.

In this number will be found several good and interesting stories,

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, SIR!"

A story with a moral, which might help some boys in making their good resolutions.

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A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

JANUARY, 1906.

NUMBER 9.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, SIR!

By LIENOT RETEP.

"Well! this is about the worst writing I ever saw! i's, n's, v's, t's and r's are all alike!" said, almost despairingly, James Spring, the painstaking clerk and typist of old Lawyer Carter, as he sat late at night, on the last day of the year, plugging away at the copy of a legal document his employer had placed in his hands in the early part of the evening.

"Thank Heaven!" he added, closing down his typewriter, and consulting his "Waterbury," "I am through with that much, and will soon be breathing fresh air." With this consolatory reflection, he resumed the finishing touches of his day's work with redoubled energy.

Spring was a rather thin young man, about seventeen years of age. His nose was quite sharp, and his head being almost always surmounted by a pen, he had a sort of a serious aspect.

Spring had a widowed mother, and two small sisters who depended almost entirely on him for their support, as the two sisters were too young and delicate to earn anything, but the mother from time to time, derived certain little sums from making shirts and overalls at the rate of about ten cents the million stitches, which with the four hundred dollars a year paid to him by Lawyer Carter, they were able to exist.

Whether Mr. Carter was able to pay more was a question that never entered the minute brain of James Young; for he had so humble an opinion of his own merits, and was always so contented and cheerful, that he regarded his salary as enormous, and was wont playfully to sign little confidential notes Vanderbilt Spring and Pierepont Morgan Spring and on rare convivial occasions would sometimes style himself Russell Sage Spring.

James dug away at his clerical work with an occasional reverential glance at a certain low oaken door, behind which, at that very moment, sat Mr. William Carter, either deeply engaged in the solution of some vast legal problem, or calculating the interest on an outstanding note, or consulting with delight a list of mortgages to be foreclosed.

Well—Spring finished his work, wiped his pen on a velvet dog, laid it in the rack above the ink, pushed back his chair from the desk, withdrew the cam-

bric sleeve from his right arm, and smoothed down his wristbands, having first put on his rubber overshoes. The fact is, he was very anxious to get home, and he could not go without first seeing Mr. Carter. The idea of knocking at Mr. Carter's door on business of his own, never once occurred to him. He would do that for a client, but not for himself. So he ventured on a series of low coughs, and finding no notice was taken of them, he dropped the poker into the coalhod, the most daring act he had ever perpetrated. The slight noise thus produced crashed on his guilty ears like thunder. Slight, however, as it was it brought out Mr. Carter from his interior.

"What the deuce are you making such a racket for?" he exclaimed, in tones that thrilled to the heart of his employee; then, without waiting for an answer, he slightly glanced at the table, and asked, "have you got through that job?"

"Yes'm—I mean, yes'r," replied the quivering James.

"Well, then you can go. I'm going myself. You put out the lights and lock the office. And mind and be here early tomorrow morning. Nothing like beginning the New Year well. Good night."

Mr. Carter, sir!" cried Spring, with desperate resolution, as he saw the great man about to disappear—"please, sir—could you let me have a little money tonight?"

"Why? What do you want of money?" retorted the lawyer. "O! I s'pose you have a host of unpaid bills."

"No sir; no sir, that's not it,"—James hastened to say. "I ha'nt got any bill standing; I pay as I go. Cash takes the lot!"

"None of your coarse, vulgar slang to me!" said Carter. "Reserve it for your loose companions. If not to pay bills, what for?"

"Please, sir,—I promised my mother a turkey for tomorrow, and we want to put something in the children's stockings, sir."

"Then put the children's legs in them!" said the lawyer with a grin. "I make no payments to be used for any such ridiculous purposes. Good night. Yet stay—take this letter—there's mon-

ey in it—a large amount—put it in the post office with your own hands as you go home."

"And you can't let me have a trifle?" gasped James.

"Not a cent!" snarled the lawyer; and he slammed the door behind him, and went heavily down the stairs.

"I wonder how it feels to punch a man's head," said Spring, as he stood rooted to the spot where Mr. Carter left him. "It's illegal, it's actionable, there are fines and penalties provided by the law; but it seems as if there were cases that might justify the operation—morally. But then, again—what good would it do to punch his head? Punching his head wouldn't get me money—and if I was to try it, finding the licks didn't bring out the cash, I might be tempted to help myself to the cash, and that would be robbery. O, Lord, that's the way these murders happen, and I think that I was almost on the point of taking the first step. I really think I look like a pirate," added the poor fellow, glancing at his mild but disturbed features in the glass.

Sitting down before the grate and stirring it with the poker, he tried to devise some feasible plan for supplying the vacuum in his treasury. He might borrow, but then all his friends were very poor, and particularly hard up—at this particular season of the year. The Waterbury watch could not negotiate much. Purchasing on credit was not to be thought of, and the only toy shop which kept open late enough for his purchases, was kept by a man to whom he was totally unknown. Time galloped on, meanwhile the clock struck.

"I'll slip that letter in the post-office and then go home," said Jim sorrowfully, rising as he spoke, and grasping his inseparable umbrella.

"Hello! shipmate! where-away?" cried a hoarse voice. And James became aware of the presence of an "ancient mariner," enveloped in a very rough dread-nough, and finished off with a large amount of whiskers and tarpaulin.

"I am going home, sir," replied James with the deferential air of a very little to a very big man.

"Ay—going to clap on hatches and deadlights. Well, tell me one thing—

where away may one find Mr. Carter—a shore going cove, a regular land-shark, d'ye see?"

"This is Mr. Carter's office, sir," said James.

"Ay—and is he within hail?"

"No sir, he has gone home."

"Slipped his cable—hey? just my luck! Well, one might snooze comfortably on this here table—mightn't he? You can clear out, and I'll take care of the shop till morning."

"That would be perfectly inadmissible, sir," said James, "the idea of a stranger sleeping here!"

"A stranger!" cried the sailor, "Why shipmate, do you happen to know who I am? Look at me! Don't you find some-what of a family likeness to William in my old weather beaten mug? Why, man-alive I'm his brother,—his own blood brother! You must a heard him speak of me. Been cruising around the world in chase of Fortune, but could never overhaul her. Been sick, shipwrecked, and now come back as poor as I went. But William has got enough for both of us. How glad he'll be to see me tomorrow, hey, old ink and tape?"

James had his doubts about that matter, but told the sailor to come in the morning, and see.

"That I will," said the tar, "and start him up with a rousing Happy New Year! But I say, shipmate, I don't want to sleep in the street. Have you never a quarter about your trousers?"

James answered that he hadn't a cent. "Why! don't that brother of mine give you good wages?"

"Enormous!" said James.

"What becomes of it all?"

"I spend it all—I'm very extravagant," said James, shaking his head. "And then, I'm sorry to say, your brother isn't always punctual in his payments. Tonight, for instance, I couldn't get a cent from him."

"Then I tell you what I'd do, shipmate," said the sailor confidentially. "I'd overhaul some of his letters. Steam will loosen them. I'd overhaul his money-letters and pay myself. Ha! ha! do you take? Now, that letter you've got in your fin, my boy, looks like a document chuck full of money. What do you say to making prize of 'em? wouldn't it be a jolly go!"

"Stand off!" said James, assuming a heavy round ruler, and a commanding attitude. "Don't you come near me, or there'll be a case of homicide here. How dare you counsel me to commit a robbery on your brother? I wonder you ain't ashamed to look me in the face."

"A chap as has cruised as many years as I have in the low latitudes ain't afraid to look anybody in the face," answered the sailor, grimly. "I made you a fair offer, shipmate, and you rejected it like a long-shore jackass. Good night to ye."

Much to his relief, the sailor took himself off, and James, after locking and double locking his door, went to the post office and deposited the letter with which he had been entrusted. As he lived a great way from the office, he did not reach home until after all the clocks of the city had struck twelve, so that he was able to surprise his mother, who was sitting up for him, with a "Happy New Year!"

He cast a rueful eye at the stockings hung along the mantel-piece and then sorrowfully announced to his mother his failure to obtain money of Mr. Carter.

"Here'll be nothing for the stockings, mother," said he, "unless what the poor

children put in ours, it is awful to think of it, after postponing our Christmas feast and presents for the New Year day."

"I am very sorry, my darling boy," said the mother, who bore the announcement much better than he anticipated; "but we'll have a happy New Year for all that."

James went to bed, and in spite of his cares, slept the sleep of the just.

A confused babbling awoke him at daylight, Annie was pounding at his door, and Mamie was gleefully calling to him to open the door. Happy New Years and kisses were exchanged.

"O, dear James!" cried Annie, "what a beautiful wax doll with eyes that move I found in my stocking!"

"And such a beautiful one in mine," said Mamie.

"Go, do go down and see what there is in yours."

"This is some of your work, mother,"

he. "Have you seen your brother?"

"I have not," replied Mr. Carter.

James then told him all that had happened on the preceding night; the apparition of the sailor,—the temptation—the money found in the stockings, in proof of which he showed the four hundred dollars, and stating his fears that they had been stolen, offered to deposit the sum in his employer's hands.

"Keep 'em, shipmate, they were meant for you!" exclaimed Mr. Carter, suddenly and queerly, assuming the very voice and look of the nautical brother of the preceding evening.

While James stared his eyes out of his head, Mr. Carter informed him that he had no brother,—that he had disguised himself for the purpose of putting his clerk's long-tried fidelity to a final test, and that sustained triumphantly, had rewarded him in the manner we have seen. He told how, disgusted in early life by the treachery and inprait le of



"Stand off! Don't you come near me," said James.

whispered James. But the little woman denied it emphatically.

Much mystified, he hurried down to the breakfast-room. The children had made the usual offering of very hard and highly colored sugar plums; but in each of the two large stockings, stowed away at the bottom was a roll of bank notes, two hundred dollars in each.

"Somebody wants to ruin us!" cried James, bursting into tears. "This is stolen money, and they want to lay it on to us."

"All I know about it," said Mrs. Spring, "is that last night, just before you came home, a sailorman came here with all these things, and said they were for us, and made me promise to put them in the stockings, as he directed, and say nothing about his visit to you."

"A sailor!" cried James.—"I have it! I think I know who it is. Good-by—I'll be back to breakfast directly."

James ran to the office, and found Mr. Carter there before him.

"A happy New Year to you, sir," said

friends and relations who had combined to ruin him, he had become a misanthrope and miser; how the spectacle of James' disinterested fidelity, rigid sense of honor, selfdenial and cheerfulness, had won back his better nature, and he wound off, as he shook Spring warmly by the hand, by announcing that he had raised his salary to eight hundred dollars per annum, and told James to stop at his house on his way home and bring to his mother the big turkey he would find there.

The good news almost killed James. "Please your honor," said he, endeavoring to frame an appropriate reply,— "no—that ain't it—please your excellency—you've gone and done it,—you've gone and done it!—O, sir! I can't tell you how grateful I am for your great kindness,—but, I can never forget it!"

"Well, never mind," said Mr. Carter, laughing, "go home and tell Mrs. Spring and your little sisters the office wont be opened until tomorrow, and that I shall depend on dining with you all today."

FORTY MILES HIGH IN A BALLOON.

ON THE BOLD AERIAL ADVENTURES.

The Start: Passing Through the Clouds Forty Miles from Earth. Looking at the Moon and Stars Through a Telescope. Big Fight with the Indians.

FIRST CHAPTER.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN. Illustrated by H. J. HASSELBAUER.

Our two heroes were several times millionaires. Horace Wetherley and Fred Kinsley spent their time and money doing unique and daring acts scarcely thought of by others. The girls adored them and their companions envied them. Favored with good looks, fine physiques, robust health, unlimited money, and scarcely knowing the definition of the word fear, they devised a scheme, the fruition of which would startle the world. For audacity and spectacular effect it had no equal.

At great cost they had constructed a balloon that was extra strong and extra large. By a certain preparation it was also made fire proof. They took along a big stock of eatables and water, also ten magazine guns, eight repeating rifles, many revolvers and plenty of ammunition. They had abundance of warm clothing, an exceedingly powerful telescope and a machine they devised containing condensed or compressed air. Crowds gathered on the village green to see them off. A big brass band was playing the old tune which goes:

"Up in a balloon boys, up in a balloon,
All around the little stars, sailing round
the moon."

At the firing of a dozen cannon, one hundred strong men released their hold on the ropes. Before the crashing sound of the artillery had ceased its heavy echo and the smoke had cleared away our heroes were high in the air. A myriad of fluttering handkerchiefs and waving small flags was also their parting salute. The boys in the balloon hung out a large American flag. As its generous folds fluttered in the breeze, they could hear the band below playing the beautiful "Star Spangled Banner!" But fainter and fainter grew the sound till it could be no longer heard. They continued to ascend swiftly. The people below seemed now no larger than squirrels and the houses about the size of dry goods boxes. Yet up they continued to go swiftly till they were three miles high. Looking at the people with their very powerful telescopes they could plainly see them following their movements with strong field glasses.

And now they were approaching the region of the clouds and vapors. Before entering them they dropped these two notes properly addressed and stamped. They were dated:

The Clouds.

"To Mother and all. If we never meet on Earth again we will meet in Heaven never more to part."

"To Father and all. You live in our hearts and our last thoughts will be of you!"

Only one of these notes reached its destination. It was found fifteen miles

from their town, but the finder promptly mailed it much to the joy of the old folks.

The balloonists now encased themselves in water-proofs from head to feet till they looked like a couple of lone fishermen. Otherwise they would have been soaking wet, for they were now fairly among the clouds. Yet on they continued till they were far above the clouds, which were so thick that Earth could not be seen.

"Hurry Fred!" almost whispered Horace, "attach those breathing tubes or we will die for want of air!" Fred quickly did so and thereby saved their lives, for they were then as weak as children, the rarified atmosphere being hardly able to support life. The tubes were fixed to a strong metallic drum-like affair filled with condensed or compressed air. This air by a peculiar and



unique process, by the time it reached the nostrils and mouths of the youths was of the same density as that on the surface of the Earth. With the simple turning of a button the flow of air was perfect.

They were now fifteen miles from Earth. Not the slightest sound was heard, save that caused by their big airship. No sign of eagles or any other kind of birds. Never had mortal man been so high.

It was terribly cold, but they put on extra clothing which made them much more comfortable. Yet higher and higher they went till they were fully thirty miles above terra firma. So far away now that had they been ordinary men, they would have quaked with fear. Had they taken off the breathing appa-

ratus it would have been sure death to both. The Sun actually blazed with splendor but it did not seem to warm them. They looked at him through the strong telescope, also using a piece of smoked glass, otherwise they would probably have been blinded, so fierce was his rays. Tho' they had often viewed him through big telescopes from Earth, they had never seen him look so beautiful as now. Hardly a dream of fairy land could be prettier. The spots on the Sun could be plainly seen and were many times larger than this World. Entranced they gazed. The myriad beams of beauty he sent them seemed to be laden with love, so that somehow they seemed to be acquainted with him as they never did on earth.

"For," thought Fred, "if the Sun has not an intellect, his Creator has, and if he does not know we are looking at him, God does!"

Gradually he sunk in the West and our heroes were ushered into such a night as they had never seen before. The stars came out and seemed to twinkle to them in recognition. There being scarcely now any atmosphere at all intervening, the beautiful views these youths had surpassed description. Looking at them with their telescope the stars seemed to be so clear and brilliant as to actually dazzle their eyes. They also emitted various colored lights not seen from Earth, lovely prismatic colors. The blazonry of Heaven appeared to be ten times more prolific than they had ever seen it before. The blue dome of Creation seemed to be almost covered with those stellar nuggets of beauty.

As immense Kohinoor diamonds they emitted friendly rays of recognition, which almost said to our young friends: "Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome, beloved, to the Heavens built by the Lord!"

Horace being the most religious of the two felt peculiarly and deeply impressed. He felt that he was directly in the presence of his Maker. He could not but think of that old tune "Nearer My God to Thee!" He would have sung it but the breathing tube prevented.

Still higher they ascended. They put on still more thick clothing, otherwise they would have frozen to death. The mercury in their thermometer had frozen, but they judged with great plausibility that the cold must have been sixty or seventy degrees below zero, for they were now forty miles high! Sure death awaited them should any mishap occur to their breathing tubes, but they were the soul of carefulness and so prevented that catastrophe. Forty miles high! Think of it! Thirty five miles higher than the clouds. Over thirty miles higher than any other balloonist had ever

been! They could not see a sign of Earth even with their strong telescope, because it was night and because the thick clouds intervened, for this happened to be an unusually cloudy night. Had it been a clear, cloudless night, no doubt with their powerful glass they could have easily seen lights on the Earth, for their telescope was so first class that they had an excellent view of the Moon. They let out some gas and remained at that level, forty miles above Earth. They plainly saw the mountains and valleys of old Luna. Indeed so good was the view that they almost felt as if they were on that globe walking upon its rugged and barren surface. As it had no atmosphere and as they were practically above the atmosphere of Earth, there was never an astronomer who had near as good a view as they. The burnished and silvery moon stood out clearly in space seemingly much larger than when observed from terra firma. The mountains on the moon seemed to be twice as high as those of this world. Their peaks appeared to be as those of volcanoes long since extinct. They could observe no sign of life there at all, only ruin and desolation. No trees or vegetation of any kind.

Then they turned their telescope toward Mars. They had an excellent view of that planet. From what they saw of Mars they concluded that it was inhabited. Those lines that were over the face of it and that were mistaken by many to be canals, they thought were immense rivers, and not canals.

The cold now was so bitter that it was impossible for them to keep warm despite all the clothing they heaped on. Besides which they thought if they continued to go higher they would get beyond the attraction of the Earth and be subject to the attraction of the Sun instead. In which case they would be rushed to destruction.

Not desiring to foolishly and unnecessarily sacrifice their lives which held such bright futures before them, they concluded to descend. Accordingly they let out some gas and began going lower. As they neared the clouds they removed some of their thick clothing and substituted water-proofs instead. They passed through the clouds all right and continued to go lower. They judged they were now about two miles from terra firma. With their telescope they could plainly see the people, animals, house trees, etc., but had no idea where they were. They removed those breathing tubes from their faces as they were now unnecessary.

It was now broad daylight. They sailed around in the air for hours. A good stiff breeze took them westward. They could tell their course by a compass which they had. They were in no hurry to descend to Earth, having plenty of food, water, ammunition and pluck. They were more thirsty for adventure than for drink. They were more hungry for fight than food. They had previously read about some cowardly Indians having murdered some defenceless women and children out west. That the redskins invariably escaped to the mountains and the troops could not find them.

They descended to within half a mile of Earth. They had their balloon under perfect command. It sailed about lazily and beautifully, more graceful than a gigantic eagle resting on its wings. For hours with their intense telescope they scanned the country searching for rascally Indians.

"Hist!" said Horace, "I've located about four hundred of them on the plains and hillocks over which we hover. Take the glass and look." He did so.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Fred, "It is a band of ferocious, murderous Apaches. They have killed a number of defenceless women and children. The cowardly dogs, they are having a scalp dance. On the other side of that hill are a lot of innocent people chained to the stake. Soon those fiends will roast them alive, when they have finished their drunken orgies!"

"Not if we can help it! To the guns, lad!"

Instantly they grabbed magazine guns that were already loaded. They were both fine shots. They took deadly aim. There was no escape for the fiends.

"Blaze away!"

Bang! Bang! A constant stream of fire issued forth from the muzzles and a torrent of leaden hail mowed down the red-skins without mercy. Every bullet hit its man. Using smokeless powder their view was clear and unobstructed. Without waiting to reload the magazine guns, they grabbed up the repeating rifles and slaughtered the Indians by



wholesale. Then all the loaded pistols were fired into them, till the Apaches fell like autumn leaves during a howling ale.

"Drop those four dynamite bomb shells on the devils," said Fred, "quick, before they fire at us!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the four murderous and avenging bomb shells were speeding like lightning on their terrible mission. They struck the ground directly in the midst of the panic stricken savages. They exploded with terrific sound that actually shook the balloon and tore big holes in the Earth. The Indians were slaughtered by wholesale. The sound was like crashing thunder. The Indians knew not where all these blasts of death came from. Suddenly a few of them looked up. They saw the balloon hovering directly above them with streams of fire issuing from it, for the boys having reloaded the guns were mowing down the red-skins again. This was the first time the varmints had ever seen a balloon. They thought it was some immense devil and that he was throwing earthquakes at them, for such was their idea of the exploding and terrific dynamite

bomb shells. The barbarians were completely demoralized. They had not spunk enough to fire back. They sought to escape but there was no escape.

They had shown no mercy and they would receive none, for our boys had read in the papers about the murderous raids of the Apaches. They ran hither and thither but they were picked out and shot down like dogs. A few of the most courageous snatched up fire brands and rushed for the women and children who were chained to the stakes, intending to apply the fagot and burn them alive.

END OF FIRST CHAPTER.

(To be continued).

Promotion for Mary's Beau.

"What does your beau do for a living, Mary?" asked a fond father, addressing his daughter.

"He's an entry clerk," she replied, with a bright blush.

"Gets about sixteen shillings a week, I suppose?"

"He gets eighteen."

"Indeed! Well, I think I can get him something more than that."

"Oh, pa!" she exclaimed, with a glad sparkle in her eyes; for she fancied her father was about to admit her beau to an equal partnership in his business.

"Yes," continued the father, "as he is able to sit up all night when he comes to see you, I think he would make an excellent night watchman in a large warehouse. I am willing to recommend him for such a position, being able to testify, to his qualifications. He might get as much as twenty-five shillings a week."

Mary ran upstairs and threw herself on the sofa, with a sad, sad pain at her heart, while her father departed for his office, with a smile on his face.

He Tossed Up.

A tramp once had a penny. He wanted a shave very badly, but he wanted a drink about as badly. He was in a quandary. The shave he must have, and the drink he could not do without. Suddenly a bright thought struck him—he would toss up for it. Tail gets a drink, and head a shave. Up went the coin, and it came down head. The gentleman of leisure looked at it for a moment dubiously; then like an inspiration came the thought, "It is always two out of three." Accordingly it was tossed up again, this time coming down tail.

"This decides!" was his thought, and once more the coin was tossed high in to the air.

What means that blank expression of despair that spreads over his face?

Whisper it gently. The penny had rolled into the sewer!

The son and heir went out
To take the sun and air.
'Twas on the Indians' route;
They took the son and hair.

"What is the last important act that George Washington did?" asked a teacher of the juvenile history class.

"I know," piped a freckled youngster; "he died."

GULAB SINGH:

A STORY OF PERIL AND HEROISM.

By R. Martin.



A Very Critical Moment.

The beginning of this story may be found in the December number, which will be sent on application, to new subscribers.

CHAPTER III—A NIGHT OF TERROR.

AND now, as they sat waiting in these old ruins, they found an opportunity for questioning Gulab Singh, and eagerly they poured forth questions to him.

Gulab told them that he had noticed for some time that there were signs of discontent as a spirit of mutiny among the native soldiers; that lately he knew these feelings had given rise to much plotting and scheming; but he was distrusted by his comrades owing to his well known affection for the colonel and his family, and so, although he could guess something, he had no reliable information. Hints that he had attempted to give the colonel secretly had only redoubled the suspicion of his comrades, who never spoke to him, and ceased all friendly intercourse, while they kept a sharp watch on his actions. Early on that fatal morning, the 11th of May, a company of native troopers had



ridden into Delhi over the bridge and announced to the sepoy regiments that the standard of revolt had been raised at Meerut. At once mutiny broke out in all the regiments, who seized their officers, many of whom were murdered almost before they knew they were in danger. Gulab was in the midst of a number of his companions, when he heard one, who had private reasons for bearing spite against Alick, shout to his comrades, "There are two of the Kaffirs in Humaiun's tomb;" and he saw a number of men rush towards the stables; he, too, ran quickly with them, spear in hand, and, unnoticed at first, he seized Monarch, who was standing ready harnessed, and unloosed the rope that bound him; but at that moment he was noticed, and he had only time to fling himself on the horse, when a rush of his comrades was made towards him. He put Monarch at them and charged them—some on foot and some already mounted—and in an instant was through unhurt. He dashed away to the tomb with some twenty of his comrades in hot pursuit at his heels. He knew he must reach the tomb before them if his warning was to be of any use, so he gave Monarch his head and soon distanced his comrades, although they, guessing his intention, put their horses to full speed, so as to give him as little time as possible. He feared it was almost hopeless as he saw they were not far behind him, when, his joy, he saw Alick and Jack at the gateway, with their horses ready for mounting. Details he did not know, nor could he give them any particulars as to the events that had taken place that morning; but he saw enough, before he left on his headlong ride, to know that a hideous massacre was taking place, and that the whole city was in the hands of the sepoys.

It was dreadful news to the two youths as they sat amidst the ruins. Jack could only think of his father, of whom Gulab knew nothing, but of whose escape he could hold out little hope. Alick, too, was overwhelmed, and neither seemed able to think or act for himself. Gulab alone seemed cool, though his danger was no less than that of his masters. If he fell into the hands of the mutineers his fate was only too certain. But Gulab was full of resources, and, unlike most of his countrymen, danger seemed only to nerve him to action. He soon decided on leaving Alick and Jack, who were in no immediate danger, for they could see all the country round, and go to his friends

in the village close by, from whom he could procure some disguise for his companions, so that they might be able to enter the city unnoticed. He promised to be back in two hours, or earlier if there was any prospect of danger.

He had not left them long when Alick quickly called Jack's attention to a troop of horsemen at the point where they had got out of the nullah on to the road. They at once recognized their pursuers, though, as it was nearly five miles away, they could not plainly see what they were doing, but they felt greatly relieved when they saw them soon ride off in a body in the direction of Delhi. These troopers had followed Hosein for some miles, and then saw the tracks of the three horses turn short to the right; soon after they had come on the two ponies loose. For Hosein, after galloping hard, riding Mickey and leading the two other horses, and knowing he had created a sufficient diversion, had, after a turn to the right, which he hoped would embarrass the pursuers, changed his mount from Mickey to Monarch, and abandoning the ponies, which were now almost unable to gallop, had gone as fast as he could in his new direction down a cart track.

The sawars, on finding the ponies, went into the village, where they learnt that one horseman—a native—had galloped past on a large horse a short time before. The villagers had not noticed him leaving the ponies behind, nor had they seen any Englishmen. There was much discussion among the soldiers, but as their horses were so exhausted it was decided that it would be best for the main body to rest for an hour and then return to the great dry nullah, where they now felt sure that the other riders had dismounted; but four of their number were instructed to go back immediately and try to find out the traces of the fugitives.

These men rode back slowly, and soon they saw the tracks leading round the corner; they traced these up the nullah to the point where they again left it and were lost on the high road. Then they waited until their comrades arrived a short time after. Then, when the others had arrived, with horses very tired, but refreshed after their rest, it was determined to follow the road towards Delhi. When, however, they reached the walled village a couple of miles on their way back, they heard that no Englishmen had passed that way, but that a man from a neighboring village crossing the country had noticed two Englishmen and a native get out of the nullah, walk along the road some hundred yards, and then stride back to the nullah again, when they entered and disappeared. He had taken no further notice of them, for, ignorant of the rising of the native soldiers, he never suspected that they were fugitives. The leader of the sawars at once saw that the intention of Gulab was to lead the Englishmen into the ruins, where they might lie in safe hiding till nightfall; he therefore sent two of his men into Delhi to report to their comrades that Alick and Jack were in the ruined city, and that they were to send out a reinforcement at once, so that they might make a thorough search of the ruins and prevent escape from it. He himself, and his comrades, leaving their horses, went on foot up the nullah, so that Alick and Jack could not see them.

The sun was setting as Gulab came back to the hiding-place. He had been longer than he intended, but had at last succeeded in getting two shawls such as village women wear over their heads, two petticoats, and two pairs of shoes.

He proposed that Alick and Jack should wear these and enter Delhi as native women, while he would discard his uniform and walk with them in a dhoti (a piece of cloth wrapped round the legs and loins, the ordinary dress of a villager). It was not necessary, however, to assume the disguises immediately; they would wait for dark before stirring from their retreat. Meanwhile he proposed that they should make a meal on some chipettes, as unleavened wheaten bread is called, and drank some milk which he had brought with him in an earthen vessel. They drank the milk, for they were very thirsty; and although the chipettes were not very tempting, they knew the necessity of eating to keep up their strength.

They had just finished their meal when Gulab gave an exclamation which caused Alick and Jack to look up quickly.

"They are searching the ruins! Follow me quickly!"

He sprang out of one of the windows of the room they had occupied, and, sheltered by a wall, ran quickly, followed by Jack and Alick. It was true. The sawars had approached the ruined city, and by noticing the place where the fugitives had left the nullah, had guessed the part of the ruins they had gone to for hiding. But cleverly they judged that a watch would be kept on this side, and so, after making a considerable detour, they had entered the ruins in a long line at a point behind the place of concealment. Unfortunately, when springing after Gulab, Alick displaced a large stone, and a loud shout showed they were seen.

"Keep after me!" said Gulab, and then winding through lanes amidst the rubbish, he ran swiftly down through the centre of the ruins, inclining towards the right.

Happily the sun had now set some time, and the darkness was quickly approaching. They had, too, a long lead, and soon, as it grew darker, they got out of sight of their pursuers. But Gulab held on in a straight line, in a direction in which the ruins extend two miles, till at length, when only a quarter of a mile from the wall he doubled to the left; and soon, by the shouts of their pursuers as they ran, they found that they had been passed. They then hastily retraced their steps, for the disguises had unfortunately been abandoned in their flight, and these must be regained at all cost. Gulab came towards the hiding-place from the right, and when within a few hundred yards of it he told Alick and Jack to wait near a small doorway that led through the wall to the open country. He then went towards the hiding place, but as he approached he was startled by an unexpected challenge, and he saw one of the sawars (whom he knew), lance in hand, in it.

Gulab answered quickly, "They have escaped from us, Jumna Das," and advanced quietly.

The man did not recognize him till quite close, and then rushed forward with his lance. Gulab had lost his, but, dextrously stepping to one side, he avoided the point, and drawing his sword, which hung by his side, he struck him heavily, and the man fell, when Gulab, quickly gathering the garments together, rolled them into a bundle and hastily rejoined Alick and Jack.

They assumed their disguises, and then left the ruins in a direction opposite to Delhi, but after a time turned along a road to the right, which led them, after five miles, to the ancient site of Delhi,

eleven miles from the present city, where foretold hundred years the famous Kutta Minar had been the wonder of travellers and of the most famous sights of India.

They approached it as the moon rose, and, passing close beneath it, the great pillar, 230 feet high, and richly carved throughout its length, brought a sad reflection to the mind of Alick. It had probably been erected as a symbol of Mohammedan rule over the country at their conquest eight hundred years before. Would it again see that rule established and the English driven out of India? These sad thoughts passed through his mind, but did not occupy it long, for he was tired and weary; and, besides, Gulab had insisted, as the moon rose, that they should take off their boots, which they had worn till then, and use the pairs of Indian slippers that he was carrying for them. These they could hardly keep on their feet, but they were forced to shuffle forward as best they could, getting more and more footsore and uncomfortable. Nor was this their only discomfort. The shawls which they had to keep over their heads, and ready to draw down over their faces, prevented the air from reaching them. The night was intolerably close, and they almost gasped for breath. Alick felt it hard to go on, but a glance at Jack showed him that he must be bright and cheerful, for Jack seemed utterly worn out and almost unable to walk. They still had eleven miles to go after they passed the great pillar before they reached Delhi. Gulab said they would rest for two hours, but could not afford longer, and that rest could not be had till they had gone another mile.

Glad they were when the mile was finished to cast their weary limbs under the shade of one of the roadside trees and rest. Alick was thankful to see, that from sheer fatigue, Jack had dropped asleep. He and Gulab conversed in low tones together.

They had been resting over an hour, when Gulab began to look anxious. "Listen, Alick, sahib," he said. Alick listened, and soon heard in the distance the sound of horses galloping. "They are coming this way," said Gulab.

They were, that was certain. Alick hurriedly wakened Jack, who started up wildly.

"What are we to do, Gulab?" asked Alick.

"We can do nothing. We cannot go to the right or the left. See, the moon shining on the plain! Where could we hide?" replied Gulab. "We are best here. Let us get into the ditch in the shade of the tree."

Ay, it was the best thing, though there was but a small chance of escape. The ditch was but a depression not three feet deep; the shade of the tree covered them, but what was that when a bright moon shone above?

"It is best so," said Jack. "Escape is hopeless. It is only death a little earlier; I wish it had been this morning!"

"Hush, hush, for your lives!" whispered Gulab.

The three lay silent, side by side, Alick with Jack's hand in his, which he pressed. Then stillness, hardly a breath drawn as they saw down the road a troop of cavalry coming, laughing and talking of the men they had murdered that morning. How terribly clear came their voices in the still night! Not a hundred yards off! It was only a question of seconds! Death seemed very near to those lads as they lay in the shade, for how

should they escape being seen when they themselves could see so distinctly. And then, at that moment, just when they seemed to be on the point of discovery, a wonderful thing happened. The boys thought it a miracle, and ever since have acknowledged the omnipresent hand of a God that loved them. For when the troopers were already so close, a small cloud passed over the face of the moon—a small cloud in that vapourless atmosphere! It was not dense, but just enough for a short time to cast a gloom over the earth, and to cover the ground with a shadow. It attracted the riders' attention. One cried aloud to the others, "How suddenly the moon has been clouded!" The gloom was but for a few moments. It rose while the last horse man was hardly past the riders, but it had cast a shadow over them as they lay, and distracted the attention of the soldiers just at the critical moment.

"It is the hand of God, Jack," said Alick, reverently.

But Jack had fainted. The suspense of those few awful moments had been too much for him, tired as he was. They could do nothing but fan him, and at last he recovered—dazed at first, but unconscious—and then came a sudden burst of crying.

Crying from sheer nervousness. Men, ay, and strong men, if in a state of exhaustion they are brought face to face with a danger, or sometimes even a fright or a shock, will, when the reaction comes, sob and cry like infants.

But they could not delay any longer. The weary journey to Delhi had to be continued. Soon, however, they came to a well, and by chance a leathern bucket with its rope lay beside it. Gulab drew water for himself and the others. They drank, and bathed their heads and their feet. It refreshed them, and they moved on more cheerfully. That cloud, too, was like a good omen. "Surely," they thought, "if God saved us from discovery then, he will save us the next time," and then Alick thought of the words his good mother had said to him before starting for India: "Alick, my son, you go to danger we know not of, but God is with you. He has work for you of some kind; and when you have done that work God will take you—no before, unless you are wandering far from the path he would have you tread." Alick thought of her words, though till now they had almost been forgotten; and then he determined that the life which God had preserved so often that day, he would use as far as he could in the ways that God chose for him.

Slowly the miles passed by till they came to the suburb in which Hosein's house lay, and now they had to pass by many persons, for few were asleep that night. At last Gulab saw Hosein at the corner of the street leading to his house. He touched him and said, "It is I—Gulab." Not till then had Hosein recognized his friends in the barelegged villager and the two women; but now going before them he led the way to his house, which he entered. In a few hurried words he explained what he had done. After leaving the ponies he rode by village lanes to the town beside the Kutab pillar. Here dwelt his cousin, and he told him his tale, for he trusted in him like a brother.

The cousin put monarch into a stable and then drove Hosein in a bullock cart to his house in Delhi. They reached this soon after dusk, and only two hours before his master's arrival. Hosein's mother, wife and family had been driven

out to the Kutab, so as to leave the house free and empty. It wanted but an hour to sunrise, and Jack and Alick lay down to rest, and though they were still in danger, yet soon, through fatigue, they dropped into a restless, troubled sleep, in which their desperate ride of the morning, that run through the ruins, those breathless moments as the horsemen rode by, all thronged together and mixed through their dreams, while in Alick's, his mother's voice, too, kept ringing, "My son, God is with you."

CHAPTER IV.—THE DISGUISE.

While Alick and Jack were sleeping Gulab and Hosein had not been idle. The position of all the men was a critical one. It was well known that Hosein had been Alick's servant, and when the troopers should bring back word that he had shared in the flight of his master, his house would be immediately searched. It was not therefore a secure place of concealment.

The two men conversed together in low, eager tones, and then both left the house, carefully locking the door behind them.

Gulab was the first to come back, bearing with him a small bottle containing a dark liquid and a large quantity of tow. He watched the two young men tossing restlessly in their sleep, and then lightly touched Alick. He sprang up excitedly, but, seeing it was Gulab, lay down again while the faithful trooper quickly unfolded his plan. They must leave Hosein's house before sunset that evening, and the only disguise that he could consider a serviceable one was that they should transform themselves into a party of fakeers. He himself, being a Sikh, had great long hair, which had never been cut. This he would let out from beneath his turban and twist into matted coils, which would hang nearly down to his waist. He would then complete his disguise by adopting fakeer costume. He would be a guru, or religious teacher; the English youths were to be his disciples. But they had no long hair, and herein lay a difficulty. Gulab's solution of this difficulty lay in the different ways in which fakeers dressed their hair. Some had it in loose matted masses hanging round them, some plaited it into long ropes and twisted it on the top of their heads; others gathered theirs up into a mass on the top of their heads and made a conical chignon of it, standing straight up, the hair being cemented and held together with mud and filth. Gulab intended to adopt the first of these plans for himself, and, revolting as it was, he said the only course open to the youths was to adopt the last—unless, indeed, they chose to go with short hair, when their chances of detection would be much greater. To prevent their conversation betraying them, they were to be under a vow of silence, and the party would strike to the west, among villages which Gulab knew intimately, and in one of which, about forty miles away, he had a brother. As soon as they arrived at Beri, where his brother lived, it might be possible for Alick and Jack to discard their disguises and be concealed in his brother's house, where they would wait till they heard where they could best go for safety.

Alick saw at once the wisdom of the plan, and acceded to it. He then awoke Jack and he too gave his consent—indeed, he was always accustomed to do what Alick thought best. Gulab then poured some of the liquid which he had

in the bottle into two vessels and added water to it. He then asked the youths to undress and wash themselves all over with this liquid, rubbing it hard into their skins. He himself superintended the operation, paying particular attention to their faces and hands. After an hour's hard work they had changed the colour of their skins to a dull copper-brown. Just then Hesein returned with a quantity of cloth dyed yellow, that being the proper colour for a religious devotee. Alick and Jack were then each clothed in a dhoti. A dhoti is a long piece of cloth about a yard in width; it is wrapped round the waist, and then the ends are taken up between the legs, so as to form a rough covering for each leg above the knee. They had a very unclothed feeling when they found that all the rest of their body above the waist was to be bare. They were each provided with a pair of native shoes, and then the important task of the headdress commenced.

First a layer of gum was laid over their heads, to which the tow was attached, and then this was cemented together partly with gum and partly with mud, for both youths stoutly refused to allow the ordinary method that fakeers use to be adopted. An ordinary fakeer uses what he calls gobar (i. e. manure) for this operation, and as he considers the cow to be a sacred animal he has no feeling of repugnance or disgust. The cones were made only a few inches in height, as the disciples were young men. A regular fakeer would build his up ten inches to a foot in height.

Gulab worked at Alick's head while Hesein made Jack's headdress. When the cones were finished a plentiful supply of ashes was brought and rubbed all over their heads and bodies. Then Gulab wished to paint lines across their foreheads to proclaim that they were devotees who served Siva, one of the Hindoo gods, but to this Alick stoutly objected. He would have no distinctive mark on his forehead stamping him as an idol-worshipper, and at length Gulab said that although it would be best, still it was perhaps hardly necessary, as fakeers often did not use these marks, and that their disguise was complete. As he said so, each youth looked at the other, and certainly he would not have known his companion; a body naked, except from the waist half way down the leg, the darkened skin besmeared with ashes, while over the face was that mud headdress, the mud almost entirely hiding the tow, so that it was impossible to know that it was not rough matted hair. Both were then provided with a yellow sheet to wrap around their bodies at night, and also, if they chose, when sitting down during the daytime, which would serve to hide most of their bodies from any critical inspection. Finally it was settled that Alick was to pass by the name of Jumna Das, and Jack by that of Ganga Das, names which were both very common.

Gulab then proceeded to his own disguise, but retired to complete it, and while he did so Hosein advised his masters to lie down and rest while he cooked their breakfast. They laid down, for they were very tired and had a long journey before them, but were quite unable to sleep, although they had not had more than two hours repose when Gulab had awakened them to effect their disguises. But indeed resting was almost out of the question, for their headdress was so uncomfortable, and they had to be at such pains to keep it undisturbed till it har-

dened. They were also afraid of rubbing the colour off their bodies; but this Hosein assured them they need not fear, for it was a very effectual die, and would not come off even with severe washing, though after a few days it would begin to gradually fade.

As Hosein cooked they questioned him as to the events of the day before, and he was able to tell them something, though, indeed, the account was distorted and not very accurate. He also told them that he proposed starting for his cousin's house where he had left Monarch, and as soon as he could get reliable information he would send them a message out to Gulab's brother at Beri.

They were still conversing together when they were startled at seeing standing in the centre of the courtyard of the house a fakeer, almost entirely naked, with great matted locks hanging over his shoulders, some iron in his left hand, and a wooden bowl in his right. This bowl he held out, and begged for some food in the name of God. Hosein, who was afraid that he might have overheard their conversation, abused him roundly for entering a house, the door of which had been closed and refusing to give him anything, he pointed to the two young fakeers, who had stood up as soon as they had seen the intruder, and said,

"I have already two Babaji's to attend to, so you must go away."

The fakeer commenced to laugh, and then said,

"I suppose I will pass muster."

All joined in the laugh as they found it was Gulab; but indeed it was no wonder that they did not know him, for he looked the picture of a famous baba, and by painting little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes had made himself look ten years older, while the Siva masks on his forehead served to add to the alteration of his appearance.

"The door is tightly locked, Hosein, you need not fear," said he.

Hosein now served up breakfast, the last good meal that they might expect for a long time—a chicken curry with a plentiful supply of beautifully cooked rice, and warm crisp chippatees, and he had even succeeded in making tea out of some that he had in his house.

It was true that instead of china there were earthenware plates, and little earthenware pots had to do duty as cups, but Alick and Jack did not think of this, and worked away with appetites sharpened by the long delay, for they had now been up for several hours.

While they were eating, Gulab told them that he had been for some years living among fakeers, and that he had learnt much of their ways and also picked up many of their rhythmical hymns, in which they teach their doctrines, as well as having a stock of the quotations from their religious writings with which they so largely interlard their discourses. This stock, though small, he hoped would be sufficient to enable him to pass muster as a man of sufficient learning to be followed in his travels by two disciples.

He then gave them instructions as to the way they were to sit with their legs crossed and their hands folded. They were to endeavor always to keep their faces unmoved, never to exhibit surprise or amusement, but to maintain an air of stolid indifference. Above all, they were never to speak a word, not even to address him unless in a place where there was absolute certainty that they would not be overheard. This was their only

chance of safety. They were to travel as fakeers of a high stamp, and professing to be men who cared for no hardships, but who were possessed of a superior sanctity. The vow of silence which was so necessary to prevent detection laid upon them the obligation of having a higher standard of life than the ordinary fakeers. Above all Gulab reminded them that they were to remember their position as his followers, and to endeavor to behave as such in public. This meant that they would have to act as his servants when stopping at any village, and also carry any gifts they received as long as they remained in a village.

"If at any time you are doing anything contrary to your character, and I find that others are observing it also, I shall have to speak to you most harshly and severely, but oh! my lords, remember that I am your slave, that my life is yours, to be spent in your service."

Then advancing, with deep respect, he prostrated himself at Alick's feet, and then before Jack. They were both much affected at the devotion of these faithful men, for Hosein had followed Gulab's example.

Alick assured them that neither Jack nor he would ever forget the risks that they had already run and were still running in their service; that should they escape they would always remember what they had done and suffered; and should they fall they felt sure that Heaven would reward those who had given their lives for others.

The two natives answered that they had eaten their master's salt, and could not be unfaithful to it.

Hosein then proceeded to remove all trace of the repast, and had just finished doing so when they heard a rush of footsteps and a loud hammering at the door.

"Sepoys," whispered Gulab. "Hide yourself, Hosein; remember your characters, masters." Then aloud he shouted, "Jumna Das, you lazy oaf, untrue to your salt, son of a pig why don't you hasten to the door to open it? Stow your hammering there, you blackguards; would you break open the door?" He as he spoke sat down with crossed legs near the fire, and motioned to Jack to do the same, while Alick advanced to the door, his heart beating madly within him. As soon as Gulab Singh's voice was heard shouting these words the sepoy, evidently surprised, ceased their attempts to break open the door. The door opened into the courtyard of the house, and as soon as it was opened by Alick, Gulab could be seen sitting at the far end of the yard by the astonished sepoy. Alick slowly walked back and sat down beside Jack, carelessly throwing his sheet over one shoulder. The soldiers were led by a native officer of Alick's regiment. Gulab knew that in boldness alone lay their chance of safety. He addressed this man severely.

"Oh, thou blackguard, may jackels eat thy dead body! If it thus that thou, forgetting Bhagwan (a title of God), attemptest to force thy entrance where thou art not wanted!"

The sepoy were evidently puzzled; they had not expected to find Hosein's house occupied by fakeers, and the disguise was so complete that they did not suspect they had actually before them the objects of their search; while the officer, startled at finding himself used with such scant ceremony, and abused in such strong language, was convinced that the fakeer before him was some celebrated and holy man whom he had disturbed in a profound meditation, for

none other would dare so to address a man of position such as he was. He folded his hands respectfully, and said, "Babaji, forgive me. This is the house of one Hosein, a Kaffir, who loves the English; he, and a dog, the son of a pig, Gulab Singh, Shaitan seize him! have succeeded in aiding two vile English slaves to escape from our hands. We came here to seek them."

Gulab sprang up erect, and shaking his head till his great locks, matted and covered with ashes, hung all over his face, pretended to get into a great fury, and, lashing his arms about wildly, he shouted,

"The English, hateful name! Scourge! sweep them off the face of the earth! Smite and slay them!"

Then, after a string of epithets which cannot be translated, he thus concluded his frenzied outburst:

"And those two traitors, Hosein and Gulab Singh, I spit on them. May the curse of Siva rest on them, his fire blast them! Would that my hands held them in my grasp—speedily would I rend them in pieces, even as the tiger tears its prey. Yesterday evening I found this house open and entered to seek alms, but it was empty. So I and my disciples being weary, stayed here until now."

"Had we not better search the house, as we are here?" suggested one soldier.

Gulab solemnly sat down, and then turning contemptuously on him who had made the rash suggestion, he said,

"Search, there are the rooms. Search, and the curse of Siva be on him who doubts the word of the Baba."

"It is Mohun Lal himself," whispered one of the soldiers to the officer; "I knew him well years ago at Lahore."

Mohun Lal was one of the most celebrated religious devotees, whose fame was widespread throughout the Punjab. Gulab overheard the whisper and was not slow to avail himself of it.

"Who dares name Mohun Lal's name when Mohun Lal has not himself proclaimed it? Shameless ones, I spurn you. Rise" (this to Alick and Jack), "we will leave them, as they will not leave us."

At once there was a loud clamour of voices. Not for worlds would they disturb him; and most of those present prostrated themselves at his feet, kissing and offering up worship.

"Go," said Gulab, "ere I curse ye."

The soldiers departed.

The three fakeers quivered with suppressed emotion as the last soldier closed the door behind him, then Gulab rose and quickly fastened it. Hosein crept from his hiding place, but all four sat in long silence, broken first by Hosein.

"Al hamd ul Illah (praise be to God), our escape was a near one. You played your part well, Mohun Lal."

Gulab smiled, and then said,

"Heaven forgive me, and grant that my hard words may not fall on our heads. Surely, had it been Mohun Lal himself who so cursed us, we could never escape, O Hosein."

But Hosein was a Mohammedan, and had no sympathy with the religious belief of Gulab, who was a devout Hindu, and a great respecter of Mohun Lal.

"It is a dangerous thing," continued Gulab, "to be Mohun Lal. Many have seen him, though now for years he has stayed near Lahore, where he has founded a convent. I must pass for him now, though it will be hard if I meet one who knows him, for I am not like Mohun Lal."

"Surely you must be like him to a

(Continued on page 17).

ROYALTY OF ENGLAND AND NORWAY.



INDIA'S FUTURE EMPRESS WELCOMED AMID SPLENDOR.

One of the scenes marking the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in India was an ovation to the Princess by women and children who strewed gold and gems in her path.



HAAKON VII TAKING THE OATH AS KING OF NORWAY.

A scene more impressive than the accession of any other ruler in history. The oath which every constitutional monarch must take means much to a king enthroned by a free people.

India has given a warm welcome to her future Emperor and Empress. The Prince of Wales is to the people of that country much more than merely heir to the throne of England. It is India that has made the ancient kingdom an empire, and she shares in the glory of a realm whose morning anthem and drum-beat follow the sun on his continual round. The sun never sets on the British dominions; it shines upon no part of them that is more interesting than India.

The British ruler of a great Asiatic race is not unknown to his millions of subjects in this part of the world. As Prince of Wales he visited them during the reign of Victoria, the first Empress of India. It is in order that this vast people may see and know their future ruler that the present Prince and Princess of Wales have just visited that country.

Whence Haakon's Royalty is Derived.

From an American point of view King Haakon of Norway is the most royal of all the reigning monarchs. His crown did not come to him as an inheritance. "By the grace of God, King" is the form in which the occupants of thrones declare their authority.

Haakon, also, is King "by the grace of God"—expressed in the voice of the Norwegian people—"Vox populi, vox Dei."

When Haakon, on ascending the throne, held his right hand towards heaven, and swore in the presence of God and man to perform faithfully all his duties to the people and state, he did only what every constitutional monarch must do before entering fully upon his inheritance. There was this difference: The hereditary sovereign bends to the will of the people as expressed in their fundamental law; Haakon rose to a station to which the will of a sovereign people had honored him by calling him.

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

We have, once more, great pleasure in stating to the members of the Activities League that the exchange of the names of members is becoming very popular; and, as there are many letters that require special answers from us, we have adopted the plan of putting the answers to such correspondence under headings on this page—as space will permit—so that the correspondent and all other members of the League may be able to understand and appreciate them.

The certificate of membership to the "Activities League" will be mailed to all subscribers of THE NEW BOY, free of charge. This certificate 10x12, is a work of art, in colors, fit to hang up in any boys room.

Now, boys, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to THE NEW BOY and become a member of the "Activities League."

The certificate will be sent immediately on receipt of your subscription.

CORRESPONDENCE

NERVOUSNESS—Do not worry about it. Take cold bath every morning, and plenty of exercise and reading. Mind and body should always be occupied.

COLDS—The cold shower-bath every morning is the best preventative of colds.

DOGS—Black roof of mouth is no sign of purity of breed in a dog.

The itching in collies is caused by over-feeding and want of exercise. Reduce the diet. Give plenty of mashed boiled greens in food, wash with Spratt's soap and anoint with sulphur ointment.

GUINEA-PIGS—You had no business taking the buck from the mother when the young guinea pigs were born. The father does half the work—feeds and cleans the young, and keeps them warm.

PARROTS—The ordinary gray parrot, with red feathers in tail, is the best talker.

TRAINING—Take the milk, and not tea or coffee in training.

A boy in training having a tendency to grow fat should not eat pork or ducks and geese, but should restrict himself to other kinds of meat—which should be lean—and poultry, fish, game, Dutch cheese, oatmeal biscuits, salad, spinach, beans, apples, brown bread, and tea. He should not have fat, cream, butter, cocoa, milk, sugar, parsnips, potatoes, beetroot, farinaceous food, coffee, or spirits, or beer.

When a stitch attacks the side while running, stop, throw up the sponge, you are in bad form.

SEVEN WONDERS—The world has a great many more than seven wonders. The old "seven wonders" were the Pyramids, the Gardens of Babylon, the Mausoleum, the Temple of Diana, the Colossus, the Statue of Jupiter, the Pharos of Alexandria, and the Palace of Cyprus, but many other sets of seven have been made. THE NEW BOY is one of the wonders of the world not mentioned above.

FOWLS—The principal work of the month will be to keep everything in as perfect a state of repair as possible. Clear out useless fowls; attend to the shelter-shed and dust-bath, and do not forget that snow will in all probability fall in abundance yet.

THE PIGEON LOFT—Some boys mate their pigeons about the middle of this month. It is hardly a plan to be recommended, however. To be sure, the cushat of the woods begins to build and lay, but all creatures that live in the wilds are hardier and healthier than those brought up indoors. You will be prepared to mate, however, and you will have thoroughly weeded down your loft, remembering that overcrowding is such fruitful source of disease.

It will be well if, towards the end of this month, you go in for your spring cleaning. Get rid of dust and dirt thoroughly. Scrape even your perches, see to your ventilators, scour floors and ladders; whitewash; use disinfectants afterwards, Sanitas being the best. Make a hospital-pen, if you have not one already.

It is still time this month for beginners to put up doves and new lofts. Those who already own doves, and have not already cleaned them, should lose no time about it.

TANNING SKINS—If you wish to tan the skins of moles, rabbits, muskrats and other small animals for your own use, the process is very simple and inexpensive. First wet the skin; then lay it flesh side up on a smooth log, and remove all particles of flesh and fat still adhering to it; then tack it to a piece of board, and keep it moistened for about three days with a strong solution of salt and water, applied with a sponge or rag; after this for three days longer keep it wet with a strong solution of alum and water; then take it off, and while still wet strew on wheat bran liberally and rub and roll it in your hands until it is quite dry; the longer the rubbing is kept up the softer and whiter will be the skin, or, when your hands are tired, you can fold it up lengthwise, flesh side out, and draw it backward and forward over a smooth pole. Be careful not to tear the skin.

A DOG HERO

In a pretty little village on Cape Cod there lived a parrot and a dog. The parrot, the pest of the neighborhood, was called Kakareeko, from the unknown word which he continually spoke. He was allowed to fly loose in the woods, one of his wings being cut, and often turned up in the most ridiculous places. The dog, who went by the name of Toby, was a white poodle, famous in the neighborhood for his swimming ability, sometimes following a small rowboat for hours.

One day the parrot took it into his head to fly out to sea; but one of his wings being clipped, it was not very strong, and at last the poor bird sank into the water exhausted. The poodle,

however, was near at hand, and, when he saw his friend Kakareeko drowning, he rushed to the rescue. When he reached him, the excited bird jumped upon his back, and during the whole journey homeward continued to screech his name with great vehemence. On nearing the shore, the two were seen, and were immediately rescued by a rowboat. Every one was delighted at the dog's bravery, but hardly so delighted at the result.

FRANK MURRAU.

ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE OF A BOY WITH A SWARM OF BEES

DAVISVILLE, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR—I would like to tell you about what happened to me one day when I was watching swarms in the bee yard. A swarm came out and I followed it to see where it would settle, when at once it came toward me and began settling on my bee-hat (which is a hat with wire screen around the rim of it and mosquito-netting around the bottom of the screen, so you can tuck it under your clothes). I did not know what to do, so I called to mama, who was in the backyard. I heard her say something, but I could not hear what it was, the bees were making such a buzz. Then they got so thick it was dark so I could not see, and it got so hot I could hardly breathe. Then some bees got inside the hat and commenced running over my face. Then I heard mama laugh and say if I could hold very still for just a little while, she would have my picture taken so I could see how I looked. I said, "yes, do;" but it seemed a long time before I felt mama taking the hat off. (Mama says it was not over a few minutes.) When she had it off she brushed the bees from my face, and I felt fine. She told me to walk away so that none of the bees would follow me. I did not get one sting. I was ten years old. I hived some swarms all by myself, but I don't want any more on my hat.

If I were to tell you all the new things I have seen, that I had never heard of, my letter would be too long. I wish we could have one of those glass hives where I could watch the bees build combs. It looks so funny when they are at it. I love to watch the baby bees play when they first commence to fly. I like to see the old bees come home with their loads of honey; but, best of all, I like to eat honey. I have honey and hot cakes for my breakfast every morning.

I go to school one and one half miles, and most of the time ride on horseback. But mama says my letter is long enough, so I will close; and I hope some day to write to you again. Good-bye.

From your little friend.

MASTER REED.



SEND FOR THIS

Print your own cards, circulars, etc. Press \$5. Small newspaper press \$18. Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Typesetting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalogue presses, type, paper, etc. THE PRESS COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons,



Trin. Coll. Cambridge. I have perused your very ingenious Theory of Vision in which (to be free with you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, than more disputable but yet plausibly suggested & well deserving of consideration of my ingenious.

Isaac Newton

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S autograph is such as might have been expected from an unequalled student. Aware of his position as a "sovereign of science," he was nevertheless modest, candid, and uneccentric in his habits. "I do not know," he wrote just previous to his death, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me!" What a lesson to the presumption of most students, especially those who have not even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell, and how emblematic of him upon whose tablet is inscribed:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night; God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

Newton's reigning desire was to prove that his grand discoveries were perfectly in unison with the order which God had, according to Scripture, observed in the creation.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE was the first American astronomer of eminence, and succeeded Dr. Franklin as president of the "American Philosophical Society." Dr. Rush, his intimate friend, says in a biographical sketch of him, "There was no affectation of singularity, in anything he said or did; even his hand-writing, in which this weakness so frequently discovers itself, was simple and intelligible at first sight, to all who saw it." His close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the clear detail of his style, are patterns which some modern astronomers would do well to follow. In private life, Dr. Rittenhouse exhibited all those mild and amiable virtues by which it is adorned.

David Rittenhouse

GEORGE BANCROFT, in his histories, as in his autography, gives evidence of his nervous temperament, his acute intellect, his ardent patriotism, and his honest heart. His works contain that happy mixture of much truth and little imagination, so desirable in a historian, and so well calculated to ensure popularity and fame.

PRESIDENT SPARKS has indissolubly connected his name with the memories of Washington, Franklin, and other worthies, whose histories he has so ably chronicled, and whose massive intellects are reflected in his very autography. PARSONS, more brilliant, is equally renowned as a historian.

WASHINGTON IRVING is best known by his quaint essays, replete with scenes of love and pathos, descriptions of past days, or legends of the fair clime of Andalusia. But he is nevertheless a diligent student, and even at his present advanced age, is delving in musty archives, that he may faithfully portray the life of the Pater Patria.

Jared Sparks

N. W. Prescott

Washington Irving

David Home

J. Smollett

Gibbon

Macaulay

HOME—SMOLLETT—GIBBON—MACAULAY, form a bright galaxy of English historians, but it will be observed that they lack the freedom of autography which characterizes their American

compeers. [The first three of these signatures, we would state, were copied from an English collection, which cost its proprietor nearly twenty thousand dollars. It contains many rare American

specimens, among them thirty-four letters written by Washington, several by William Penn, autograph signatures of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, save two, etc., etc.]

John Bishop of Charleston

W. E. Channing

W. E. Channing

Hosea Ballou

John E. Barry

F. D. Matthews

John E. Barry

E. Robinson

THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP ENGLAND, of Charleston, S. C., was a prelate of rare attainments, rapid and vigorous thought, and freedom of expression. As an orator, he had few equals, and in private life he held enthralled the affections of all who enjoyed the rare pleasure of his intimacy.

REV. DR. CHANNING'S discourses and works abound with proof of the elaborate study and ornament which are manifest in his autography. For power of thought, beauty of illustration and elegant demonstration, he ranked among the brightest ornaments of the clerical profession.

REV. HOSEA BALLOU'S autography is clear, bold and decided, even as was the life of this ecclesiastical parent, "whose whole life was a beautiful and consistent tribute to truth. His epistles were brief, meaning and affectionate, exhibiting the same reliance upon Divine Providence that ever exercised his bosom."

PRESIDENT WAYLAND is a scholar, and a ripe one—a preacher, too, we have heard said, of much attraction—and a writer of works which have a high reputation.

REV. DRS. PALFREY and HAWES are close students, fluent writers, and display in their chirography little of the elegance and the elaborate finish which characterize their writings.

REV. DR. ROBINSON has acquired high fame by his researches in biblical literature and localities, rather sectarian in their tone, but displaying marked genius and decidedly original thought.

Manassah

Joseph Story

W. Brodham

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, who so long presided over the Supreme Court of the United States with unswerving dignity, was an untiring student, whose labors can only be appreciated by the profession of which he was so great an ornament. His decisions live only in the dusty repositories of legal oracles, but equal, in the estimation of a grateful nation, the fame of successful warriors, or the oratorical efforts of gifted statesmen.

MR. JUSTICE STORY wrote as he lived, with precision, method and ability. The results of his studies are to be found in his recorded judgments and in his literary productions, each of which won him honorable favor abroad as well as at home. Whatever subject he touched, was touched with a master's hand and spirit, nor can any one deny him the title which he coveted in his youth and enjoyed in his old age, "The Jurist of the commercial world."

LORD BRODHAM is a student, and enjoys reputation in his multifarious avocations. Droll in the House of Lords—deep in the Edinburgh Review—diplomatic in France—oracular at his club—exact in his histories—humble in his attachments—versatile as an actor—profound as a lawyer—we find compounds of all his peculiar qualifications in the many essays which come from his nimble and caustic pen.

Benjamin Rush

John C. Warren

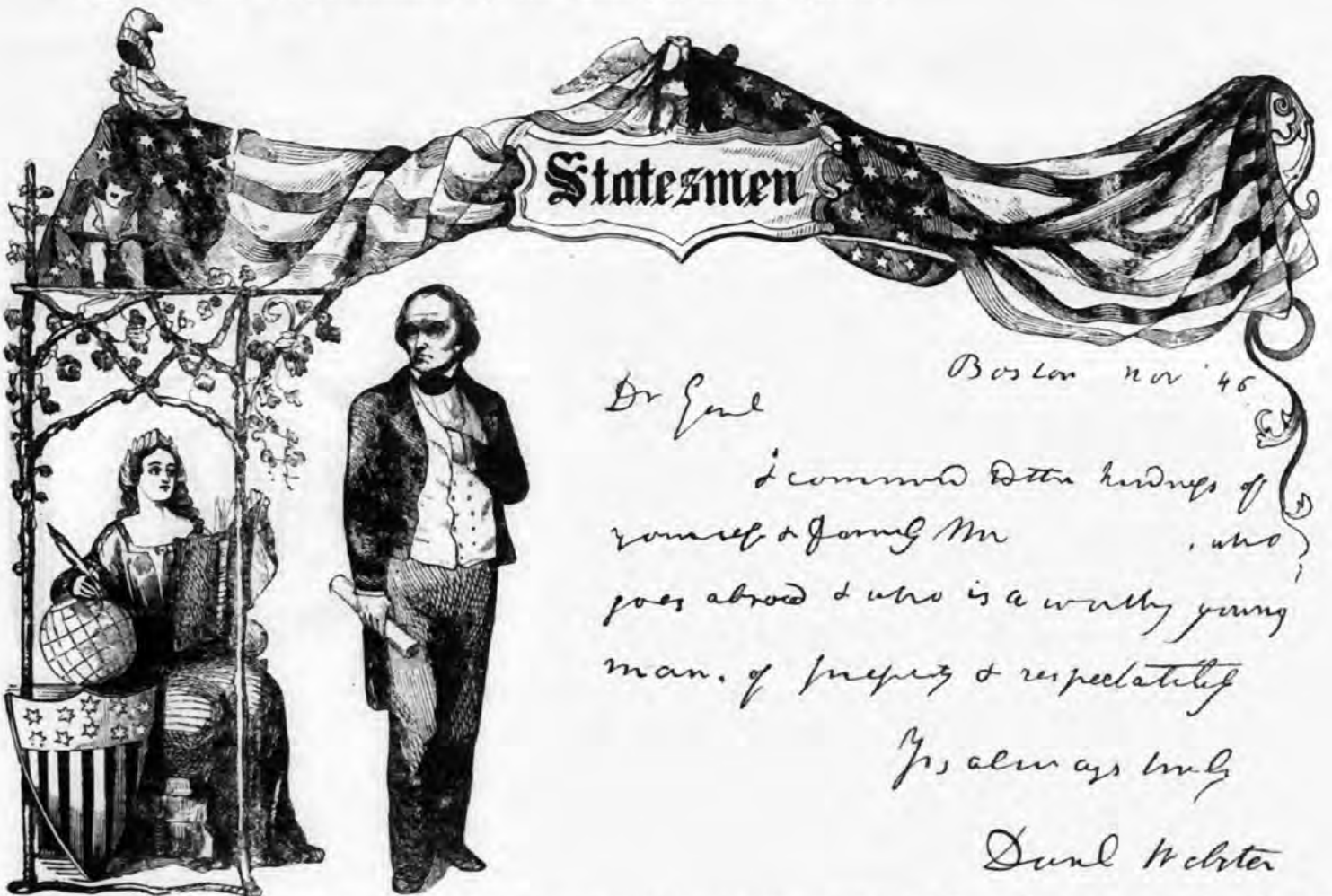
Rimford Silliman

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH, of revolutionary celebrity as a surgeon, died at the head of his profession on this continent. His autography is characteristic of his declaration that "Medicine without principles is a humble art, and a degrading profession," and every stroke of his pen evinces a bold, decided, and critically accurate mind, intent upon a logical analysis.

DR. WARREN enjoys the confidence and esteem which invariably attend on a long and meritorious professional life. His published productions evince equal research, talent and judgment, and have won him an honorable position throughout the scientific world. Such men give character to whatever department of science they lead.

COUNT RUMFORD was a New England boy, who by study and scientific research rose to wealth, title and fame abroad. Equally distinguished as a practical chemist, and a scientific scholar, is Professor SILLIMAN, whose highest reward is the gratitude of every intelligent fellow-citizen, and the honorable regard of every true philosopher in Christendom.

Types of Mind: or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons,



DANIEL WEBSTER.—We give a simple note of introduction, terse and original in its style and chirography, but it brings up greater and nobler works of the same giant intellect, set down in the same autography. The most valuable specimens extant, however, are two large folio volumes of deeds, in a Maine Register's office, which the great statesman copied when keeping school at Fryeburg, in order to raise money for his professional education. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**, the friend of Washington, wrote a singularly neat hand, and the same may be said of **WILLIAM WIRT**; each denoting a well-regulated mind and strict discipline of thought. **RICHARD RUSH**, who was long abroad, acquired the English diplomatic autography, in which strong ground is boldly taken, and every thought carefully weighed.

RUFUS KING possessed high attainments, and his autograph is bold, thoughtful, and of the genuine gentlemanly stamp peculiar to the "old school." The signature below is taken from a long letter, written whilst he was abroad, in a secret cypher. **JOHN C. CALHOUN** wrote an energetic, wilful, and somewhat erratic hand, yet there was nothing in any ways contemptible about a single hair-line of it. His correspondence was voluminous, and his autographic letters are highly prized. **JOHN FORSYTH** and **THOMAS H. BENTON** are too well known to require more than a passing word. The writing of the former resembled that of Calhoun's; Mr. Benton's is more dogmatic. **PATRICK HENRY** and **RUFUS CHOATE**, the most gifted orators our land has produced, have strongly marked autographs. That

of the Massachusetts orator is so erratic as often to be unintelligible "to all the world, and the writer besides." **HENRY CLAY**'s autography, like his eloquence, was often intangible to delineation; but when he thought the writing would be preserved, he imparted to it the noble substance of his intellect, and the winning beauty of his open smile. His hand was ever somewhat small, but every page gleamed with original thought. **LEVI WOODBURY** wrote a varied hand. His autography was somewhat clerical, yet bore the stamp of his own liberal principles. **EDWARD EVERETT**, the Cicero of our Republic, now writes a larger and bolder hand than he did when he penned the letter to which the fac-simile below was originally signed. His talents have won the admiration of all.

Alex Hamilton *Rufus King* *J. C. Calhoun* *H. Clay*
Wm. Wirt *John Forsyth* *Thomas H. Benton* *Levi Woodbury*
Richard Rush *Patrick Henry* *Rufus Choate* *Edward Everett*

GEO. CANNING, LORD PALMERSTON, B. D'ISRAELI—a glorious triumvirate of British statesmen, yet how differently they write. The first was evidently bold and dauntless; Palmerston has the craftiness of European diplomacy; and the author of "Vivian Grey" evinces his rugged determination to resist opposition, whilst he maintains every inch of ground with sarcastic zeal. There is, in the autography of each an apparent consciousness of the power of the "steep girt isle," which may be found in the hand-writing of nearly every British statesman of eminence. The French public men, on the contrary, write contracted, hurried, and often almost illegible hands, showing far less of that national pride which is based upon sound foundations, and can appreciate its strength.

MIRABEAU, of whom it is said that he gave the art of oratory to France, wrote, as he thought, in a hurried, contracted, epigrammatic style. The letters were above the usual size in height, yet so confusedly mingled as often to be illegible. He was a great admirer of the United States, and we have a volume containing our National and State constitutions, the margins of which he nearly covered with notes. He wrote also a comparison between the great Conde and Scipio Africanus, besides many other volumes and political pamphlets. **DANIEL O'CONNELL** stands at the head of those popular orators who heat their ideas in the flame of genius, instead of tempering them carefully in political sagacity, and who exhibit in their speeches superb language and deep thought, if they do not evince much practical political capacity. His autograph is full and flowing, evidently somewhat reckless, and indicative of the writer's assurance and gentlemanly deportment, showing that quality which men of note are apt to exhibit, a certainty of their position which renders them somewhat heedless.

TALLEYRAND, a trinity of signatures, used at different times by the most cunning of statesmen, who considered language a disguise for thought. A republican, he was plain Charles Maurice Talleyrand; then, as the Prince de Benevente, he swelled Napoleon's imperial train; and afterwards, as the Prince de Talleyrand, served and plotted against the Bourbons; died under Louis Philippe, whose reign he had helped to establish, and then commenced to assail. **ROBESPIERRE**, who sacrificed hecatombs upon the false altar of liberty, and finally died upon the guillotine, where he had consigned so many to death, wrote a perverse, crabbed hand, which he endeavored to render graceful and fair.

Ge. Canning *Mirabeau* *Ch. M. Talleyrand*
Palmerston *Daniel O'Connell* *L. J. de Robespierre*
B. D'Israeli *De Robespierre*

OUR SCHOOL OF MAGIC.

TRICKS WITH COINS.

By the aid of a penny prepared as explained herein, and a little slight-of-hand which can be learned in half an hour, many puzzling passes may be executed.

The penny should have a small pin-hole drilled from the edge to the face of the coin in a slanting direction. Through this hole an ordinary steel pin must be inserted until the point projects about one sixteenth of an inch beyond the face of the coin; this point will then be pointed slightly downward. The pin itself must then be cut down until it is flush with the edge of the crown, and it should be fixed with just a touch of solder or any other material that would hold it firm.

Now you are ready to commence the passes; hold the coin between the thumb and fingers of the left hand with the palm upward. Now move the right hand toward the left, passing the thumb of the right hand under, and the fingers over the coin, closing them just as they pass it.

Directly the coin is covered by the fingers of the right hand, the thumb of the left slightly releases the pressure that it had upon the penny, allowing it to drop quietly into the left palm.

The right hand should be carried upward, followed with the eyes, which draws the attention of the audience away from the left hand, which should be allowed slowly and carelessly to your side.

While all eyes are fixed upon your right hand, the left should lay the penny against the cloth of your left leg, to which the point on the coin will cause it to adhere.

Then the right hand should be slowly opened, showing that the penny has vanished; upon turning round to look for the coin, the audience see it sticking to your trouser leg, and soon acquaint you with the fact.

Remove the penny and repeat the experiment, this time using your right instead of your left hand, and sticking the coin on some other part of your clothing.

By making use of two similarly prepared coins, and by fixing one of them upon your back before commencing, memberless passes can be easily worked out, such as vanishing the coin, turning round and exhibiting the penny upon your back, and while your back is toward the audience fix the duplicate coin upon the front of your coat, vanish the penny from the back, and then show it sticking on your chest.

Here is another coin trick, to perform which you require a pocket handkerchief, a small coin, a hat, and a glass tumbler. You must first of all sew the coin (a quarter, for instance) in one corner of the handkerchief, and the chief part of the trick is accomplished.

This is the way you proceed when performing: You produce from your pocket a handkerchief (which you had previously put there crumpled up with the coin in the corner), and then you borrow a quarter. Put this in the middle of the handkerchief (in reality you take

the one in the corner and conceal the borrowed one between your fingers). Then you explain that the borrowed coin is still in the handkerchief, and ask a spectator to judge for himself by feeling the coin through the handkerchief, which has been placed on the table, near the edge.

When this is done, you request somebody to put a hat over it hold the tumbler half filled with water underneath the table, just under the handkerchief, say a few words and request the audience to remain silent for a few seconds. Now you drop the coin, which you concealed all the time in your hand, into the tumbler. We should advise you to hold the tumbler and coin with one hand while you put the other one on the hat.

The only thing to do now is to lift the hat, take one corner of the handkerchief and shake it, when the astonishment of the audience will be great and without bounds.

I'LL ASK MY FATHER FIRST.

When I was a lad I knew a boy,

My dearest chum in truth;
We shared each other's grief and joy
With the open heart of youth.
Loyal and true, Frank Hope would do
All that a brave lad durst;
But if ever a doubt arose he'd say:—
"I'll ask my father first."

This motto of his would often bring
Some not too pleasant chaff;
But he turned aside one half its sting
With the shield of his ready laugh.
From those he loved he could stand a
jest,
And the rest might do their worst;
But whenever in doubt the words leapt
out:—
"I'll ask my father first."

Grown older now Frank keeps his rule
As faithfully as before,
Though he reads into it a graver sense
Than it had in days of yore.
And he finds it yet a guide through life
As straight and safe as erst
In schoolboy days; and still he says
"I'll ask my Father first."

A way behind the time should be fed
on ketch-up.

Lost—yesterday, somewhere between
sunrise and sunset, two golden hours,
each set with sixty diamond minutes.
No reward is offered, for they are gone
forever.

Last week a man fell a little in his own
estimation, but soon recovered. This
circumstance should caution others
against entertaining very high opinions
of themselves.

The softest pillow is a good conscience.

A good word is an easy obligation, but
not to speak ill requires only our silence,
which costs us nothing.

Factory to Pocket.

For many years we made gold watches and jewelry exclusively for the trade. We now manufacture and sell **DIRECT TO YOU**, thereby **SAVING YOU TWO PROFITS**, the Wholesalers' and Retailers'. Our catalogue, giving genuine **FACTORY PRICES**, will give you a startling surprise, and is quite a revelation to watch and jewelry buyers. You pay us about half what the retail jeweler charges.

A World Beater!



The above 25-year guaranteed solid gold stiffened "Tiffany Model" case is fitted with our regular 7 jewel works, made especially for us by one of the largest watch movement makers in America. They put our name on them in place of their own. The retail price is \$22.00

Our
Factory
Price **\$5.75**

(If accompanied by this advertisement.)
Wear this watch for one week, if not satisfied that it is worth \$22 we will refund your money

[A LOSS, YOUR GAIN.]

One of our old trade customers recently ordered 500 Seal Rings of special design; through a mistortue was unable to take them. Not wishing to remelt them, we have decided to sell them at actual cost.



Signet
or Seal
Ring

The design is after the famous painting "Venus Cast on the Wave," and is carried out in every detail in high relief. The design is on each side of the ring supporting the monogram plate.

They are made from solid gold, stiffened, rose finish, and perfect in every detail. Were made to sell retail from \$7.00 to \$10.00. We will sell them at the uniform

Factory
Price **\$2.00**

(Send string for size desired.)

We send our goods on approval to all sections of city or country. Costs you nothing to see them and compare prices. Get Catalogue No. 16.

W. F. DOLL MFG. CO.,
175 Broadway, N. Y., near Cortlandt.

Established 1876. References any National Bank or Express Office.



DRAWING FROM OBJECTS

BY H. J. HASSELBAUER.

"Drawing is thinking, and drawing around the think." This is a newspaper man's definition of drawing.

Learning to draw means not only that the eye must see correctly, but that the hand must be trained to do its work. Drawing, in one sense of the word, means merely patience and practice.

It would be hard to ever estimate the importance of pencil sketching direct from objects. Here is where to build the foundation, firm and strong, for good original work in whatever line one aspires to follow. The beginner is apt to slight this kind of work entirely, or try to draw studies too difficult for his ability.

One cannot draw a complicated subject well until he can first draw simple objects well. Start right, spend a good portion of your time given to art study in making pencil sketches from simple objects, the simpler the studies selected at first, the better. Make your sketches large, don't put any unnecessary lines in it, and draw the objects simply but accurately. Use broad, flat sweeps of the pencil for shading, but do not attempt to shade until you have first secured a good outline.

We now wish you to draw a square box, any kind of a box will do, and vary its position in every imaginable way. It will help you to know something about planes and lines.

A plane is a smooth, even surface. The floor and ceilings are horizontal planes, the walls and all upright planes are known as vertical planes. The edges of planes are called lines; for example the top and bottom of this page are horizontal lines and the two sides, vertical lines.

Apparent measurement can be found very easily by closing one eye, and holding your pencil perpendicularly at arm's length, letting the unsharpened end touch the upper line of the object and placing your thumb where the next line comes. For instance, there is a window in your room, hold your pencil so that the end comes between the edge and the upper horizontal lines of the window—place your thumb on the pencil where the bottom comes. Measure the width the same way, only holding the pencil horizontally; lay the last measurement off at right angles with the length-line on a piece of paper, and you have the outline of the window in perfect proportion. You can then put in the lines necessary to form the window frame, using the same method in drawing the shades.

The nearer you are to an object, the larger the measurement will be. You

now see how you can find the proportion of a building. It is not always necessary to draw the object the same size it measures on the pencil; this method being used simply to get the proportions.

Return now to drawing your box. This box has six sides, although you do not see them all. In drawing these, dotted lines should be used to locate the planes representing the sides of the box that are concealed from view.

When looking at a house, you cannot see all its parts, yet you know it has another side, and that the corners are square. Although you only see the top of a house through the trees, you still know that it rests upon the ground. All houses are like a box; when you learn to draw a box, you can draw a house.



After you can draw a square box try changing its dimensions; make it longer than it is high, then again higher than it is long. When you have got the outlines of the box as near correct as you can get them, erase the dotted lines and put in the shading, then see what a good picture you can get from your box, and similar objects.

When studying curves, a glass tumbler is an excellent medium with which to experiment. The glass, being transparent, enables you to see all the curved lines. The lines that would be invisible, were the material solid, should be dotted in your drawings. After drawing the tumbler in various positions, you can try to sketch objects similar in shape, such as a pail, barrel, etc., and see what an effective drawing you can work up. The accompanying sketch will give you an idea of a pail with the shading necessary to make your drawing effective, but do your work, both outlines and shading, in pencil, later on you can try with pen and ink, but everything in their turn.

You can also find other studies which will suggest good drawing, such as a shoe, an ink bottle and pen, a vase, a lamp, etc. Send in your sketches before the end of the month, and show us what you can do in this line. If you have

read the foregoing directions carefully you can get up many pleasing drawings.

First practice, then draw. Every boy has some ability, some more others less, but the one with small ability who makes the most of it is very much superior in every way to the boy of shining ability who makes little use of or neglects his opportunities.

We have received quite a number of available designs from our readers, who complied with our request to send in their drawings, which in the short time they have had to practice and draw them can be really called good, and it affords us pleasure to enter the following names in our list, under which we will publish the names of those sending in the ten best drawings each month.

List of Merit.

Walter S. Merritt, Springfield, Ill.
Frank F. Duncan, Milford, N. J.
H. A. Rothstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alex R. Warren, Auburn, N. Y.
Henry Allen, Batesville, Ark.
A. Cartocelli, Greensboro, N. C.
Wm. Shipford, Federalsburg, Md.
James H. Miller, Greensboro, N. C.
William Bushnell, New York City.
Oswald Treebault, Augusta, Me.

GULAB SINGH.

(Continued from page 10.)

certain extent, or the man would not have thought that he recognized you," said Alick.

"Mohun Lal is tall, and my hair, perhaps, is like his," replied Gulab, "though his is six inches longer, and he is twenty years older than I."

"But you look many years older now than you did in uniform," remarked Jack.

"I hope I am like him, for I must personate him now, and it will be bad for us if the imposture is discovered. We are safe now in Delhi till this evening, but then we must start, for many who know Mohun Lal would be anxious to come and pay their respects to him. When we get out to the villages I will assume a different name. You played your parts well, sahibs."

It was decided that they should remain where they were till nightfall, when they would depart, Hosein escaping over the wall at the back as they went through the door and advanced boldly along the streets. There was no fear of immediate interruption. All the neighborhood knew that Mohun Lal wished to be undisturbed.

Hosein was unable to procure any food except chippatees; but Gulab told Jack, who had heard Hosein's announcement with a grimace, that he would get no other bread and scarcely any other food for some time to come.

"I am content," said Jack; "I don't think you will find me grumble about such a trifle."

They waited quietly until after dark, and then prepared to start. Alick and Jack each took Hosein's hand in theirs and shook hands with him, expressing their warmest gratitude for his noble efforts to save them, for without his aid they could not have effected their escape.

Hosein then withdrew to the roof of the house, ready to drop down into a neighboring street as soon as the departure of the others through the door drew public attention to them, and so gave him an opportunity to escape observation.

(To be continued.)

New Boy Photographer

Photography is a study which claims from us our best efforts, and offers a vast and extensive scope for the full play of intellect. The humble artisan and the sage professor—the man of science and the soldier on the field—the schoolgirl and the royal princess—alike find room in our art for the display and exercise of the best of nature's gifts. Cameras are now within the reach of the humblest citizen. They are now given as birthday and wedding presents, and parents now realize photography as the most healthy and pleasure giving pursuit for their children, and medical men urge their patients to take an outing with their cameras in search of pure pleasure. Yes, the camera now falls into the hands of all classes and conditions of people, male and female. The danger is the camera may become too common; in fact, photography is becoming a leading fashion, and by-and-by the individual who cannot take a snap shot and develop a plate will be looked upon as not half up-to date.

The popularity of the camera is rapidly on the increase, and it would not be an easy task to forecast what the future has in store. All over the world the highest skilled labor is busily employed in the various branches of photography, diligently perfecting every part.

MOUNTING PRINTS.

Matt-surface prints look very effective on brown paper as a mount. First rough mount the print on card board; then cut the desired opening in a sheet of brown or tinted paper. Mounted this way and framed they make satisfactory mounts.

RESTORING PLATINOTYPE PRINTS.

Platinotype prints that have become yellow may be restored by placing in a ten per cent solution of common chloride of lime. First soak the prints in water, then in the lime solution till the yellow color is bleached; remove and wash well; then place in a weak solution of hydrochloric acid; wash again and dry.

PRINTS LEAVING THE MOUNTS.

There are few photographers who have not been troubled at some time or other by prints leaving the mount, particularly in a case of the shiny, gold-bevel mounts. A thin solution of gelatine could soon be passed over a good number and then dried. All that is necessary is to overcome the repellent nature of the cardboard.

\$80,000.00 IN ONE YEAR

The U. S. Agricultural Department states that \$1 per pound is frequently paid for Mushrooms and that two pounds can be grown on one square foot of surface. At this rate, an acre of surface would produce \$80,000.00 in less than one year. Send for a free copy of my 50 page book on Ginseng, Golden Seal and Mushrooms and learn how you can make thousands of dollars from small garden space. Don't fail to send for this free book. ARTHUR C. THOMPSON, Dept. 212, Thompson Building, Scranton Pa.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NEW BOY free to all new subscribers (during January).

NEW BOY, 128 E. 23 St., New York.

Printing—100 Envelopes, Note Heads, 4 1/2 x 6 Circulars, Shipping Tags or Business Cards, 89c. 25 fine bristol visiting cards 10c good business quality. All postpaid.
Orvil Kiger, Burlington, Iowa.

AMATEUR ADVERTISING

A New Activity for the Boy Who Likes to Write Letters and Get Lots of Mail.

Boys, here is a brand new hobby for you. One from which you can derive a great deal of pleasure and a lot of practical experience that may be of great value to you when you grow up and engage in the great struggle for business success. Now, we want all of you to get up a little advertisement like the ones shown here, and send it to the Amateur Advertising Department of THE NEW BOY, and we will print it one time on this page free of charge. You must first select something you want to sell or exchange, and that is sure to be desired by some of the other boys who read this paper. Of course, the more desirable your article, and the less you ask in return, the greater will be the replies you will get.



All advertisements to appear under this heading must be accompanied by 10c for one year's subscription.

STAMP COLLECTORS. I have hundreds of duplicates of all countries which I will trade for anything you have in the stamp or coin line. H. S. GETTS, Oregon, Wis.

MAGIC—Are you interested? If so, send 10 cents silver for instructions how to perform 10 wonderful tricks in magic with my price list of hundreds of other tricks. H. H. WILLIAMS, 177 Boylston St., Worcester, Mass.

GUITAR for sale or exchange. Good condition. Cost \$18.50. Make offer cash, tobacco tags. ED. BILL, Salida, Colo.

SOUVENIR CARDS. 6 beautiful cards of Hamilton, Ont., Canada, 15 cents. These cards are simply swell. Order at once. HERBERT MILLS, Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada.

BOYS! Wake up! Get interested in the great, mysterious power, electricity! Edison became famous experimenting with it. I can start you right. Send stamp for particulars. Excellent battery formula, very powerful; yours for 5 red stamps. THOMAS E. DENTON, 55 S. 12th St., Newark, N. J.

WILL EXCHANGE 10 fine views of the Baltimore fire for 5 souvenir post-cards and one 5-cent stamp. A. F. TURNER CO., 2559 McCulloch St., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS WANTED to sell "Ink Powder." Makes splendid ink. Big profits. No capital required. Send stamp for sample and particulars. GEO. H. THERELFALL, R. No. 1, Galena, Mo.

EXCHANGE. For every 5-cent novel received I will send in exchange four fine stamp papers. Also stamps to exchange for novels. GEARY FEAGANS, Ashland, Ky.

STAMP collectors, I will allow you two-thirds catalogue value for your duplicates in exchange for stamps your own selection. EDWARD J. WOLF, 1100 E. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

EXCELSIOR printing press, two chassis and three whole fonts of type for \$3. F. W. SMITH, 36 Raymond St., Everett, Mass.

50 NOTEHEADS, envelopes or cards, printed, sent postpaid, 20 cents. Samples sent. Specials in box stationary. L. KINNIER, 1144 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOOK AT THIS! Subscriptions to papers and magazines at reduced rates. Send for list. THEO. MILLER, 2228 Felicity St., New Orleans, La.

IF YOU WANT to buy good reading matter, such as bound books, novels, magazines, etc., in bulk, I have them at 25c, 50c, or \$1.00 for a bulk; try one. MAX BAYERER, 60 Perry St., Albany, N. Y.

PAIR good Belgian hares, \$1.00, write. Lovely crochet sandik pansy mat, 30 cents. Send. MRS. CORA WILLIAMS, R. R. 2, Deshler, Ohio.

BOYS, GIRLS—For 10c, I will send a formula for making a most delicious perfume. Any odor. ARTHUR JOHNSON, 1449 Ballou St., Chicago, Ill.

BREAKING UP collection of over 4,000 varieties of stamps. Send me any where from 25c. to \$19 and I will send you from four to eight times catalogue value, no two alike. MAX BAYERER, Perry St., Albany, N. Y.

EDITORS—Please send me sample copies of your papers. I also want Homer pigeons for squab raising. Send me your prices. WALTER D. GEORGE, Tuscola, Ill.

FOR SALE—Bantam chickens—\$1.00 per pair. CHAS. MARSHALL, 15 Six St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

EGGS—A setting 15 Single Comb Black Minorca eggs for \$1.00, which generally sell for \$1.50 to \$2. These are eggs I can guarantee as the are from my own hens. C. E. SWOPE, Jr., 325 E. St. Catharine, Louisville, Ky.

SEND me 10c coin and 2c postage, also a narrow strip of paper, size of 2nd joint of 2nd finger, and I will send you a unique lead ring any colors desired. JOSEPH GRAY, 1251 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LOOK here boys! I will send you the prettiest pair of white rabbits you ever saw for only 60 red cents. A. LLOYD SCHULTZ, Washington Boro, Lan. Co., Pa.

FOR SALE—A number of 5 cent novels for 3 cents apiece or 2 for 5 cents. ARCHIE H. KLINGBEIL, 15 Perry Street, Ashtabula, Ohio

Advertise in The New Boy

Best Medium in the World

Rates 25c per line,

No Discount for time or space.

Last Forms for February Issue close

January 27th.

VENTRILOQUISM

Easily learned by anyone. 2c stamp brings circular. O. A. Smith, Box G., 2040 Knoxville Ave., Peoria, Ill.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NEW BOY free to all new subscribers (during January).

NEW BOY, 128 E. 23 St., New York.

PLAY BALL. Price 15c postpaid. Best and most complete game invented. Hits, Put-outs, Assists, Errors, etc. Every possible play in real game. Form a league and win the pennant. HERBERT N. MYERS, 84 West 95th St., N. Y. City.

STAMP COLLECTORS

Young and old subscribe for THE NEW BOY. Each issue will have interesting notes from philatelic writers the world over. Send 50 cents for a full year's subscription.

NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 E. 23rd St., New York City.

1906 PRICE LIST
Of Stamps Free
Cheapest on
Earth
Joseph F. Negreen,
128 E. 23d St.
New York



The New Boy Stamp Collector

ADVICE TO THE BEGINNER.

To give advice is a thankless task in most cases and no less so if it is given to a beginning stamp collector, for it is seldom followed. For that matter it is just as well if a beginner doesn't listen too attentively to all the advice that may be lavished on him, for it is often too contradictory that you would have no end of trouble if you tried to follow it. Nowhere else is the proverb so true as in stamp collecting that "one man's meat is another man's poison;" one collector's peculiar favorites are another's pet aversions, and it is just one of the charms of stamp collecting that it offers a chance for each and every kind of taste. So I do not intend to advise anybody what to collect; it's all the same to me whether you collect adhesives, cards, envelopes, original covers, fiscals, telegraphs and what not else, so long as you do it in the right collecting spirit; they all have their charms. But one thing I should like to urge on you: do not go at collecting in a mercenary spirit. I mean: do not always keep your eyes peeled for the monetary side of your collection, counting up what you have put into it and wondering how much it might be worth.

Mighty little pleasure would the average collector get from his stamps on this plan, for few of us can collect on the lines of a millionaire; but worse than that: we lower the plane of our pursuit entirely. There are pleasures which money cannot buy, and the true philatelist knows some of them. I daresay that those collections whose owners derive most pleasure from them are by no means among the great collections of the world, but are rather what we would call small collections. And any collector can be among their number. A large collection and an interesting collection are by no means synonymous; let yours rather be the latter. May I suggest some ways of doing this?

Perhaps many of my readers are boys at school. Supposing you were to go to work and draw some maps, on rather a large scale and as neatly as possible, of each continent, or of some particular country or group of countries, like Central America, or Germany, or Italy, showing no details of the countries, but only strong boundary outlines, and then proceed to arrange on the space of each country as many of its commoner varieties of stamps as you have or can obtain—do you not think that these sheets hung on the walls of a boy's room or exhibited at school would attract con-

siderable interest and attention? The geographical lesson thus conveyed would be decidedly impressive.

The average non-collector would surely be impressed by your statement that he beheld before him a stamp from each stamp issuing country.

Or supposing you widen your scope. Get a blank book and begin to collect types—that is, of each set of stamps of each country get but one stamp, the lowest or the cheapest or the prettiest, as you prefer, just to show what that set of stamps looked like. Such a collection would be of great interest in itself and could be made very nearly complete, even by a collector of moderate means. Against each type one would note that such and such other values of the same or similar designs exist.

Of course some sets are so different in design for each value that they would have to be taken complete, but these are few compared with the vast majority of sets in which all the values are of uniform type.

Then again—though this calls for rather more research—one could make a very interesting collection designed to show the work of the various great engraving and printing establishments who have turned out postage stamps or do so now. I name but a few at random: Perkins, Bacon & Co., De la Rue & Co., Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co., Waterlow & Sons, the American Bank Note Co. and its predecessors, the Columbian Bank Note Co., the Manhattan Bank Note Co., the Hamilton Bank Note Co., the South American Bank Note Co., the French Government Printing Office, the Prussian State Printing Office, the Imperial German Printing Office, the Russian Government Printing Bureau, our own Bureau Engraving and Printing, the Spanish Fabrica del Timbre, and so on, and so on.

Of course, as I say, this takes study and research, but it would be an intensely fascinating subject and one calculated to make one an expert judge of engraving. Such a collection would cost but little, as each establishment's work would be just as well shown by a low value as a high one.

Collecting stamps on the original cover is also a way of making a showing for little money that will still be interesting. Even common varieties show up well when on an envelope adorned with numerous postmarks, registration, labels, and the like, especially when the varieties are in odd combinations, such as one can often find. The amount of geographical information and observa-

STAMPS FREE 100 all different for the names of 2 collectors and 2c postage. 20 Russian stamps, 10c; 20 Norway 10c; 90 Sweden 10c; 20 Japan 10c; 40 Japan Postage and Revenue mounted on sheet 25c; Dime Album 5c; Imperial Album, holds 3,540, 80c; 50 blank sheets 10c; 10 blank approval books 15c; 1000 hinges 8c; 5000 30c; Big lists free. Wholesale list for dealers. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

40 U. S. STAMPS FREE! All different. Postage 2c. When possible send the names of two collectors. 220 Foreign, fine, 25c. Agents 50 per cent. com. 600 sets from 1c up, FREE. Free offer good only to those mentioning this paper. **QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**

THE BEST OF ALL

66 2-3% DISCOUNT

The following packets are guaranteed to each contain stamps of catalogue value of 75 cents or over, while our price is but 25 cents, a discount of 66 2/3%. There are no stamps in these packets from any countries except those mentioned.

35 different Civil and Spanish War Revenues, many long ones of the former and dollar values of the latter, 25 cents

35 different Alexandria, Benin, Canton, China, Dahomey, Djibouti, Fr. Guinea, Fr. Morocco, Fr. Soudan, Great Comoro, Madagascar, New Caledonia, Port Said, Reunion, Senegambia, Zanzibar and other Fr. Colonies, 25 cents.

35 different Congo Free State, Gold Coast, Guinea, Liberia, Lorenzo Marques, Mozambique, Orange Free State, Soudan (British), Nyassaland, Transvaal, Zanzibar (British), and other African countries, 25 cents.

35 different stamps from Johore, Siam, Perak, Malay States, Borneo, Labuan, Corea, Port, Indies, Macao, Dutch Indies, China, Ceylon, Japan and British India, 25 cents.

Send for complete list. Many others as good as the above. 1000 best stamp hinges 4 cents. 1000 English peelable hinges 7 cents.

Send for sheets and sets on approval. Best and cheapest 50¢ sheets on the market, and we give Premium Coupons too. Write today.

ATLANTIC STAMP CO.,

31 Manhattan Ave., New York City.

FREE	An unused 1c War to each buyer. Orders under 50 cents postage extra.	Cat. Price
U. S. 1895, 1 to 50c	\$ 37 \$ 12
Austria 1900, 1h to 4kr	87 10
Belgium P. P. 1895, 6 var	28 05
Belgium P. P. 1900, 8 var	34 08
Honduras 1879, 1c to 1p (unused)	94 15
Japan 1893-92, 1 sen to 1 yen	31 07
Japan 1899-00, 5r to 1 yen	45 10
North Borneo 1898, 1 to 24c	1 38 30
Nyassa 1897, 2 1/2 to 300r (unused)	1 97 40
Venezuela 1896, maps complete unused	15 06

Costa Rica.

1892, 1c to 10p complete, unused, catalogue value \$2 56, price 37 cents post free.

H. A. BLACKWELL.

WOODSIDE, NEW YORK.

117 Excellent stamps.....\$ 12
80 very choice stamps..... 25
REX STAMP CO., 149 D W. 95th St., New York City.
14kt fountain pens and 50 per cent commission given to agents. Reference required.

tions on postal routes and regulations that can be deduced from such a collection is astonishing. My brother, who is the principal of a high school, once looked through my collection of "original covers" and said that with a similar collection at his disposal he would undertake to make the study of geography an entertaining one to almost any boys' class in school. (I do not know how it is that girls upon the whole take neither to geography nor to stamps very kindly; there are exceptions, but they only confirm the rule. Geography as well as philately seem to be men's sciences).—The trouble with collections of this kind lies in the mounting, as they are apt to become bulky; still large scrapbooks answer about as well as anything else, but do not stick covers into them too firmly—the back should remain open to inspection for the sake of the postmark.

You will be surprised how you will become able to impress people by reciting glibly, as you show them an envelope, how this one, for instance, left Levuka, Fiji Island, August 28th, passed Suva Sept. 3, reached Victoria (i. e. Vancouver) Sept. 28, was turned over to Seattle Sept. 29, and finally arrived here Oct. 3, bearing eight postmarks and five registration entries—let alone that you yourself would acquire a knowledge of the great channels in which the intercourse of the nations moves which a globe trotter might envy you. Of course you must study such letters and envelopes with the geographical atlas open beside the album. If you collect on these lines you will need little money, but will get ten times the pleasure from your collection that a rich nabob does who buys a rare stamp, sticks it into its appointed place and does not further trouble his brain about it. Intelligence is what you need to become a real collector, much more so than money.

R. R. THIRLE.

FORTUNES IN STAMPS.

Some of the World's Greatest Collections.

Few people outside the ranks of ardent philatelists have any idea of the enormous growth of the postage stamp collecting craze during recent years. It is a story full of romance, the financial side of which bristles with figures representing huge fortunes sunk in the tiny scraps of paper which speed the world's correspondence.

Both as a hobby and as a business stamp collecting has reached proportions which give it a very important place among mundane pursuits. There are many private collections worth from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000, and the capital sunk in the stamp traffic is estimated to be well over \$5,000,000.

The financial importance of the trade is illustrated by the amalgamation last February of two London firms with a capital of over \$585,000. It was the auctioneering department of this firm which sold Mr. Smith Ryland's small private collection a few days ago for about \$12,500, a price which was considered to be very good for an auction sale, especially as the collection offered contained comparatively few great rarities.

But even here there were one or two prices obtained for particular stamps which at once show the keenness of the collector and the business importance of the traffic. For instance, a Saxony stamp of 1851, with an error of paper, realized \$280; a penny red and blue

British Central Africa stamp sold for \$235; and a penny blue Cape of Good Hope for \$190.

Very often far higher prices than these are obtained for single stamps, though it may be a long time before a stamp realizes anything like the \$7250 paid by the Prince of Wales last year for a 2d blue Mauritius.

THE PRINCE'S SPECIALTY.

The Prince of Wales is well known to be a very enthusiastic philatelist; but it is not common knowledge that he is a specialist, collecting only the stamps of Great Britain and her Colonies. His stamps are worth many thousands of pounds. As President of the Philatelic Society of London, the Prince is regarded as one of the most cultured followers of the science of stamps, and has cleared up several doubtful points through information gathered in his philatelic researches during his colonial tour.

Two of his sons, Prince Edward and Prince George, have already caught the stamp fascination. Prince Edward is specially interested in the Prince Edward Island stamps, of which he owns a complete set.

Recently a philatelic journal asked its readers their chief reasons for collecting stamps, offering a prize for the best reply. A large majority gave "as an investment" as their first answer, and it is indeed true that postage stamps are not only a safe, but also a highly profitable investment.

Experts say that British Colonial stamps are the best from the investor's point of view, especially those of Colonies which have small populations, and therefore print comparatively few stamps.

Are You a COLLECTOR?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

These are Cheap. Try Them.

For Boys! For Girls! For Everybody!

100 stamps, all different, many unused, catalog value over \$1.50, sent for.....	\$ 49
25 var. stamps, all unused.....	23
Costa Rica, 1892 complete unused set, catalogue over \$2.....	49
Honduras 1891 complete including 2 5 and 10 pesos unused.....	52
25 varieties of unused Foreign Postal Cards, a fine lot.....	29
4 varieties of paper money 25c to \$20	14
Set of Columbians 1c to 10c used....	11

The Following Will Suit Dealers.

100 unused Cuban stamps, 4 kinds..	24
600 unused Cuban Revenue stamps, 3 kinds.....	23
500 1c Columbians.....	21
5000 2c Columbians.....	58
250 2c Columbian Envelopes.....	17
5000 mixed U. S. stamps.....	47
2000 common mixed foreign stamps.	29
100 1c unused Guatemala stamps, entire fine sheet.....	18
100 2c Guatemala, fine, unused.....	36
100 25 and 50c Alabama notes.....	34

FOR ANYBODY

1000 varieties foreign stamps.....	2 79
2 fine unused Salvador Postal Cards free with every order from this ad.	

J. E. HANDSHAW,

Smithtown Branch, New York.

ALL BARGAINS IN STAMPS & ALBUMS

Costa Rica 1892 1c to 10 pesos complete, cataloged at \$2 84	
our price	\$ 60
Hayti 1894 1c to 50c complete unused (regular price 65c)...	30
Honduras 1878 1c to 1 peso complete set, catalog 94c....	19
North Borneo 1893 1c to 24c complete, catalog \$1.38, price.....	35
Nyassa (Giraffe) 2½ to 300r, complete.....	65
U. S. Columbian, Buffalo, Omaha, or St. Louis 1 to 10c complete, each set for...	15
U. S. Columbian 1893 15c green	12
U. S. Columbian 1893, 30c brown.....	20
U. S. Columbian 1893, 50c blue.....	30
U. S. Columbian 1893, \$1.00 salmon	1 10

PACKETS

OR

SMALL COLLECTIONS

All Fine Stamps (no trash)

100 different.....	10
200 different.....	20
325 different.....	50
1000 different (cataloged over \$27).....	3 50

All orders filled the day received.

New 1906 Scott's Standard Catalogue (over 730 pages) is now out, price postfree...	60
International Album, bound in half Cloth, postfree.....	1 50
International Album, full Cloth, gilt, postfree.....	2 50
Modern Album bound in full cloth, spaces for 10,000 stamps, postfree, illustrated with pictures of 2200 stamps	1 15
Imperial Album, spaces for 4000 stamps, postfree.....	30

GRAND STAMP CO.,

342 E. 15th St., New York City.

RARE STAMPS.

Rare stamps, such as some of the Sandwich Islands, Mauritius, and Australian issues, valued at about \$2000 each, are constantly coming into the market, and are never kept for more than a week.

As collectors are increasing annually, especially in the public schools, and prices and takings are always rising, the traffic generally must be considered to be in a very flourishing condition.

But one does not wonder at this when it is stated that many wealthy collectors spend from \$5000 to \$50,000 a year on their hobby, and that one—M. Philippe la Renotiere, of Paris, the greatest collector in the world—has spent \$1,000,000 since 1870. His stamps are worth nearly \$1,500,000, and his annual expenditure with one firm alone averages from \$15,000 to \$20,000. He employs two secretaries, one to look after his stamps, and the other the post cards, envelopes, and wrappers.

Mr. H. J. Duveen, of New York, has a collection valued at \$400,000; Mr. W. B. Avery, of Birmingham, owns stamps worth \$250,000; Mr. M. P. Castle, Vice-President of the Philatelic Society, sold his stamps five years ago for \$150,000; and several American collectors have stamps worth from \$150,000 to \$250,000.

In Russia the most important collector is Mr. F. Brietfuss, of St. Petersburg, who has been collecting for forty-five years, and is said to possess the third finest collection in the world. Italy's most famous collector is Prince Doria Pamphili, and philatelic place of honour in Germany is occupied by Herr Martin Schroeder, the Leipzig merchant.

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres is an example of a collector who, once smitten with the fascination of stamps, has pursued the hobby with such keenness that in a very few years he has become possessed of one of the most magnificent collections of its kind in the world. He started collecting comparatively recently, specializing in the stamps of the British Empire, the United States and the Italian States, and his remarkable collection is all the more interesting from the fact that it is based on historical lines.

FREE A Beautiful Picture FREE
Made of Real Stamps
Something new to decorate the wall of your den absolutely free. Send names of a few collectors with reply

SPECIAL OFFERS
50 different Norway and Sweden stamps.....\$ 25
1000 finely mixed foreign stamps..... 14
Board covered album and 1000 stickers..... 18
Complete stamp catalog..... 10
Complete U. S. Coin Catalog..... 10
200 foreign stamps, all different..... 70
100 different U. S. Stamps..... 20
80 different Africa, Congo, Transvaal, etc..... 30
8 Persia, 1889 issue complete, unused..... 20
20 different China, Japan and Corea..... 20

APPROVAL SHEETS—We have the finest line of approval sheets in the country, which we send out at 50% discount. We please others and know we can satisfy you. If you have not tried our sheets, let us hear from you.

TIFFIN STAMP CO., 160 E. ST., TIFFIN, OHIO

Special Bargains
1 10c Propriety, cat 85c...\$ 10
2 1 30 For. Exch, cat. 75c... 28
3 \$1.00 Passage Ticket, not punched, cat. \$6... 2 00
4 \$1.00 Mortgage, not punched, cat. \$3... 95
5 \$3.50 Inland Exchange, blue, cat \$1.50... 50
6 4c 3rd issue, fine, uncut, cat. \$1... 85
7 6c 3rd issue, fine, uncut, cat. \$1... 85
8 \$5 Propriety 1875 superb (regular \$200 net). 125 00
Anything in U. S. Post Revs, Cols., cheap. Lists free.
F. B. KIRBY, New Bedford, Mass.

Free A 4c Djibouti
If possible send names of some collecting friends and 2 cents postage.
METROPOLITAN STAMP CO.,
83 Nassau St., New York City.

Sets in Fine Condition

U. S. 1871 issue, 1c to 10c, 5 var. used.....	\$ 25
" 1873 " 1c to 10c, 5 " ".....	07
" 1879 " 1c to 10c, 6 " ".....	10
" 1882 " 1c to 10c, 5 " ".....	09
" 1893 Columbian 1c to 50c, 11 var. used.....	75
" War Dept. 1c to 6c, 4 var. used.....	09
" Newspaper 1c to 10c, 4 var. unused.....	25
" Unpaid 1891, 1c to 10c, 5 var. used.....	12
" Confederates, 4 var. unused.....	35
" 6 var. Private Proprietaries.....	15
" 25 var. Civil War Revenues.....	17
" Favorite Album and 50 var. U. S.....	25
" Rev. \$3 Char. Party, \$3 Man., \$5 Con.....	20
" 1898 Prop., 1/2 to 5c Battleship com.....	25
" 1898 Doc Rev. 1/2c to \$1, 10 var.....	06
" N. Y. State Tax, 2, 10, 20, 50c, \$1, \$2.....	08
Azores, Vasco de Gama set, comp, used.....	75
Belgium, 50 varieties, fine collection.....	20

ECONOMIST STAMP CO.,
79 Nassau Street, New York City.

BARGAINS	BARGAINS
40 Japanese mounted on sheets.....	\$ 25
100 U. S., no two alike.....	20
12 var. Lewis and Clark Souvenir Stamps.....	10
1000 hinges.....	05
50 U. S. all different.....	08

FREE—To anyone applying for our approval sheets, we will give free 50 varieties foreign and three \$1 revenues. Send at once.

JAPANESE STAMP COMPANY,
741 E. Pine St., Portland Ore.

The Greatest Collector's Paper
Hobby Collectors Largest

100 page Illustrated Monthly, sent 4 months 10c.
One year 50c.

Brim full of matter on Stamps, Coins, Curios, Relics, Photography, Historical Discoveries, etc. Motto: "The best and lots of it." Organ of three dozen clubs and societies, over 21,000 members.

PHILATELIC WEST, Superior, Nebraska.

ADS PAY BIG AT ONE CENT A WORD.

West Souvenir Post Cards, Many Colors. Try them, 10c the dozen. Send 5c for card to American Souvenir Camera Club Exchange. Largest Camera and Card Club in the World, over 6000.

500
All diff. foreign stamps—all fine copies
85 CENTS POSTPAID

WENDOVER NEEFUS, Hudson, N. Y.

Approval selections at 60% dis. Refs.

Hong Kong 1902, \$5 and \$10 (single) per pair...20
Malta 1899, 5, each.....46
Malta 1899, 10, each.....12

Approval selections of medium and rare stamps on receipt of references. Wholesale price list post free.

THE WILLIAM STAMP CO.,
120 Leadenhall St., London, E.C. Eng.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.
18 East 23d Street, New York

Largest Stamp Dealers in the United States, and Publishers of the

Imperial Album	\$.25	\$.30	postage free.
"	.40	.45	" "
Modern	1.00	1.15	" "
International Album	1.50	1.75	" "
"	2.50	2.75	" "
Standard Stamp Catalogue	.50	.58	" "
What Philately Teaches	.15	.15	" "

Ninety Page Circular Free.
APPROVAL SHEETS, 50 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

A \$1.00 Post Card FREE

The 1879 25c Cuba Post Card is catalogued 4 marks (\$1.00) by Senf Bros. We will give one FREE to each collector who will ask for our unexcelled approval selections at 50 per cent discount, and furnish references or give information as to his responsibility.

We do this to get acquainted with the readers of "THE NEW BOY."

Stamp Security Co.,
4612 Belle Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

300 Foreign stamps 10c, 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 200 varieties 25c. 500 varieties, \$1.25. 1000 varieties, \$4.75. 32-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **J. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

STAMPS—100 China, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and list of bargains 2c. Agts 50%. **A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, Boston, Mass.**

STAMPS 100 Hamburg, etc., valued over \$1.00, free, also big book on stamps. **LEE STAMP CO., Station A, Boston, Mass.**

500 all different stamps and album, only.....\$ 70
1000 all different stamps (cat. over \$25).....2 50
100 varieties U. S. only..... 15
1000 mixed stamps..... 12
100 used Stamps, cat. over \$3, for only..... 40
1000 hinges..... 05
Album for 600 stamps, only..... 05

Approval Sheets at 60 per cent Commission.
P. G. BEALS, 38 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

Look! BOYS! Look!

Why not start in the stamp business? Our packets of fifty stamps each cannot be beat. Bargains at 4 for 25c, 10 for 50c, and 25 for \$1.

Newark Stamp Company,
55 Hartford St., Newark, N. J.

Write For Interesting Proposition.
THE STEVENS STAMP CO.
1834 97th St., N. E., Cleveland, O.

China 10c Green FREE to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 50%. A packet and offer. Some corking good ones, weighed, not counted, will cat. over \$3 with a For. post. card worth from 5c-50c, price 25c, a splendid mixture. Netherlands 1891 50c cat 10c, price 1c with packet only. **W. T. McKay, 15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.**



THE NEW BOY is pleased to present this month two covers from Mr. Seybold's (one of our subscribers) remarkable accumulation. Both are extreme rarities. Upon this wonderful cover illustrated above, may be seen an unsevered pair of the 7½ pence Canada.

This is one of the scarcest of Canadian emissions and is considered very difficult to procure in fine condition either on or off the cover. Although this stamp is catalogued at only \$15, readers may realize the scarcity of the above cover when we say that the best of authorities on British North American stamps say that they never saw or heard of an unsevered pair on the cover before.

The one pictured below is catalogued at \$200, it is one of the favorites in the Seybold collection and is prized not only

on account of its rarity but, chiefly because of its magnificent condition. Rare Confederates are always interesting and they are more so when they are on the original covers. This cover contains five excellent specimens of the 2 cent Mobile stamps, they are priced at forty dollars each.

Among the best known collectors of the United States is the gentleman named. Yet he is one of those whom our readers often read of but seldom meet, his mercantile business engrossing so much of his time that he has not been enabled to visit other cities and meet other collectors so frequently as he desired.

It is not this collection, however, which has made Mr Seybold famous as a collector in both the philatelic and the

secular press, but his duplicate collection of rare stamps on original covers, begun about 1881. He does not collect any stamps on the original, but only the uncommon ones, and of these he has many of the better grades, not only singly but in pairs, blocks and strips, including such things as the Brattleboro; 12d Canada; two large fillet Mauritius on one cover; a pair of Basle; two 4c Vauds, used together; the Geneva envelope, used as an adhesive; a strip of three 3sgr Oldenburg on one cover and a block of six on another; pair of 4-4 Mecklenburg-Schwerin, rouletted; six 10c 1847 U. S., on one cover; Victoria Registered and Too Late on covers; and a great many other rare things, so great in fact that it were a work of time to even attempt their enumeration.



TEN PER CENT.

It is stated to be only a moderate estimate that the earning value of stamps is ten per cent. As instances of earning value may be mentioned the 10s Lagos, which was sold in 1903 for \$3 and is now worth \$20, and the £1 Southern Nigeria, whose market price three years ago was \$6.25, but is now \$40.

Mr. W. Huges Huges' collection, made during thirty-seven years, at a cost altogether of only \$345, was sold for \$15,000. Another collection, that of the late Mr. Pauwels, of Torquay, which originally cost \$1800 was sold, after being put one side for twenty-seven years, for \$20,000.

No collection of valuables occupies such a little space as postage stamps. The small strong-room at one representative firm's headquarters contains more than \$375,000 worth of stamps pasted into stock books and numbered. Some of these stock books, of which there are 180, are worth over \$10,000. The Newfoundland stamps alone in this apartment are valued at \$7850.

There are 40,000 names of customers in all parts of the world on the books of one firm, the Prince of Wales, with a standing order for all new Colonial issues, being among the most important. For these customers about 12,000 catalogues of British and 10000 of foreign stamps are prepared annually. The stamps sold in a year run into millions, and the albums to at least 30,000.

FREE 100 var Foreign Stamps for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c return postage. Only 1 packet to a customer. 85 var U. S. stamps 10c. 10 U. S. Revs., long, 15c. 1000 hinges 8c. Duplicate Album, board cover, space for 600 stamps, 10c. **READ STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.**

5 CENT SETS

10 Venezuela.....	\$ 05
10 Chile.....	05
10 Mexico.....	05
10 Japan.....	05
10 Cuba.....	05
10 Australia.....	05
10 South Africa.....	05
10 Brazil.....	05
10 Columbia.....	05
10 Central American.....	05

The above 100 varieties are priced over \$5 by Scott's catalogue. We will supply them mounted in a blank approval book and priced for SIXTY-FIVE CENTS. A great chance for agents to make money selling their own stamps.

AGENTS WANTED

We have the best 50 per cent approval sheets in the market. Ref. required.

STAMP SECURITY COMPANY,
4612 Bell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

1 U. S. Rev., cat. \$2.50, for.....	\$ 25	1
Foreign, cat. \$5 (none cat under \$3) 30		
10 Panama, cat. \$1.00.....	15	10
1000 U. S. (no present issue).....	27	
None damaged.		

J. HULL WILSON,
Marine Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

105 Varieties stamps, Korea, Tonga, Crete, etc., and large 40 page catalog for 5 cents post free. For the names of 5 active stamp collectors with order will send another 105 varieties **J. T. STARR STAMP CO., Coldwater, Mich.**

U. S. IN PACKETS 1000 obsolete U. S., post-paid, 25 cents. Fine approval books at net prices, sent on receipt of reference. **H. M. HARRISON,** 5201 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A SPECIAL OFFER

The following stamps will be furnished at face value to collectors who will ask for our unexcelled approval sheets at 50% off Scott's prices.

Niue Islands (near New Zealand).

1902-3 surcharged provisional issue.

1/2 penny, green.....	\$ 01
1 penny, carmine.....	02
2 1/2 pence, blue.....	05
3 pence, brown.....	06
6 pence, rose.....	12
1 shilling, brown red.....	24

Penrhyn Islands (another dependent of New Zealand).

1902-03 surcharged provisional issue.

1/2 penny, green.....	01
1 penny, carmine.....	02
2 1/2 pence, blue.....	05
3 pence, brown.....	06
6 pence, rose.....	12
1 shilling, brown red.....	24

Only one of each to a customer and only to those who ask for approval selection and furnish refs. or give information as to responsibility.

STAMP SECURITY CO.,
4612 Bell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE Two fine Jamaican stamps for names and addresses of two collectors and application for approvals. **FRANKLIN STAMP COMPANY,** 50 Lexington St., New Britain, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP ALBUM Absolutely Free

Send me your name and address, and I will send you 25 pieces of my Jewelry Novelties to be sold for 10 cents each. When you have sold them send me \$2.50 and I will send you all charges prepaid an International Postage Stamp Album.

CHAS. HARTMAN, The Peoples Jeweler, 2610 W. Polk St., Dept. I, Chicago, Ill.

BARGAINS and NEWS

Have you received recent issues of Mekeel's News and Trade Circular? If not get your name on the mailing list, it costs nothing if you send in an order, no matter how small. The following is an extract from the issue of November 18th.

Ichang (China). Set of all values 1895 issue. 1/2, 1, 2, 3, 5, 15c. 1. 3m also provisional 2 on 1c-9 stamps—unused and mint 75c post free, very cheap for this desirable set of interesting stamps.

Shanghai (China). 1889, 25c cash on 100c blue, red surcharge, unused—(catalogue \$3.00)—60c net. Supplies for collectors.

Hinges—10c per 1000—3000 for 25c. Perforation Gauge, Celluloid—10c. Complete Catalogue (65th Edition)—60c. Blank Approval Sheets (to hold 25 stamps)—25c per 100.

One pound of mixed foreign stamps (5000 to 8000) in a cloth bag, over 200 varieties, well assorted, post free \$1.00. Fine for beginners and traders. 1000 mixed Continentals—25c post free. 400 varieties—The best beginner's packet, with 1000 hinges, post free 98c.

5000 Variety Collection. A big packet, mounted for easy comparison, five thousand different genuine postage stamps for \$100.00! A bargain! This lot of stamps would cost twice as much bought in any other way; the catalogue value is between \$400 and \$500. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders less than \$1.00 from this list should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. We pay postage on orders of \$1.00 and over and register free when \$5.00 and more. (*) indicates stamp unused and in mint condition.

*Cook's Island 1902, 1sh carmine.....	\$ 28
New Zealand 1900, 6p green (Col. perf 11).....	25
*Hawaii 1899, 5c blue (No. 29a).....	1 25
* " 1898, 12c red lilac, red surcharge.....	2 50
* " 1898, 12c " " black " " rare.....	8 50
* " 1898, 50c red.....	1 00
* " 1898, \$1.00 rose red.....	1 75

Federated Malay States	
*1901, 1, 3, 4c set of three.....	05
*1901, 20c black and violet.....	12
*1905, 50c orange and black.....	27
*Sarawak 1899, 4c on 6c green.....	35
* " 1899, 4c on 8c blue.....	25
*Selangor 1900, 1c on 50c green.....	09
* " 1901, 1c on 5c, lilac and olive.....	24
*N. Sembilan 1899, 4c on 8c lilac and blue.....	12
* " 1899, 4c on 5c blue.....	06
* " 1899, 4c on 7c lilac and carmine.....	06
*Pahang 1898, 4c on 8c.....	12
* " 1899, 4c on 5c (Gibbons \$5).....	1 25
*S. Ujong 1892, 5c blue.....	06
* " 1894, 1c on 5c green.....	04
* " 1894, 2c orange.....	03
* " 1894, 3c on 5c rose.....	06
*Str. Settlements 1891, 3c on 32c red violet.....	04
* " 1894, 3c on 32c rose.....	04
* " 1899, 5c on 5c ultramarine.....	25
* " 1899, 5c on 5c brown.....	05
*Chili 1900, 5c on 30c carmine.....	06
* " 1900, 30c brown.....	08
* " 1902, 30c purple and black.....	05
* " 1902, 50c orange and black.....	15
Cuba 1908, Special Delivery 10c orange.....	05
*Nevada State Revenue, 2, 4, 5, 10, 25, 50c, \$1, \$5, \$10 and \$20, set of ten.....	2 00
Alabama (Tax on Seals) \$1 vermilion.....	75
U. S. Revenue 1899, \$100 brown and black, cut cancellation but fine.....	2 95
1898, \$50 red, ditto.....	2 50
1898, \$50 brown, ditto.....	95
*U. S. Columbian \$1 salmon.....	1 50
*U. S. Trans-Mississippi \$2 brown.....	2 50
U. S. Proprietary	
*J. Elwood Lee Co., 1/2c green.....	05
* " 2 1/2c orange.....	05

BARGAINS for DEALERS

	* unused	Cat. No.	Cat. val.	My pr.
100 Chili 1900-1, 1c ver, used pos'y	100	\$8.00	\$1.00	
200 U. S. 1873, 1c ultramarine.....	156	6 00	1 00	
100 exico 1899, 20c rose and blue.....	300	5 00	1 00	
35 " 1903, 50c rose and blk.....	309	3 50	1 00	
12 " 1899, 1p blue and blk.....	302	4 80	1 00	
20 " 1894, 1c perf 5 1/2x11.....	238	15 00	1 00	
30* " 1890, 4c orange.....	223	4 50	1 00	
30* " 1890, 6c vermilion.....	217	6 00	1 00	
125 " 1887, 3c scarlet.....	184	5 00	1 00	
60* " 1879, 25c carmine.....	127a	4 80	1 00	
40* " 1879, 50c green.....	128a	4 80	1 00	
22* " 1879, 85c purple.....	129a	5 50	1 00	
22* " 1879, 100c black.....	130a	5 50	1 00	
70* " 1882, 10c blue.....	134	10 50	1 00	
20* " 1882, 50c green.....	138a	7 00	1 00	
125 Finland 1889-90, 5p green.....	39	5 00	1 00	
150 " 1889-90, 10p carmine.....	40	4 50	1 00	
40 U. S. 1867, 2c black, grided.....	93	4 00	1 00	
80 " 1862, 2c black.....	73	3 20	1 00	
400 Brazil 1900, 200r blue.....	161	12 00	1 00	
50 Chili 1900, 5c on 30c rose.....	39	4 00	1 00	
10 Columbia 1892, 5 pesos red.....	156	20 00	1 00	
8 " 1892, 10 pesos blue.....	157	20 00	1 00	
400 Cuba* 1878, 25c green.....	79	12 00	1 00	
8 Hayti* 1898, 1c ultramarine.....	46	6 00	1 00	
100 Salvador 1900, 5c blue.....	273	5 00	1 00	

I do not deal regularly at wholesale but job off in dollar lots my surplus of all importations at 1/2 to 1-20 of catalogue. Postal card offers weekly to dealers who buy these lots. Will exchange.

C. H. MEKEEL, R. F. D. 29, St. Louis, Mo.

* " " 5c chocolate.....	10
Antikammia Co, 2 1/2c carmine.....	10
* U. S. Newspaper 1879, 2c black.....	15
* " " 1879, 6c black.....	25
* " " 1879, 10c black.....	20
* " " 1885, 1c black.....	08
* " " 1879, 24c red.....	95

Any or all stamps will be submitted to customers on approval at same prices, but cash orders of course have preference.

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Good stamps sent on approval at low prices and liberal discounts. Fine approval books for the less advanced collector. When requesting selections on approval always state the number of stamps in your collection so we can decide readily what would be suitable to send. **Expert opinion** on rare stamps and collections, **valuing, sales at auction and on commission** made for those who desire to realize or for executors of estates. **Ready Cash available** for the purchase of rare stamps and better collections.

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"A Happy New Year" to all our members.

How about your dues? 50 Cents per year. If you are prompt in paying you will get the Official Organ promptly. If in doubt, when your Membership expires, drop a line to the Treasurer.

Any reader desiring to become a member of a Picture Post Card Exchange Club cannot do better than join the "Atlas Society." Just think of it—1500 members in all parts of the World. No matter what you collect, Cards or Stamps or both, you always will find a good address and make friends all over.

The admission fee is only 25c, the dues for one year 50c, (total 75c), better send your application today to the Treasurer of the Atlas Society, 10 East 28 Street, New York.

NEW MEMBERS.

Neue Mitglieder

- 1479 T. Z. Sakai, 76 Kanocho Nichome, Kobe, Japan.
- 1480 Eugenio di Primio, Santa Maria, Brazil, Estados do Rio Grande do Sul.
- 1481 D. R. Bonhuys, Jr., Hugo de Grootkade 12, Amsterdam, Holland.
- 1482 Mrs. C. H. Cirkler, 726 East 17th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
- 1483 Bert E. Kraft, Fort McKinley, Portland, Maine.
- 1484 A. W. Scott, Casilla B, Punta Arenas, Chile.
- 1485 Mrs. K. I. McKenzie, Bunda Bunda Station, via Richmond, Australia, (North Queensland)
- 1486 Miss Irene McCrum, 40 Rose Avenue, Toronto, Canada.
- 1487 Alexander Jacoumopoulos, Piree, Greece.
- 1488 Albert Keckler, 26 Blanch Street, Mansfield, Ohio.
- 1489 Edward J. Scholl, 178 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
- 1490 Martino Scaravello, Basler Strasse 297, Muelhausen, Elsass Germany.
- 1491 Alberto Robbe, 254 West 112th St., New York, N. Y.
- 1492 Dr. Hermil Kozmutza, Hajnal utzka 2, Budapest, Hungary.
- 1493 L. J. Thiessen, "Villa Luisa," Calle Pena 498, Banfield F. C. S., Buenos Aires, Argentina.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

(Adressen Veraenderungen)

- 30 Mrs. Emile A. Hassey, 17 West 123 St., New York, N. Y.
- 429 Otto Mueller, 382 Avon Street, St. Paul, Minn. Exchanges with all countries
- 1390 Jean Frederic Schleusser, Unterseest 105, Emmishofen, Switzerland.

RENEWALS.

(Erneuerungen)

- 6 Prof. Moriz Loewy, 1251 Garden St., Hoboken, N. J.
- 159 Franz Butter, Neustift St. 68, Wien, VII, Austria.
- 286 Geo. W. Mathison, 171 East Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

- 702 Mlle. Hermine Anatra, Rue Juive 2, Odessa, Russia.
- 1334 Luigi Pellerano, Rue Juive 14, Odessa, Russia.

CORRECTIONS OF ERRORS IN FORMER LISTS.

- 1444 Miss Esther Lefkowitz, 178 E. 76th St., New York, N. Y.
- 1449 Miss Ethel O. Miller, Box 488, Tallahassee, Florida.
- 1454 Albert K. Goodman, 254 West 112 St., New York, N. Y.
- 1458 Nino Nobile Stellacci, Bitonto, Bari, Italy.

The following countries allow stamps placed on the view side of Souvenir Cards:

United States, Canada, Great Britain and British Colonies, Dutch Colonies, France and French Colonies, Ceylon, Chili, Congo Free State, Dutch Colonies, New Zealand, Paraguay, Russia, Egypt, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Roumania, Italy, Hong Kong, Malta, Uruguay, Siam, Danish West Indies, Persia.

Correspondence on address side of Souvenir Cards is allowed in the following countries:

Canada, Chili, Costa Rica, Peru, Paraguay, Brazil, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Portugal, Roumania, Mexico, Greece, Russia, Sweden and Bulgaria.

Our member, No. 1465, Mr. Fred P. Decker, 861 East 137 Street, New York, has sent the following clipping:

POSTCARDITIS.

- If you're going on a journey to the mountains or the coast,
Send a post card.
- If you're torn away by duty from the one you love the most,
Send a post card.
- If you're aimlessly a wander through the country here and there,
Seeking pleasure, seeking money, seeking muscle, seeking hair,
Keep a list of all the friends that you have cherished everywhere—
Send a post card.
- If you're summoned on a jury, if you must defend a suit,
Send a post card.
- If you're touring through the country of the Blackfoot or the Ute,
Send a post card.
- If you've got a message write it; drop a line from day to day;
Send the little post card picture if you've not a word to say;
Think of blonde and think of brunette,
think of bald and think of gray—
Send a post card.
- Though it's gay and you are gloomy,
though it's glad and you are grim,
Send a post card.
- If you want to tell your enemy just what you think of him,
Send a post card.
- You will find the habit growing, till from every side the call
Will resound, though you be dining,
dancing, sitting in a hall,
At a funeral or wedding—it's the word that grips them all:
"Send a post card!"

Eine Postkarte von General Nogi, vom russisch-japanischen Kriegsschauplatz, hat ein in der Morckenstrasse, Altona, wohnender Herr erhalten. Als Port Arthur gefallen war, sandte der Herr dem General einen Gluckwunsch. Darauf ist jetzt, von Baron Nogi eigenhandig geschrieben, eine Postkarte eingetroffen, auf der der Absender sich fur die freundlichen Gluckwunsche bedankt. Die Postkarte zeigt die Photographien des Absenders und des Generals Stosel im Kreise ihrer Stabe.

EXCHANGE ADS. (1c per word).

Tausch Anzeigen. (4pfg per wort).

Polykarp Schreiber, Neudek, Boehmen, Austria—Atlas Member 1121—wishes to exchange stamps and view cards. Prompt reply.

H. Gaeth, Hansa Strasse 74 Lubeck Germany, exchanges postage stamps with all countries.

Karl Liebl, XVI Richard Wagner Platz Wien, Austria, wishes to exchange postage stamps with collectors in America. Only stamps in good condition wanted and given. No entires.

Robert Watzek, Prag (Austria) Nord-westbahnhof, will send 50 to 100 good Austrian stamps for same quantity of foreign.

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10 dif. Hindoo Coppers, thick, queer for..... 1 00

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5 1/2 Dollars 1806 to 1840 for..... 2 00

10 Dimes or 1/2 Dimes before 1840 for..... 1 50

U. S. Copper Cents 1816-1856 per pound..... 1 50

" " Dollars 1798, '99, 1800 each \$2 and..... 2 25

" " Isabella 1/2 Dol. or '92 1/2 Dol. each..... 75

10 Bank notes new, or 15 circulated for..... 1 00

25 Confederate shin plasters for..... 1 00

U. S. Currency set 3c to 50c for..... 2 25

Registry or postage extra. Your money refunded if not satisfactory. 851 Broadway, N. Y. D. PROSKEY, Proprietor.



MINT OF THE UNITED STATES, AT PHILADELPHIA.

Information Relating to Coins and Medals.

All correspondence with the Mint should be addressed "Superintendent of the Mint of the United States, Philadelphia." Articles which are expected to be returned by mail must be accompanied by eight cents return registry fee.

The Mint does not buy old coins or paper money, except some rare Colonial coins in fine condition, which are desired for the Mint Cabinet. Mutilated or uncurrent United States gold and silver coin is purchased as bullion, the gold at the rate of \$18.60 per ounce troy, and the silver (in amounts of not less than \$3.00) at the rate of cents per ounce troy.

The Mint has no pattern pieces for sale.

The Government pays no premium for the return of any of its coins or paper money.

New coins cannot be struck until authorized by an Act of Congress.

The Mint supplies United States coins only, and not of any past date.

The fifty dollar gold piece and the half-dollar and quarter-dollar pieces in gold (?) were struck by private parties and not by the United States Government.

The coinage of the following ceased in the years named: Half and one cent, copper, in 1857; one cent, nickel, 1864; half dime and three cents, silver, and two cents bronze, 1873; twenty cents silver 1878; trade dollar, 1883; one dollar and three dollars gold, and three cents nickel, 1899. The Columbian half dollar was coined in 1892 and 1893 and the Isabella quarter in 1893. The Lafayette dollar was struck in 1899, the date of the coin (1900) being that of the unveiling of the memorial.

MINT MARKS—Coins struck at the Philadelphia Mint have no mint mark, those struck at all other mints of the United States are distinguished by a small letter on the reverse near the bottom; these letters are: "C" for Charlotte, N. C., discontinued in 1861; "CC" for Carson City, Nev., discontinued in 1803; "D" for Dahlonega, Ga., discontinued in 1861; "O" for New Orleans, La., and "S" for San Francisco, Cal.

The coin dealers are the proper persons to apply to for the value of old coins. It is very unsatisfactory and usually impossible to give the value of an old coin without seeing it, as so much depends upon the variety and condition of preservation of the coin.

The Mint does not publish and can not supply any book or list giving the prices of old coins.

The coins of the United States, now authorized by law, are:
GOLD—Double Eagle, Eagle, Half Eagle, Quarter Eagle,

SILVER—Half Dollar, Quarter Dollar, Dime.

MINOR—Five cents, nickel; One cent, bronze.

The five-cent and one-cent pieces are known as "minor" coins.

A "proof coin" is one struck by hand on a hydraulic press from a specially polished die, using a polished blank. They are made at the Philadelphia Mint only.

The price of the set of gold proof coins is \$38.50; the proof set of silver and minor coins, \$1.50; the proof set of minor coins, 8 cents. Single gold pieces, in proof, may be had for 25 cents each above their face value, but the other sets will not be separated.

Proof coins of the present year can be had from about January 15 to 31, unless, as is sometimes the case, the stock is exhausted a day or so before December 31. Dies wear with use, therefore coins struck late in the year may not be as perfect as those struck earlier. The Mint has no coins or sets of coins of other than the present date for sale.

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10 varieties foreign coins.....	\$ 10
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10 large cents, different dates.....	60
10 Confederate Bills, different.....	25
25 Confederate Bills, different.....	1 00
10 Broken Bank Bills, different.....	50
10 Hard Times Tokens, different.....	50
20 Civil War Tokens, different.....	50
10 Roman Coins, different.....	75

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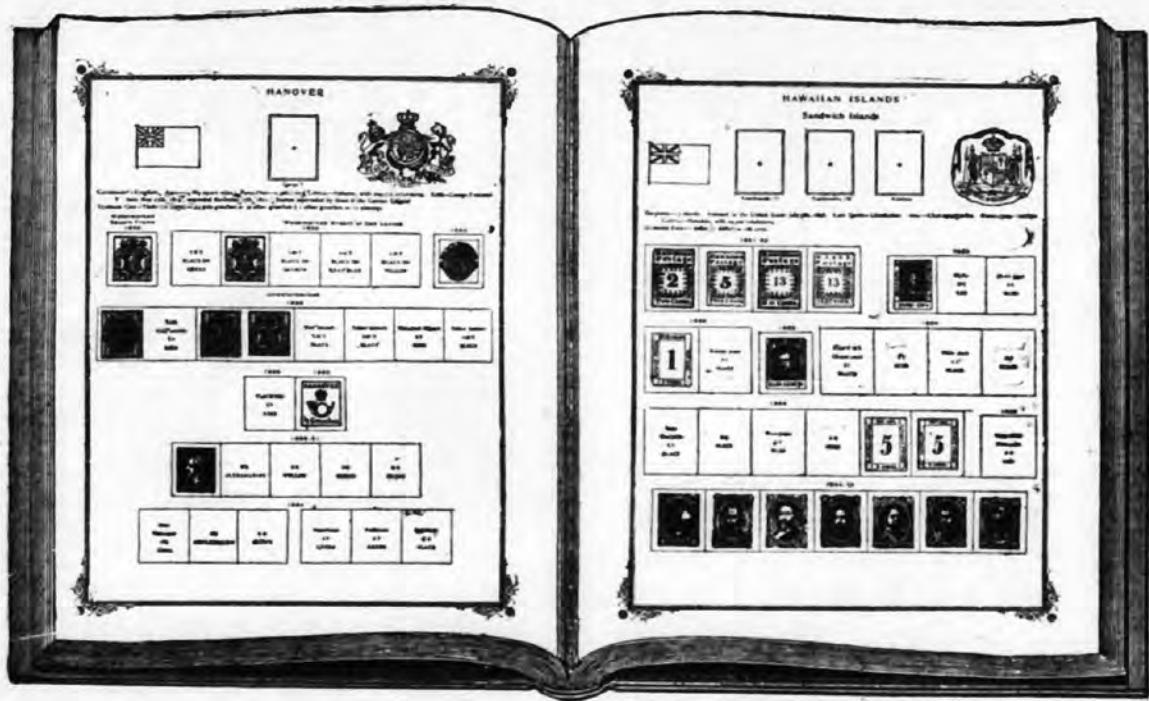
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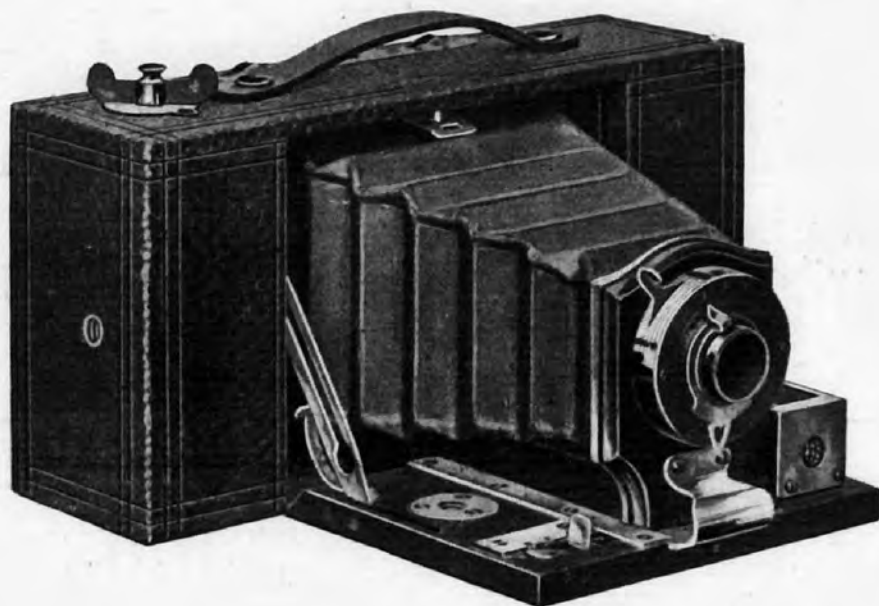


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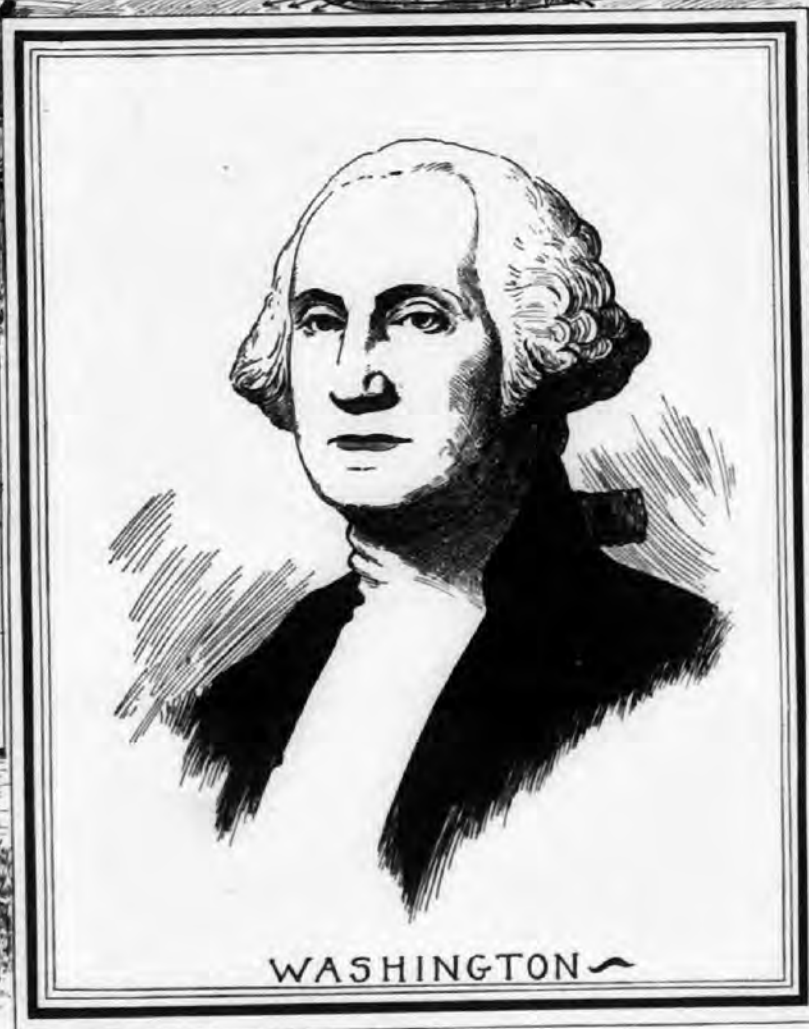
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YOUNG WASHINGTON AND THE UNBROKEN COLT



WASHINGTON AS SURVEYOR



WASHINGTON



LITTLE GEORGE AND THE CHERRY TREE



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A. J. HASSELGAYER

A Monthly Magazine for all Kinds of Boys

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Without any desire to criticize the author, or the many persons who in public are quoting this sentimental saying, "The boy of today is the man of tomorrow," or even going very deep into argument about it—as every boy knows the evident truth of it, as well as he knows that the day after Monday is Tuesday—I will use it in a reverse way i. e., the men of today are the boys of yesterday, so that we may take some lessons from it, and at the same time answer the author and quoters in such a way that they will understand that the new boy of today is not easily susceptible to flattery or led by sentiment. It is quite natural that all boys admire heroes and doers of great and glorious things. There have been many men in this generation who have been admired, lauded to the sky and emanated. Great corporations, institutions, societies have been honored by their names appearing in their list of directors, the boys idealized them—suddenly one of these men steps out in the open and expresses the hypocrisy, the dishonesty and selfishness of many of them. The investigations that are going on now are teaching the boy of today that the men of today have no sense of honor of country, of home nor of their individual selves, they have been so long fooling the people that they think themselves impervious to all attacks. However, they have learned the truth of that expression of our Abraham Lincoln about fooling the people all the time, and remorse and all the misery that follows it is now their lot. They do not consider the future of the boy of today.

Well boys, you know you are growing older each day, that the tomorrow will soon come and you will be men, skips lightly over the memory of those men of your boyhood days, and think that men before you have offered their lives for the honor and glory of their country. Men have been morally correct in public office, in business and in their homes, they have made sacrifices for the benefit of future generations and they have lived and died happy in peace with the world and God—they had no remorse.

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A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

NUMBER 10

OUR COVER DESIGN

GEORGE WASHINGTON

WE wish to call the attention of the readers of *THE NEW BOY* to the special design we publish for the cover this month, drawn by our artist, Mr. H. J. Hasselbauer.

We do so for the reason that it not only makes an attractive cover, but it affords a source of study to most of our young readers.

In the centre of the design is the head of Washington, drawn after the famous painting by Stuart, and around his head are some of the incidents of his life, which, handed down to us, makes him the famous man, soldier, and patriot that he was.

The first drawing shows the plain old-fashioned dwelling of the time, in which Washington was born. The house does not exist any more, but a slab of stone still marks the spot. The well known story of the cherry tree is the subject of the second sketch, and is too well known to need further comment.

The third picture shows young George astride of a vicious colt, which had grown almost to maturity unbroken. It had such a fierce and ungovernable nature that it was generally believed he could not be tamed, but one morning George managed to put the bit in his mouth, and leaped on his back. The angered beast rushed madly around the field, and struggled vainly to dislodge his youthful rider. Finally making a last desperate effort the colt burst a blood-vessel, and fell, dying, to the ground.

When George told his mother afterwards how it happened, she said cheer-

fully,—“It is well, but while I regret the loss of my favorite animal, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.”

The next drawing shows Washington in his 19th year, when he was employed as a surveyor by Lord Fairfax, who always thought the most of him, and gave him the most difficult tasks to perform, knowing well that the work would be done the best the young surveyor knew how.

Most of our readers know how Washington in the Revolutionary War, after crossing the Delaware River, and routing the British and their Hessian followers out of Trenton, immediately repaired to Princeton, where, at the head of his soldiers, he drove the enemy on before him, and succeeded in gaining a decided victory for his country. This was one of the earlier battles of the Revolution, and Washington knew well that there was an almost unaccomplishable task before him in saving his country, but that he did attain his object, was all owing to his strength of mind, the knowledge when to fight and when to retreat, and the grand statesmanship he showed throughout the whole period, and when he fired off the first gun at the British works at Yorktown, the closing battle of the Revolution followed immediately by the surrender of Cornwallis, you can almost imagine what countless thoughts mounted into the head of Washington, and how his breast heaved when he felt that the object he had been fighting and suffering so many years for had been so gloriously attained, and that he succeeded in getting freedom for his beloved land.

Then, as the last drawing shows, follows the time when the people as a whole, rose in their patriotic eagerness and earnest desire to have Washington still at their head, and he was called from his quiet home from Mount Vernon to take the oath of office as the first President.

His whole journey to New York City was one long triumphal march, attended by the ringing of bells, the boom of cannon, and the shouts of a joyous multitude.

When he arrived at Elizabethport, N. J., a committee of both houses of Congress awaited him.

Here he went on board of a splendid barge, manned by thirteen pilots in white uniform. As he passed through, other boats fell in line. The vessels in the Harbor dressed ship, and fired salute as the General's barge approached them.

Amid the ringing of bells, the crash of artillery and the shouts of the people, Washington landed at the foot of Wall Street, New York, where he was met and received by Governor Clinton, General Knox and Chancellor Livingstone.

The inauguration took place at the old City Hall on Wall St., where Livingstone administered the oath on the balcony of the building. Washington, laying his hand upon the Bible presented to him, took the oath, and bending reverentially kissed the book. Livingstone then stepped forward, and raising his hand, exclaimed,

“Long live George Washington,
President of the United States.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

On the 12th of the present month, we celebrated the anniversary of the birth of one of our noblest Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, and a few words about his boyhood would not be amiss. Furthermore, it would be a very good idea for our readers to look up the subject of his life, and go deeper into the accounts of the days when Lincoln was just an ordinary back woods boy, chopping wood, running errands and doing other things that boys of his age did at that time.

Lincoln went to school only a few weeks in Kentucky, the state in which he was born, but when they moved to Indiana his mother sent him to a school, where, in addition to the ordinary simple branches of education, was also taught "manners." One scholar would be introduced by another, while walking around the log schoolroom, to all the boys and girls, and taught to bow properly and otherwise acquire the ordinary courtesies of life.

Abraham distinguished himself in spelling, which has always been a favorite object for competition in rural America, and he soon began to write original articles, though composition formed no part of the studies.

It was characteristic of the boy that his first essays were against cruelty to animals. His mates were in the habit of catching land turtles, and putting live coals on their backs to make them walk, which greatly annoyed Abraham. All who knew him, in boyhood or in later life, bear witness that his tenderness was equal to his calm courage and tremendous physical strength.

At the age of sixteen Abraham had almost attained the height, which he

afterwards reached of six feet four inches.

He was very dark, his skin was shrivelled even in boyhood by constant exposure, and he habitually wore low shoes, a woolen shirt, a cap made from the skin of a raccoon, and buckskin breeches, which were invariably about twelve inch-



es too short for him. When not working for his father he was hired out as a farm-laborer to the neighbors. While working he laughed, told stories and cracked jokes, and his leisure moments he passed in hard study or reading. He would study arithmetic at night by the light of the fire, and cipher with a piece of coal on the wooden shovel or a board. When

this was full, he would shave it off with his father's knife, and begin again.

Young Lincoln made it a point to attend not only religious, but political meetings, and the next day he mounted the stump of a tree and repeated with great accuracy what he had heard. He could even mimic with great skill the tones of the different orators and also their gestures and facial expressions.

Anything like cruelty to man or beast would always inspire him to an original address, in which he would preach vigorously against inflicting pain, and whenever he spoke an audience was sure to assemble. His wit and humor, his inexhaustible fund of stories, and above all, his kind heart, made him everywhere a favorite.

There are many incidents narrated of his honesty towards customers, when he was clerk at the polls during an election—of his strict integrity in trifles—his bravery when the weak were annoyed by bullies—and of his prowess against a gang of ruffians who infested and ruled the town. He is said to have more than once walked several miles after business hours to return six cents, or some equally trifling sum, when he had been overpaid. All these several instances of his boyhood combined in making him the grand and noble President, beloved by his people, and mourned by the whole world, when he died by the hand of his assassin.

Boys of the present time should follow the example of young Lincoln, and try to model after him as best they can. By doing so, they will be, like him, truthful, fearless, charitable, kind and honest.

FORTY MILES HIGH IN A BALLOON.

OR THE BOLD AERIAL ADVENTURERS.

Slaughter of the Apaches. Fighting Fierce Wolves and more Indians. Arrived at Fort Safety. The Brilliant Reception. Fight with the Train Wreckers. Fasy Marks.

SECOND CHAPTER.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN. Illustrated by H. J. HASSELBAUER.

(This story began in the January issue.

New subscribers will receive that number free).

But our heroes, devining their intentions, rained deadly hand grenades upon them. They fell upon them like murderous hail. Many of the Indians had their whole heads blown off. Others were blown to pieces. Canisters of shot could hardly have done greater execution. The ground looked like a battle field after the carnage and a vast slaughter pen combined.

The balloon was now about an eighth of a mile from the ground. Our heroes were relentless and inyiting. Their faces,

usually so calm and placid, now seemed to flash fire as did their rifles. They did not look like the same persons. They seemed like fiends incarnate—the terrible and resistless aerial avengers of the West.

"Mow them down! Mow them down! Let none escape! The cowardly murderers of women and children," they said.

The horrible balloon hovered over the savages like a pitiless Nemesis. Being no woods or shelter near, there was no escape. At last some of the Indians knowing that certain death was their portion, showed fight. They fired at our boys and came near "putting them to sleep." For one of the bullets went through the rim of Horace's hat. Another bullet went through the right sleeve

of Fred's coat. But the most audacious leaden missile of all was one that knocked a Colt's revolver out of Horace's hand just as he was about to blaze away. The Redskin who did it yelled in triumph, thinking he had killed or wounded his man. But brief was his triumph, for quietly catching up another pistol, Horace sent a leaden souvenir that went wallowing through the brain of the barbarian. They gleaned off every straggler till not an Indian stood erect.

They let out some of the gas and descended to terra firma. Had a fierce cyclone and tornado struck the place the destruction could not have been more complete. The deadly work done by the hand grenades and dynamite bomb shells

baffles description. Men were literally blown to pieces. Some with their heads off, others with their legs and arms torn asunder. The place looked like a graveyard with the graves opened and the bodies scattered around.

As they were walking along, Fred a little ahead, he heard a pistol shot. Quickly turning around, he saw Horace with a smoking revolver in his hand.

"Well," he said, "I just saved your life then by a hair's breadth. That rascally Indian over there, who was wounded, had drawn a bead on you. In another second he would have fixed you, but I laid him low, with a bullet in his thick skull."

"Thanks, awfully much, old boy," answered Fred, "you saved my life. But let's see to the poor women and children."

They were found about a quarter of a mile away tied to the stake with under-bush and wood piled about them, ready to be burned, but the torch had not been applied, owing to the advent of the balloonists. These people being behind a hillock were not harmed by the exploding bomb shells and other missiles rained upon the Indians.

The captives were quickly released and given food and water by their deliverers. The group consisted of ten women, eight small children, and four big boys. The latter were aged respectively seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty years. The balloonists hunted around and found some horses and wagons that the Indians had captured from the settlers. They put the women and children in the wagons and the four boys acted as drivers. They found that the wagons were well stocked with provisions. They were one hundred miles from the nearest settlement or government fort and the route thereto was infested with the red imps. To thus set these people adrift was to invite destruction. The poor people were in despair, but our heroes knew exactly what to do. They told them to go ahead and that they, Fred and Horace, would hover over them in the balloon, thus acting as a body guard.

"If any of those red imps try so much as to harm a hair of your head," said Horace, "it will be sure death to them," and his face glowed with fury as he talked. "Now go ahead, and don't be afraid of anything," he said. "Remember we are near."

At which injunction the four stalwart boys mounted the wagons, cracked their whips and the teams moved along at a good rate. The women and children had been snugly packed away in the wagons, indeed some of the dear chubby little babes were asleep on their mothers' breasts. These four boys knew the way to the settlement and were all heavily armed with repeating rifles.

Our heroes got in their balloon, detached the ropes from the big rocks, threw out some sand ballast and soon were mounting skyward. They struck, as luck would have it, a placidly moving current of air blowing in the same direction as that of the teams. They were up about two miles high. Thus they continued going, keeping each other in sight.

After they had thus proceeded for about two hours the people in the moving caravan could hear far off in the distance the savage and merciless war cry of another band of bloodthirsty Apaches. Gradually it sounded louder and louder. They knew what it meant. Sure death unless they were delivered.

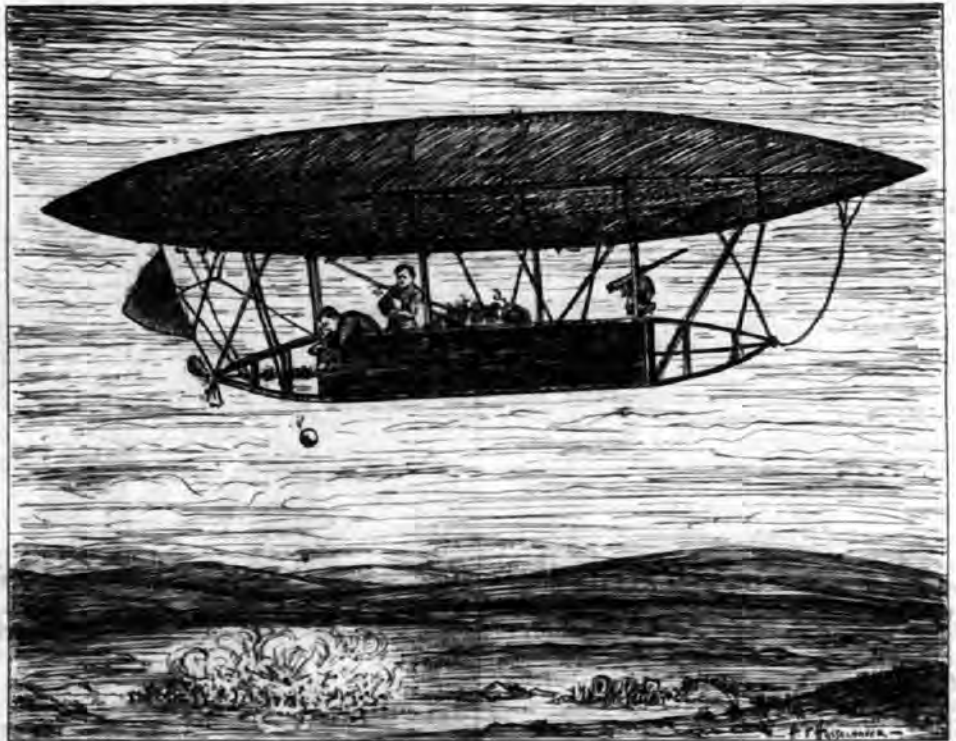
"Heaven save us!" they cried among themselves. "Perhaps the balloonists do

do not see the red fiends." But our boys had seen them.

With their strong telescopes they were continually scouring the country for miles around. The fiercest eagle eyes were not near so keen as theirs. They could not forget those dear little cherub faces of the children, or the helplessness and weakness of the women. Nothing should harm them if they could help it. They would willingly sacrifice their lives for them if necessary. In fact long before the poor people had heard those savage yells, our boys had seen the Indians. On, on the red skins came yelling like so many maniacs. The balloonists quickly descended to within one half mile of the Earth. The savages had not yet seen them, not bothering themselves about looking upward being too intent upon their supposed prizes.

At last the savages were directly under the balloon. There they halted a few minutes to make preparations for the assault, as they considered the capture certain. But the boys dropped two dynamite bomb shells upon them that came

they were overtaken by nightfall. It was very cloudy and foggy. No moon or stars could be seen. The settlers were afraid to light any fires, dreading to attract the Indians. The darkness increased till it was black as ink. They stopped to rest for the night. The poor people in the wagons could hear the yelping, hungry wolves, as the sounds got nearer and nearer. They could also hear the savage war cry of other Indians far off in the distance. The wolves had found them before the redskins. There must have been two hundred of the fierce beasts. They completely surrounded the little band. The people were in a quandary. They did not know what to do. If they made fires it was true it might keep the wolves away to a great extent, but the lights would attract the Indians. Whereas if there were no lights the balloonists could not locate them. As they could not afford to lose their deliverers they therefore concluded to run the risk and trust to Providence for the results. Accordingly a lantern was hung outside of each wagon. The wolves by this time



"They dropped some dynamite bombshells upon the savages, that came down like meteors."

down like meteors. When they struck the earth they exploded with the noise of dull, sullen, savage thunder. They burst into smitherings scattering death and destruction among the wretches.

They were in a panic and did not know which way to turn. But before the bomb shells struck the ground, Horace and Fred rained down on them a perfect storm of lead from their guns and rifles. The consternation was complete. The Indians threw away their guns and tried to escape in any direction. As they passed the caravan the four big boys opened fire on them with their repeating rifles. They mowed down the bloodthirsty Apaches. Safe in their balloon perch our terrible aerial avengers continued to blaze away till every savage bit the dust. The whole band was exterminated. They were one hundred strong. Now they were one hundred weak and dead. The journey was resumed as before. After they had progressed about fifteen miles,

had grown fiercer and bolder. They sniffed around the wagons, and their hungry eyes glowed like coals of fire. The people thought that if they fired upon them it would attract the Indians, but as they did not want to be torn to pieces by the wolves, they would take the chances. Guiding their aim by the glowing eye balls of the beasts, the four boys and some of the women drew a bead on the wolves and blazed away. Bang! Bang! Went the repeaters till it sounded like a small size battle. The yelping of the brutes added to the pandemonium. They were slaughtered right and left. Having ample ammunition and arms and the rifles being reloaded by the other women, the firing was continuous till all the yelping pack was destroyed.

But it was just as they dreaded—the noise and lights attracted the red skins. They came with savage war whoops intent on the total annihilation of the entire party. Never were they so distress-

ed. "God save us!" they cried. The cry was heard and answered.

Previous to the hanging out of the lanterns and the firing, our aerial friends had no idea of the whereabouts of the pilgrims. But when they saw the lights and heard the noise they steered their balloon directly over the little settlement about half a mile from the ground. They also hung out lanterns which were seen by the people.

"Heaven be praised," they said. "For now we are indeed safe." They said aright, though they were completely surrounded by the barbarians. The yelling of the savages were heard by our balloonists. They dared not fire at the Indians. Knowing that it being night they would be liable to hit their friends, they therefore concluded to frighten off the dusky wretches. They had a rope a quarter of a mile long around which was wrapped a powder fuse. To this was tied about three hundred giant or cannon crackers. All this had been previously fixed during the day for just such a contingency. They lit the fuse, then they paid out the rope. The first giant cracker was timed to explode in about five minutes. By that time they had the entire rope of a quarter of a mile passed out, dangling from the balloon. Then the fun commenced. The first tremendous cracker exploded like the firing of a cannon. The fire ran up the fuse on the rope exploding giant crackers at frequent intervals. It seemed like a hissing fiery serpent and the deafening noise made by those big cannon crackers, sounded like the rapid firing of heavy artillery in a battle. The sounds could be heard miles away like rolling thunder. As for the stupid Indians they were taken completely by surprise. Looking up in the air from whence the sound came and seeing such an avalanche of fire they were terror stricken. They fled in dismay forgetting all about their intended victims. To add to the red-kins discomfiture our boys started off a lot of fireworks, of sky rockets, Roman candles, fiery dragons, etc., till the very heavens seemed to be lit. It was one of the most beautiful of sights and though the people in the wagons appreciated it immensely, the Indians were almost frightened out of their wits and were only too glad to make their escape. They thought that either the Great Father or the Great Devil was about to plunge them into some fiery pit of everlasting destruction and this was merely a little prelude or by-play thereto. Nothing could ever induce those wretches to make a night attack on any pale faces again.

The lanterns on Earth and those in the skies were kept burning all night for obvious reasons. At last the grey dawn lazily and gradually appeared.

Early in the morning the party resumed its journey, the balloonists at the height of two miles, still acting in the capacity of a strange yet powerful body guard. It would be sure death for any beasts or savages to even attempt to attack those people.

With their big telescope Horace and Fred could now have a clear and unobstructed view of the country in every direction for many miles. The fogs and clouds had cleared away. It was one of the most beautiful mornings they ever beheld. They had a most magnificent view of the sun rise from their high attitude. It was indescribably grand and magnificent. The whole eastern horizon seemed to be aflame and gilded creation with transcending beauty.

They made good progress that day an

about 7 p. m. encamped for the night by a stream. After watering and feeding the horses, and partaking of supper themselves the party turned in for the night. They first hung out their lanterns and our aerial friends did likewise so they would not get parted. The caravan started early the next day and by six o'clock in the afternoon arrived O. K. at Fort Safety much to the indiscernible joy of their friends and relatives, who thought they had been murdered by the red fiends. They were almost smothered with caresses and congratulations. As yet the people of the fort had not seen the balloon which now hovered about a mile above them. But the travellers told them how they were delivered by Horace and Fred. Then the soldiers looked up! There floated the gay and beautiful balloon like some gigantic guardian angel from the Heavens. Gradually it descended till within half a mile of Earth. The boys threw out the stars and stripes. As its ample folds fluttered in the breeze, the military band of the fort played the

for their thrilling and matchless adventures. They were bronzed and toughened by their unique experience. They were strong and healthy as bucks. They had been up in the air about two weeks. Owing to their long and cramped position in the car of the balloon, they felt something like sailors do when they first land after a long voyage, that is "groggy at the knees." It was some time before they could get their "land legs" again. But they found them all right and used them to good advantage that night at the dance given in their honor in the fort. The soldiers came out with the big military band. They shook hands so much till our boys arms almost ached. Then they were placed in a carriage which was drawn by the soldiers. They were escorted to the fort, the band playing the exhilarating tune: "See, the Conquering Heroes Come!"

Arrived at the fort there was more hand shaking and congratulations. Then they all had a sumptuous dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, vegetables,



"At last twelve villainous, unwashed ruffians came out of the cave."

beautiful tune of: "America 'Tis of Thee!" As its clear and inspiring strains reached our heroes they thought it never sounded one tenth so sweet as now. After it had finished Horace and Fred, as a salute, tied about twenty giant crackers together, fixed them to a rope and fired 'em all off simultaneously. The sound was terrific. The soldiers of the fort returned the salute by firing about twenty five cannon at once. The report was so great that it made the very ground to tremble. These salutes were continued by the soldiers and balloonists at intervals of about ten minutes. It was now dusk. Our aerial friends treated the people to a brilliant pyrotechnical display that seemed to rival a meteoric shower. Rockets, roman candles, etc., were profusely fired off. The boys covered themselves with glory.

All of this over, gradually the air ship descended. It was securely fixed to some strong stout posts and the boys alighted on terra firma none the worse

plum pudding, etc. This disposed of they repaired to the entertainment hall, for a great ball was given in their honor. The soldiers were dressed in their best. The officers attired in their gay and brilliant costumes, the ladies dressed in their very finest, together with the lovely decorations and the inspiring music, made the place seem something like a fairy grotto. The village beauties were there, sweet almost as human angels. Our boys had their pick, as they "tipped the light fantastic toe." All went as smooth and pleasant as a marriage ball. The dancing was continued at intervals till two o'clock in the morning. After which there was some general and friendly conversation till 8 a. m. during which the orchestra of stringed instruments, discoursed some most beautiful tunes in a low and subdued manner, so as not to interfere with the conversation.

But the most blissful times must end. So after three in the morning they repaired to their couches and got a most

needed rest. Our boys were not disturbed, but slept on till ten a. m., for it was the first time they had been in a regular bed in two weeks. After breakfast, having plenty of money with them, they gave away a couple of thousands of dollars to the private soldiers. They picked up a newspaper and read about some miscreants wrecking and robbing a train. That fifty people were killed in the wreck, that the express safe was blown open and two hundred thousand dollars stolen, that the wretches escaped and left no clue behind them. A heavy reward was offered for their capture dead or alive.

"That suits us to a T," said Horace, "we will rid the country of these varmints. If we win the reward we will give it to the poor for we don't need it. To the balloon, Fred!"

Hastily bidding their newly made friends good-bye they entered the car of the balloon, had the ropes untied and were soon soaring skyward. Midst waving handkerchiefs, and booming cannon, they continued to ascend till they were now three miles high.

They had, the previous night, laid in an ample stock of food, water and ammunition. A current of air blowing at rate of thirty miles an hour took them westward much to their delight.

They went merrily along for hours scouring the country with their telescope, but saw no sign of the robbers. They even descended to within only one eighth of a mile and searched every yard of the country in the neighborhood of the rob-

bery. They were beginning to think that they would never bag their game, when Horace pulled Fred's sleeve, and pointing to a cave in the mountain, remarked: "Let's watch that hole, it looks suspicious. I see dying embers of a fire and scraps of food and clothing lying around."

To prevent being easily seen they ascended about three miles high and with their fine telescope watched the cave for hours. At last twelve villainous, unwashed ruffians came out of the cave, armed with pistols, Winchester rifles and bowie knives. Some of them carried crowbars, pick axes and other tools. They were about as mean and scurvy a lot of wretches as ever disgraced the name of white men. They had a sneaking, hang dog look on their faces and seemed to be ripe for any rascality.

"That's them, sure as you are born," said Fred.

"Right you are, pard. Let's watch them like hawks!"

Watch them they did. The wretches shading their eyes with their hands looked north, south, east and west, but they failed to look upward. Thinking the coast clear they proceeded to the railroad track. They lost no time removing the spikes and rails. They were caught in the very act. They were train wreckers and intended throwing the lightning express from the track, rob it and if necessary kill some of the passengers and trainmen. Far away in the distance could our boys, with their glasses see the train coming along. So far away that it

looked like a toy train that children play with. Just the faintest bit of a whistle could be heard. It would have rushed on to sure destruction had it not been for these brave lads. They rapidly descended to within half a mile of Earth and immediately proceeded to business. They knew they had ample time to kill them all and warn the train's men, so each, taking up a repeating rifle, took deadly aim and fired. Seven train wreckers immediately "passed in their checks." The five others were dumbfounded, not knowing from whence the thunderbolts came. The wretches looked in every direction but could see no enemies. Besides the ground was quite level in that locality, with no hills, or trees, or bushes to conceal foes.

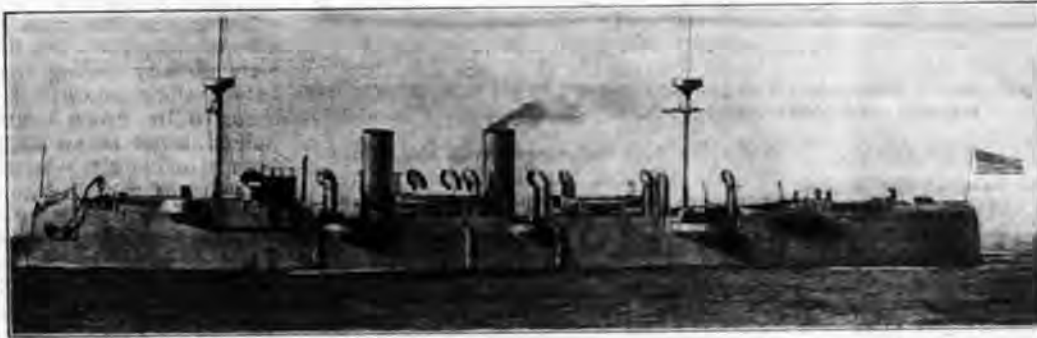
"Let's have a little sport," said Horace. "This is a cinch for us anyway. Don't kill them all too quick."

Fred was just about to rain warm lead upon them and wipe them all out, but at the words of his friend he laid aside his rifle. Three of the bandits happened to gaze skyward and saw our aerial avengers hovering over them. They, unlike the Indians, had quite a number of times before seen balloons, hence they were not panic stricken. Besides which they were fighters. Seizing their guns, they pointed them at the balloon. Quick as a flash, before the robbers pulled the triggers, our boys shifted the position of the air ship.

END OF SECOND CHAPTER.

(To be continued).

A CRUISER WITH A VARIED HISTORY



PROTECTED CRUISER "BALTIMORE" OF THE U. S. NAVY.

The cruiser "Baltimore," which is upholding the dignity of the American flag at Shanghai, is one of the oldest ships of the American navy. She was built in 1887.

One of the first duties performed by the ship was to convey the body of John Ericsson to his native land. This distinguished Swedish engineer, the builder of the famous "Monitor," had requested, before he died, in New York, on March 8, 1889, that he should be buried in the town where he was born. The "Baltimore" was selected for the service and shared in the honors with which the Swedes received the remains of their great fellow-countryman.

During the Spanish-American war the "Baltimore," which is a protected cruiser of high speed, was among the ships actively employed in the service.

This big and powerful ship, co-operating with the British, landed a force of marines at Shanghai on account of

serious conditions arising from Chinese animosity to foreigners.

EDISON'S WAY.

"What was the first really important thing you did, Mr. Edison?" asked a friend.

"I saved a boy's life."

"How?"

"The boy was playing on the track at the depot. I saw he was in danger, and caught him, getting him out of the way just in time. His father was station master, and taught me telegraphy in return."

The brave deed of the young lad led to the very opportunity he needed, and today he is the foremost inventor and electrician in the world. The boy that is ever ready to do his duty, even if it is neces-

sary to dare, will likely find recognition and the opportunity to make a man of himself.

When Edison was just beginning his career as a telegraph operator he was in Memphis, Tenn., and happened to be out of a job. He received a telegram from Louisville, Ky., telling him to come at once to that city, and promising him employment. He had no money, but he had a pair of legs which he was not afraid to venture on, and, though the distance was nearly four hundred miles, he turned up in Louisville on time.

Difficulties vanish before the boy or man that determines to win success in spite of them.

After Edison had become famous some one asked him if any of his discoveries were accidents. "No," replied the great man. "I never did anything by accident. When I have fully decided that a thing is worth doing, I go about it and make trial after trial until it comes."

GULAB SINGH:

A STORY OF PERIL AND HEROISM.

By R. Martin.



"Grasped him."

NOTE—This story began in the December and January issues; to all new subscribers we will send these numbers free.

CHAPTER V.—THE FAKKER'S FEAST.

They had no sooner opened the door than they were surrounded by a number of persons who had been waiting for them, for the fame of the great Baba had gathered many together. Among them Gulab knew there must be some who had known Mohun Lal, or at least seen him. He was convinced that, as far as his appearance went, he should be able to pass muster, especially in the darkness; but, lest his voice should betray him, he preserved a dignified silence.

All those who had gathered together bowed themselves down before him with deep obeisance. Of this he took no notice, but, followed by Alick and Jack, made his way through the suburb of the city in which they were, and then along the high road to the town of Rohtak. They were still followed by a crowd, but after a short distance he, with a wave of his hand, dismissed them.

After walking a few miles he struck off the main road on to one that led off to some villages to the left, for he was still apprehensive of discovery, and going westward they were going in a direction which would never lead them to where the English still preserved their power in their last conquered province, the Punjab, and so it was the direction in which fugitives were least likely to be sought.

That night walk was one of great fatigue, especially for Jack. Neither he

nor Alick had recovered from the effects of their flight of the day before. Their feet were blistered and sore, and their joints stiff and tired. They soon discarded their shoes, which Gulab carried, as they preferred walking in bare feet. The moon, which rose early, helped them considerably, by enabling them to avoid the great cart ruts which existed in the road.

Gulab was very anxious to reach a village that night which lay twenty-four miles from Delhi; but, when they got only fourteen miles from the city, Jack was unable to move farther. Gulab had to leave Alick with him, as he lay on the ground seized with a severe attack of malarious fever, while he went to find a place where they could rest with comparative comfort during the next day.

He had the good fortune to meet one who was in charge of the rest house, built here for the district officers when engaged in their tours through the districts under them; and when he asked this man where he and his disciples could remain during the day, announcing himself as Mohun Lal, the man at once suggested that the Baba should occupy the bungalow that he had the keys of. Mohun Lal told him to ~~open~~ open it while he went back for his disciples. At this the man opened his eyes, and said,

"Oh, Baba! What sort of disciples are these who rest while their master searches out their lodgings?"

"Cease thy babbling, thou fool, possessed of no understanding," replied Gulab. "When thou knowest Mohun Lal thou wilt learn that he never spares himself trouble."

He then returned to the youths. The house lay on the near side of the village, and was not much more than half a mile from them, and, though the fever was still on Jack, it was thought best to move him to the bungalow, which they did with some difficulty.

The malarious fever so prevalent in India is a non-infectious fever, and is intermittent in character. It comes for a few hours, then passes off, and returns the next day at the same time; or, in some types, omitting one day and attacking its subject every second day. More rarely it omits two days, and comes every third.

When a person is weak he is more liable to fever than at another time; indeed, with many people it seems to come with the slightest provocation. Over-fatigue, exposure to the sun, a chill—all of these are, with many persons, but the prelude to an attack of fever.

Jack now lay on a charpai, or native bed, trembling in every limb with shivering fits, while at the same time his skin was dry and hot, his head burning, and every joint aching with pain. After a time a violent perspiration set in, which is the last stage of an attack, and he soon fell into a deep sleep, as also did Alick, though both he and Gulab slept on the floor, as Gulab thought it was better, if possible, to maintain a character of indifference to luxuries. They were only able to sleep for a few hours, as the stars were already paling in the early dawn before their anxiety for Jack enabled them to lie down themselves. Gulab, indeed, arose in an hour, as he did not wish to be caught asleep by any one who might come to visit him attracted by the fame of his name, for he knew the advent of so celebrated a fakker as Mohun Lal would soon spread through the village. It was not till two hours later that a party of men were seen approaching, and then Gulab awoke Alick, as it would be suspicious for the master to be awake while his disciples slept. They took up their positions on the verandah. Their visitors carried breakfast with them for their distinguished guests.

The bill of fare consisted of a number of chippatees, plentifully soaked in ghee (i. e., clarified butter), a bowl containing some vegetable curry, in which the chief vegetable seemed to poor Alick to be chili pepper. One small mouthful of this sufficed for him. There was also a saucer containing melted ghee, thickened with sugar, in which they might dip their bread; there was some excellent pickles of various sorts, and a small round basket filled with mittai, or native sweetmeats—something like very greasy, uncooked toffee, flavored with different spices.

It was fare for a king, and Gulab showed his appreciation. Alick was hungry, but chippatees and pickles soon took off the edge of his appetite. His hosts pressed him with true Oriental politeness to eat some more, till at last Gulab, who saw that he could not eat keenly food so different from that to which he was ac-

customed, interferred and said that his disciple was not permitted by him to eat more than a certain quantity. No one could blame Gulab for not eating; he had hardly eaten anything for two days, for he, as a Brahman, could not eat what Hosein prepared, nor had he been able for the same reason to eat the food which he had procured in the ruined city on the day of their flight for his English companions.

Now his rich Bunnia host had conveyed food for him by the hands of his own Brahman cook. All castis will receive food or drink from the hands of a Brahman, though they will not eat anything which has been cooked by any one else except one of their own caste. Poor Brahmans are therefore largely employed as cooks.

Gulab's scruples being overcome, he attacked the viands with true relish. The way those chippatees and pickles, that curry and melted butter, and finally the sweetmeats, disappeared was wonderful! The fat old Bunnia shopkeeper sat opposite, rubbing his greasy hands together in an ecstasy of delight. To feed a fakeer or Brahman was a work of high religious merit, and the more the holy man eats the greater the future reward in store for him who provides the feast. The Bunnia had fed many fakeers before, but never had he seen such justice done to his worthy efforts, and pictures of the great reward that was in store for him delighted his heart. At last Gulab Singh, when nearly satisfied, took a long drink of fresh milk from a brass lota, and declared that he had finished. But now it was his turn to be the subject of his host's solicitations. The choicest morsels were picked out by the Brahman cook, while the Bunnia, clasping his hands, implored his highness to eat just another mouthful. A few times Gulab Singh acceded to the request, each time the pressing being of a more urgent nature, and then at last the Bunnia offered him a rupee—a silver coin worth two shillings—if he would eat one sweetmeat more.

Fortunately Gulab knew Mohun Lal and some of his customers. He knew that sometimes a fakeer, led by his cupidity, has died of a surfeit through being bribed to eat just another morsel. Against this practice Mohun Lal had set his face, and so Gulab drew up his body and erected his head as he proudly said, "Mohun Lal is not covetous. He is not one who can be bribed into doing an action against his judgment."

That was final, and the Bunnia ceased his solicitations.

CHAPTER VI.—"DISCOVERED."

Jack was very sick, and it was impossible for the party to leave Najafghar. They were only fourteen miles from Delhi, and Gulab Singh and Alick were in a state of constant apprehension lest they should be discovered, for troopers were busily engaged in gathering supplies of forage and grain for the large army that was now collecting in Delhi. One day at sunset Jack was in the midst of an attack of great violence, and was raving in delirium, when a young man from the town came to pay his respects to the great religious teacher. He had prostrated himself before Gulab Singh, and implored the blessing of Mohun Lal, when Jack's ravings burst out afresh. Loudly calling upon Alick to fly, he shouted out.

"The sepoys, Alick! Fly for your life!"

The young native sprang up in evident surprise and consternation.

"The English!" he cried out. "English!" he again repeated, staring wildly at Jack and Alick, and before Gulab, who for the moment had lost his presence of mind, could stop him, he fled.

Gulab and Alick followed in hot pursuit, and before the youth reached the gate of the enclosure Alick caught him. The next second Gulab also seized him, and, throwing him on his back on the ground, grasped him by the throat and vowed that he would strangle him if he uttered a sound. Quickly tearing a strip of cloth from the garment with which he was clad, Alick gagged him as he lay, and then he was ordered to rise and go to the bungalow. This he did in evident fear and trepidation, which was not lessened when he was thrust into an inner room and bound securely hand and foot. Gulab warned him of certain death if he stirred or made a noise, and, leaving him, went with Alick to the verandah, where, beside Jack, who was still restlessly tossing from side to side, they consulted on what was to be done.

Gulab wished to kill him at once, and to bury the body during the night, for already darkness had set in, but Alick sternly refused. He could not and would not be a party to murder, even though it seemed that in the young man's death alone lay their own chance of life. It was in vain that Gulab pointed out that their disguise was penetrated, and that if this youth were allowed to escape they could not hope to reach Beri in their disguise; and even if they did they would not be safe. Alick was firm; he was only supported now by the echo of his mother's voice, "My son, God is with you," and he knew that voice would not sound if he consented to such a deed.

"I have no right," he said to Gulab, "to bind you. You have saved our lives. Leave us, faithful friend. I do not wish to endanger your life, but I would rather die, and so I am sure would Jack, than that this murder should take place."

"Is it my own life I seek?" replied Gulab, much moved. "Sahib, sahib, what is my life? It is yours and Jack's sahib. How should I live if those whose salt I had eaten were lost?" and he fell before Alick and touched the ground with his head.

The next instant there was a rush of men; Gulab, as he was rising was hurled violently to the earth, and pinioned by powerful hands. Alick had barely time to jump to his feet when a man rushed at him. A quick left-hander under the chin sent the man flying backwards; but two strong men had their arms round him almost immediately. Even then he kept his feet as he struggled to get free; but the man whom he had knocked down speedily came to the help of his comrades, and Alick was borne to the ground and his arms were tied behind him.

The party who had captured them consisted of five men, of whom the leader was an elderly Sikh, a man of the same race to which Gulab also belonged. He held a position in the government of a neighboring prince, and had been to see the fakeers more than once, accompanied by his four sons, three of whom were among the captors, and the fourth—the youngest—was the prisoner whom Alick and Gulab had captured.

One of the captors then entered the bungalow and soon appeared with the young man who had penetrated the disguise.

"Art thou hurt, my son?" asked Go-

bind Sahai, the elderly Sikh, who acted as leader of the party.

"No, my father, somewhat stiff from lying an hour or so securely bound, and my jaws ache from the gag."

"It is not half an hour," replied the father; "but time is long to those who lie in the hands of others."

"And yet I was not without hope, my father," said the son, "for I knew that you were close behind me."

"Tell us, my father, and you, my brother," broke in one of the others, "what has happened, for we hardly know what has taken place."

Gobind Sahai made a sign to his son to speak, and the young man commenced.

"After my father and I left the house to pay the visit we promised to these holy men, who turn out to be impostors, he bade me to go on quickly and announce his approach to our holy father—'Cursed be thy locks, thou madman,' he said, 'my throat is still sore from the grasp of thy finers'—and this, I did, my brothers, and prostrated myself to Mohun Lal, little thinking how I demeaned myself. But for this," and he shook his fist in Gulab's face, "thy blood shall pay, ay! and that of the English swine—"

"Cease, my son; you and your brothers know that I care not for bragging over a defeated foe," said Gobind Sahai.

Alick's heart beat with hope at hearing words that betokened a nobleness of spirit in the father of their late captive.

The young man continued, after making a salaam of respect to his father,

"As I lay before him, the young fakeer with the fever cried out to his companion in words which, from my studies in the Government College in Delhi, I knew to be English. I started up in amazement. They were struck with terror, and so was I, and turned to fly, but an antelope could not escape from him," pointing to Alick. "Then they bound me and laid me in the chamber where you found me."

"And I," said his father, "heard the cry of 'The English! The English!' from your brother, and, dropping the basket of sweetmeats that I carried, I fled to the town for help, and fortunately met you, my sons, and you, my son-in-law, at the gate, and led you hither to save your brother."

This he had done with great caution. They saw Alick and Gulab coming out of the house and sitting down evidently to consult together, and then, by keeping the house between themselves and the party in the verandah, they had crept up till they reached the corner of the house within a few yards of where Alick and Gulab were talking. They heard Alick's warm refusal to murder his captive, and Gulab Singh's faithful reply, and then rushed forth with the result that has been described.

Now, lighting a little wick of cotton which hung over the edge of an earthenware saucer filled with oil, they proceeded to consult together in low tones. Alick, understanding the Urdu language very imperfectly, could not catch what they said; but Gulab, though affecting to be unconcerned, strained his ears to listen, and although the voices occasionally sank very low, he was able to make out the general drift of the conversation.

The sons were eager that the prisoners should be at once conveyed to Delhi and delivered over to the King of Delhi, who had proclaimed the re-establishment of the Mogul Empire. But Gobind Sahai hesitated. He had fought in the Sikh wars against the English, and had been taken prisoner and had received great kindness at the hands of an English offi-

cer. He had, moreover, been struck with Alick's refusal to kill his son, though as long as his son lived his own life was endangered.

As he hesitated, Gulab Singh spoke.

"Listen to me, even though I be your prisoner. I adjure you, by the memory of Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, whose name will be dear to you Sikhs, my fellow-countrymen. Was a Sikh ever untrue to his salt? I am a sawar. For years I have been orderly to a sahib who has ever treated me well. His son I have carried on my back when he was but a little lad. There lies my master's son. It may be that he is dying" (and he pointed to Jack, who was calling for Alick and for water). "The slaughter began a few days ago. My master I could not save. His son and his son's friend I tried to save, and them would I have saved but for the ravings of fever. Them would I have brought safe to their English friends. See! I am a Sikh, I am your brother. Slay me; but may Bhagwan, the god whom you acknowledge, slay you if a hair of his head be injured who even now refused to slay your son."

While Gulab was speaking, Gobind Sahai's son-in-law, who hitherto had been least interested, had turned sharply towards him; and now, when he had finished, he seized the light and held it to Gulab's face, which he scanned eagerly and with intense excitement. Golab did not notice him, his eyes were fixed on Gobind Sahai, who was evidently hesitating as the course he should adopt.

"What number is your regiment?" asked the young man who held the lamp, his voice quivering with suppressed excitement.

"The 31st," replied Gulab, without taking his eyes from the face of Gobind Sahai.

"My father," said the questioner, turning to Gobind Sahai. "My father, the fakeer is Gulab Singh, my brother."

At once the party sprang to their feet, and Gulab recognized the brother to whom he was flying.

He who had been their captive was the first to seize a knife and sever the cords that bound their prisoners. And while Alick turned to soothe Jack, hasty explanations took place between Gulab Singh and his brother; the other natives standing round him. An eager consultation again took place, but now the question was not whether they should be handed over to the sepoy, but how they were to be saved.

CHAPTER VII.—GULAB SINGH'S BROTHER

Hira Singh, Gulab's brother, had come a few days before from his home in Beri, with his wife and family, to visit his father-in-law. It was most fortunate for the fugitives that when Gobind Sahai had fled for help he had not met any one till he found his sons and son-in-law, who had resolved to follow him and pay their respects to Mohun Lal.

The secret was known only to himself, his four sons, and his son-in-law, and each promised absolute secrecy.

It was determined to take no further action that night, but if they could manage it the fakeers were to start on the following evening, an hour after dark, while Hira Singh would start about the same time from Gobind Sahai's house in his bullock cart. He would meet the fakeers a short distance outside the town.

He would have to go by another road, but the two roads joined a mile from the town, where they appointed to meet, and it would excite no remark even if the fa-

keers were seen to ascend the cart, though it was most improbable that any one would see them. Jack's fever had by this time abated, and he was much distressed at hearing how nearly he had been the cause of their lives being lost. But Gulab pointed out that evil had turned into good, for now the difficulty of their journey to Beri was over.

Indeed, other advantages arose from their disguises having been penetrated, for whereas it was impossible for a fakeer to ask for quinine at a dispensary—for they would be considered far too much above any tampering with foreign drugs—there was no such impossibility in the case of their new friends; and on hearing Alick lament the want of this most useful preventative and cure for malarious fever, Gobind Sahai at once offered to procure a supply at a branch dispensary in a town six miles away, and promptly sent one of his sons to get it. Travelling by night is so common in the hot weather that a demand for medicine at the late hour that the messenger would reach him would excite no remark from the native doctor; and in four hours the young man returned, and Jack was given as large a dose as was considered safe in his weak state.

The next morning at daybreak Gobind Sahai and Hira Singh again appeared, bearing a quantity of food, but they were met by Gulab, who told them that he so dreaded lest another accident should lead to exposure, that it would be well for them both to return at once and announce at the gates of the town Mohun Lal's determination to devote that day to meditation, which he desired should not be disturbed.

As soon as they departed Gulab Singh placed himself in the position adopted by a devotee in meditation, which he with commendable patience preserved throughout the day, for although no one entered the enclosure, many of the townspeople flocked to see the fakeers, and the slightest movement on Gulab's part would have broken the spell of meditation, and the gazers would, without doubt, have disturbed their privacy.

At last the weary day of enforced idleness passed, none of the three daring to speak to each other, and at nightfall the onlookers departed, and an hour later the three fakeers started, Jack very weak indeed, but, thanks to the quinine, free from fever.

On arriving at the junction of the roads, they waited in the shade of some trees till Hira Singh's bullock-cart appeared. With it came Gobind Sahai, who had taken such an interest in the escape of the English youths that he had determined to accompany Hira Singh to his house in Beri, so as aid by his presence and counsel in any danger of detection that might ensue.

Slowly the bullocks lumbered on at the rate of two miles an hour, and though the great cart was without springs, and the road very rough, yet Alick and Jack, in the sense of security which now inspired them, slept soundly, and it was not till the sun had been up an hour that they were awakened by the cart stopping.

They had travelled over eight hours but had still five hours of travel before them; and Hira Singh proposed to rest his bullocks for the day in a small wood of stunted trees near the roadside. Here the day passed without anything of a startling nature taking place; a few natives from a village a mile away came and chatted with Hira Singh and Gobind Sahai, the fakeers meditating under dif-

ferent trees, while in answer to questions Gobind Sahai answered that they had come across the holy men in the night, and offered them a ride in the cart. In the afternoon a start was again made, and though the heat was terrible, yet the fierce hot west wind prevented them from feeling that sense of suffocation which heat in a still atmosphere produces.

An hour after sunset they arrived at the mud wall which surrounds the pleasant little town of Beri. Here they were unexpectedly stopped by some armed villagers, but when it was seen that it was only Hira Singh, who was well known, with his father-in-law, whom the armed men had also often seen, with some holy men who were to be their guests, they were allowed to pass. Hira Singh had a comfortable house, one of the largest in the village, and did his utmost to make his guests comfortable. They were given water in which to bathe their limbs, and then sat down before a steaming dish of hot rice and an exquisite vegetable curry, to which they did ample justice.

On the way there had been much debate as to the next course to be pursued by Alick and Jack. Gobind Sahai suggested that they should be given a courtyard in Hira Singh's house, and never be allowed to stir outside it, and to this Hira Singh was also inclined to accede; but both Alick and Jack felt that this was not a wise plan. It would be sure to be noticed that there was some mystery attached to the house, and suspicion would be excited. It was much better for them to go in and out with the others, preserving their vow of silence when amongst those who did not know of the disguise, and to this Gulab Singh also consented, as in reality the wiser, although the bolder course. But while they were still consulting and debating the matter, it was settled for them by the entrance of a fat old Hindoo merchant. News had been brought by a man from Delhi of the doings there and he had incidentally mentioned that as he passed through Najafgar he saw Mohun Lal with two disciples.

Now Janki Das, the fat old merchant, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mohun Lal's whose disciple he professed to be, and whose guest for a month Mohun Lal had been some ten years before, when Janki Das lived near Lahore, before he moved to Beri, which was the town of his forefathers for many generations. He had never tired of speaking of this visit, and what Mohun Lal had said and done. Now, hearing of Gobind Sahai's arrival, with Hira Singh, from Najafgar, with three fakeers in their company, he at once jumped to the conclusion that these were Mohun Lal and his two disciples, who had come to Beri. He speedily left the bazaar, where he had been gossiping, and, forgetting the etiquette demanded of a visitor, he entered Hira Singh's house, and threw himself panting before Gulab Singh.

"Babaji!" he gasped. "Babaji! To think of this honor! Again is thy servant honoured by thy presence. Once more do I kiss the feet of my guru, Mohun Lal."

The fat old man gasped this forth, taking breath between every word, and much distressed from the unusual haste which he had made. He was fortunately so discomposed himself that he did not notice the agitation into which he had thrown the party into the midst of which he had so uncerimoniously obtruded himself. Even when he stopped speaking

neither Gulab nor his brother had sufficiently recovered their presence of mind to address him; but indeed it was not needed, for poor Janki Das was hardly in a state to notice any of them. Despite the danger that threatened, Jack could not help laughing at the quaint figure of the old man. He was short, and extremely corpulent, and his unaccustomed haste to embrace the feet of his guru had put him into a great heat. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and the linen garment which covered his body had been burst open, and left him a picture of distress. He squatted down on his haunches when he had finished speaking, and was mopping his forehead with a cloth, while his whole body heaved, his head the while spasmodically nodding.

Hira Singh was the first to recover composure sufficiently to address him.

"Brother, you do not seem to remember that this is not your own house into which you have entered.

Janki Das tried to speak, but failed, and shook his head, while the scene became still more ludicrous by the poor "Fatty" (as Jack persisted in afterwards calling him) blinking his eyes as well, his eyelids and wagging head keeping time together.

Gulab Singh consulted a moment with the others: Gobind Sahai hesitated, but Alick saw that the mistake must be brazened out, and Jack, by an expressive sign, showed that this was also his opinion, and so Gulab Singh braced himself for what might prove a most awkward position. He sat down opposite Janki Das, and regarded him with apparent indifference. Soon fatty tried to speak again, but was interrupted by Gulab, who, holding up his hand, said,

"Peace, fool; peace—speak not."

Janki Das, at hearing himself called a fool, gave a gasp, compared with which his former attempts to get breath seemed very insignificant. His eyes stopped blinking, and, with his hands clasped, he looked humbly at Gulab, though unable to cease the motion of his jaws, which seemed to work on springs, opening as he drew in his breath, and closing as he emptied his lungs, puffing and panting the while like a lunatic steam engine.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Jack and Alick could refrain from laughing, and at last they were forced to retreat into the court that had been arranged for them, where they relieved themselves by indulging in a hearty peal of laughter.

"Did you ever see such a puffing gram-pus?" said Jack.

"And did you notice how he had burst his coat, or waistcoat, or shirt, or whatever that garment is that seems to do duty for all three?" asked Alick in return.

And then again they burst out laughing, till, recollecting their vow of silence, they went to the doorway between the two courtyards, where they were able to see, though Janki Das could not see them, as his back was turned towards them. He had now sufficiently recovered to be able to prostrate himself before Gulab Singh. The latter touched him and motioned to him to sit as before and then spoke very slowly.

"Hast thou not learn't, my son"—the old man was old enough, by the way, to be Gulab's father—"that Mohun Lal loves not to be disturbed when he seeks to be private?"

"My father, forgive me," said Fatty. "I have sinned, but methought that your son, in whose house you dwelt at Amrit-

sar for the space of a month, might rush to embrace the knees of the father whose every word and look he treasures up. Dost thou not remember me—Janki Das—my father?"

"Mohun Lal never forgets one whom he has seen," replied Gulab remembering that this was one most remarkable fact about the celebrated fakeer, and congratulating himself on having learnt something already from the fat old mortal opposite. And Janki Das showed that his love of talking would soon tell more if only he was given the opportunity.

"Truly, my father's memory is wonderful! How long since is it, my father? Surely I have not forgotten, but my father knows."

"Mohun Lal knows," answered Gulab, with a firm conviction that he was speaking the truth.

"It is," continued Janki Das, "wonderful how you remember all things, maharaj (great king), my father. It is ten—or is it eleven?—years. Nay, ten; but it will be eleven in three months, time," and then the garrulous old man continued to pour forth the story he had told so often of how the maharaj had graced his house, and what he had said and done. Once only it seemed as if the ground was again growing dangerous, when Janki Das said, "But maharaj, my father, is younger-looking now than he was then. Hast thou found the secret of youth, my lord, as thou hast the secret of strength.

"The secret of strength have I not forgotten," said Gulab, seizing Janki's fat right hand in his and ringing it till the old man in his pain begged the maharaj not to prove his strength on him, and then in the tingling of his fingers forgot his awkward queries as to youth, and rested satisfied in the perfect assurance that it was Mohun Lal in very deed, for none other could have hurt his hand so much.

In few moments he withdrew on a hint from Gulab, and then Alick and Jack came into the courtyard where their friends were, and again and again burst out laughing, to the grave surprise of Gobind Sahai and the alarm of Hira Singh, who was afraid that his neighbors would hear the hearty English laugh, so unlike anything that an Indian would ever dream of. All united in praising Gulab Singh for the excellent way in which he had managed the poor old merchant.

The next day many visitors came to Mohun Lal, and when several were gathered together Gulab Singh told them of the visit that Mohun Lal had paid to Janki Das in Amritsar, and, for once, forsaking his habit of reticence, he told them as much as he could remember of what Janki Das had so considerably told him before, and expressed his sorrow that the poor merchant was so ill from his excitement of the day before that he could not come to make his obeisance that day. This was a politic step, for most of the audience went straight from the guru to Janki Das and repeated to him the fakeer's sayings, and how he had recounted in detail the incidents of his visit to him so many years before. The old man was so flattered by the notice that had been taken of him in his absence that his love and admiration for the great guru grew stronger and stronger, and he never for an instant doubted that Gulab Singh was in reality the object of his devotion.

(To be continued.)

WHAT A YOUNG MAN DID WITH SEVEN DOLLARS A WEEK.

We know a young man who saved a hundred dollars last year from a salary of seven dollars a week. This, of course, left him only about five dollars a week for his living. The young man always dressed neatly, his clothes were always clean and up-to-date, his shoes always polished, and no one could tell by his appearance that he was living on such a small sum.

"I share my room with a friend," he says. "It costs us eight dollars a month with gas and laundry. We eat meat once a day, and we eat a regular supper which costs us twenty cents each. There remains two dollars and sixty cents for breakfasts. We are not stingy but we live economically.

"After paying my regular expenses and laying up two dollars, I had one dollar left. In this dollar a week lies the mystery. I always bear in mind that it contains one hundred cents. I go to the theatre once a week. I generally go to hear free lectures, and derive great pleasure from them. I read the best books, which I obtain from the free library. With clothes I am very careful. The suit I have on now has been worn for the last two years. I press it myself every week, and it looks like new. I spend twenty-five dollars a year on clothes, neckwear and shoes.

"I generally buy everything where I get my money's worth. I never throw anything away. My shoes I have repaired as long as they can be worn, and I shine them myself.

"Instead of worrying, with five dollars a week I live like a sport."

BOYS GROWING LARGER.

The English boys in Marlborough school today, at the age of thirteen, average five and a half pounds more than boy of thirteen in 1874. The Rugby boys is two and a half inches taller, and averages over six pounds more than the boy of the same age in 1874.

This improvement in size and height is said to be due to the physical exercises practiced in the schools, though better food and more healthful living may have something to do with it.

When you hear a croaker lamenting that "boys are not what they used to be," kindly remind him of these facts, which no doubt hold good in regard to American schoolboys.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Is life worth living? That depends
Upon the objects, aims and ends.
If through the world we grow'ling go,
Seeking things sordid, mean and low,
If arrogating all to self,
The pride of birth, the pomp of pelf,
Scant kindness we to others show—
Is life worth living? No, no, no!

But if, though born in humble sphere,
We try some drooping heart to cheer;
If we the generous impulse know
Of friendship's ever genial glow,
And if all other things above,
We know the joys of mutual love;
In these we all the world possess—
Is life worth living? Yes, yes, yes.

N. Y. Sun.

1000

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The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

The Window Garden—We promised to bring this branch of our doings to the front this month, and now do so. We hardly ever drive along the best streets in springtime without a feeling of pleasure in noticing how prettily many of the balconies and windows are decorated and beautified with spring flowers; and when summer is in its prime the same wealth of beauty, and even more, is still to be seen around them, because now the climbing and trailing things are all in their leafy and floral glory.

And yet it does not take a great deal to make even a charming display of color, nor is the expense great.

We have already given many hints during the last few months about making window boxes. These are, of course, simply arranged on the window sill, and, if tastefully made, very pretty they look. The box itself ought to be as roomy and large as the outer ledge of the window will sustain with safety. This is a hint worth remembering, or you may come to grief. If the box is in an upper window, get a carpenter to secure it. We have known terrible accidents occur, from the blowing down in a squall of window boxes and flower pots.

There ought to be a little awning or screen fitted above the window boxes. This is to draw down when necessary, and so cover the flowers from over-much sun or rain. As for the soil, it will be best to get a compost from the nurseryman. But good garden soil will do if mixed with leafy manure and sand. The soil, you see, must be open, and rich withal. By the time this reaches you it will, of course, be rather late to put in bulbs. But you may still transplant them if you take up a good ball of earth therewith. Last spring we transplanted to a window box lovely hyacinths and crocuses, making quite a show before any one had come down to breakfast, and these flowers bloomed well for a whole month nearly.

For a show in early spring we can, then, always fall back upon crocuses, blue, yellow, and white; snowdrops, double or single; tulips, the dwarf species in front, and arranged as to color; hyacinths arranged in the same way; daffodils, and primroses.

When spring advances somewhat, we have in front, perhaps, a row of the pale green pyrethrum, next a row of dark blue lobelia, with a background of cyclamens, cinerarias, and calceolarias. For an early growing and lovely creeper, you can hardly beat the wild convolvulus. Simply get the roots and lay a few in, and, if you water and manure well, they will be up your window-trellis work, and taking your thoughts away to fairyland ere May is well advanced. The fuchsias and geraniums will come in in May, and now you can have ferns and mosses—the loveliest will still be in bloom; and the pyrethrum should not, we think, be allowed to flower, its foliage being its chief charm.

Keep everything about your boxes clean and tidy. Do not forget that the

plants breathe through their leaves, so keep them free from dust. Keep the earth well stirred too, and water in the evenings. Do not have the box always in a sop. Of course you have drained it before you filled it, but, despite this, too much water will do more harm than good. We will give further hints as the summer goes on.

The Poultry Run—For many and many a past year the subject of how to make poultry pay has been mooted and disputed till it is tiring. Hitherto we believe poultry farming on a large scale has not been a financial success. Almost every one in the country are miniature farmers or land owners, and "grow" their own eggs. So you see what cannot be done on a grand scale is possible on a small, and this should be good news—if news it be—to our boys.

On the subject of feeding for flesh or egg-producing, chemistry and science are often brought to bear, but as often as not without very happy results. We know, for instance, that fowls require so much of flesh-forming constituents in their food, and so much bone-producing and fattening material. Well, take peas and beans, and analyse them. Here we get of starch 48 parts, fat 2, gluten, etc., flesh-formers, 25, bone-making material, say 3 parts. Oats, on the other hand, would have 10 parts less of flesh-forming matter, but more starch and oil, the heat givers. Well, suppose we choose—chemically—a food for "tuckie," are we certain that "tuckie" will thrive on it? By no means, and there is where the worry comes in. However, chemistry's assistance is not to be despised. Take a case in point. We know a man who keeps an immense quantity of fowls, and when he wants to fatten a few dozen, he pens them and feeds almost wholly on rice with a little milk. Well, there is science here, for rice contains no less than 80 per cent. of starch, or fattening material. People going to the market will choose the biggest fowl, although the fat is useless to a great extent. On the question of feeding we will have more to say next month. Meanwhile, we trust you have plenty of eggs, and that you have young chickens as well. Be most careful to guard these latter from damp and cold, and feed from morn till dewy eve, and feed well. No occasion for waste, but they ought to have enough. Attend to your run. Do not let the gravel get foul. It would be a good plan to turn the yard all over, and put down new gravel, for a place that fowls occupy season after season stands greatly in need of disinfection.

The Pigeon Loft—Some months ago we advised our readers to go in for a garden pigeonry. This has much to recommend it: One of the most successful breeders of the age, has his pigeonry in the garden. We have not space here to describe what such a place should be like. Briefly, it consists of the breeding

houses, a covered shed with perches, and an aviary, or the shed itself may be the aviary. Willesden paper does excellently for a roof.

Attend now to spring repairs, and finish your spring cleaning, if you have not already done so. Beware of overcrowding. Keep everything clean, and have your fountains and your hoppers always well filled. Buy tick beans and other seeds when cheapest; have your grain boxes well protected from mice. If you have many pigeons, and are much troubled with mice, it is a good plan to train up a kitten as a guard of the loft.

Your birds must be mated now. The pairs must be young, strong, and bold.

The Aviary—Your breeding cages may be now taken out and seen to. Perhaps a thorough clean and scour out may be necessary before you use them, but if you did this before putting them away, it will not take you long now to make fit. Mate about the middle of the month, if the weather be not too cold. Commence from the first day the pair is together to feed on egg and bread crumb.

The Rabbitry—Your bunnies will be now looking fresh and lively. We trust that everything in and around the hutch is sweet and clean, and that you study regularity in feeding, and cleaning, and bedding. If not, skin complaints, debility, and all sorts of troubles are sure to come.

One of Two—Yes, too much riding on horseback tends to make the young bow-legged, if there be a tendency that way—that is, if the bone constituents be deficient.

H. R. H.—1. To bend wood, boil it, or steam it, or bury it in hot sand; and when it is hot, fix it in the position you want. 2. To relax the wings of butterflies, steam them. Pin them to a cork, put them into a tin box, and half fill the tin box with boiling water.

J. L. D.—To make your boots watertight, varnish the soles with copal varnish, and oil the uppers with castor oil.

Hurrah For The American Hen.

Eighteen American hens have been sent to Sydney, Australia, to engage in an egg-laying contest which it be held at the Agricultural College. Although they were a trifle seasick at first, the American hens laid eggs most of the way over, and the ship's table had new-laid eggs.

When they landed they began to lay for dear life, and at once ran (or laid) so far ahead of all the others in the race that it looks as if none would be able to catch up with them.

We are justly proud of the American war-like eagle; let us be proud of the peaceful American hen, and resolve to be like her in never bragging about a thing until we have done it, and then only once.

Every Boy is Good at Something



We have known and read of dunces at school becoming useful and even celebrated men, not, of course, because of their youthful stupidity, but because talent and genius are slow in developing, and because on leaving school the "dunce" sometimes finds new spheres of activity which interest him more than the sometimes dry subjects of Arithmetic, Grammar and Spelling.

You may be head of your class, lessons may come easy to you, you may be tempted to laugh and sneer at the boy who, spending twice as much time at his books, knows his lessons only half as well next day. That boy, however, may pass you in the race of life. And he certainly will do so if he have more common sense and perseverance.

School is not everything. We do not want to discourage you to work less to be head of your class, but you must have other interests outside of school for your leisure hours. Take stamp collecting, for instance, the most popular of juvenile hobbies. The boy who has never known even the delights of a "hundred varieties for ten cents" has missed part of his education, and yet few teachers encourage such work in the class room.

Stamp Collecting, Amateur Printing and Journalism, Coins, Butterfly Collecting, Natural History, Amateur Carpentering and Photography, and all other such interests are subjects not taught in schools but which are none the less necessary to a boy's development. They form pursuits and studies oftentimes for the boy who cannot get the multiplication table straight or analyze a compound sentence.

The world's greatest natural philosopher, Sir Charles Darwin, was considered anything but a prodigy at school. "When I left school," he says, "I was, for my age, neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting dogs and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Darwin says he had "strong and diversified tastes." So has many a boy who is considered dull and stupid because his tastes do not coincide with those of his companions, or are not of the kind that his parents and teachers consider most profitable. The tastes of young Darwin lay in the direction of insects, especially of beetles. He had much zeal for studying them, because they interested him as "seven times seven" and "ran is a verb" did not. He was called "Gas," because, with his brother, he got up a small chemical laboratory in the barn and spent his leisure hours there making gases and compounds instead of joining the boys in their play.

It is splendid for boys to play football, baseball and learn to row, swim and hunt, but why should the boy who does not care greatly for these things be despised? It takes all sorts to make a world, and we have no sympathy with the tyranny which makes a boy uncomfortable because he is not like every one else. We respect every boy, for we know not what possibilities of usefulness are buttoned up under his coat. *He is sure to be good at something.*

Excessive indulgence in any sport or pastime leads to its early abandonment, while judicious participation—in which the interest becomes greater as the participator increases in skill and experience—enables one to make use of it for years with undiminished pleasure

ACTIVITIES

Amateur Printing
Amateur Journalism
Butterfly Collecting
Stamp Collecting
Toy Shop
Magic and Legerdemain
Camping Out
Natural History
Amateur Circus
Experimental Electricity
Newspaper Clipping Library
Pictorial Poster Collecting
Boat Sailing for Amateurs
Pigeon Loft
Autograph Collecting
Amateur Athletics
Coin Collecting
Kitchen Garden
Physical Culture
Fernery
Amateur Theatricals
Aviary
Picture Collecting
Amateur Photography
Poultry Run
Rabbitry
Kennel
Flower Garden
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PEN DRAWING FROM NATURE

BY H. J. HASSELBAUER.

You have often heard that commonly used expression "it's easy when you know how," but those desiring to learn to draw will never know how unless they commence right, and if we change the words around a little to "it's easy when you start right," the application will be more easily understood.

Many of the greatest illustrators of modern times remember well their first attempts at pen and ink drawing and the discouraging results. Most of them started in without even a knowledge of the kind of materials to use, say nothing of the essential rudimentary principles of light and shade, proportion, contrast, balance, technic, etc. In those earlier days there were few who could teach, and many a lesson was learned by a long experience and hard knocks.

Nowadays, the beginner can gain in a few days, or weeks at the most, the knowledge that cost those earlier amateurs who tried their ability in this fascinating line of study, many patient years of labor.

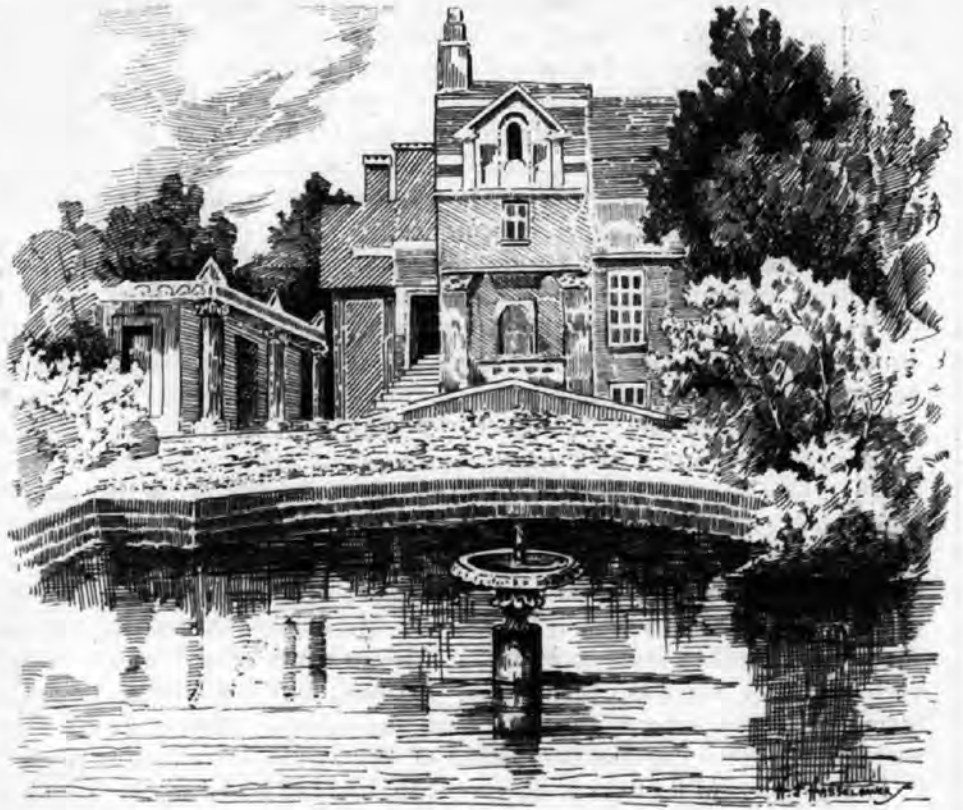
The most common fault of the beginner is to make his drawings altogether too small. He attempts to imitate the work of the engraver by making his drawings have the same "fine" effect as the engraved prints, not realizing that the original drawings were several times larger than the engravings from which the prints were made.

Therefore, we would advise our readers to accustom themselves to making their drawings always a fairly good size,

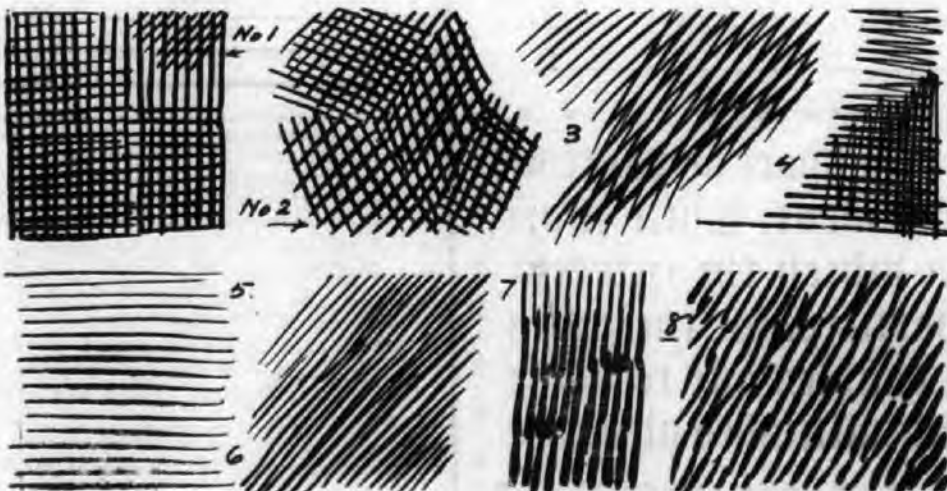
as by so doing, it not only gives the drawing itself a better general appearance than a smaller sketch would be, but it gives the amateur a certain freedom of movement, which means very much in the finished artist.

We will now turn our attention to beginning pen and ink work.

First of all, you must have the material to work with, so consequently you must obtain a bottle of Higgins waterproof India ink, which you can get in almost any store dealing in artists material, for 25 cents, some Gillot's pens, No. 170, and white bristol board. The latter is not especially necessary, as a good quality of smooth paper will answer the purpose just as well for a start. Have at your hand also, a medium grade lead pencil. About the ink, we would advise you not under any circumstances use ordinary writing ink in your work, as the above mentioned drawing ink is of such a different quality that it is imperatively necessary for you to become accustomed to it.



Scene in the garden of Alma Fadema, the great English artist.



After getting together your materials, for the next step begin to practice drawing straight lines with your pen, but be careful that it does not make hooks at the end of lines. When you feel that you have mastered straight lines, try making slightly curved lines. Use a good free movement and you will soon get this stroke also. The object of these and the following hints, as in all technical exercises is, you can readily understand, to obtain control of your pen.

"Technic" is a term used by artists to signify the manner in which the pen, brush or pencil is used. Lines must be made easily and not suggest the use of a ruler.

In the accompanying illustration we give a series of strokes, all of which should be carefully studied and practised

until you have succeeded in mastering every one of them. Then you are free to begin the study of picture drawing. Your pencil sketches should always have your careful attention, as it is a general custom for most of the illustrators to make their outlines lightly in pencil first in order that if any changes were to be made it would not be difficult to do so—then when they are sure that everything is as they desire them to be—the drawing is completed in ink. Another thing to be kept in mind is not to make your pencil marks so heavy that you cannot erase them after the drawing is finished.

When beginning a sketch of a landscape, or scene of any kind, you first find the centre of your picture. Nearly every picture contains one line much longer

be carefully studied and would afford beneficial practise to either copy it or draw similar scenes with grass, foliage, etc.

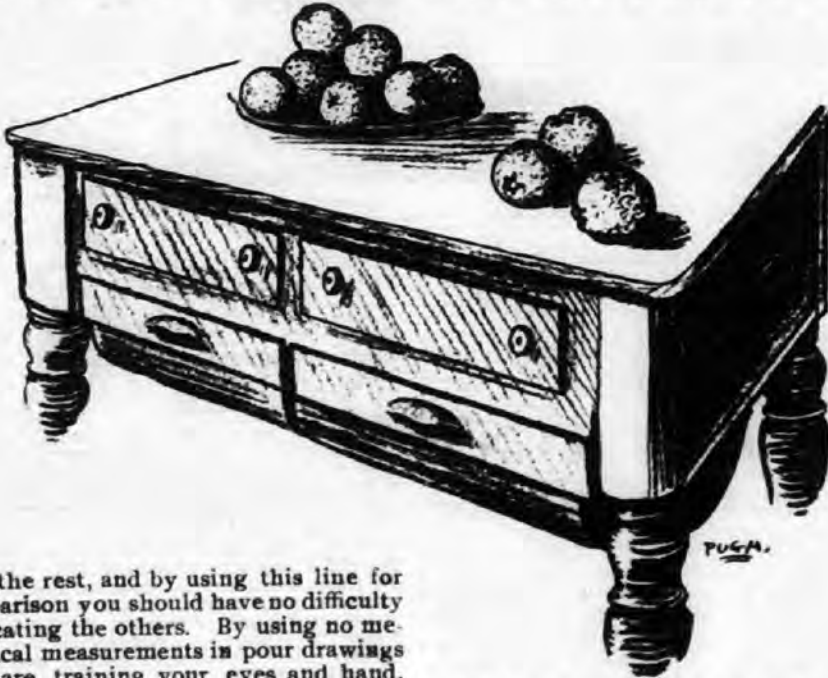
If possible, go out where you can sketch direct from nature. Try simple landscapes at first, with a tree or bush in the foreground. Get the distances by comparing the different parts of the scene with the principal object, then lay off these measurements lightly with lead pencil, and when you are sure everything is correct, go over it with ink carefully and see what a picturesque sketch you can turn out.

Then try other subjects, adding gradually water, boats, stone walls, rocks, trees, bushes, etc. Of course, don't put all these different things in one picture

ly the more he knows about nature. It is the great storehouse of inspiration and originality. The nearer one gets to nature, the nearer he gets to the truth.

This month we have received some very creditable drawings from our readers, some of them we publish and a glance at the accompanying cuts of the shoe, the table with the oranges, the tree, and the marine and moonlight scenes, will prove to the observer that there are some very promising material for artists among the young readers of THE NEW BOY.

The subject of nature study should be an interesting theme for our readers this month, and we will expect quite a number of good drawings from which as usual we will select the ten best ones, and publish the names of the boys who drew them. Start in now with a vim, and let us see what fine sketches you can turn out, and don't forget to send them in before the end of the month.



than the rest, and by using this line for comparison you should have no difficulty in locating the others. By using no mechanical measurements in your drawings you are training your eyes and hand, and in time you will be able to judge distances accurately at a glance, and correct all errors. It is, of course, not expected that you will show much improvement at first, but practise and further study is necessary to make the adept.

A great many books have been written on drawing from nature, and it would be a great advantage for you to go to a library, and see what the different authors have to say on this subject. We give as a study this month, the scene reproduced herewith, in which is combined the handling of foliage, water, sky, ground, light and shade, etc., and the general make-up of the illustration forms the theme of nature technic. It should

at first, or you will get such an intricate combination that the result of your sketch would be astonishing.

In seeking to bring you closer to nature, it will bring you also closer to art in its broader and higher aspect. Aside from practical application you will be able to make of all knowledge obtained, the subject is one of extreme interest to most boys of artistic temperament.

Nature study, is, in a word, that kind of knowledge that helps to make life worth the living, and is of general interest to everyone. It is not enough for the amateur artist to know how to draw, he must also know what to draw, when to draw it, where to use it; in fact, the more he knows the better; and especial-



- Clarence A. Fisher, Edwardsville, Ill.
- Ray Olmstead, Marengo O.
- Paul Sanzone, Cincinnati, O.
- E. P. Walton, New Vineyard, Me.
- Burke Taylor, Tobias, Nebr.
- H. H. Garrison, Denver Colo.
- Fred H. McCoy, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Harry Moriarty, New York City.
- Joseph F. Maxwell, Kansas City, Mo.
- Alexander Regan, Cincinnati, O.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Empire Rises Against Autocracy

An authoritative statement of the attitude of the Russian Government in the present grave emergency was issued from St. Petersburg, in which the following declaration occurs:

"The Government sincerely desired to introduce the new regime without having recourse to harsh measures but it received no support from the Constitutionalists or other Moderates, while the proletariat organizations, under the leadership of the Socialists, continued their mad campaign in favor of armed rebellion, and openly incited the army and the navy to mutiny. The climax of this campaign was reached when efforts were made to attack the credit of the country in the midst of a considerable panic. Had the Government allowed such efforts to go

unchallenged it would have precipitated complete financial and industrial ruin."

On the same day the Government became panic-stricken at the results of its reactionary policies and again changed front. At a meeting of influential advisers of the Czar it was the dominant conviction that Russia could be saved only

sued in a few days.

On the following day the Union of Unions called all Russia out on strike. It was then doubtful whether the Government could stay the tide of revolution. Already in many parts of the Empire anarchy reigns. Many cities were in complete control of revolutionists, and peasants everywhere were engaged in uprisings.

Two causes have been reported for the rioting which began in Shanghai, China, first that it was promoted by boycotters on account of an incident involving the Mixed Court, and second that it was the outcome of the Anti-American boycott and a general feeling of

hostility towards foreigners, such as preceded the Boxer uprising in 1900. The German Consul was stoned, and the American Vice-Consul and several other foreigners were attacked and injured.



View of the City and Harbor of Shanghai, China.

by the immediate proclamation of universal suffrage and the election of representatives to the Douma. Premier Witte at once dictated the draft of a new manifesto which was subsequently approved by the Czar and was expected to be is-

AMATEUR ADVERTISING

A New Activity for the Boy Who Likes to Write Letters and Get Lots of Mail.

Boys, here is a brand new hobby for you. One from which you can derive a great deal of pleasure and a lot of practical experience that may be of great value to you when you grow up and engage in the great struggle for business success. Now, we want all of you to get up a little advertisement like the ones shown here, and send it to the Amateur Advertising Department of THE NEW BOY, and we will print it one time on this page free of charge. You must first select something you want to sell or exchange, and that is sure to be desired by some of the other boys who read this paper. Of course, the more desirable your article, and the less you ask in return, the greater will be the replies you will get.



All advertisements to appear under this heading must be accompanied by 50c for one year's subscription.

EDITORS—Please send me sample copies of your papers. I also want Homer pigeons for squab raising. Send me your prices. **WALTER D. GEORGE**, Tuscola, Ill.

FOR SALE—Bantam chickens—\$1.00 per pair. **CHAS. MARSHALL**, 15 Six St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

EGGS—A setting 15 Single Comb Black Minorca eggs for \$1.00, which generally sell for \$1.50 to \$2. These are eggs I can guarantee as the are from my own hens. **C. E. SWOOPÉ, Jr.**, 326 E. St. Catharine, Louisville, Ky.

SEND me 10c coin and 2c postage, also a narrow strip of paper, size of 2nd joint of 2nd finger, and I will send you a unique lead ring any colors desired. **JOS. EPH GRAY**, 1251 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PRINTING—letter heads, cards, etc. Send us your name and address and we will send you full particulars, send 2c stamp for postage. **EAGLE PRESS**, 1163 Forest Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

25 name cards neatly printed in script, price 15c, 50 for 25c postpaid. **J. HARVEY ARNOLD**, 324 S. High St., Burlington, N. J.

LOOK here boys! I will send you the prettiest pair of white rabbits you ever saw for only 60 red cents. **A. LLOYD SCHULTZ**, Washington Boro, Lan. Co., Pa.

FOR SALE—A number of 5 cent novels for 3 cent apiece or 2 for 5 cents. **ARCHIE H. KLINGBELL**, 15 Perry Street, Ashtabula, Ohio

LAUGH and grow fat. A book containing jokes, sayings, etc., for only 15c. **IRA SEIDELMAN**, 1831 Chelsea Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE—A collection of stamps for the boy sending me the most addresses of stamp collectors. **WM. BERGFELD**, Seguin, Texas.

BOYS, send me a dime and I will send you 1000 stamp hinges, one Album with 60 diff. stamps, The Canvasser and one Duplicate Stamp Book. Postage 5c extra. **W. C. BURTIS**, 147 Grand, Saratoga, N. Y.

FREE—20 different Australian stamps free to every one sending reference for stamps on approval. 50% discount allowed. **L. V. CASS**, Lenox, Penna.

LET us print you 100 personal or business cards for 35c Envelope 50c per 100. **AMERICAN PRINTING CO.**, 618½ Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

EXCHANGE wanted with collectors and dealers of stamps in Foreign countries. **GRAND STAMP CO.**, 312 E. 15th St., N. Y.

68 var. old rare tin tobacco tags 20c. 50 var. street car transfers 25c. 50 var. cigar bands 15c. dozen old Indian wampum money 15c. 5 var. Hawaiian Islands postal cards, unused, 15c. **BURNS CHERRY**, 781 12th St., Oakland, Cal.

SOUVENIR Cards wanted in exchange with foreign collectors. **H. J. HASSELBAUER**, 222 West 10th Street, New York.

HUMPTY Dumpty is the newest game for boys. We will send you our new illustrated monthly magazine for boys and girls for 6 months and one of our Humpty Dumpty games for only 10c. This offer is good for this month only. **RURAL YOUTH PUB. CO.** 116 Columbia Bldg., Springfield, O.

STAMPS Exchanged. I desire correspondence with collectors having from 2000 to 5000 var. **W. S. ALDRICH**, 352 W. 115 St., New York City.

EZ Money Boys and Girls. Send for 20 packages Bluing. Sells 10c package. When sold send us \$1 keep other \$1. **PRAIRIE BLUING CO.**, Dept. 66 N. 8, Rolling Prairie, Ind.

YOU !!

MUSIC very easy to play and beautiful. By Samuel B. Lambdin, composer of over 200 different tunes. Suitable for young, old and all. Some are dreamy and gentle. Others exhilarating and lively. Recently published "Angel's Visit," "Jack Tar's March," "Maids and Mermaid," "Happy Girls," "American Soldiers' Quickstep." Price 10c, 3 for 25c. Remit in 1 and 2c stamps.

S. B. LAMBDIN,
160 Bleecker Street, New York City.

The best evidence of what an Acme course can do for you is what it has done for others.

We would like to send you free our Ready Reference List of over 300 satisfied students living in all parts of the world.

This book also contains fac simile and autograph letters with photographs of other students who tell what we have done for them.

One student secured a good paying position after only four months study. His name is **Wm. R. Williams**, Mishawaka, Ind.

Frank S. Brown, Albany, N. Y., secured a fine position before he had completed his course. What others have done, You can do with our help.

We Teach Drawing—Nothing Else

We can train anybody who wishes to learn to make the kind of drawings business men want and will pay for. We will enable you to earn from \$18.00 to \$40.00 per week in some reliable establishment. We teach thoroughly by mail the following courses:

Newspaper, Magazine and Book Illustrating.
Caricature, Cartoon and Comic Drawing.
Commercial Designing and Lettering.
Mechanical, or Architectural Drawing.
Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting.
Special Courses for School Teachers.
Write for full information and state which of the above courses you want to investigate. Sign your name and full address and mail to

ACME SCHOOL OF DRAWING
162 Acme Block, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE NEW BOY PHOTOGRAPHER

DEFECTS IN NEGATIVES

Fog in its various forms is one of the bugbears of development. Different classes of fog all have different causes, and few of them can be entirely eradicated. Perhaps the commonest is yellow fog, or s'ain, due to an excessive amount of Pyro in developing, or due to Pyro which has been exposed to air and thus become oxidised. Yellow stains may be removed by immersing the negative till clear in:

Thio carbomide	20 parts
Citric Acid	10 parts
Water	1000 parts

It is important that the negative should be thoroughly washed after this treatment.

Blurring of the image is another defect very often found in negative, this most times has its origin in halation, nearly every well-known make of plate can now be obtained backed, and the extra coppers spent in this way may be regarded as a good investment.

Frilling and blistering are very common faults, especially in hot weather, but uneven temperature of the developers also cause this.

Pinholes in negatives often cause much displeasure, these of course are due to dust having been present on the plate. Remove dust from negatives prior to loading them into plate holders, there are numerous ways in which this can be accomplished, one is to brush the surface of the negative lightly with a soft camel hair brush. This, however, has its objections in that during very hot weather the brush is liable to streak the plate. The best method is to procure a glass rod or even an old hard rubber comb, rub it smartly with a dry silk handkerchief for a few moments, then apply it close to the sensitised surface of the plate, moving it slowly across the same. The dust will be attracted to the electrified article and will cling to it, and may be rubbed off.

Why waste paper on a negative which you know is unsatisfactory, "just to see what it will look like," put it into a solution of sulphuric acid and bichromate of potassium and the same will come out a clear sparkling piece of glass which can be used at any time.

Streaks and uneven development in a negative is often the result of the amateurs attempt at economy, by using his developer sparingly. Use plenty, anyway enough to cover the plate without having to resort to violent agitation to do it. Also use fresh developer as often as you can; it is cheaper than spoiling a negative once in awhile by using old and colored developer.

Do not expect clean negatives if you use dirty developer or fixing bath. Keep your solution clear, filtering them as often as necessary.

ABOUT CAMERA CLUBS.

Few amateur camera clubs are a success, and the answer to the question "Why?" is very simple. Much might be said and written on this subject but in the end would avail little more than what would a few decisive words of the "straight from the shoulder kind," if the amateur of his own accord does not mend his way and act more fairly.

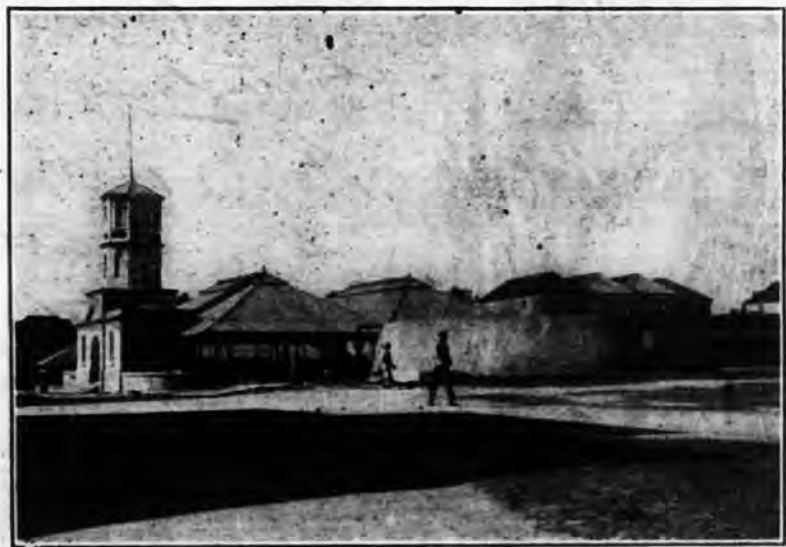
Camera clubs are a source of much accomplishment and fame, if harmony could rule them. For the benefit of such

readers who may belong to a photographic organization, I want to most emphatically impress the fact on him not to wait for the club to do something for him, but he should strive to do something for the club, and that something should not consist alone in the prompt payment of dues. Every club will be a sorry failure without the enthusiastic support of its members. When holding exhibitions do not let the whole burden rest upon a faithful few, every member should contribute something of his work, let not the fact that you are a beginner make you hesitate to show the product of your camera. Few of us reach perfection, and you will most decidedly gain valuable knowledge when you take

in proper spirit the kindly criticism of more experienced members.

Compare your work with that of your more experienced brethren and note your shortcomings, then act upon good judgment and you will improve from month to month. Another fact every club member ought to be acquainted with is that of all officers of a camera club the secretary bears the heaviest burden, if he is not an enthusiastic, never tiring hustler little can be looked for from his club, but as a rule he is a willing, uncomplaining worker who exerts every effort to help good attendance at meetings and prompt execution of all official business, help him all you can.

—HENRY R. GRISLER.



The Old Town of Tucson, Ariz.—By Robt. Clarkson (age 15).



"Down in Sunny Florida," by James Lange, Miami, Florida (age 16).

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons,



Pica Mare 4th 1821.

My dear Douglas

They are very civil about "Cam" - but alarmed at its tenderness - as they call it - for my part - I maintain that it is an excellent in the thirty nine articles Believe me Yours

Byron



BYRON—who doubted everything and believed nothing—wrote in the prodigal, disdain style which characterized his life and his poems. Born with the noblest faculties, and able to compose with a rapidity only equalled by the originality of his conceptions, his life was embittered by an imperious mother, a foolish wife, and unjust critics. Yet high and pure aspirations loom, like bea-

con-fires, from the gloom of his desponding hours—and could he but have wedded a mind capable of sympathizing with his genius, how different would have been the career of his "lone, wandering, but not lost spirit." The illustration represents a statue of the poet, executed by Thorwaldson, at Rome, in 1830, for Westminster Abbey, but its admission was opposed upon fanatic grounds, and the statue lay in a custom house cellar until 1845, when it was taken to the Library of Trinity College, at Cambridge, which it now ornaments. It is a picture, in marble, replete with romantic and classical associations. Byron is seated upon a ruined fragment, which has been part of some ancient temple and his foot rests on the broken shaft of a ruined column. In his left hand he holds a volume, and the raised chin is slightly touched with a stylus, or pencil, which he holds in his right hand. The head is slightly lifted, and turned over the right shoulder—the eyes raised, with a dramatic air of inspiration, but with an unaffected expres-

sion of thought. The beauty of the poet's hand and wrist, and the delicate forms of the throat are strikingly rendered; but in the aspect there is something more than mere thought—infinity sad and touching; and which, to us, seems one of the triumphs of the work. The costume is a riding dress, with a cloak thrown loosely over—whose folds are among the sculptor's resources for composition and relief. It is, in short, a perfect type of the genius, the character, and the fortunes of the wayward poet. Byron wrote as one feels, that is to say, with his heart and his passions in his hands. He was in more senses than one a spoiled child. Notwithstanding his extraordinary talent as a poet, his own self-conceit well nigh ruined him. Posterity does Byron full justice. As a poet, he deserved immortality—as a moralist, we have nothing to say of the author of Don Juan.

Schiller
Goethe
J. Rogers

John Milton
Racine
Mousses
p. B. Shelley
M. F. Tupper
Thomas Moore

SCHILLER is a poet of undoubted position, an eminent dramatist, and perfect master of numbers. He won a deservedly extended fame in his own country. His hand-writing is bold, distinct and expressive.

GOETHE was a famous German poet, as all the world knows. No person who has read the "Sorrows of Werter" has failed to accord the proper respect and appreciation that the poet's genius deserves. Goethe and German literature are almost inseparable.

MILTON! to pretend to introduce such a poet as he was to our readers, would be an insult to the better judgment of our patrons. Suffice it to say, there was the decided and emphatic purpose of his will plainly discernible in his signature.

FRANCE has known few poets equally illustrious with the name of RACINE. His reputation will live as long as a true appreciation of poetry exists.

Not alone as a philosopher has ROUSSEAU acquired celebrity, but as a poet and a musician he has won a reputable name. His chirography is careful and premeditated.

The calm signature of ROGERS, under a note of hand, would be worth half a million, for he is a wealthy banker. His topics are of a pure order, abounding with descriptive passages, which have all the brightness of Claude's landscapes, and with groups of rare grace.

SHELLEY, one of the elder British poets, and TUPPER, of modern fame, need no eulogium here. Both have delighted the lovers of verse, and the chirography of each is bold and well-defined.

TOM MOORE represented Ireland at the court of Parnassus, and represented her well. In his chirography as in his verse, there is a liquid ease, a dance of words, and an epigrammatic point to every sentence, which makes each page sparkle like a foaming glass of champagne. It is poetry and song combined.

LONGFELLOW is the poet of refined nature and of intellectual man, scholar-like in his style as in his orthography. His descriptions of scenery are often singularly beautiful.

BRYANT, who finishes his poetry with elaborate care, writes a somewhat hurried hand, showing that he has often been compelled to drive a rapid pen, in order to satisfy demands for "copy" in his editorial sanctum.

FIELD, whose autography is delicious, has an elaborate polish of style, great daintiness in the choice of words, and a happy faculty for delineating the exquisite simplicity of nature.

WHITTIER stamps everything with the friend-like integrity of his own heart, buoyant with sympathy for the woes and joys of man.

SPEAR, the banker poet of America, adds the correctness and purity of classical writing to the simple ease and vigor of home poetry, forming a style delightful to all.

THOMPSON, the talented editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, writes in a quaint, clear hand, many sonnets thickly studded with fine thoughts, in classic language. [See page 159.]

Henry W. Longfellow
John Howard Payne
Percy Benjamin
Charles Longfellow

Truly yours
Joel Barlow
J. G. Whittier
Chas. Sprague

William Cullen Bryant
J. J. Field
Alfred Pine
M. R. Thompson
Edgar Poe



The New Boy Stamp Collector

THE CONNELL STAMP.

ONE FOR WHICH COLLECTORS MIGHT GIVE \$25,000.

In most of the monarchies of the world, on every change in the personality of the reigning sovereign, a new series of postage stamps is rushed out, and those bearing the likeness of the late ruler are withdrawn. Our Post Office Department prohibits the use of the likeness of an American citizen on our stamps until after his death. Stamp collectors like to call attention to the fact that a difficulty over a postage stamp lost to New Brunswick an able Postmaster-General. A rule like that of this country would have saved trouble.

In December, 1859, the Governor of New Brunswick and his Executive Council authorized Charles Connell, the Postmaster-General, to procure a new issue of postage stamps, the change from "pence" to "cents" having rendered the current stamps obsolete. The new set was to comprise the denominations of 1, 5, 10 and 12½ cents.

Mr. Connell interpreted the instructions to empower him fully to prepare suitable designs and to have the stamps printed and circulated. Accordingly, he went to New York and arranged with a bank note company to produce the stamps, having previously selected the designs. This task Mr. Connell had delegated to his secretary who reported to his chief one day that he had completed designs for all stamps, except the 5 cent, used for domestic letter mail. He had even gone further, and added a 17 cent stamp for registered mail. The 1 cent stamp depicted a locomotive; the 10 cent Queen Victoria; the 12½ cent, a primitive looking steamship, and the 17 cent, the bust of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. The secretary admitted he could not find a suitable subject for the 5 cent denomination.

The Postmaster-General

Complimented the Young Man

upon the appropriateness of the designs and said he would personally assume the responsibility for the selection of the design for the 5 cent denomination. In due course the New York company completed the contract, and the stamps were delivered to the Postmaster-General shortly before May 1, when the new issue was to be placed on sale.

Mr. Connell sent a few sets of the stamps to the Governor and members of the Executive Council, and when they

gazed at the designs they were horrified to discover upon the 5c stamp the likeness of Postmaster-General Connell as large as the Queen.

At a hurried conference of officers it was decided that the action of the Postmaster-General was reprehensible and that the stamps bearing his likeness should not be issued, even if force were required to prevent it: the country should not be scandalized. The first intimation Mr. Connell, who was visiting in the country, had of the storm his innocent surprise had evoked was when he received a telegram advising him that the stamps could not be issued to postmasters until they had been formally approved by the Governor and council. Even then he did not realize the seriousness of the matter, as he wired back to the secretary to secure the necessary approval at once, assuming it to be a mere formality. He also advised his secretary that the stamps would be issued in three days. The approval was not obtained, however, and Mr. Connell wired his secretary to postpone the issue until he could personally see what the trouble was.

When Mr. Connell returned to St. John the Executive Council was in session. Its result was disastrous to his 5 cent stamp. Here he learned for the first time the hornet's nest he had stirred up by presuming to issue a stamp

Bearing His Own Likeness

to circulate beside stamps bearing the features of royalty. The Governor took the matter into his own hands and recommended that the stamps be issued except the 5 cent, and the likeness of the Queen be substituted for the face of Connell. This order was made in the form of a letter to Mr. Connell, formally directing him to make the changes decided by the council.

But Mr. Connell was obstinate and replied that he had been duly and formally authorized to prepare designs for the new stamps and issue them, his instructions having been without restrictions; he therefore proposed to retain the stamp bearing his own likeness and was prepared to give the stamps to postmasters for issue. The council replied in a spirited communication, whereupon he showed that the change would involve loss of time and revenue, and as he did

40 U. S. STAMPS FREE! All different. Postage 2c. When possible send the names of two collectors. 220 Foreign; fine, 25c. Agents 50 per cent. com. 800 sets from 1c up, FREE. Free offer good only to those mentioning this paper. QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

FREE A Beautiful Picture FREE

Something new to decorate the wall of your den absolutely free. Send names of a few collectors with reply.

SPECIAL OFFERS

50 different Norway and Sweden stamps.....\$ 25
1000 finely mixed foreign stamps..... 14
Board covered album and 1000 stickers..... 18
Complete stamp catalog..... 10
Complete U. S. Coin Catalog..... 10
200 foreign stamps, all different..... 20
100 different U. S. Stamps..... 20
30 different Africa, Congo, Transvaal, etc..... 30
8 Persia, 1889 issue complete, unused..... 20
20 different China, Japan and Corea..... 20

APPROVAL SHEETS—We have the finest line of approval sheets in the country, which we send out at 50% discount. We please others and know we can satisfy you. If you have not tried our sheets, let us hear from you.

TIFFIN STAMP CO., 160 R. St., TIFFIN, OHIO

Hong Kong 1902, 5 and 10 (single) per pair.....20/
Malta 1899, 5, each.....4/6
Malta 1899, 10, each.....12/

Approval selections of medium and rare stamps on receipt of references. Wholesale price list post free.

THE WILLIAM STAMP CO.,

120 Leadenhall St., London, E.C. Eng.

300 Foreign stamps 10c, 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album 10c 40 different U. S. 10c, 200 varieties 25c, 500 varieties, \$1.25, 1000 varieties, \$4.75 82-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. J. CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

STAMPS—100 China, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and list of bargains 2c. Agts 50%. A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A. Boston, Mass.

China 10c Green FREE to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 50%. A packet and offer. Some corking good ones, weighed, not counted, will cat. over \$3 with a For. post card worth from 5c-50c, price 25c, a splendid mixture. Netherlands 1891 50c cat 10c, price 1c with packet only. W. T. McKay, 15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.

FREE 100 var Foreign Stamps for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c return postage. Only 1 packet to a customer. 85 var U. S. stamps 10c. 10 U. S. Revs, long, 15c 1000 hinges 8c. Duplicate Album, board cover, space for 600 stamps, 10c. **READ STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.**

105 Varieties stamps, Korea, Tonga, Crete, etc., and large 40 page catalog for 5 cents post free. For the names of 5 active stamp collectors with order will send another 105 varieties. J. T. STARR STAMP CO., Coldwater, Mich.

STAMPS 100 Hamburg, etc., valued over \$1.00 free, also big book on stamps. LER STAMP CO., Station A, Boston, Mass.

not care to be responsible to the people for this he tendered his resignation as Postmaster-General, asserting that his usefulness as a Cabinet Minister was surely at an end if he could not, after official authorization, be permitted to procure a series of postage stamps.

He requested that permission be given him to publish the grounds of his resignation. This permission was granted, but when Mr. Connell came to give his version of the affair he did not mention the postage stamp incident at all, having evidently concluded that his position would not be approved by the people, but gave an entirely different reason for his withdrawal. When confronted by the facts, however, he finally admitted that the real reason was that he had been hampered in the working out of details by unwarranted interference.

The New York bank note company speedily changed the plate for the 5 cent value by

Gouging Out Connell's Face

and inlaying the face of the Queen, so that but little loss of time resulted in the issue of the stamps. The thousands of Connell stamps were ruthlessly thrown into the furnace, although there still remained in existence the few copies which Mr. Connell had given to his friends. These stamps are catalogued at \$150 each and are extremely rare.

There has been considerable controversy among collectors over this stamp. It has been said that some of them were actually issued and used, but this is officially denied, and Mr. Connell himself says that the 5 cent Connell stamp was never issued to postmasters. Claims of the existence of used copies of the stamp which of course establish the fact that it had been issued to postmasters, have been made from time to time, but the postmark is always found to be spurious. A philatelic expert says that a copy of the Connell stamp upon the original letter, cancelled with the genuine postmark of that period, would probably be the

Rarest Stamp in the World,

surpassing the famous 2 penny stamp of the Island of Mauritius, which the Prince of Wales bid in at auction a year ago at the record price of \$7,200. There are collectors who would snap up a genuinely postal cancelled "Connell" at \$25,000.

It is singular that all of the stamps of this Connell issue are obtainable more cheaply than used, the used copies being the scarcer. Early in the 60's New Brunswick's rate of postage was reduced to two cents per half ounce, and a little later she, with Nova Scotia, joined Canada and became a part of the Dominion. Newfoundland has always remained outside of the fold, however, and issues her own postage stamps, which are among the most interesting and beautiful in the world.

STAMP IN USE FIFTY YEARS.

A Tribute to the Long Life of "The Grand Old Stamp of Philately."

"The Grand Old Stamp of Philately" is the title that is fittingly bestowed upon the 5p green of New South Wales, a stamp that has been constantly in use for 50 years, having been issued to the public Dec. 1, 1855. The jubilee is now celebrated with a souvenir post card upon which is a fine large engraving of the

stamp in question. At the left is to be found information as to designer, engraver and printer with date of issue, while at the right is a recapitulation of quantities printed showing a total output of nearly two and a half millions. The card is printed in green the color of the stamp and is issued by the Sydney N. S. W. Philatelic Club. No stamp has ever been used for so long a period as the 5p Queen's head of New South Wales.

TWO POST CARD MODIFICATIONS.

There are two important modifications in the regulations governing official and private postal cards as given by Supt. of Foreign Mails N. M. Brooks:

(1) In allowing the face of the card to be divided into equal parts by means of a perpendicular line, the space to the right of the line being reserved for the address, while a message may be written in the space to the left of the line. The advantage of this arrangement accrues principally in connection with illustrated cards, now passing through the mails in such immense numbers, in that it allows the card to bear a greeting from the sender to the addressee without defacing with manuscript the illustration upon the back of the card.

(2) Cards which conform to the size and weight of the official postal cards and which bear written messages are mail-

able at the rate of 1c each, even though they do not bear on their face the words "Post card." This concession is a distinct advantage both to the postal service and to the citizen—to the citizen in that it removes a restriction from his correspondence, and to the postal service in that it relieves that service of the expense of furnishing the card, while it still receives the 1 cent for its service in transporting the card which is all that is asked for the card and its transportation when the official card is used.

\$18.85 FOR \$1.96

\$1 Manifest Perforated cat. 60c only	\$ 08
\$1 Mortgage " " \$3.00 "	35
\$1 Probate of Will " " 1.25 "	18
\$1 Passage Ticket " " 6.00 "	60
\$1 " " Imp. " 8.00 "	75

Above have small round hole cancel'on.

We are offering these for a special leader and with the hopes of circulating our Free 40 page price list of sets and single stamps. The above prices ought to convince you that our prices are right.

ECONOMIST STAMP CO.,
79 Nassau Street, New York City.

ALL DIFFERENT. Postpaid.	
15 Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana.....	\$ 18
12 Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon.....	12
12 Chili 10c; 12 Finland.....	15
8 China, Corea 12c; 15 India.....	12
1000 U. S. and foreign, with 5 old Cuba.....	10
JOHN PFALZ, 231 W. 30th Street, New York.	

MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS

IS THE

"King of Stamp Papers."

Issued every Saturday, 8 large pages, 32 columns filled with the latest news about stamps and stamp collectors. Thousands of bargains every week. Official organ of the National Boston, Chicago, and a dozen other stamp clubs. No stamp collector can afford to be without it.

6 MONTHS FOR 25 CENTS.

If a new subscriber we offer you

Your Choice of These Premiums

FIRST—A Menagerie Packet of animals, birds, etc., from all parts of the world. A goodly portion unused. Includes the emu, quetzal, ant-eater, giraffe, tiger, etc., etc., and is a fine packet.

SECOND—The book "What Stamp Collecting Teaches," by John W. Luff. A splendid work on Stamp Collecting, freely illustrated. Every Collector should have it.

THIRD—1000 peelable hinges, such as are usually sold at 15c per thousand. A fine hinge, peelable yet stickable.

FOURTH—We have had some packets of stamps made up, all different, and all foreign. Catalogue value nearly \$3.00. All clean stamps, no rubbish of any kind.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. WRITE TODAY.

Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News,
R 508 Kast Bldg, Boston, Mass.



The "cover illustration this month is a fine pair of the 3pf Saxony, 1850 issue. With the exception of the 1851 1/2 n. g. pale blue (error) the 3pf is the scarcest of the Saxony stamps. This stamp is often found on the collector's "want list" and dealers have always considered it to be worth its full catalog price (\$30.00). The pair illustrated above are of the dark red shade and these are considered much scarcer than the light red shade. The above cover is one of Mr. Seybold's favorites. It is prized more highly on account of its magnificent condition.

FROM \$1.61 TO \$2500.

How Six Stamps Increased in Value Since August, 1861.

At the last meeting of the Boston Philatelic Society, held in December, there was a competitive exhibition of United States postage stamps, general issues 1847 to 1905, and official stamps which were in use from 1873 to 1884 by the different departments at Washington.

The scarcest stamps shown were issued August, 1861, including 5c us-d. and 5c, 12c, 24c, 30c, 90c, unused. These six stamps were bought at the post office in 1861 for \$1.61 and are now valued at \$2500. An unused 5c brick red which was sold in 1857 for 5c, is now valued at \$100; a 3c scarlet, issued in 1866, is now valued at \$80, and many of the other stamps shown which were bought at the post office between 1851 and 1902 at from 1c to 24c each are now worth from \$10 to \$100 each.

Of the official stamps shown, the Agriculture Department 2c, 3c, 6c, 10c, 15c, 30c olive yellow, unused, are extremely scarce, and would be hard to duplicate at any price. The \$5 State Department stamp which could have been bought sixteen years ago for \$7.50 is now worth \$185.

One of the interesting stamps shown was a Navy Department 2c, printed in green, the color of the State Department stamps. The regular color of the Navy Department stamp is ultramarine, but by some mistake some of these 2c stamps

were printed in green and therefore they are known to collectors as "errors." The value of the 2c Navy Department stamp in the regular color, ultramarine, is \$1.00 and that of the error in green is valued at \$65. This proves that stamp collectors as well as other people at times have to pay dearly for their "errors."

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U. S. Columbian 1893 30c brown.....	20
U. S. Columbian 1893 50c blue.....	30
U. S. Columbian 1893 \$1.00 salmon	1 10



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GRAND STAMP CO.,

342 E. 15th St.,

New York City



COMMONWEALTH POSTAGE STAMPS.

Will be Printed in Adelaide in a Uniform King's Head Design.

Melbourne, Victoria.

It is once more announced to be the intention of the Postmaster-General gradually to concentrate the printing of postage stamps at the General Post Office printing works at Adelaide. The cheap rate at which the work can be done at Adelaide and the efficiency of the plant, which is to be strengthened shortly by a new special machine, has led to the conclusion that the stamp printing will benefit by the change.

When the change is made the post office will possess a uniform Commonwealth design for the principal denominations of all postage stamps. A Federal stamp is impracticable during the book keeping period, but when that is over a stamp that can be used anywhere in Australia will be issued. In the meantime the post office will issue a uniform design, of which the King's head will be the central feature, with a space for the insertion of the name of the issuing State.

WASHINGTON STAMP MATTERS.

There appears to have been a change in the shade of the current two cent stamps. The shade in which the stamps are now printed is very much more of a rose color than that employed some months ago. A block in the possession of the collector who purchased it for postage use three months ago, compared with a block of recent purchase shows the difference distinctly and it is not a mere shade or difference caused by less and more ink, either. The old color was tinged with scarlet, while the new one is a distinct rose.

The postmaster-general of the Netherlands is certainly a man possessed of originality of ideas or the ability to perceive and utilize the bright ideas of his subordinates. The Dutch postoffice department will now accept orders for postal supplies for future delivery, just as a traveling salesman does. If a Dutchman so desires he is supplied with blanks upon which he fills out an order for such stamps or envelopes as may be desired. The order may be folded and dropped into a letter box without a postage stamp. In due time a messenger will appear with the stamps ordered for which payment must be made on delivery. The order must amount to \$2.08 but this may be for a varied assortment of different supplies, post cards, stamped envelopes, stamps of different denominations, as long as the aggregate is \$2.08 or more. Our own department might follow this plan by permitting letter-carriers to take orders from persons for postal supplies to be paid for on the next delivery at which time the goods ordered would be brought by the carrier. It is hardly likely, however, that this scheme will be attempted. It would delay carriers probably an hour each trip and the complaint now-a-days is that there is not sufficient expedition in the delivery of the mails.

One of the rules of the postoffice department is that money orders must be presented for payment within one year from date of issue. After the money orders are more than a year old they may

be cashed, in fact they never outlaw, but they then must go to the postmaster general who will have a warrant issued for the amount. Last week the department turned over to the treasury \$738,518.85 representing cash on hand for the payment of orders issued by postmasters but which the recipients of the orders have not called for. Uncle Sam nets a handsome sum every year from this source.

The little island of St. Kilda, situated about fifty miles west of Scotland, is without regular postal facilities, receiving mail only at such times as a tramp steamer puts into port, usually about twice a year. When the people of this island desire to communicate with the outside world they resort to a floating bag made of a sheepskin buoy plugged with a piece of wood to which is attached a tag reading "St. Kilda mail, please open." Inside the buoy is a tin canister containing the letters. The last mail went from St. Kilda June 21 and drifted to Shetland in two months. It contained two letters and eight post cards which were duly forwarded, although the addresses on some of the cards was almost obliterated. The sum of one shilling was enclosed for the purchase of postage stamps to frank the letters and post cards. It is said that three similar mails were sent off from St. Kilda at the same time but the other two were never heard from.

It does not appear that much progress will be made at the present session of Congress toward the establishment of a general domestic parcels post system. The National Grange is strongly in favor of such a scheme and has petitioned Congress to take action, but it is understood the transportation companies and the merchants in small cities and towns are a unit in opposition to this movement and results are improbable. The storekeepers in towns now find it difficult to maintain themselves in the face of the department stores and mail order houses, and declare that with parcels post they would be obliged to go out of business.

During the week December 11th began the annual sale of dead letter accumulations for the preceding fiscal year.

There were nearly 8,000 parcels of merchandise of various sorts which was sold to the highest bidder, the sales being held morning and evening until all were disposed of. The packages usually sell for from fifty cents to a dollar each, according to description. On the outside of each parcel is a statement of the contents, and this the auctioneer reads aloud as he puts the package on sale. Ladies' underwear, corsets, children's socks, shoes, handkerchiefs, toilet articles, form a considerable portion of the contents, and the packages are usually not worth any more than is paid for them. Ten pairs of baby socks in a family having no small children, are not cheap even at seventy cents. However, the Christmas season was just ahead and the ten pairs of baby socks made ten holiday gifts. These sales are not popular with bachelors.

The Bureau of Insular affairs is still without information concerning the Philippine stamps sent to the islands for approval or rejection more than two months ago, notwithstanding the Bureau requested that a cable be sent in case the

stamps were satisfactory. The officials here, in the light of absence of information, are disposed to believe that Mr. Forbes, an official of the Philippine post office department, who is now enroute to Washington, proposes to take the matter up with the Bureau in person and adjust whatever differences may exist or make such suggestions in the way of changes as may be desired. Mr. Forbes is expected to arrive about the middle of this month. Until he comes there will probably be no news.

\$3.25 FOR 25 CENTS

A gilt edge bargain. A packet of choice, picked, postage stamps, listing \$3.25, will be sent you for 25 cents (coin or stamps). Send at once.

W. H. BRUCE,
36 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.

SPECIAL Stamp Bargains: 12 Servia 10c; 5 old Peru un'd 10c; 10 Egypt 5c; 10 Finland 8c; 15 India 5c; 20 Japan 10c; 200 European 10c; Dime Albums 5c; 10 Sweden 5c. 10 Foreign stamps free to all applying for our approval-sheets at 50% discount. T. C. MOFFATT, 812 Jefferson St, Topeka, Kan.

THE COLLECTOR'S WORLD

Illustrated monthly all about Stamps, Coins, Curios, Relics, Souvenir Cards, Good writers, latest news, Exchange dept. Read and keep posted. One year 25c. 6 months trial 10c. COLLECTOR'S WORLD, 124 Eagan Ave., Walla Walla, Wash.

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Absolutely Free

Send me your name and address, and I will send you 25 pieces of my Jewelry Novelties to be sold for 10 cents each. When you have sold them send me \$2.50 and I will send you all changes prepaid an International Postage Stamp Album.

CHAS. HARTMANN,
The People's Jeweler,
2610 W. Polk St., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

MOROCCO

3 different Morocco stamps ERHR for names and addresses of 2 honest collectors and 2c postage. 1000 Best Hinges 4 cents.

ATLANTIC STAMP CO.,
Room 2, 31 Manhattan Ave., New York.

STAMPS 100 Hamburg, etc., valued over \$1.00, free; also big book on stamps. I.F.F. STAMP CO., Station A, Boston, Mass.

Antonio Rincon V. & Co.

Dealers in Postage, Telegraph and Revenue stamps of Colombia, National or State. Prompt attention given to orders and payments received by draft on New York, Paris, Berlin and London. Stamps or merchandise will be taken in payment. Bogota, Apartado 339, Colombia, S. A.

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Young and old subscribe for THE NEW BOY. Each issue will have interesting notes from philatelic writers the world over. Send 50 cents for a full years subscription.

NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 E. 23rd St., New York City.

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INTERNATIONAL SOUVENIR CARD COLLECTORS SOCIETY "ATLAS."

10-12 East 23rd St., New York, U. S. A.

Admission Fee 25 cents.
Annual Dues 50 cents.

Official Organ: **THE NEW BOY.**

Address all communications regarding the Society to the

Treasurer of the "ATLAS SOCIETY,"
10 East 23rd Street, New York.

Here we are again with 24 new members and we expect to have still a larger list next month. Collectors in small towns, where no cards are published may write us, we can make up some cards with views of their town, providing they can furnish a good clear photo.

Several members have not replied to our request regarding the dues. Let us hear from you at an early date.

NEW MEMBERS.

Neue Mitglieder.

- 1494 Miss M. Hays, 25 East 94th Street, New York, U. S. A.
1495 Miss E. U. Briggs, 2121 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.
1496 L. Wolfskehl, 7 Taunus St., Frankfurt am Main, Germany.
1497 A. D. Blair, Jr., 600 W. Church St., Elmira, N. Y., U. S. A.
1498 Mrs. J. Frank Baumgartner, 121 Wood Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
1499 Genevieve Quickly, 108 Norris Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
1500 Bessie L. Towne, 119 Norris Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
1501 Rosa Mercedes Gallese Morales, Apartado 48, Lima, Peru, S. A.
1502 Rudolf Horatschek, Frauengasse 3, Wien XVII, Austria.
1503 J. A. Barandiaran, Apartado I, Guayaquil, Ecuador, S. A.
1504 Wilhelm Daniel, Lange Geismar St. 44, Goettingen, Germany.
1505 John C. Behr, Apartado 68, Monterey, Mexico.
1506 Miss F. Conklin, 25 East 94th St., New York, N. Y.
1507 Frank A. Fountain, 358 Spadina Ave. Upstairs, Toronto, Can.
1508 Myron E. McCallum, St. Paul Park, Wash. Co., Minn., U. S. A.
1509 Sister Mary Francis, Convent of Mercy, 308 Rio Street, Red Bluff, Cal.
1510 Miss Sharpe, Falcon Hotel, Uppingham, Rutland, Eng.
1511 Jeanne Jacoby, 1215 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
1512 Octavio S. Carneira, Rua dos Voluntari, Patria No. 40 A, Porto Alegre, Brazil.
1513 M. Klungenstein, 161 Nelson Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
1514 P. Huddy, East Street, Ashburton, England.

- 1515 Fred T. Slater, Lestershire, N. Y., U. S. A.
1516 Frank B. Rose, 16 Ames St., Lynn, Mass.
1517 Edwin F. Crosby, 8 Rhodes Ave., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.

REMOVED—Present Address Unknown.

Verzogen—Jetzige Adresse unbekannt.

- 27 Kuernoth—N. Y.
55 Koch—New York, (deceased).
75 Krueger—N. Y.
1275 Miss Bassett—N. Y.

RENEWALS.

Erneuerungen.

- 5 Miss Essie Klein, 10 East 23 Street, New York, N. Y.
58 Henry C. Breitbarth, P. O. Box 447, Portland, Oregon.
241 Andre Perlet, 50 Rue Molitor, Paris, XVI, France.
420 Harry B. Dynes, 1532 A. Spann Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A. All kinds of cards except comics. Alle Sorten ausser Komischen Karten.
423 A. T. Brown, Acton, Ontario, Can.
1200 Mrs. O. Ripton Daniel, "Orange Grove," Richmond, Natal, South Africa.
1203 E. J. Hudson, Box 293, Nauvoo, Ill., U. S. A.
1241 Albert J. Bouvier, 1635 Pleasant St., Fall River, Mass., U. S. A.
1242 Ramiro Ramirez L. Casilla, 86 Rancagua, Province O'Higgins, Chile.
1250 Alois Vedernjak, 221 East 85th St., New York. (Mr. Vedernjak is also willing to translate for members of the "Atlas" free of charge. Of course return postage should be enclosed).
1253 C. H. Williams, 104 E. Commercial Ave., Anaconda, Mont.
1254 Miss Elsie Robinson, Dock Office Row, Hull, Yorkshire, Eng.
1255 Miss Lottie Richards, Holton House, Beverly Road, Hull, Eng.
1262 Miss Myrtle Adele Tatum, Tatum, Va., U. S. A.
1268 Lizzie L. Freel, Baystreet, Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., Can.
1276 Rag Nicola Millo, S. Canciano 6081, Venezia, Italy.
1279 C. Westermann, Piano Mfr., 9 Beaconsfel Arcade, Hong Kong, China.
1285 Joseph Louis Muscat, 184 Str. Vorni, Valletta, Malta.
1287 Mrs. E. W. Knowlton, Box 18, Cambridge Station, Kings Co., Nova Scotia.
1289 Leonhard Rupprecht, Maschinen Arbeiter No. 312 Werkstaette Dienst, Nuernberg, Germany.
1305 Miss Bertha Boas, 17 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.
1306 Maria Angelica Silva, Paysandu 52, Montevideo, Uruguay.
1317 Eugen Maurer, Amtgericht, Weinsberg, Wuerttemberg, Germany.
1318 G. Resten, Anatolian Railroad, Haider Pacha, Constantinople, Turkey.
1450 James Duthie, Nausori Mill, Nausori, Fiji.

LEATHER POST CARDS.

A lady member of the "Atlas Society" has the novel idea of making use of the "Leather Post Cards" which she collected as a specialty for the last few months. She is working on a fancy dress, made out of the Leather Post Cards and there is very little doubt that our bright member will make a big hit when she appears at a certain Masquerade Ball here in New York, during this month.

As the whole matter shall be surprise, we cannot give any further particulars, but as we are promised a photo, we may be able to bring an illustration of the "Leather Post Card Dress" in one of the following numbers of **THE NEW BOY.**

Another scheme to make use of the Leather Post Card is the following:

Take 16, 20 or 25 Leather Post Cards, perforate along the edges about one half or an inch apart, and attach together by means of leather strips about the thickness of shoe strings, which can be procured at a saddlery shop. The back can be made of sateen in any color desired. Dark red is a very pretty combination. The cushion can be bound with red and brown cord or any other color that matches the back.

In this manner one can preserve their Leather Post Cards and secure a very nice sofa pillow.

Members in England should not write on the address side of cards sent to members in the United States, as there is always six cents postage due on such cards when received on this side of the pond.

By crossing out the words "Post Card" and inserting "Printed Matter" and writing nothing but your name and the date, you may send cards to foreign countries for one cent, according to the Postal Rules and Regulations. This means a great saving in postage to collectors who have a large list of regular foreign exchangers.

BASTER LEATHER and other Fancy Post Card samples 10 cents.
POST CARDS Samples 25 Cents.

ATLAS SOCIETY,

10-12 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Comic Post Cards

The funniest ever issued. Sample dozen 10c. Wholesale prices to dealers. Large assortment.

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1501 Howard St., OMAHA, NEB.

Join our Souvenir Post Card Exchange and receive cards from all over the world. Six handsome assorted cards in colors and list of collectors for 10c.
UNIVERSAL SOUVENIR EXCHANGE,
Rossmoyne, Ohio.

FUNNY POST CARDS FREE Assortment of ten—in colors—very latest. Send us 15c for trial 6 months subscription to our real 20th Century Magazine and we will send you the cards free post paid. 20th CENTURY REVIEW, Detroit, Mich.

15 COMIC POST CARDS only ten cents. No two alike.
M. SCHWAGEL & CO.,
1 apt. B, 111 Morningdale Ave., N. Y. City.

Factory to Pocket.

For many years we made gold watches and jewelry exclusively for the trade. We now manufacture and sell **DIRECT TO YOU**, thereby **SAVING YOU TWO PROFITS**, the Wholesalers and Retailers'. Our catalogue, giving genuine **FACTORY PRICES**, will give you a startling surprise, and is quite a revelation to watch and jewelry buyers. You pay us about half what the retail jeweler charges.

A World Beater!



The above 25-year guaranteed solid gold stiffened "Tiffany Model" case is fitted with our regular 7 jewel works, made especially for us by one of the largest watch movement makers in America. They put our name on them in place of their own. The retail price is \$22.00

Our Factory Price **\$5.75**

(If accompanied by this advertisement.)

Wear this watch for one week, if not satisfied that it is worth \$22 we will refund your money

[A LOSS, YOUR GAIN.]

One of our old trade customers recently ordered 500 Seal Rings of special design; through a mistake was unable to take them. Not wishing to remit them, we have decided to sell them at actual cost.



The design is after the famous painting "Venus Cast on the Wave," and is carried out in every detail in high relief. The design is on each side of the ring supporting the monogram plate.

They are made from solid gold, stiffened, rose finish, and perfect in every detail. Were made to sell retail from \$7.00 to \$10.00. We will sell them at the uniform

Factory Price **\$2.00**

(Send string for size desired.)

We send our goods on approval to all sections of city or country. Costs you nothing to see them and compare prices. Get Catalogue No. 16.

W. F. DOLL MFG. CO.,

175 Broadway, N. Y., near Cortlandt

Established 1876. References any National Bank or Express Office.

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FREE ELEGANTLY DRESSED ABSOLUTELY AND DOLLYS COMPLETE OUTFIT ALL EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID FOR SELLING ONLY 20 OF OUR SOFT FINISHED HANDKERCHIEFS AT 10 CTS EACH

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Bisque head, long curly hair; pearly teeth; handsomely dressed; shoes, stockings, etc.

Dolly's Outfit consists of a sweet little mirror, hairpins, pretty back comb for Dolly's hair; and a beautiful heart necklace for Dolly's neck.

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Twenty Handkerchiefs sent in one shipment - fast sellers.

Premiums positively delivered express company charges prepaid, same day two dollars from sale is received.

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LADIES and GIRLS:

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EASY TO OPEN YOU CAN'T USE ME

Boys love a sharp, neat, convenient, address, and we will send you 24 paper-cut our New Style, Easy-to-Thread Gold Eye Needles & 12 Silver-Pointed Thimbles with new premium list showing 50 other premiums suitable for boys and girls. You sell the needles at 10 a paper and 10 each per on that buys 2 papers you give a Thimble Free. Your success is certain, every body uses needles. When sold at 10c the \$1.20 and we will send the knife and chain or your choice of many other premiums. Globe Novelty Co. Dept. Greenville, Pa.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING

FREE

We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEEL WIND American movement Watch equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Orange Gem, sparkling with the brilliancy of a \$100 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of our famous jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold, send us the \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain. Ladies or please style. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 123 Chicago.**

The "MONARCH" is the only **AUTOMATIC FISHHOOK** M'd that can be sprung by weeds or in casting. Holds the fish tighter the more he pulls; fish are caught by touching the bait. Small size 10c.; large 15c. Complete set of 5 hooks. 50c. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Agents wanted.

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FREE THIS 22 CALIBRE RIFLE

RIFLE

Our Hamilton Rifle is not a toy, but a **FINELY ADJUSTED RIFLE** which shoots 22 Caliber Cartridges. Is fitted with Peep Sights, has Blue Steel Barrel and automatic shell ejector. We will give you this genuine Hamilton Rifle for selling only 30 pieces of jewelry, including handsome Phil: lipine shell hat pins, and other jewelry suitable for men and women, to sell at 10c each.

Our Jewelry is the biggest bargains you ever saw for 10c each and the fastest sellers. **WE TRUST YOU.** Send your name and address and we will send jewelry by return mail, postpaid. When sold send us the \$3.00 and same day money reaches us we will send the Rifle, or you may have your choice of any premium from our premium list. Remember, we take back jewelry you cannot sell and give a premium for ones sold.

STAR MFG. CO., Dept. 28 New Era Building, CHICAGO.

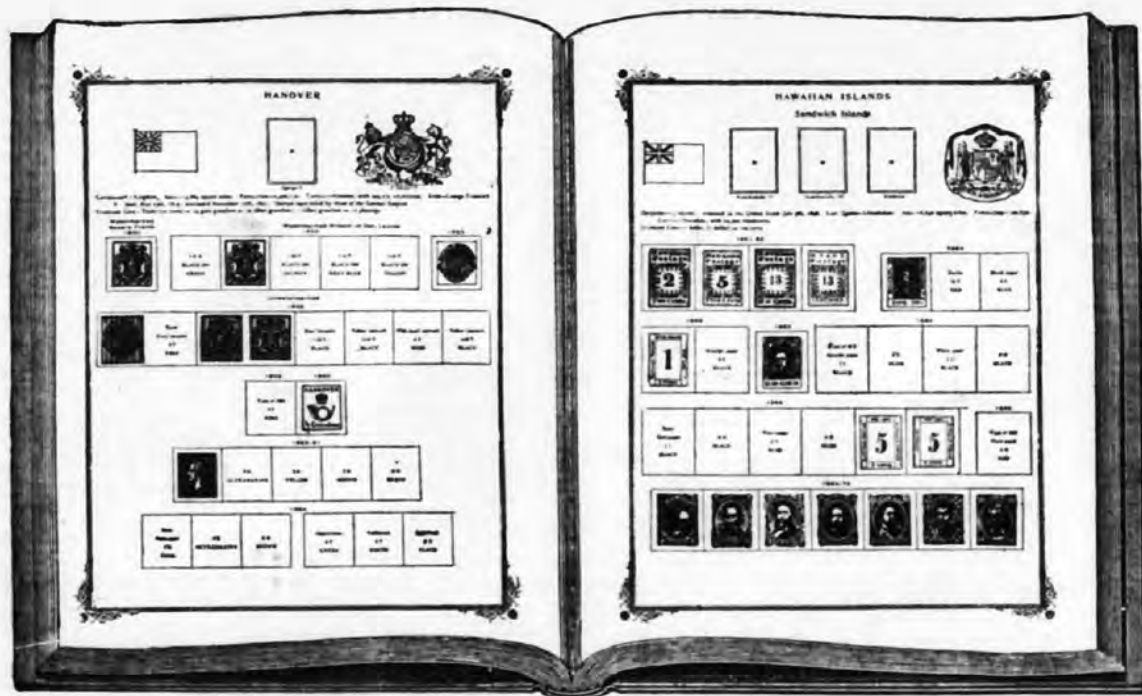
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The FOLDING BROWNIE

It works like a Kodak. Locks into focus automatically—the iris diaphragm shutter is simple to operate. Uses Daylight Loading film cartridges that can be developed in daylight, too. Reversible finder and two tripod sockets.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

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The Kodak City.

Price
5 cents

MARCH, 1906

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of Romance
and Activity
for all Kinds of Boys



Editorial and Main Offices:
128 East 23rd Street, New York.

Publication Office:
Federalsburg, Maryland.



A monthly Magazine of Romance and Activity for All Kinds of Boys. Published on the first day of every month. Subscription price 50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.

Issued monthly from its office of publication.

Entered as second-class mail matter Sept. 11th 1905, at the post office at Federalburg, Md., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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36 cents a line. Not less than five lines accepted. No discount for time or space.

Forms for April issue close March 31st.

Address everything to
THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 East Twenty-third Street,
New York City.

No. 11. APRIL, 1906. Vol. I.

THE NEW BOY'S March number counsels its readers to get ready. One of the old fashioned virtues is thoroughness. "slow and sure" was the ancient motto. We can imagine the dismay with which our forefathers would look at the noisy hurry of the present.

Our hasty, scrambling ways of doing things would have almost made the fathers doubt if the thing would always have landed right side up. It seems as though youthful self-esteem were growing clear out of sight of wisdom. Many boys are leaving school at the grammar grade before they know anything of a single science or have completed a single fundamental study.

Remember, the most important thing a young man has to do is to get ready.

When one has chased a trolley—and landed in an undignified position in the midst of a crowd it is ruffling to hear "Step lively."

However, it is good advice and in every walk of life it is advantageous. Life is a rush and competition keeps us busy. Hustle is in the air and the boy that makes the best use of his time is apt to find the doors of usefulness opened that the slow boy finds closed.

It is a delightful fact that the diligent often wins the race with the brilliant. If we were to sit, and wait patiently for a meteoric idea that would attract the commercial or scientific world—alas—we might wait in vain! But if we can muster up pluck—and push along as best we can just as two and two make four—maybe our combined efforts will sum up into something worth while. We must not disparage a brilliant—no, never—bow down in reverence to him every time—but do not let us abhor stupidity or mediocrity—for it often surprises us—if it is combined with diligence. It is a saddening fact that knowledge must be studied about and sought after, until at last (so we are told) the beautiful shining truth appears. So let us dull ones step lively and keep the pace as best we can and some fine day we will find that our steps were none too fast.

THE YOUNG ARCHER.

As depicted by the drawing on the cover of this number of THE NEW BOY, our artist, Mr. H. J. Hasselbauer, has

chosen for his theme this month the subject of archery.

The picture shows a typical English warrior of the time of Charles II, showing his little grandson how to use the bow and arrow, which at that period was used as a weapon of war, as well a source of pastime. The expression on the boy's face as he listens to what the old soldier is saying, perhaps reciting tales of deeds of valor in combats in which archery formed a distinct part, shows the keen interest felt by the boys of that period in the use of this weapon.

It was a custom at that time to teach the boys as soon as they were old enough to understand these things, the proper use of the bow and arrow, as the knowledge of archery was considered essential to the education of all the men in that age. In ancient times archers formed an important portion of most Oriental and nearly all barbarous and semi-barbarous nations. Among the ancients, the Cretons, Parthians and Thracians, and in the middle ages the English were especially distinguished for the skill and efficiency of their archers.

The use of the bow and arrow in war was to all probabilities first introduced into Britain by the Romans, but it was under the Norman rule in England that archery was extensively practised and greatly improved. In fact, their archers became superior to those of all other nations.

The English archers decided the fate of the day in many important battles, among which are those of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. The bow and arrow are still used as weapons of war by the Asiatic Turks, Tartars, and other nations of the East, as well as certain native African tribes and some American Indians.

In England archery is now no more than a pastime; it is promoted by archery clubs and societies. For many years, however, before the 17th century it was much patronized by the court. Then it fell into disuse until the latter part of the 18th century, when it was revived again, but only as a fashionable pastime.

The exercise, especially in the form of target shooting is still popular.



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A TREASURE OF ROMANCE AND ACTIVITY FOR ALL KINDS OF BOYS.

VOLUME I.

MARCH, 1906.

NUMBER 11.

MOROCCO.

A Brief Description of the Place Where the Moroccan Conference is Held and the People of Morocco.

After the steamer leaves the Waterport at Gibraltar, it first proceeds across the bay to the Spanish town of Algeciras, where the Conference is now going on.

In about two hours the white houses of Tangier appear in a confused mass rising on the Western slope of the wide semi-circular bay, with the "Kasbah" or fortress surrounding the Sultan's palace on the farthest Western or Northern extremity.

The landing facilities are extremely primitive. Immediately on anchoring about half a mile from the shore the steamer is surrounded by a swarm of Moorish boatmen in variegated costumes, who endeavor to possess themselves of the passengers' persons and their baggage with much wordy strife and a wealth of oburgation and gesticulations that needlessly alarm the nervous passenger and amuse those who are prepared for the scene. An apology for a mole serves as a landing stage, but at low tide the backs of the Moorish boatmen must serve as a means of reaching the shore when the boat grounds some distance out.

There is some talk of improvement in the landing arrangements, for which improvement there is plenty of room. On landing, the street from the shore into the city leads past the custom house, at the gate of which the impassive turbaned Moorish officials are seated in their white robes and inspect the traveller's belongings.

Nowhere else can the American traveler find Oriental life and customs so near the shores of Europe and yet apparently as far removed in time and space from western civilization as the far East at the time of Mohammed. No railroads and no telegraphs disturb the tranquil life of the Moor, and not a carriage to be seen in the crooked narrow streets of Tangier.


The hotels are managed in European style, English is spoken and guides can be obtained who are attached to the hotels.

Tangier is built near the site of the Roman city of "Tingis," the ruins of which can still be seen. It is the residence of



THE HOTEL REINA CHRISTIANA,
Algeciras, Spain,
Seat of Moroccan Conference.



WATER CARRIER. 

the foreign ministers and de facto, the capital of the empire of Morocco, although the Sultan resides in the interior city of Fez. Originally Moorish, it has been a Portuguese and also an English possession, but for the last two centuries has been uninterruptedly held by the Moors.

The buildings are unattractive but the great interest attaching to the town is in the life, customs and dress of the Moorish inhabitants, now numbering about 20,000.

A stroll should be taken through the principal streets, shockingly paved, crooked and dirty, past well stocked bazaars, curious shops, and mosques in which at the present day, four hundred years after the banishment of the Moors from Spain, prayer is still offered every Friday (the Mohammedan Sunday) for the recovery of Granada, to the market place, the Soko. Here the caravans of camels from Fez arrive, the camels reposing on the ground, the negro slaves from the Soudan who have led them, sleeping by their side.

On all sides we see the Reefians belonging to the half independent tribes from the mountains towards Ceuta, generally regarded, whether rightly or wrongly, as cut-throats in their natural state of civilization, or lack of it. They are known by their shaved heads and one lock of hair carefully coiled for use in drawing them up to heaven, according to their belief.

A visit should be made to the "Kasbah," the fortress in which are the prisons or dungeons, deprived of light, in which malefactors languish, and the Sultan's palace, and to a Moorish cafe, where to the sound of strange instruments of music the Moors sing their songs of love, of war, and the reconquest of lost Granada. The traveller who is not in a hurry to return to European civilization will find an excursion to the city of Tetuan, situated on the coast east of Tangier, of great interest. The trip is made on horseback in about ten hours, with a soldier as escort, and will well repay the tourist,

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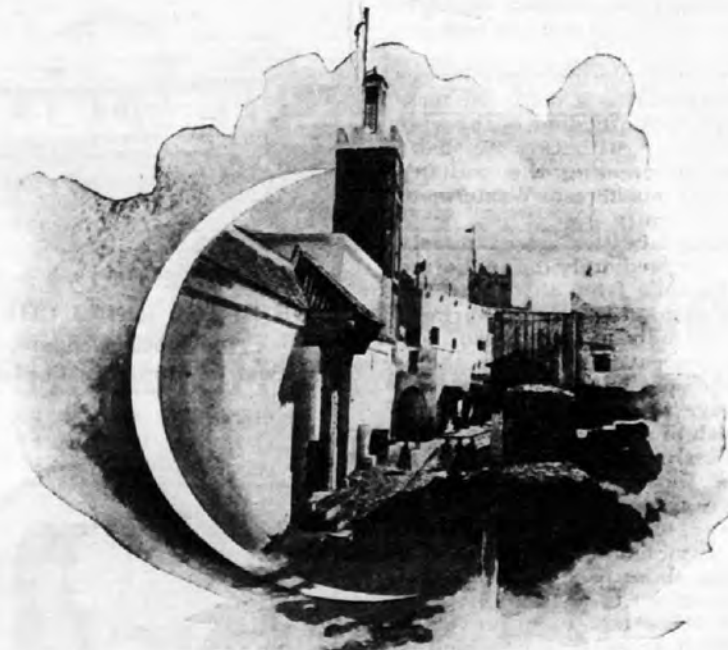
THE NEW BOY.
Scenes in Morocco.



REEFIAN—Moorish Coast Tribe



MOORISH WOMEN



MOSQUE, TANGIER



MOORISH SINGER



A NATIVE CAMP

FORTY MILES HIGH IN A BALLOON.

OR THE BOLD AERIAL ADVENTURERS.

Destruction of the Robber Cave With Dynamite. Blown Out to the Pacific Ocean by a Storm. Strange Times on the Briny Deep. Adventures in Asia, Africa, South America, etc. Arrival Home. The End.

THIRD AND LAST CHAPTER.

BY SAMUEL B. LAMBDIN. Illustrated by H. J. HASSELBAUER.

(This story began in the January issue. New subscribers will receive that and February numbers free.)

But none too quick, for the bullets sang a merry tune as they passed their ears. Two of the thieves lives paid the penalty for their audacity, shot through their useless skulls by Horace. The three bandits seeing their comrades dead now began to weaken. They continued to fire at the lads, but nearly all of the bullets went wide of the mark. One of their best marksmen, a thick, stocky built fellow, took deliberate aim at Fred and blazed away. He felt a tingling sensation in his left hand. Looking at it he discovered that his whole little finger had been shot away.

"Tit for tat!" remarked Fred as he quickly shot the fellow dead in his track with a magazine gun. The two remaining desperadoes seeing they had no show hung out the white flag by waving a white handkerchief as a token of surrender. The balloonists spared their lives and descended to within a few yards of the earth. Suspecting treachery, each had a big revolver in his hand. 'Twas well it was so, for just as Fred was about to step to the ground one of the robbers made a movement to shoot him. Before he could do so and as quick as lightning Horace let daylight through him by three shots in swift succession. "Hands up!" he yelled at the other ugly wretch, who, recognizing that discretion was the better part of valor, complied. He was bound hand and foot. With a big revolver of seven chambers Fred stood guard over the fellow while Horace walked up the track to flag the train. But in lieu of a flag he waved his big red bandana handkerchief, standing in the middle of the track meanwhile. But the fireman and engineer saw it and stopped the train.

"What's wrong?" asked the latter in surprise.

"O nothing very much!" replied Horace, "only if you had to have gone much further your name would have been Dennis instead of engineer, the train would have been wrecked and many passengers killed." Then he explained the whole affair about the balloon and all. By this time the conductor and most of the passengers had alighted. Most of the party walked to the scene of the fighting. They saw the eleven desperadoes and Fred with drawn revolver standing guard over the other. This fellow was recognized by the trainmen as Red Nose Mike the bandit chief and all around desperado. He was handcuffed, bound in chains and taken back to the train. The men repaired the track as

it was before. They told our boys that they had won a small sized fortune offered by the state.

"Just tell the Governor," answered they, "that being very wealthy we don't need the money, but to give it to those who do with our kindest regards."

It was in vain the passengers tried to reward them. They would accept no gifts. They got in the balloon and were soon soaring heavenward.

The dead bodies of the robbers had been thrown on each side of the track, food for fierce birds and beasts. The train proceeded on its way, gradually going faster and faster. As a parting adieu the fireman blew a blast on the steam whistle of the engine. Long and shrill was that sound, that echoed and re-echoed over hill and dale. As the train, now rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, with its shrieking and terrible whistle, the red coals of fire shooting out of the smoke stack and darting skyward, the long and graceful volumes of smoke that trailed so far behind, it seemed to our heroes, viewed from their high eminence, to be some gigantic yet beautiful thing of life, aroused and infuriated at the dastardly attempt at its destruction. Fred confessed that he hardly ever saw anything more inspiring. The whistle continued its shrill tones till gradually it got fainter and fainter, and at last died away in the distance as the train passed around a curve miles and miles away.

The two boys before resuming their journey hovered about a mile above the robber's. With their telescopes they observed half a dozen dirty looking wretches enter the cavern. They assumed that there were more of them inside and that they would be at their deviltry again. So our lads got the bearings exactly and dropped a couple of dynamite bomb shells right at the mouth of the cave. The explosion was grand and terrific. But two seconds after that great sound another terrible explosion was heard a hundred times louder and more horrible. It sounded like a myriad of appalling thunders. The balloon trembled like a cork on the ocean, and the wild birds fluttered in affright. Many of them fell to the earth dead and dying. Such a great and yawning chasm was blown in the cave that the balloonists searched it with their telescope. They could see the heads, arms, legs, etc., of the bandits laying around in profusion. All were killed, none wounded, for complete was the work, the terrible aerial avengers of humanity.

It seemed that the thieves had about ten tons of dynamite stored in that big cave and the bursting of the two shells had exploded it all. An earthquake

could not have made more thorough work.

The balloonists by throwing out some sand ballast ascended higher so that they were about four miles from the ground. A brisk breeze carried them along. It grew stronger and stronger till it was a fierce gale. They passed over California at night, and with their glass could plainly see the lights of San Francisco. Their air ship was now beyond their control. Old Boreas was too strong for them.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Horace, "We are being carried over the vast Pacific ocean. Its bosom will be our grave. We have only food for three days. Our mothers will yearn for us, but they will never see us! Our fathers will search for us but they cannot find us. Our friends will lament us but it will do no good. A vast and watery shroud will be ours. Fishes will keep vigils over our dead bodies, sea grass will be our pillows and ocean weeds our covering. We will sleep on and not wake and never know till night or morning."

"Why cheer up old boy!" said Fred, "you are not weakening are you?"

"By no means," he answered. "But it is for the dear old folks that I am concerned and not for myself."

"Accept my motto," said Fred. "Do the best you can. Don't worry. But leave it all to God. See what a thrilling and successful time we've had up to the present. He has not forsaken us. He will see us through with flying colors yet."

"Right you are, Pard," he answered, "and I believe it."

The gale now turned into a storm. The winds shrieked and howled like so many liberated demons. It seemed as if the very furies of the other world were let loose upon them. The rain came down in torrents and drenched them to the skin. They were as helpless now as infants to regulate their course, and so would have been the strongest men. The storm continued all night, but the balloon being built exceedingly strong was as yet unhurt. That was the longest night they ever experienced. It seemed as if it would never pass. At last, much to their joy, the gray dawn appeared. Old Sol was streaking the horizon with faint filaments of light. Gradually they increased till the full glory of the morning was ushered in. But the storm did not abate but rather seemed to increase. It was impossible for them to take an observation with the telescope because of the pitching of the air ship. At last one giant burst of wind struck them and almost capsized the car. They threw themselves upon their effects and clutched on to the ropes for safety. But all their food was dashed overboard, though

they saved some gallons of drinking water. Their only loss was the food but that was serious and would have been a calamity to less brave and resourceful persons. All that day the wind blew directly west. At night the storm gradually abated till eventually it passed away entirely as if ashamed of itself. The night now was clear and beautiful. The only objects they could see now were the moon and stars which shown with great lustre. Also they could see the vast wastes of water which was three miles beneath them, and the glint of the bright moonbeams on the restless ocean. At last the glorious morning broke upon them full of beauty and hope. No sight of land or ships to be seen in any direction. What a prospect! Without a morsel of food, miles up in the air above the pitiless and almost boundless Pacific ocean, with not even a bird to keep them company.

The next day they felt the pangs of keen hunger. They had plenty of water but not a scrap of food. Something must be done and that quickly, but they were equal to the occasion. They descended to within one hundred feet of the ocean. Among their effects they had found a long and strong fishing line with the sinker and bait. The bait was an artificial small fish in which was secreted the hook. They threw the line overboard and did not have long to wait for a nibble. They caught a fish weighing about four pounds. They dropped the line again and in about five minutes got another denizen of the waters about twice as large as the other. These they cooked "after a fashion" over an alcohol lamp. But they were too hungry to be over fastidious, and though they had no salt or pepper, the boys never enjoyed a meal with greater gusto, for hunger was the best sauce. After the meal, feeling first class and jolly, as they were speeding over the boundless deep, very near the surface of the waters, they both sang that beautiful and old time song: "Life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." Being fine singers, they sang with good effect. Their only audience was a few stormy petrels who were flying about. Some of them rested on the balloon and were disposed to be rather friendly. They were not harmed by the boys. On the contrary they gave them bits of the cooked fishes, which the birds ate greedily. After satisfying their appetites the dear cunning little things flew away as suddenly as they came, came, without once saying "Thank you!" But Horace, as a mere jolly as they were disappearing yelled after them saying, "Call again little birdies. You are always welcome. We are awfully lonesome. Next time we hope to give you a more elaborate bill of fare. It's a free lunch. Don't bother about the check. Don't go away mad!" But by that time the pert little things were about a quarter of a mile away and did not condescend to twitter a reply.

After stocking up with a lot more fish they ascended to a height of two miles. They had no idea what part of the great Pacific Ocean they were hovering over as the only things they could see was the blue sky above them and the blue waters beneath them. As they were sailing placidly through the blue dome of the sky, searching the waters with their telescopes, far in the distance they saw a steamship coming in their direction. The two great objects gradually approached each other. After a while they were only two miles apart. The boys could plainly see that the captain of the

steamship was observing them through his telescope. Nearer and nearer they came. The balloon descended to within two or three hundred feet of the sea, and was now only about an eighth of mile from the vessel. The passengers lined the deck and were waving their handkerchiefs. The two lads replied with theirs. At last they were within hailing distance of each other. The immense throbbing steamship, puffing out steam and smoke, seemed to be a thing of life, a vast monster of the deep.

"Tarry awhile with us and be sociable," said the captain through his speaking trumpet.

"Delighted to do so," answered Horace who was the spokesman. Slowly the majestic vessel approached the balloon. The boys threw out strong ropes which were caught by the sailors and securely fastened to the anchor chains. A ladder was placed to the car of the balloon and the two adventurous youths descended in safety to the deck of the vessel. They were all right except they felt rather cramped because of their long confinement. After hand shakings and congrat-

hundred miles from Asia. Longing to see that vast country and thirsting for adventures, these two precocious youths bid the officers and passengers good bye entered the balloon, had the ropes untied and soon found themselves sailing through the air again bound due west at a lively rate, thanks to a brisk breeze that was blowing in that direction. During the rest of their journeyings they could get a better idea of their bearings, as the first mate of that steamship, the Ocean King, had given them a compass and a quadrant.

After travelling for days and nights they espied land faintly outlined in the distance. Still nearer they approached. Dimly enveloped in beautiful, gentle, low hanging clouds of snowy whiteness, that looked so dainty and spirituelle, it seemed as enchanted land to them. A land of wonder and changing mystery, so dreamlike, so poetic, and yet so real. "Asia! Asia!" They both thought to themselves as they looked into each others faces. "The country of which we have studied and read so much, how strange that we shall now soon explore



"By Gosh, neighbor! that's a Goll-darned queer sort of something way up yonder in the clouds."

ulations they were invited by the captain and others to the grand saloon to have a sumptuous dinner. Being hungry as wolves they did ample justice to the delightful repast, which they washed down with good old lemonade, as they were strictly temperate boys and politely declined all offers to partake of intoxicants.

Dinner over, Horace, at the request of the passengers, made a brilliant speech telling of his thrilling adventures from the start to date. He was a fluent speaker and was loudly applauded.

"Fine, brave lads are they," quietly remarked the passengers, one to another.

"Right you are," were the answers.

The officers of the ship finding the young men wanted to take away a good supply of food and water generously gave them all they wanted. He refused all compensation.

The boys, with permission of the captain, distributed a few hundreds of dollars among the poorest of the steerage passengers. It was a boon to them.

The first mate told our heroes, much to their surprise, that they were much more than half way across the great Pacific ocean, in fact only about fifteen

your mysterious wilds." Still nearer they approached till they were only half a mile distant from land. Yet on at a rapid rate till they hovered over the country. Still they sped on till they were a few hundreds of miles in the country. As yet they saw no human being or habitation.

Their adventures in Asia and other continents would fill a volume. I can only mention a few of them and that briefly. They reached Thibet, the mysterious land, and descended to earth in search of food. They killed two goats, dressed and roasted them. With this meat, also some wild fruits and berries, they had a fine dinner. Carefully putting the remainder of the cooked meat in the car of the balloon, they hunted around for some water. They found a spring and filled their bottles, which they strung around their waists by a thick, stout cord. As they were returning to the balloon about a hundred savages armed with spears, bows and arrows almost surrounded them. Before our boys could draw their pistols the barbarians shot a shower of arrows at them. But they fell on their faces so that the

missiles passed over them. Otherwise they would have been killed. They drew a bead on the wretches and fired seven shots each. This exhausted all the ammunition they had with them, the rest was in the balloon. Fourteen of the crowd bit the dust. The others were panic stricken, so that when the boys rushed at them they broke and fled. Our heroes regained the balloon, cut the ropes and quickly mounted skyward. With their guns and rifles they picked off the savages till the remainder crept into a cave in the mountain side and escaped.

The lads continued their aerial journey, descending occasionally to terra firma for food, water and adventures, the latter of which were thrilling in the extreme. They passed over the desert of Arabia and had fights with the Beduins, the most incorrigible of thieves. They also passed over Ceylon, Hindoostan, India, then entered China. They astonished the natives, who stood in great awe and dread of them. I can merely give a summary of the paces they visited and cannot even mention all their exploits, they were so many. In their airship they sailed over Siberia, Japan, thence across the ocean into Africa, went over Egypt, Morocco, Soudan, Ethiopia, the great Sahara Desert. Whilst over the latter place they came near perishing from thirst, till they struck an oasis and filled their bottles. The heat of the desert almost killed them. It was fully one hundred and thirty-five degrees. When the deadly simoons swept the desert blowing fierce sandstorms, they never would have reached home again had they not attached their breathing tubes. They sped down to South Africa. Saw plenty of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, hyenas and other animals. At the cape they replenished with food, water and ammunition. They went over to Australia, Oceanica, visited various islands of the various seas and had many hair breadth escapes from death. They crossed the broad Atlantic and entered into South America. Passed over

Brazil westward bound and hovered over the Andes mountains. Turning their faces northward they passed over Central America, Mexico and other countries. They entered into the United States and continued their triumphant journey stopping occasionally to replenish their larder and "astonish the natives" with the story of their adventures.

Owing to their occasional descents and the frequent observations with their telescope, they had a good idea of their bearings. The weather was now superb.

"By Gosh, neighbor!" said old Josiah Sparrowgrass to Hezekiah Spudgkins, "that is a goll dorned queer sort of something up yonder in the clouds."

These two farmers craned their necks, looked skyward and could not tell what it was that was struggling in the clouds. Gradually it descended, then swifter and swifter it came down. Many were now looking at the rapidly approaching balloon, which was a thing of beauty and grace. At last it reached earth just on the outskirts of the village of A—in the state of New York.

The balloon was securely fastened to posts. By that time an immense crowd had surrounded it. Whilst they gazed in open mouth wonder, out there stepped two young men of fine form, bronzed and toughened by exposure. It was our heroes, Horace Wetherby and Fred Kinsley. They were surrounded by their town folks yet none of them recognized them, because they had changed so, each being fully thirty pounds heavier than when they left home three years previously. In those three years they had visited nearly every country on the face of the earth in the most unique manner and had stood face to face with death on various occasions.

But if their old friends did not recognize them, they recognized the villagers. As the boys stood there on terra firma, the faintest ghost of a smile wreathed their mouth—at the stupidity of the people. Yet withal they could not but have

a feeling of passing sadness, to think that though in the midst of their fellow townsmen, they were regarded as total strangers. As the memory of their many triumphs, adventures and hardships crowded upon them they could not but feel impressed; knowing full well that the moment they disclosed their names a perfect riot of applause and friendship would follow. Nor were they mistaken.

At last Horace smiling a broad smile went up to his old friend Josiah Sparrowgrass slapped him on the shoulder and told him who they were.

"Well, I'll be goll dorned young man," said Josiah. "You sassy devil. I might have known that it was ye." Before he could say more the boys were mobbed with handshakers and applauders. They almost pulled their arms off with love. A carriage was brought and the lads seated therein. The horses were unhitched and the carriage was drawn by the town folks into the city. The people went wild with excitement. The old folks fell upon their necks and wept. The boys wept too. They could not restrain their tears. It was the first time they had cried for years. Their parents had never expected to see them alive in this world. It was as if their sons had returned from the dead.

That night the youths gave a great lecture at Music Hall. It was crowded to suffocation. Horace was the best speaker of the two. His eloquence made the hall to ring. The applause was frequent and deafening.

His closing remark was: "If we had not felt so homesick as we were passing over New York State we would have continued all the way to the Polar Regions and planted the American flag on the North Pole."

After the tumultuous applause had subsided the band played "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and the intensely enjoyable lecture was over.

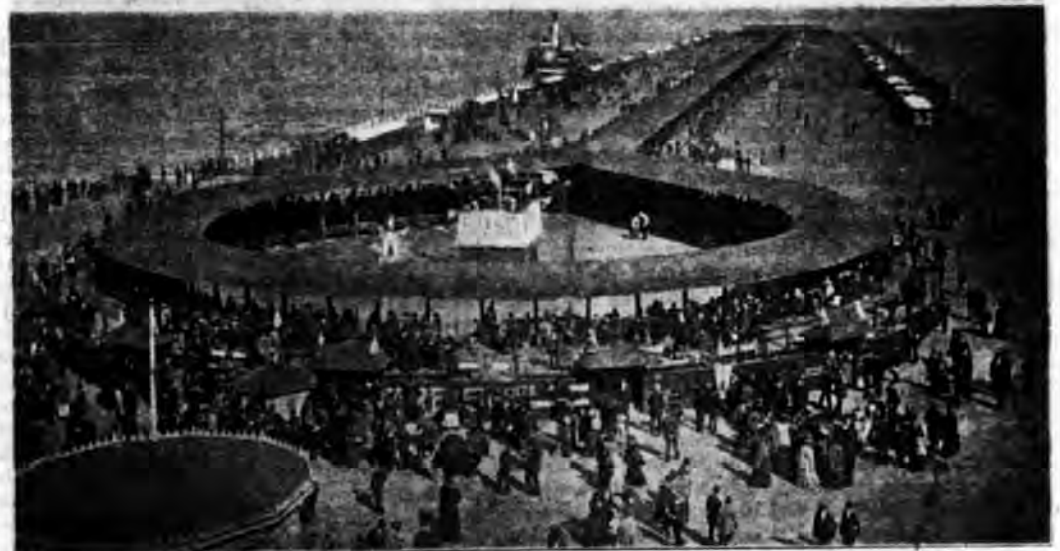
(THE END.)

RELIEF FOR BROOKLYN BRIDGE CRUSH.

Brooklyn is the home of fully thirty per cent of the vast population of New York. It is cut off from the main city by the East River. The business interests and working places of a very large percentage of this segregated population are in Manhattan. Between the two boroughs there are two bridges and several ferries. In the problem of intercommunication the latter are not a largely important factor. The bridges are the principal reliance. They are traversed by lines of cars which at certain hours of the morning and evening are totally inadequate to the safe and comfortable transfer of the huge masses of humanity from borough to borough.

The problem of affording a more rapid outlet to Brooklyn by way of this bridge has been tackled by many minds in various ways. Every attempt so far made to solve it has been a failure.

Among the waiting schemes one that is kept in the front by the men back of it, and is gaining friends by its evident merit, is that of the moving platform, or as it might be called more appropriately, the moving platform railway. It is the dream of the people and the nightmare of the transportation companies. The only



MOVING PLATFORM RAILWAY IN PRACTICAL OPERATION.

The endless and ever-moving train offered as a means of relief for the crush at the Brooklyn Bridge as it appeared at the World's Fair in Chicago. It seats every passenger.

question that will arise after its adoption is, "why was this not done before?"

The moving platform railway is so well known that it requires no extended description. It has been in practical op-

eration at the world's fairs in Chicago, Berlin and Paris and proved a success. Mr. Max E. Schmidt, the inventor, says that it can be made to carry 84,000 people over the bridge per hour.

GULAB SINGH:

A STORY OF PERIL AND HEROISM.

By R. Martin.



CHAPTER VIII.—A NIGHT ATTACK.

Here for the next few weeks Alick and Jack lived quietly and unsuspected, for, in the face of Janki Das' persistent puffing of him, no one doubted but that it was really Mohun Lal who was here in their midst. But it was not a happy life that they lived, for the vague rumors that reached the town were for the most part exaggerated reports of the success of the mutioneers. "The English had been entirely slain and driven to the sea;" "The whole country was in the hands of the sepoys;" and "Not a city remained that had not surrendered to the Mogul Emperor at Delhi"—such were the disquieting statements that formed the subject of bazaar gossip, though Gulab told Alick and Jack that they must remember other stories were also heard of English troops at Karnal; indeed, it was as much as he could do to restrain the boys from determining to make for this town, some fifty miles from Beri, and lying seventy-five miles due north from Delhi.

Except for their fears for their comrades, and the anxiety that suspense caused, their life in Beri was not an unhappy one. Janki Das, the fat old merchant, was never tired of acting as their cicerone, and Gulab Singh felt certain that with him the youths were safe. He himself found it necessary to put a curb on Janki Das' enthusiasm, and so the old man was forced to be content with the disciples, whom he used to take everywhere, showing them all the sights of the neighborhood, and so continually talking himself, that even if Jack or Alick had wished to speak, they could not have found an opportunity to do so.

The small town of Beri contained about 9,000 inhabitants, and the people were very contented and prosperous, although,

"It seemed they must be roasted alive."

indeed, they had some difficulty with their neighbors—Mohammedan Nawab, who owned the nearest village, harassing them on one side, and the more formidable Nawab of Jajjhar, whose capital was about eleven miles away, being a source of perpetual annoyance on the other. It is true that when the country, under British rule, was quiet, the people of Beri were free from molestation; but now that the strong hand of their power was relaxed, the reign of lawlessness began, and every man's hand was raised against his neighbor's, while armed bands of villagers sallied forth to attack and plunder the surrounding villages. Several of the smaller villages near Beri had met this fate at the hands of the troopers of Jajjhar and Dojana within a few days of their arrival at Beri; but, partly owing to the size of their town, and partly to the fact that a regular watch was kept round the mud wall, and a considerable number of men were always under arms, no attack was made on Beri itself; and as the traders sent a substantial gift of money to the Nawab of Dojana, and a still more substantial one to the Nawab of Jajjhar, they lived in hopes that they would not be molested. They reckoned, however, with out their host.

On the 1st of June, the sixteenth night of their arrival in Beri, just three weeks after their flight from Humaiun's tomb, there was a great "tamasha" in Beri. It was a holiday, and on that evening was to be celebrated the wedding of

the god Krishna to the goddess Tulsi. A few hundred yards outside the walls of the town was the temple of Krishna, and here, towards sunset, certainly half the town collected. All day long bells had been rung and gongs beaten, and conch-shells blown at the temple; and now, as soon as it was dark, there came forth the Brahmin priests, carrying on a platform the bride and bridegroom, while in a great irregular procession the people flocked before and behind, singing wedding hymns, and tossing their arms in the air, while the conch-shells blew, and the bells rang, and all the drums were beaten. It was a strange scene in which Jack and Alick found themselves, for Janki Das had come to fetch them. The numberless torches cast a lurid glare over the thousands gathered together, showing the dusky forms of the scantily-clothed men, while the many colored shawls of the women—red, blue, and yellow—of the softest and richest vegetable dyes, combined to make the scene picturesque and of great interest. At first the young fakeers could not make out what it was all about, for Janki Das was in a state of great excitement, spluttering and puffing as he followed with the crowd; but, leaving him, they pushed close to the canopy, where they saw that the bridegroom was a small stone image of Krishna, barely three inches high, against which, in loving repose, there leaned the bride—a few blades of sacred Tulsi grass.

This was the marriage over which the village was going mad!

First outside the wall, and then down through the streets, the music (if music it could be called) seeming to make the people more and more excited, the procession passed, till just when they had reached the far side of the town a cry was raised and then from a hundred throats behind them was heard a wild shout, "Loot, loot!" ("Spoil, spoil!"). The shout was followed by loud cries of despair and terror, and in a moment the crowd turned, and from one to the other passed the word, "The soldiers of Jajjhar!" Now the men of Beri were, for the most part, Jats, and by no means cowards, and many of them armed with rusty swords which for several days they had kept buckled to their sides, and others with only a *lati* in their hands (a stick about five feet long, with a heavy iron tip) rushed where the shouts were loudest, prepared to fight for their homes. Jack and Alick, too, ran with them, for the sounds came from the direction of Hira Singh's house, in which they knew Gulab had remained. Jack picked up a *lati* which had been dropped, and Alick, as they scrambled over a fallen house for a short cut, picked up two bricks.

As they approached Hira Singh's house they saw that it must be in the very centre of the fray, for already they could see groups of the townsmen and the attacking soldiers fighting fiercely together. One group of about half a dozen villagers, armed only with their iron-tipped sticks, were fighting in the narrow street, a few yards in front of Hira Singh's house, with a number of the Jajjhar soldiers, whom they were holding in check, though they were armed with swords.

As Alick and Jack came up to them, three of the townsmen were cut down, and the others turned, pursued by the soldiers. The street was only six or seven feet wide, and Alick, who was just in front of Jack, rushed at the foremost of the soldiers as he had his sword lifted to cut down one of the three townsmen. He saw he would not be in time, so when still a few yards off he hurled the brick, which he held in his right hand, in the soldier's face. The man fell, and Alick, unable to stop himself, fell over him, and would undoubtedly have been killed by a soldier who was close behind had not Jack stunned this man with a furious blow from the long stick which he carried. Alick was up in an instant, and, seizing the sword which had dropped from the soldier whom he had knocked down, and who lay bleeding under him, he and Jack threw themselves upon the other soldiers, followed by the three townsmen, who with great pluck turned as soon as they saw they were reinforced. There were about a dozen soldiers, who had halted when they saw their two companions fall. On these, with a loud English shout, Alick and Jack flung themselves. Swinging the brick which he still held in his left hand into the midst of them as he approached, knocking down one, Alick cut down another with his sword, and Jack on his left accounted for a third with a crash from his stick. The soldiers turned and fled. Slashing at one man and wounding him in the shoulder, Alick stopped at the door of Hira Singh's house, into which Jack had already pushed. They were not too soon. Hira Singh and Gobind Sahai both lay at the feet of Gulab, who, with a trooper's sword which he must have procured from one of his assailants, was holding the doorway leading to the inner apartments. Five dead sepoy lay in the courtyard, which showed that Gobind Sahai and Hira Singh must have played the part of men before they had fallen. As Alick and Jack appeared in the courtyard they saw Gulab facing them, while in front of him were ten sepoy, drawn back a pace or two, but making ready for a rush.

"Strike!" yelled the leader, making a lunge at Gulab, only to find himself impaled on the point of Gulab's sword.

"Strike!" yelled Alick and Jack together, rushing on their enemies, two of whom fell beneath their strokes. The diversion was not a moment too soon. Gulab was helpless, his sword fixed in the dead man's body; but the seven survivors turned on Jack and Alick. One as he came was hurled to the ground by Jack with his heavy stick, but before he could recover himself a sepoy made a cut at his head. Up he brought his stick, but too late, and the full force of the sword cut descended on the top of his head. Alick saw the sepoy in the act of striking, and plunged forward, only to find his sword snap at the hilt against that of one of the sepoy.

"Oh, he's killed!" roared Alick, as he saw Jack fall, entirely forgetting for the moment that he stood unarmed in the midst of half a dozen foes. He sprang forward on them with the courage of a lion.

Now the lessons he had received in boxing came to his aid. He had always been proud of his skill with the gloves, and few of his weight could match him. But this was something of a different kind from ordinary sparring. Crash went his right fist, still holding the handle of the broken sword, straight in the mouth of the nearest sepoy, while a left-hander on the chest sent a second flying to the

corner of the courtyard, though practically unhurt. The next instant several hands were on him, and he was thrown to the ground.

All this had happened in a few seconds, and now it would have fared ill with Alick had not the three villagers whom they had assisted in the street followed them and at this instant fallen on the sepoy Gulab, too, from whom all attention had been turned at the onslaught of the Englishmen, had recovered his sword, and in another minute the conflict was over, and the sepoy lay dead or wounded. Beside them two of the villagers lay, severely wounded, while Jack, Gobind Sahai, and Hira Singh were to all appearance dead.

But Jack was not dead, the cone of mud and tow had saved him. Indeed, this was only half cut through, though the force of the blow had stunned him. As Alick knelt over him he opened his eyes, and in a short time was perfectly recovered. Then they turned to Gulab. He had just completed an examination of Gobind Sahai and Hira Singh. They were dead. Each had carried a sword from the time they left Najafghar, and the spirit of Ranjit Singh had indeed animated the old Sikh soldier, Gobind Sahai, by whose sword three of their assailants had fallen. At first but five sepoy had appeared, and two of these had fallen, Gobind Sahai and Hira Singh each accounting for one, when their numbers were reinforced. Gulab had seized a sword from one of the fallen sepoy, and the three had tried to reach the inner courtyard, which was smaller, when they were brought to bay at the door. Here Gobind Sahai slew two more of the sepoy, he and Hira Singh being in front of Gulab. Hira Singh fell first, Gobind Sahai only at the moment that Jack and Alick had appeared.

As Hira Singh's wife was at Najafghar there was no one remaining to defend in the house, and after reverently placing the bodies of Hira Singh and Gobind Sahai in one of the rooms, they went forth to aid in the work of repelling the attacking sepoy. It was soon evident that in the first rushes these had succeeded in gaining possession of a part of the town, but the brave men of Beri had turned the tables on their assailants, who had numbered about two hundred, half of whom were merely untrained villagers, and the others very imperfectly disciplined sepoy. There was still the noise of strife in one part of the town some distance away, and to this quarter they were rapidly approaching, when they were stopped on the way by the peculiar noise which only Janki Das could make as he puffed and panted, gasping for breath. Reaching the house from the doorway of which the noise came, they entered, and found Janki Das sluttering and gasping, lying on the broad of his back, and ejaculating,

"Killed! killed!"

"What art thou doing, Janki Das, thou madman?" said Gulab.

"I am killed, Baba! Killed, maharajal They have slain me!"

"Truly, madman, thou dost make much noise for a dead man!" said Gulab, as he examined Janki Das.

There was no sign of a wound, and soon Janki Das was persuaded of the fact. He had been near his home when the alarm was given, and had gone there as quickly as he could, though the speed was of the slowest, and in entering he had disturbed a sepoy who was searching for booty. This man had rushed for the door, being alone, and had overturned the poor mer-

chant as he entered. And now, being certain that his skin was whole, and assured of the fact that the sepoy could not have found his securely buried treasure, Janki Das recovered his composure, and commenced to thank his father for having saved his life, in terms of great length, when to his surprise he found that the fakeers had left him alone.

All sounds of fighting were over when they reached the street. The attack had been repulsed with heavy loss. Half of the attacking force had fallen, but not without inflicting an even greater loss upon the townsmen of Beri.

Now, instead of the noise of shouting as men fought, the air was filled with the wailing of the women as the dead and wounded were found and identified and brought to their own houses. The custom of the country demanded that the dead should be buried the next morning, and so shortly after sunset almost all the survivors were engaged in bringing forth their dead friends and relatives.

Having performed the funeral rites of Gobind Sahai and his brother, Gulab returned to Alick and Jack. They had been consulting together, and had determined that they would stay in Beri no longer. And as soon as Gulab appeared they told him of their resolve. The reports of the last few days had shown that without doubt the English were in force at Karnal, fifty miles away, if not already marching upon Delhi. To Karnal they would go, and as the sun was not yet high in the heavens, they wished to start at once. Gulab tried to induce them to wait till evening, but was forced to submit, and a start was accordingly immediately made. They felt sure of hospitality in every village, and three wandering fakeers would never be attacked.

They were only able to travel some six or seven miles when the great heat of the sun forced them to take shelter in a village to which they had arrived, and where they were treated to the best that the village could afford. As soon as the great heat of the day was over a start was again made, and all that afternoon and throughout the night they marched, till at sunrise they were glad to see a well-cultivated garden of fruit trees, into which they entered, meaning to spend some hours beneath the cool shelter of the plantation-trees before going into the village, not a quarter of a mile further on.

They had traveled without halting for fourteen hours, and were now within twelve miles of Karnal, having walked nearly forty miles in the last twenty-two hours. Footsore and weary, they flung themselves down in the shade, and in a few minutes were all three sound asleep.

They had slept some hours, and the sun was now high in the heavens, when a voice aroused them:

"Brothers, whence come ye?"

And instantly Gulab and his companions sprang upright, to find opposite them an old fakeer of a venerable age, and, unlike men of his class, a peculiarly benign appearance. He was small in stature, and his body was thin and shriveled; indeed, it appeared to be a mass of wrinkles, judging at least from such parts of him as could be seen, for, although this extraordinary individual wore scarcely any garment, yet he was covered with wood ashes, that it was hard to make out the color of his skin, or even to penetrate beneath the thick coating which covered it.

"Ye are tired," said the old man, who was known as the Father of Ashes. "Come with me."

"Whither shall we go, father?" said Gulab.

"Where I lead," replied the Father of Ashes, leading into the centre of the garden.

"Follow," said Gulab Singh to Alick and Jack.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FATHER OF ASHES.

The Father of Ashes led Gulab Singh, Alick and Jack along a winding path through the trees of the fruit-garden. It was delightfully cool compared to the heat outside, for the garden was constantly watered by a tiny stream which was fed from a well in the centre. The well was sixty feet deep, and the water was dragged up in a great leathern vessel. To this was a rope attached, which passed over a winch at the top, and was fastened to the yoke of a pair of bullocks, who were then driven down a steep incline. Their strength and weight pulled up the vessel full of water, which was then emptied into a small reservoir, from which a stream about three feet wide went through the garden, the banks of the stream being opened here and there as the garden needed watering.

This well stood in a large open space which occupied the centre of the garden, and close beside the well was a large but low building, square in shape, having a single entrance, which led into a courtyard, from which forty little chambers opened, each about twelve feet long by eight wide.

The Father of Ashes did not, however, lead them into this building, but beckoned to them to lie down upon some mats in a cool spot in the shade of the trees, and this the English lads were glad to do, though Gulab contented himself with sitting cross-legged at the foot of a tree, against the trunk of which he rested his back.

"You are a Brahman," said the Father of Ashes, "and so am I, and your food shall be prepared by one of your own caste." Then addressing one of a group of fakeers who were at the well superintending the working of the bullocks and the process of raising water, he said, "My son, tell the cook to prepare some food for our brothers."

He then left his guests, and in a few minutes the young Englishmen were sound asleep; but Gulab Singh, though intensely weary, felt that now there was need for even more caution than before, and kept a sharp look-out.

As soon as the Father of Ashes approached the well one of the younger fakeers stepped forward and whispered to the old man, who, despite the command he usually had over his features, made a gesture of surprise, and soon after, as the cook appeared, he took from him the chippatees and dal which he carried, and brought them to Gulab Singh with his own hands.

"I did not know, father, till my disciple told me," he said, "that our convent was honored by the presence of one whom all fakeers acknowledge as a fakeer among fakeers."

"Call me not 'father,'" replied Gulab Singh; "that title is your own."

"It is true, Mohun Lal," answered the other, "that men call me the Father of Ashes, and have done so, as you know, before you, whom I now call my father, had by the force of your austerities earned the title. My lord will excuse these old eyes for not having recognized him. Little, indeed, did I think to see Mohun Lal so far from home, but these are days when the strange has become common,

and some of my young men lately come from Beri say that you have come from Delhi."

"Ay, from Delhi," said Gulab, "with my disciples."

"They are strange disciples," said the old man, noting the heavy sleep of the young fakeers. "When I was a disciple I dared not sleep before my guru while he watched."

"A hard life is theirs, and they are young," said Gulab. "This indulgence I have granted, for not all can bear fatigue as Mohun Lal does; but for this indulgence they pay by silence."

The old man seemed satisfied, and it was not without a sigh of relief that Gulab Singh observed this, for it was evident that the Father of Ashes knew Mohun Lal well, and had not seen the likeness he bore to him, while the behaviour of the disciples was indeed sufficient to excite remark, wrapped, as they were, in the heaviest sleep.

"This evening," thought Gulab, "we must make for Karnal. I would start this hour but that the sun would surely kill them, so fatigued are they."

After a short silence the Father of Ashes again addressed him.

"Whither is my father going?"

"I go to Karnal," replied Gulab, judging that in boldness lay security.

"Is there not danger in thus thrusting your head into the lion's mouth? Those hateful white Englishmen are in Karnal, gathering an army, and soon they march for Delhi," said the old fakeer, adding, "They hate us who are fakeers; rightly do they judge that we have borne the chippatee from village to village.* We dare not stay so close to the harnet's nest but that we have a way of escape, and a place of hiding which none could find."

"I know no danger," replied Gulab. "But what noise do I hear?"

"It can be nothing that would bring danger, or my watchers would have brought me word. It sounds like an ekha (i. e., a native vehicle drawn by a pony) and it has stopped at the garden. I will return soon, my father." So saying, the Father of Ashes arose and walked down the little path, round a turn of which he soon disappeared.

Very reluctantly Gulab awoke his companions, but prudence demanded that every caution should be used.

In a few moments they heard the well known voice of Janki Das.

"Father of Ashes! Father of Ashes! I have flown for shelter to your convent. Often have I given hospitality to you and your disciples. You will allow me to spend this troublous time with you."

The reply spoken in the low tone of the Father of Ashes they did not catch, but in a short time they saw Janki Das appear, following the old fakeer. As soon as he saw Gulab Singh he hastened forward, thereby losing the little breath he had left, and, falling before him, paid to him the highest form of devotion.

"Is it you, my father?" he spluttered out. "Now, indeed am I blessed and happy. Not only do I find my Father of Ashes, but my guru, Mohun Lal. But how didst thou get here! It was the night before last that you saved my life in Beri."

Alick and Jack smiled at the exaggerated account of their last interview, but Gulab answered solemnly, "We walked,"

At this the fakeers, several of whom

* As the tidings of the rising reached a village, it was sent forward by the inhabitants to other villages; a chippatee, a piece of bread not unlike a heavy pancake in appearance, being carried by the messenger as a token.

had gathered round, were much surprised. It was very far from Beri, and considering the time of year, a walk of forty miles within the compass of twenty-four hours was what the hardiest of their number would have shrunk from. Even the father of Ashes showed surprise, and turning to Gulab Singh he said,

"I do not wonder now that the disciples slumber soundly."

Janki Das now commenced a long account, to which the fakeers paid great attention, and in which they were much interested. He told them of Gulab Singh's residence in Beri, and of the attack on that town by the sepoy of Jajjhar. With his account of the events of that night we need not be concerned, but they lost nothing in his hands, and the numbers and valor of the assailants were largely magnified to enhance the victories of the brave townsmen.

He had not quite completed his tale when the gaunt figure of a tall fakeer was seen to come through the trees of the garden, and to enter the open space by the well, some twenty yards from the group of which Janki Das was the centre, and further still from Gulab Singh, who, with Alick and Jack, had withdrawn, and were resting beneath the shelter of the trees.

As the fakeer stepped forward, Alick and Jack were at once caught by the striking look of the man. Gulab Singh was the tallest trooper in the regiment to which he belonged. The new comer must have been nearly, if not quite, two inches taller. His body, though lean, showed indication of great strength, and though between fifty and sixty years of age, and looking older, his step was elastic, and the frame seemed as active as that of a young man. His hair hung in matted coils round his body, and reached nearly to his knees. But it was his eye that attracted their particular attention. As keen as that of an eagle, it seemed to have the power of piercing through those on whom it fell. Now it fixed on the central group, evidently not having noticed Gulab and the Englishmen, as they lay beneath the shade of the trees and partly out of sight.

"Alick, look at Gulab," whispered Jack.

Gulab Singh was staring at the new-comer, his face showing signs of terror that they had never seen in it before. Alick touched his arm, and Gulab, turning, said slowly,

"A lie turns on the liar. Behold Mohun Lal!"

(To be continued).

PETRIFIED TREE.

In the "Petified Forest" of Arizona there is a natural bridge, across a narrow canyon, consisting of the petrified, or agatized trunk of a tree, 111 feet in length. The petrified trees in this region are believed to have flourished in the Triassic age. Most of them are allied to the Norfolk Island pine (*Arucaria*) of today, but some resemble the red cedar. Professor O. C. S. Carter thinks that the petrification was due to soluble silicates derived from the decomposition of the feldspathic cement found in the sandstone of that locality.

"A man," said the young widow, "usually marries a woman because he loves her."

"And a woman," rejoined the old bachelor, "usually marries a man because he as a her."

Types of Mind; or Fac-similes of the Hand-writing of Eminent Persons,

Practical Men.

New York June 30th 1814

Dear Sir

I am building a steam vessel now to carry 24 long 22 pounders and use only red hot shot she is intended in the first experiments for harbour defence, having locomotion, she can on a calm ply round an enemy, take the favourable positions, and such advantages as it is hoped will render her of great utility. I enclose you a small notice of the invention compliments to my friends Parker Jephre, and Volney and believe me

Respectfully yours

Robert Fulton



ROBERT FULTON'S name is prominently identified with that practical science to which we are indebted for those new applications of principles which, from time to time, change the social and business relations of the world. Our artist has accurately copied, with the portrait of Fulton, a drawing of his first steam-boat—the parent of the leviathans that now challenge the world to

compete with them, as they traverse the mighty deep. It was one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep, and while on the stocks at New York, was known as the "Fulton folly." His autography, although decided, is not uniform, and we find that at different periods of his life, he was engaged in a variety of pursuits, besides his regular profession of portrait painting. He

projected the first panorama ever exhibited in Paris, and invented several schemes for approaching hostile vessels under water, and fixing destructive torpedos to their keels. No monument is erected to his memory—but every paddle-wheel—whether on the broad ocean or in some small inland river—beats the conquered element a chant of homage to his memory.

William Penn

WILLIAM PENN is a type of that practical sect, the "Friends," and of those noble spirits who laid the broad foundation of our Republic, in the solitude of the wilderness, and among all the hardships of a new world.

Edward Jenner

EDWARD JENNER, in discovering vaccination, placed his name at the head of practical science, and made a contribution to humanity which has only been approached by Dr. Morton, in the discovery of the pain-destroying properties of ether

Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS is emphatically a practical author—one who paints those around us so vividly, that the mental illusion is as complete as words can make it. His hand is bold, somewhat supercilious, and given to an occasional eccentric flourish.

Samuel Slater

SAMUEL SLATER, coming from England in 1789, introduced cotton spinning machines into this country, resolving population into new combinations, and causing cities to spring up throughout the land, which echoes with the dizzy whirl of the spindle, the rattling of the shuttle, and the busy hum of industry.

John Hancock

JOHN HANCOCK and ABBOTT LAWRENCE, "solid men of Boston," are distinguished by their success in business, and by the dignity with which they ever discharged those civil and social duties, to which they were called by their fellow-citizens. Mercantile pride and enlarged patriotism are ever combined, and commercial men, who have taken good care of their own affairs, ever make sound, practical statesmen. Prompt in public matters as in private business, there is no mistaking their clear views, or their independent, characteristic autography.

Abbott Lawrence

JOHN JACOB ASTOR and STEPHEN GIRARD could probably have furnished autographs, during the closing years of their lives, unrivalled in pecuniary value. Their names are held in respect by practical men, not only for their business success, but for their honorable integrity, and the inflexible uprightness of conduct.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE, at one time, was at the head of a banking institution which openly defied the President, but which soon fell from its high estate. His autography is nervous, decided, but sadly contracted.

J. S. SKINER, the founder of agricultural periodical literature, was ably seconded by T. G. FRASER (the "caustic poet"), who followed his example by establishing the New England Farmer at Boston. The Rev. HENRY COLEMAN, by his researches at home and abroad, and Judge BURL, by his able writings, could each proudly claim often to have "made two blades of grass grow where one grew before." And DOWNING, the great landscape gardener and rural architect of our Republic, has left behind him many a monument.

John Skinner

Thomas G. Fraser

A. A. Downing

Here endeth this series of "Types of Mind," and the artist can but express a parting hope that they have not only interested autographers, but enabled many other readers of the *Journal* to form a more correct idea of the wares, the largest, and the most orthodox of past periods, as well as many who are widely separated from us in the present. No pains have been spared by the eminent proprietor of this periodical, to serve their application in the form of the fair "feast of reason" which is so widely spread for the public, and if the purveyor of this department has failed in his selections, the plates have been attractive, and the preparation faultless.

Henry Coleman

J. Burl

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The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

The Poultry Run—This is the month par excellence for hatching. Cockrels hatched about the end of this month will come in handy for the autumn market; while the pullets, if properly cared for, will lay in winter or early spring. Sometimes, if the nest seems too dry, hot water may be sprinkled round the edge. Make nests of straw for the setting hen in a quiet place or down in the cellar on a damp floor, or place a big turf in the nesting-box.

In feeding chickens, take care that the earlier and stronger broods do not bully and starve the more recent ones. See that all have enough, and that the mother hen or foster dam eats well too. It is always best to set two hens at a time, because then, in the event of your having but ordinary success, all the chickens may be given to one hen, while the other returns to her duties in the run.

Chickens eat very early in the morning, and they will get weakly if not fed just when they want it; so the plan of putting food down for them late in the evening before is a good one.

Continue to see well to the complete cleanliness and disinfection of your fowl house and run. Lime wash the place out.

Make nests of straw, and not of hay, for the latter too often harbors bugs.

If you have ducklings now, beware of rats. These vermin will kill them even when half grown.

Food for Chickens—At first, when just out of the shell, most fanciers give egg and bread crumb mixed with warm milk; rice boiled and mixed with milk; oatmeal draggled in milk, and after this grains, broken to begin with. Spratt's food for chickens is very good, while the bone dust prepared by the same firm should never be forgotten a single day if you wish the chicks to thrive and grow. Feed as early as six, and continue at intervals of two or three hours up till 9 p. m. A little hemp does good at times. Bruise it, and mix with the food.

The Pigeon Loft—If you have elected to build a garden pigeonry, we may tell you that the flooring is very important. It must be one of rubble and concrete, and the deeper the better. If it be simply of earth or porous brick, then miasmata will escape. Your birds will die off, or get ill of all kinds of obscure ailments; and, as we have said before, a pigeon makes one of the most unsatisfactory of patients.

Feed brooding pigeons on the best and freshest of grey peas, wheat, dari, rice, etc. The young squeakers are fed from the stomachs of the old ones, on what is called pigeon's milk—being, in fact, half digested food mingled with the secretions of the stomach. It may be easily seen, therefore, that if the old birds are fed on hard, indigestible stuff, the young cannot thrive.

Be most careful with the cleanliness of

the water fountain. Slime breeds disease, notably canker. Rinse the drinking utensils out every morning, and let the water supplied be soft and clear and clean.

As with young chickens, put food for pigeons to eat early in the morning—for however early you may rise they will have been astir before you, and hungry. We attach very great importance to this hint.

The Aviary—Procrastination and—shall we say it?—downright laziness is the cause of one-half the troubles that assail the boy's Aviary. You have mated all right, perhaps, and began to feed on the egg and bread or biscuit crumb mixture we recommend, giving a good teaspoonful a day for each bird, and for a time all has gone on swimmingly, till by and by you find, perhaps, that your mixture has got a little stale, and you say, "Oh, well, it will, surely do for one day." But it surely does not. The cock looks rather askew at it, but screws up his courage presently, and takes a billful to his pretty mate. "I'm afraid, my dear, it is a trifle high," he says, as he watches her. "Why yes, it almost makes me wink," she replies; but, as there is nothing else to be had, why, down it has to go. And down it does go; but that same evening something goes wrong and perhaps you find her sitting on the nest next morning looking the very picture of distress, and the cock as miserable as she is. Egg bound, and the drastic sour food did it.

Or perhaps you have neglected the fresh water, or forgotten to rinse the tin or fountain, or omitted the juicy bits of green food. Well, well, it all tells; your birds become the sufferers, and you the loser; and, if you have a conscience, its still small voice ought to keep you awake all night, for a merciful boy is merciful to bird or beast.

J. L. T. N. F.—To make a fire extinguishing compound mix together eight pounds of carbonate of soda, four pounds of alum, three pounds of borax, one pound of carbonate of potash, and twenty-four pounds of silicate of soda solution, and add the mixture to twenty-eight gallons of water.

A Working Lad Reader—Give your fretwork a coat of size, then a coat of good gold size bought from an artist's colourman, and then dust on some gold bronze powder. You will find this much better than gold paint, which generally consists of common gold size mixed with the bronze.

Athletic—Canker in pigeons is infectious. Separate at once. It is caused by filth in every form, and woe be to the loft it attacks. Touch the sore with a solution of nitrate of silver twice a day—ten grains to the ounce—and dust starch over the sore wattle.

The Bee World—Bees begin to come out now and look after the flowers. They still want feeding and artificial pollination. Purchase stocks. There are plenty of journals devoted to bees; and, if you mean to go regularly in for this fascinating fancy, you ought to take one out. Beware of wasps; and, if snow falls, shield and clear from that.

England Has Its First Humming Bird

London has a curiosity. It is the first humming bird that ever reached England alive. Four companions died on the way from South America, and its own life was despaired of when it arrived at Southampton. By careful nursing it was saved to delight visitors to the Zoological Gardens.

That this most interesting little bird, so familiar to Americans and Canadians, should be a *rara avis* in England must appear curious to those here who are unacquainted with the fact. They hope



A HUMMING BIRD AT REST

This tiny bird, little larger than a bumble-bee, is a terror to the sparrow.

to acclimatize it over there, and there seems to be no reason why this cannot be done.

It is singular that we owe to England a bird which has made itself the terror of all our own small birds except the hummer. Between the English sparrow and the humming bird the tables are turned. The feathered midget puts the alien bird to flight.

The familiar principle of physics that the striking power of a body in motion is equal to its weight multiplied by its velocity is the secret of this. The humming bird is not much larger than a bee,



Landscape and Marine Sketching.

BY H. J. HASSELBAUER.

The study of nature is so interesting a topic to all, that notwithstanding the hints and suggestions which we gave you last month we will make this our subject again, at the same time have you try to acquire a deeper knowledge of this pleasing study. In order to do so it would be well for you to go out in the open air and sketch direct from nature.

An amateur, or in fact any beginner, who is eager to become a successful artist, has most to guard against his careless workmanship. Care is highly important to all good art. No matter how slight your work is, it requires a certain



amount of care, and even if you take only a short time to do this work, the more ardent must be the care while it lasts. It is very much better to work slowly in the beginning, for a little carelessness then requires a great deal of care later to correct its bad influence. Care above all things is essential in art, even when the work seems most free and dashing.

Now then to our study. All nature appears to the eye as a series of flat patches of color and shade. Be careful in the drawing to make the light and shade in the distance approach nearly to the same depth of tone, in order to make it recede as in nature.

In beginning your sketch choose something simple and plainly marked. This you can better obtain in a simple land-

scape with stones, an open gate, trees in the middle distance, and hills on the horizon. Now take your pencil and commence sketching in the outline of the scene.

You will find it a great difficulty in fitting your subject to the shape and size of your paper. Either it will be too large, too long, or too square, so that if you commence at one point you will find that on the scale you have chosen, a stone or tree that you cannot put in the picture. To intercept this difficulty, it would be a good idea to get a light frame of wood about the size of your paper, and when drawing your scene hold the frame vertically in front of you, look at what is seen through it, and imagine it to be a picture. Move the frame about until you get within it what you want to draw. Even then you will have a task in fitting it to the paper, so it would be well to block in the masses in the simplest way possible, using your pencil as lightly as as you can.

When you have this done, and looking over it you think you could still improve the picture, don't be afraid of erasing the whole work, but do not change it unless you are perfectly sure of an improvement, otherwise this will lead to a habit

of altering your sketches all the time, which is not in the least advisable.

Commence outlining the distance with the greatest care, then out line the foreground parts; now close one eye and hold your paper in front of you and compare the sketch with nature. You will surprise yourself by finding some mistakes you have made by exaggerating the size of the distance and making the foreground too small. The reason is explained simply, for we know the objects in the distance are large, and we think we see them larger than we really do.

These mistakes we can easily overcome by looking at them without taking their size for granted, in the following ways: First, by looking at objects in a mirror. By turning your back to the object and placing the mirror in front of you, the reflection of the object can easily be obtained. You will be surprised at the way the distance shrinks, and the hills become more level.

Second, by simply turning your head on one side, until it becomes horizontal, you will observe that the distance shrinks, while the foreground remains the same. If you will look at nature with both eyes, and suddenly close one, an impression similar will be produced, but not one with quite such a marked effect.

Third, by half closing the eyes, so that the objects are seen only through the eyelashes you will find this suggestion perhaps the easiest and most useful way of helping you to see nature as it really is.

Now returning to your sketch, correct same by one of the above methods, draw all the distant hills in outline, and shade in the middle distance. Be careful to make the light and shade different in depth of tone, and make the edges of the



shadows distinct and sharp, but not too hard. Then taking a softer pencil sketch in the foreground. Look out for details by drawing in each stone in the wall, and branches of the trees. Put in the shade in strong flat masses as seen with the eye half closed.

Do not be discouraged if the results are not satisfactory to you. You may be surprised at what you can do with this subject, and perhaps you may be surprised at what you cannot do.

Sometimes you will find it necessary to sketch certain trees, and it would be advisable for you to study them without leaves, as then you will see more easily the way in which they grow. You will find that oaks and elms have a rugged and irregular way of branching, the former being the more irregular of the two. The beech tree has branches that grow in curves right from the ground and in a fan shape. The walnut and chestnut trees are a combination of the oak and beech, while the birch is a somewhat modified beech, but the stem is longer and the point toward which the curves of the branches tend is altogether different.

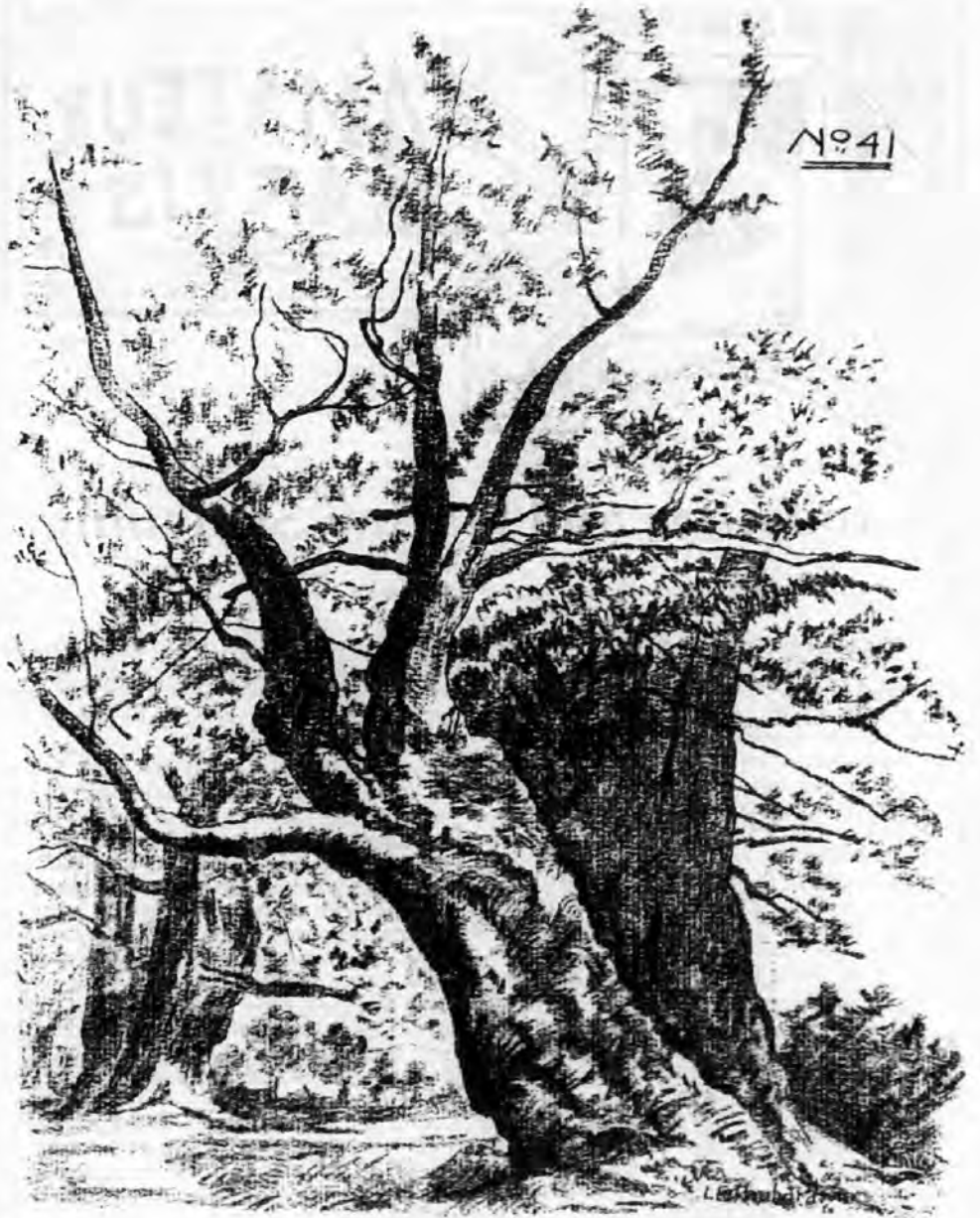
The pine, or fir-tree, is entirely unlike the ordinary. In the palm, all the ribs



of the leaves, or branches, grow out of one head. There are several other kinds of trees that we have not mentioned, but enough has been said to call your attention to noticing these things for the present. Always bear in mind that as branches spread out they become smaller in size. No branch is thrown out of a big one, without the larger becoming smaller.

In the accompanying sketch you can see how trees without leaves are handled, and if you have read the foregoing words about the kinds of trees you will easily see which of these various kinds the sketch typifies. You can also study how to make your lines in drawing a building, and this, with an article on perspective which we will give you later, will teach you how to sketch houses properly. But for the present, in measuring lines, forms, and distance, use your eyes, and the comparing system we told you about in the previous issue.

We gave you suggestions as to how water is handled, and now boats will interest you, so in drawing them, try to understand the use of the principle ropes, and take care to put the sails all blown by the same wind. If you are not care-



ful you will easily make the mistake of drawing the sails blown one way, while the flags and streamers in a different direction.

Never make the water straight and even along your boat, but rippling. Keep in mind always that the broadest part of the boat is not in the middle, but always astern, and that it rounds rapidly towards the bows, and gently aft toward the stern.

Try your hand at marine sketches. You will find that they are easy enough

to handle if you practice them enough and carefully. Find some good sketches in books and magazines and make it a point to copy them so as to better get the "knack" of making the lines indicating the water properly, and also the boat, horizon and other parts of the sketch.

Now then, back to handscapes again. If you have a winter scene to handle use very few lines; make the trees bare, or permit a few leaves, or a bird's nest to remain, use no groundwork, make nearly everything in outline to indicate snow. If there is snow on trees, houses, fences, etc., make the bottom part dark and indicate the top with only a few lines.

You have had some methods of handling stone and brick walls, but there is still another. In drawing old ruins and antique things, indicate the stones or bricks in batches with a coarse rustic tint, and leave the white or gray plaster with a white margin around it.

When you have read over the suggestions in this article several times, and you are sure you will keep them all in mind in attempting sketches from nature, go out in the open air and try your hand. Practice patiently, don't forget your pencil sketches, your eye measurements, and the various other things which you will have to look out for in order to get out a successful copy of the scene you attempt to sketch, and if you



are careful of these details you will shortly be able to make many pleasing drawings.

We are very glad to acknowledge the receipt of quite a number of good drawings from our readers, and would ask all of them and others to send in more of their sketches of landscapes and marine

scenes again this month. Get well acquainted with nature, by enough open air sketching, but if the weather be too cold, draw what you see from your window.

As usual, we are publishing the names of the boys who sent in the ten best drawings as follows:



Douglass H. Jackson, Memphis, Tenn.
Walter S. Merritt, Springfield, Ill.
Wm. Shipford, Federalburg, Md.
H. Fitzpatrick, Camden, N. J.
Leon Hebron, Toledo, Ohio.
A. H. Rosenthal, Chicago, Ill.
William Bushnell, N. Y. City.
Harry Moriarity, N. Y. City.
Charles Todd, Springfield, Ill.
John Gordon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMATEUR ADVERTISING

A New Activity for the Boy Who Likes to Write Letters
and Get Lots of Mail.

Boys, here is a brand new hobby for you. One from which you can derive a great deal of pleasure and a lot of practical experience that may be of great value to you when you grow up and engage in the great struggle for business success. Now, we want all of you to get up a little advertisement like the ones shown here, and send it to the Amateur Advertising Department of THE NEW BOY, and we will print it one time on this page free of charge. You must first select something you want to sell or exchange, and that is sure to be desired by some of the other boys who read this paper. Of course, the more desirable your article, and the less you ask in return, the greater will be the replies you will get.



All advertisements to appear under this heading must be accompanied by 50c for one year's subscription

LET us print you 100 personal or business cards for 35c. Envelope 50c per 100. AMERICAN PRINTING CO., 618½ Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

EXCHANGE wanted with collectors and dealers of stamps in Foreign countries. GRAND STAMP CO., 842 E. 15th St., N. Y.

68 var. old rare tin tobacco tags 20c. 50 var. street car transfers 25c. 50 var. cigar bands 15c. dozen old Indian wampum money 15c. 5 var. Hawaiian Islands postal cards, unused, 15c. BURNS CHERRY, 781 12th St., Oakland, Cal.

SOUVENIR Cards wanted in exchange with foreign collectors. H. J. HASSELBAUER, 222 West 10th Street, New York.

STAMPS Exchanged. I desire correspondence with collectors having from 2000 to 5000 var. W. S. ALDRICH, 362 W. 115 St., New York City.

EDITORS—Please send me sample copies of your papers. I also want Homer pigeons for squab raising. Send me your prices. WALTER D. GEORGE, Tuscola, Ill.

FOR SALE—Bantam chickens—\$1.00 per pair. CHAS. MARSHALL, 15 Six St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

HUMPTY Dumpty is the newest game for boys. We will send you our new illustrated monthly magazine for boys and girls for 6 months and one of our Humpty Dumpty games for only 10c. This offer is good for this month only. RURAL YOUTH PUB CO., 116 Columbia Bldg., Springfield, O.

EGGs—A setting 15 Single Comb Black Minorca eggs for \$1.00, which generally sell for \$1.50 to \$2. These are eggs I can guarantee as the are from my own hens. C. E. SWOOPE, Jr., 326 E. St. Catharine, Louisville, Ky.

PRINTING—letter heads, cards, etc. Send us your name and address and we will send you full particulars, send 2c stamp for postage. EAGLE PRESS, 1163 Forest Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

25 name cards neatly printed in script, price 15c. 50 for 25c postpaid. J. HARVEY ARNOLD, 321 S. High St., Burlington, N. J.

BOYS, Hamilton rifle for best offer in exchange. I also have electric motors and batteries for sale. Electric battery free to person sending first reply. RALPH M. OWEN, Box 331, Osage, Iowa.

CIGARPHONE, Musical wonder. Imitation of a cigar. Played by any one. For 10c. SHERIDAN NOVELTY CO., 303 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SEND me 10c coin and 2c postage, also a narrow strip of paper, size of 2nd joint of 2nd finger, and I will send you a unique lead ring any colors desired. JOSEPH GRAY, 1251 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PACKET A. 25 different stamps for 5c. Packet B. 50 unused for 5c. 1000 stamp hinges 8c. 500 stamp hinges 5c. R. W. ROBERTSON, 109 Narragansett Ave., Providence, R. I.

MAAGIC spectacles—something new. Not colored glass. Perform wonders. Only 10c. A wonderful transparent picture sent free to the 10 whose order is received first. GEO. MURDOCK, 215-24 Place, Chicago, Ill.

SEND me 10 cents and receive the following things: 2 foreign coins, 2 small sea shells and 25 different stamps. EDWIN O. CHAPMAN, N. Broadway, Dayton, Ohio.

BOYS of the Union Army. A book of thrilling adventures, daring deeds, separate encounters, wonderful escapes. 500 pages. Illustrated. Cloth binding. Mailed for One Dollar. W. B. JONES CO., Silver Creek, N. Y.

A Winchester rifle for sale. Guaranteed to kill 60 yards. Almost new. Price \$3. IRMON KIBLER, Marshall, Va.

MAIL ORDER OPPORTUNITIES

Of the Average Young Man Who Enters This Fascinating Business.

There is no doubt of the fact that the mail order business is the great money-making field of today for the bright man with a few dollar capital, who knows how to take advantage of his opportunities.

The greater per cent of small mail order dealers are men who are engaged in other pursuits and operating the mail order business as a side issue until the business develops to such an extent that they can give it full time and attention. But not a few who start in the business, expect too much at the beginning, and if the big things promised do not materialize in three or four months, they give up in disgust. This latter class are generally those who had but a slight knowledge of the business before entering it; some are so foolish as to give up their situations, rent an office desk and typewriter, insert an advertisement in a daily paper, or some think they are wise when they send an order off for a 10-line advertisement to appear in a list of 100 patent inside weekly papers, then sit down and wait for the bundle of mail to come in. No—the mail order business is not for them.

The mail order business is adapted to those who are ambitious, and who are regularly employed, but can devote a few hours each evening to their side line, that is, answering the inquiries to advertisements and sending out catalogs and circulars. A business conducted in this way as a side issue, often proves a good thing for its promotor. While the profit at first will hardly justify giving it his full attention, it is quite profitable. A man on a small salary, who can afford to put in \$10 a month for a year, will stand a favorable comparison with a man who has \$150 in a lump all saved up.

If you are about to start in the mail order business, take time to think matters over, subscribe to three or four good trade papers and learn the ins and outs of advertising, what papers to advertise in, what goods you are to handle, where to buy them and where to sell them. If you have an invention or a formula for making some useful medical preparation and wish to find a market for it, remember that here in the United States and Canada we have nearly 100,000,000 and you can reach them all through your advertisements and circulars. Out of this vast army of people, if you cannot succeed in doing business with them to make a living, there is probably no other business in which you could succeed. But first of all study your own conditions with reference to your mental, physical and financial ability to supply the demand for some special article or line of goods.

The opportunities for entering this money making and fascinating business is greater today than ever before and if you will only take the time to study over the matter, you will find that you have stored away in your head an idea, or plan for making some useful article, or perhaps you have discovered that there will be a demand for a certain class of goods by people living in some certain part of the country. To reach these people and tell them of your discovery is the object of the mail order man, and this can only be done by proper advertising, and to advertise intelligently and economically one must first learn to be patient and not expect too much in the beginning. The opportunities are splendid for men and women who have the staying qualities in their make-up.

THE NEW BOY PHOTOGRAPHER

LANTERN SLIDES

BY HENRY R. GEISLER.



Scene of the old Town Square. By Jay Bullard, Corning, Arkansas.

Only a short time ago the photographer felt inclined to scoff at what he termed a toy, namely "Lantern slides," but within the past few years the amateur photographer has so increasingly taken up the work that he is today perhaps the largest user of lantern slides. Much pleasure and entertainment may be had from this art, for art it is. It is a great factor in amateur societies, where it is the wish of an entire meeting to view one picture simultaneously for criticism or otherwise.

Then again it furnishes an interesting evenings entertainment for your friends who may have dropped in to see your work thrown on the white wall of your room. The manipulation of lantern slides does not materially differ from the manipulation of negatives, in many cases the work is even easier. A lantern slide is a positive transparency on a glass $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches square. Lantern slides may be printed from a negative either by contact or by reduction. The contact method is used for making slides from small negatives. The reduction method is almost a necessity for anyone working with negatives of 4×5 size or larger. In taking up this branch of photography it is a good rule to begin with one brand of plate and developer, as failure is more probably due to the worker than to the materials.

A good plucky negative is desirable as the great increase in size of the picture when shown on a screen magnifies every defect. Negatives which are under exposed are useless, as are negatives that show very harsh contrast. Pin holes should be carefully spotted out, use a

little India ink and water, use a very fine sable brush well charged with water and just tipped in the India ink. If possible daylight should be used in reducing, as the work can be done more quickly, and a more even illumination of the negative is more easily secured. The difficulty with artificial light is the getting of a steady and equal light through the whole of the negative. To print by contact take the negative from which the slide is to be made and dust carefully, then lay in a printing frame, the box of lantern slide plates is opened and one of them lay with negatives in printing frame, be sure that its film is in contact with the film of the negative, then fasten the back of frame and the same is ready for printing. The question of ex-

posure now arises and wants careful consideration, judge your negative and light by which you print same as when printing paper prints. It is a good rule to work at a standard distance from the light—two feet is a good distance—but there are exceptions. If we wish to make a slide from a negative much larger than the size of the slide, then we must proceed by the reduction method, which will require a photograph of the negative or in other words the lantern slide plate is placed in the plate holder and the camera focused on the negative, which is best accomplished in a darkened room, having securely shut out all light by the way of the windows excepting an opening the size of the negative we want to photograph, we then fasten the negative in space on window left for same and then arrange our camera in such a position as to permit careful focusing on same, then insert plate holder with lantern slide and make our exposure, then develop according to directions found in with the slides. Having carefully washed and toned the plate we come to the final operation, when slide is toned and dried we reach the operation of covering with a glass, masking and binding—necessary to protect the delicate film from injury.

A mask may be cut the size of the lantern slide— $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches—with a cut-out centre, through which the picture is seen. The inner opening of the mask serves as a frame to the picture when thrown on the screen. The cover glass should be very clear and thin, the glass is placed over the slide and mask and is ready for binding, which is most easily done with passe-partout binding such as stationery stores have on hand at a very low price, which is pasted around the edges of the glasses. Try it, you will surely become enthusiastic after you see your first good results.



School House in the "Lone Star State." By Ralph Keegan, Houston, Tex.



A Boxing Match.

YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Photography today, probably has more advocates outside the Professional, than any known profession or science. The bulb and button are the heroes of the hour. That the future of photography is bright, there can be no doubt. The wonderful strides made by non-professional men in the last ten years gives every reason to expect still greater results in the future, and photography will owe a debt of gratitude to the amateur photographer.

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

Every natural object is within the range of the camera, and in hunting is quite as exciting and dangerous as when using a rifle. In most cases it requires with the camera even more patience and skill compared with the hunting to kill. What a pretty picture is a happy mother bird sitting on its nest or feeding its hungry brood, etc. Instead of a bag full of game the nature photographer brings home his carefully guarded plates, which sometimes—turn out successful, for it requires a steady nerve and a straight shot.

The nature-photographer enjoys his victories as much as does the mighty hunter who may have dropped a bear or mountain lion and has the same excitement and stimulating hardship of a chase; his victories are bloodless and often valuable to science.

THE DIAGNOSIS DIDN'T SUIT.

One day, recently, a pale faced young man sought the dread inner sanctum of a well-known physician, in one of the up-town streets of this city, and announced that he had called for the purpose of having his case diagnosed, and set down in black and white, so he could show the document to his hard-hearted employer.

He said he hadn't been feeling very brisk for sometime, and he was anxious to know whether it would be necessary to take a trip to the Continent, or merely to go into the country and chase the ferocious rabbit and other wild animals over the smiling landscape for a few weeks on his employer's time.

The doctor made him strip, and then rolled up his sleeves and waded in in the regular old-school style.

He punched the anxious young man in the diaphragm (wherever that is), poked him in the lumbar region (located chiefly in the upper story, in his case), jabbed him in the ribs, thumped him in the back, pounded his chest, listened to his breathing, examined his tongue, felt of his pulse, then banged him about a while longer, made him take a long breath and count three, open his mouth and say "Ah!" and go through a lot of other performances of that sort, and finally announced that the examination was over.

The youth resumed his clothing and then anxiously inquired—

"Well, doctor, what is the verdict?"

"\$10.00," said the doctor, absentmindedly, extending his open palm.

The young man gave the doctor the demanded coin, and then went on.

"But, doctor, what do you find the matter with me, principally?"

"Nothing in particular. All you need is to get to bed lights at regular hours, and eat a little more beef-teak and fresh eggs during the day."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"And you don't find anything out of kilter in my system, at all?"

"No, sir."

"No signs of malaria floating about in the suburbs of my person?"

"Not the slightest."

"And my lungs—don't you think they are slightly affected?"

"No, sir I do not."

"How about my kidneys?"

"Sound."

"And my heart—does that thump just right?"

"Yes; no organic trouble there."

"Liver working on full time?"

"Yes."

"And I'm all sound throughout, eh?"

"Correct."

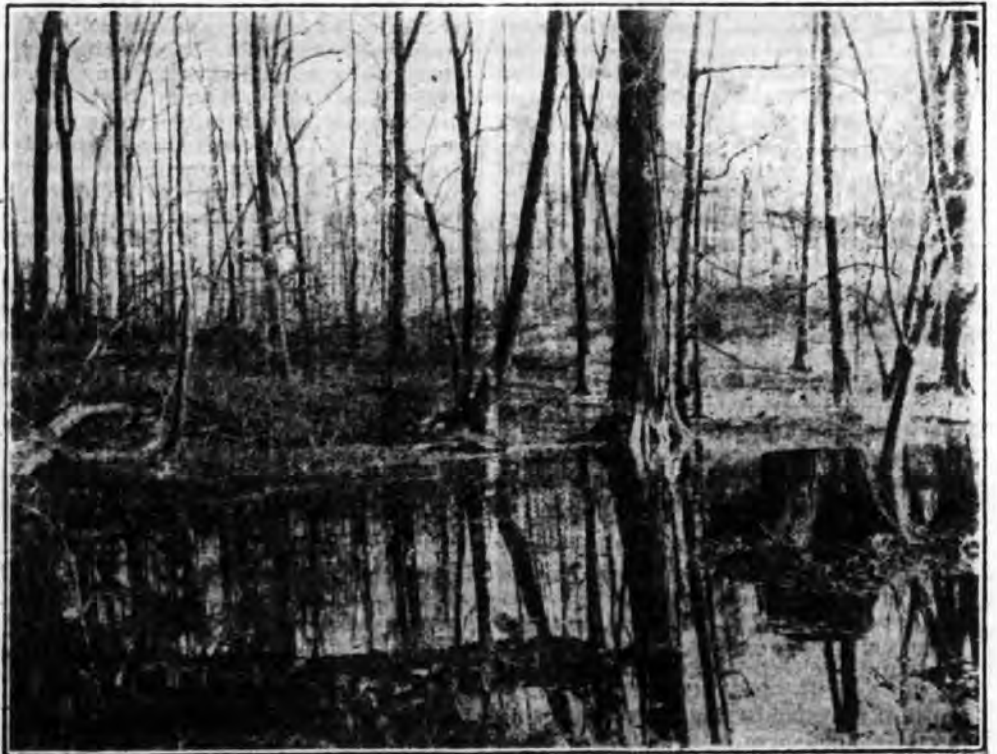
"Then you can't give me a certificate showing the necessity of a change of air to brace up my constitution and ward off a long siege of sickness?"

"I'm afraid not, under the circumstances."

"Well, this is a pretty state of affairs," growled the disgusted youth. "I expected to get at least six weeks' vacation on the strength of your diagnosis, and here you have the gall to tell me that I'm all right. You needn't fill out the certificate. It won't be of any use to me; and I'm just out ten dollars. The next time I feel like going to the country and want my case looked into, I'll see a physician that understands his business."

And the indignant young man vigorously slammed the door, and then drifted sadly away to struggle and suffer on in the heated city.

Wealth is to virtue what baggage is to an army; the baggage is very necessary, but impedes a march, and often destroys the chances of victory.



A Forest Scene.

USED OR UNUSED?

Among the several questions that confront those who are first initiated into the mysteries of that instructive and fascinating hobby—stamp collecting—is the one, "Shall I restrict myself to the collecting of used or unused postage stamps only or collect both with equal interest?"

This is one question the collector can but answer for himself, but not so easily until he knows something of each of these three methods. It is presumed that the collector best knows which method would please him most and so it is preferable that he do not act solely upon the advice of another.

A collection made entirely of unused stamps is certainly handsome if neatly mounted and tastefully arranged. There are many very artistic and handsome stamps in Stampdom and being free from all cancellation marks adds greatly to their beauty. I know of several people who allow only unused stamps to become a part of their collection and they have certainly something very attractive to show. Unfortunately they give the Sebeck counters a large share of their patronage. But it is easy to see why it would not be best to collect only stamps in unused condition. The tendency would be for the collector to become more interested in the pretty appearance of his stamps than their peculiar philatelic value.

Philately is a hobby that has an unusually large number of "cranks" among its enthusiastic supporters. There are "condition" cranks, "specialist" cranks, "used stamp" cranks, and many other species of the genus "crank." I am going to say something about those who refuse the privilege of entering this collection to any but stamps bearing the plain deep marks of the cancelling machine. It is quite nonsensical to draw such a line but their plea that cancellation marks are a proof of genuineness and postal duty makes it seem quite reasonable until we learn that there are any number of forged postmark copies of stamps on stamps on the market.

I said previously that I did not believe it right for a collector to act on the advice of another in this matter unless he believed it for the best so I do not want my opinion to be taken as a standard. I should favor collecting both used and unused stamps. By doing so the desires of the "used" collector and, in part, those of the unused enthusiast can be had. If collectors would secure cancelled copies of any stamps the good character of which is a matter of doubt when they are unused, the hopes of the first would be realized. The stamps which the average collector possesses are so common that he need have little fear of not genuine stamps being sold him. Unused stamps help wonderfully to add to the attractiveness of a collection and if I had an opportunity I should always prefer to purchase the stamp unused except when its good character is questionable or cancellation makes it scarcer. A collection of stamps both used and unused makes a pleasing mixture—more desirable than either the wholly "used" or "unused" collections since the latter has too much a "label" appearance and the former is too monotonous.

NOTES FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.


Gossip has it that the committee on inter oceanic canals in the Senate is not very well pleased with the testimony that has been developed at the hearings at which Chairman Shonts, Secretary

Taft, Auditor Benson and others, including the former Engineer Wallace, have appeared, and this, in connection with the unsettled state of feeling in Panama leads to the conclusion that the time may not be far distant when Uncle Sam will have to take over Panama as a part of our dominions.

An interesting story is told of the travels of a postal card. The editor of the Des Moines, Iowa, Capital mailed a postal card from Singapore, Straits Settlements, to a man in Des Moines, October 3, 1905. The card reached Des Moines promptly but the party addressed had himself sailed on a trip around the world and the card started off merrily to catch up with him. It was forwarded to Colombo, Ceylon. The card was late in arriving at Colombo, however, and was returned to Des Moines, only to be forwarded again to Singapore where it undoubtedly caught the addressee. The card traveled about 40,000 miles at a cost of only two cents.

The "franking privilege" enjoyed by Senators and Congressmen is coming in for a good deal of discussion in official quarters. Mr. E. C. Madden, the third assistant postmaster general, was on the stand before a committee of the house a few days since and made some startling statements in connection with the abuse of the franking privilege. He declared that some Congressmen franked everything in the catalogue, practically, from garden seeds to iron safes, furniture, and all manner of property, none of which legally had a right to be transported under the frank. The franking privilege is for official correspondence and official documents, only. A member writing on personal business has no right to use the frank, and he has no right to ship anything except official documents, such as Congressional records, government reports, etc.

General Madden has suggested the abolishment entirely of the franking privilege, and the passage of a law compelling all Congressmen and department officials to buy stamps for which an appropriation to cover the needs of each member and department could be made. It is not unlikely that as a result of the disclosures made that some changes in the existing law will be made, although it is scarcely probable that the franking privilege will be abolished and the use of stamps required.

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The plain, old fashioned store building which is situated on the international boundary line contains both the United States and Canadian offices. There are separate entrances to each, but both are in the same room, have the same lobby and there are no partitions to mark the division between the domains of Uncle Sam and the possession of King Edward.

The postmaster on the American side is C. M. Bayley, while G. House has charge of the Canadian mails. But these personalities are conspicuous by their absence. J. M. Grow is the actual charge d'affaires, says the Boston Globe.

Mr. Grow occupies a unique position and is perhaps the only man who is an official of both countries. He is the regularly appointed assistant postmaster of Beebe Plain, Vt., and has taken an equally ironclad oath to perform the duties of deputy postmaster in Canada. Thus he is left to himself the greater part of the time and performs the dual duties with satisfaction to both the Americans and their neighbors, the Canadians.

"Is it true that a letter travels a long distance to go from one window to the other?" he was recently asked.

"Yes, sir; that is one of the strangest things in connection with this office. If you mail a letter from the Vermont side addressed to the Quebec side, it goes from here to the junction, then to Newport, then to White River Junction, and back to Lennoxville, Quebec, over the Boston and Maine. There it is transferred to the Grand Trunk and goes to Sherbrooke. It is there transferred to a southbound mail pouch and comes to Stanstead Junction and then back to this same building, a distance of 294 miles.

"If we wish to mail a letter from the American side to Derby Line, it must go to White River Junction and then come back over the official route."—New York World, from Jefferson City, Ind., Reflector.

STAMPS FOR PHILIPPINES OFFICIAL MAIL.

Telegrams Will in the Future be Prepaid by Stamps.

Manila, P. I., Jan. 3, 1906 (Special Correspondence).—All the bureaus of the insular government are now using the ordinary current postage stamps on their official mail. It is intended that the stamps for official use will be surcharged "O. B." ("Official Business") but whether this surcharge will be put on the already surcharged American stamps, or whether they will wait for the new Philippine series is yet a question.

The telegraph lines controlled by the insular government, comprising practically all the lines in the archipelago, have been put under the charge of the Bureau of Posts, and official messages are paid for by postage stamps affixed to the telegram. Private telegrams will also be prepaid by stamps as is done in Japan.

The military mail and telegraphic correspondence will go under frank, as heretofore.

Nothing new regarding the new Philippine stamps, either postage or revenue; the committee reports "progress."

The one-cent postal card now has the "Philippines" in a heavier face Gothic letter than formerly, and it can now be read at arm's length.

GOVERNMENT MAY BUY COLLECTION.

A bill providing for the purchase of the Deats collection of original essays, designs, drawing and die and plate proofs of United States revenue and private proprietary stamps, was introduced to the house by Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts. The purchase price is placed at \$20,000. The bill was referred to the library committee for consideration.

The collection numbers over 20,000 specimens and is owned by Mr. Hiram E. Deats, Flemington, N. J. It is absolutely unique, containing as it does, the original order books and the proof books of the Butler & Carpenter Co., contractors, who furnished revenue stamps from the beginning of 1862 to 1865. This collection, broken up and sold in separate lots, would bring, it is said, more than the sum asked of the government. It is of great historic as well as philatelic interest and we hope that the government will take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

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The "Cover" illustration this month is two fine pairs of 5c black New Yorks, issue of 1845. The above are favorites of Mr. Seybold, of Syracuse, one of our subscribers.

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Several members have not replied to our request regarding the dues. Let us hear from you at an early date.

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- 322 Ludwid Waizmann, 143 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. No exchange present. Kein Tausch bis auf Weiteret.
1468 Miss Clara Story, 319 3rd Street, Bozeman, Montana, U. S. A.
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1486 Miss Irene McCunn, 40 Rose Street, Toronto, Canada.

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144 Poos—Baltimore.
320 Schaefer—Buffalo.
1272 Becker—Chicago.

DIE ANFICHTSKARTE AUF DER HOHE.

Der Fichteberg, der höchste Berg im Königreich Sachsen (1204 Meter) hatte im Jahre 1905 eine außerordentliche Besucherzahl zu verzeichnen, denn es wurden für den Aussichtsturm nicht weniger als 12000 Eintrittskarten verkauft. Von der im Sommer auf dem Fichtelberg eingerichteten Posthilfsstelle sind im vorigen Jahre 39596 Ansichtspostkarten befördert worden.

According to Le Journal des Curieux the production of post cards in the different countries was as follows: Germany, 492,800,000; Austria, 328,645,000; France, 312,429,000; Italy, 248,000,000; England and Belgium, 192,000,000; Switzerland, 135,000,000; Bavaria, 120,800,000; a total of 1,829,674,000.

The United States Government makes a good profit for carrying post cards as the rate of 1c each amounts to about \$1.25 a pound, which, of course, varies with the weight of the card. Uncle Sam gets only 1c per pound for newspapers, 8c for books and 16c for merchandise, so you can see that post cards are very profitable to him.

PRINCE EDWARD'S PICTURE POSTCARDS.

What is undoubtedly the largest collection of picture post cards in the world is the property of the Prince of Wales' eldest son. The collection includes cards from every country in the world, and is now growing almost too bulky for convenient handling, there being more than ten thousand cards (remarks "T. A. T.") One of the most interesting albums is that containing the cards sent him by his parents during their recent trip round the world.

We are informed by one of our Canadian members that it is against the Canadian postoffice regulations to put the stamp on the picture side of post cards as they must be put in the upper right hand corner of the address side. All members are cautioned to comply with this rule.

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A coin that is interesting if not really valuable is a U. S. nickel, or 5-cent piece, of late issue which bears on one side a double impression, while the opposite side is blank. Both impressions are of the same design and plainly visible, the first being slightly heavier than the second.

Such errors are very uncommon, as it is seldom that an imperfect coin passes through the hands of the large number of sharp-eyed employees without notice, and as the rules of the mint are very strict in this respect. There is no set price on such a coin, its premium being only what the curiosity seeker may be willing to pay. However, it is a curio that every numismatist could be proud to call his own.

MAN ASSERTS HE HAD ONE OF JUDAS' 30 PIECES OF SILVER.

One of those fateful pieces of silver paid to Judas Iscariot for betraying Christ—by tradition any one of them en-

tails evil upon its possessor—figured in a police court in Chicago recently. The man who owned it asserted it had been stolen from him. He imparted the interesting information that there were four pieces still on earth. He is in the automobile business and his name is Max Fisher.

Mrs. Mary Wallmar was arraigned for stealing rare coins from Fisher valued at \$60,000, so Fisher said. There were only fifty or sixty coins in all.

Among the stolen coins, Fisher said, was a silver shekel, one of the original thirty. He says \$22,000 was offered him for this coin by one of the Rothchilds, but he refused the offer and went on handling automobiles.

Coined about 900 B. C., a gold Tarus coin, with a face value of \$1,500, and supposed to be the only one in existence, has been sent by John Klinger of Berwick to Paris to be passed upon by the superintendent of coins of the National Bibloss.

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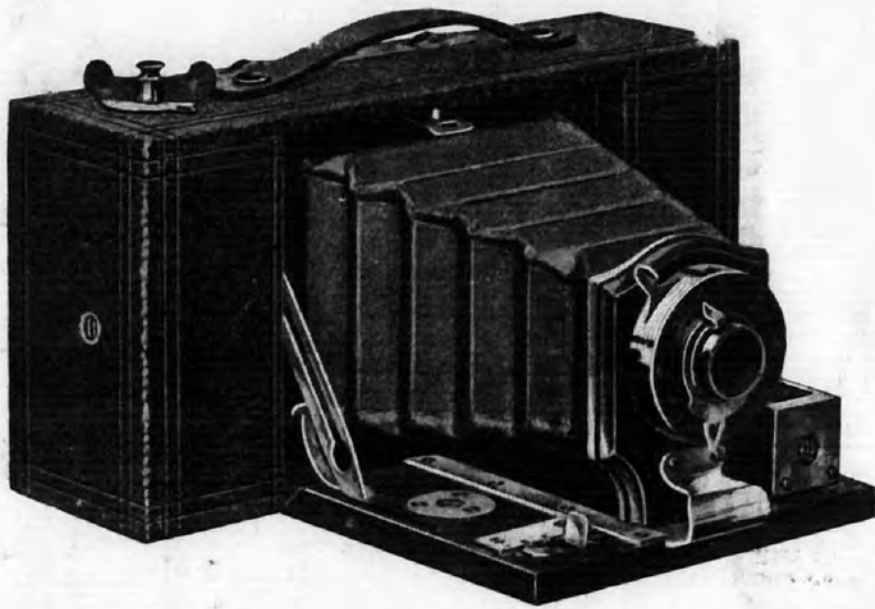
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Price
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APRIL, 1906

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THE NEW BOY

A
Monthly
Magazine
of Romance
and Activity
for all Kinds of Boys



Editorial and Main Offices:
128 East 23rd. Street, New York.

Publication Office:
Federalsburg, Maryland.



A monthly Magazine of Romance and Activity for All Kinds of Boys. Published on the first day of every month. Subscription price 50 cents a year. 5 cents a copy.

Copyright, 1906, by JOSEPH F. NEGREEN.

Issued monthly from its office of publication.

Entered as second-class mail matter Sept. 11th, 1905, at the post-office at Federalburg, Md., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Forms for May issue close April 30th.

Address everything to
THE NEW BOY PUBLISHING CO.,
128 East Twenty-third Street,
New York City.

No. 12. APRIL, 1906. Vol. I.

It is in order to give more prominence, and stay, if possible, the constant reiteration of questions concerning health correspondence, that this brief article is written. Now, to begin with, it was never intended that the Query page should be used by readers as a kind of medical oracle to consult whenever they were ill, or fancied themselves so. Hence again and again the reply has been, "Consult your own physician"—that is consult the doctor that attends the family. Doctors are notoriously kind-hearted, jolly fellows, and men of the world, and the very oldest of them were boys at some remote period of antiquity. Still I think that I might be able to give in the course of one brief article advice that would be useful to many.

The first trouble, and one which we are continually being asked about, is Nervousness, with its concomitants, diffidence, self-consciousness, and mental misery generally. All sorts and conditions of growing lads suffer thus; they never feel perfectly at home anywhere, except in bed—and sometimes not there either. They have only one piece of audaciousness in their hearts, and that is in believing that anybody in the world cares a cent how they look, or how they dress, or eat or talk.

To simply say to such lads, "Hold up your heads and keep up your hearts," would be mockery. To tell them they were ill would be to make them worse. We tell the truth boldly, therefore, and say, "You'll grow out of these troubles shortly if you determine to live well and regularly, to spend all your spare time in mind-engaging exercise, to mix with your fellows constantly, to have a cold bath every morning, and not dawdle over books of amusement. But above all

things, to lead a life of purity of thought and action. To do otherwise is often to ruin future health, prospects, and happiness. Medicine in such cases is positively no good, and often even hurtful. Boys of about sixteen often ask us strange questions about their feelings and sensations, and strange things that happen to them at this time. These are natural and all interference is ruinous. Be warned!

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JACQUES FAUBERT, THE DRUMMER BOY.

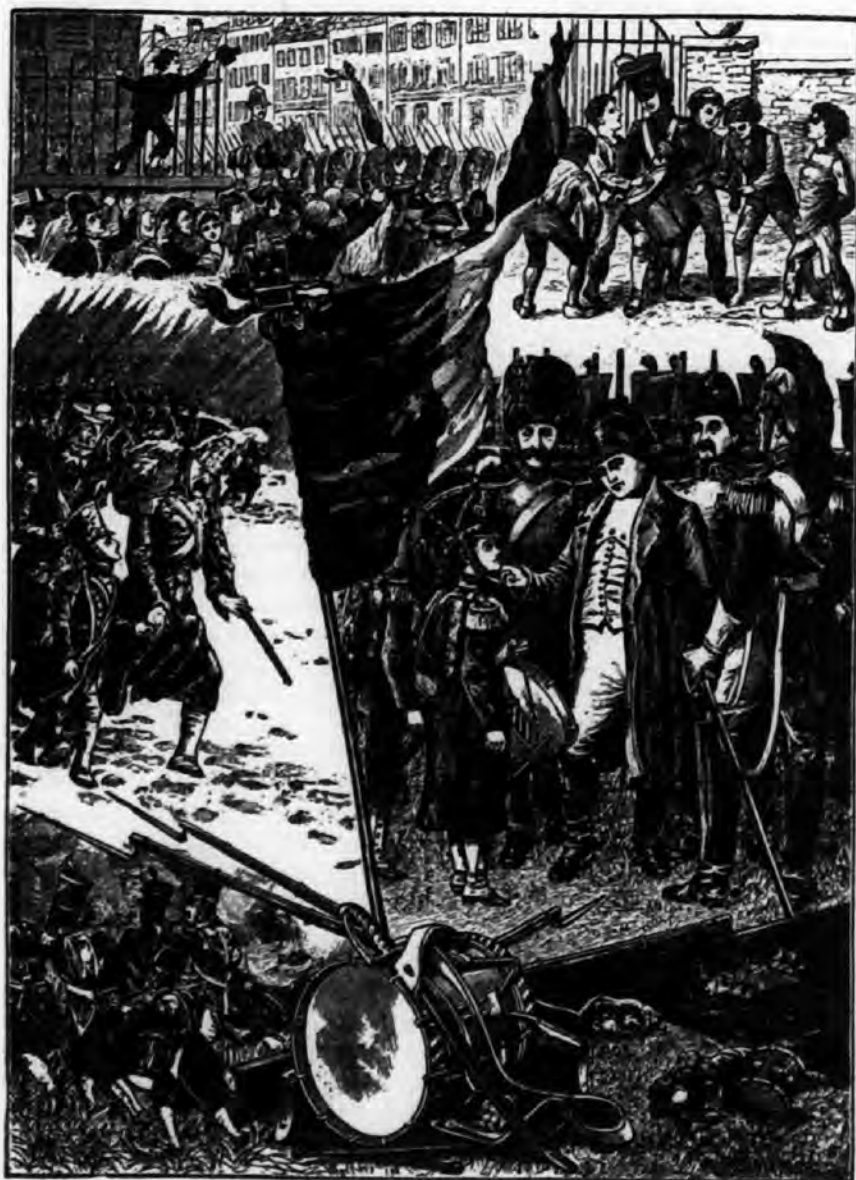
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No. 12 APRIL, 1906. Vol. I.

It is in order to give more prominence, and stay, if possible, the constant reiteration of questions concerning health correspondence, that this brief article is written. Now, to begin with, it was never intended that the Query page should be used by readers as a kind of medical oracle to consult whenever they were ill, or fancied themselves so. Hence again and again the reply has been, "Consult your own physician"—that is consult the doctor that attends the family. Doctors are notoriously kind-hearted, jolly fellows, and men of the world, and the very oldest of them were boys at some remote period of antiquity. Still I think that I might be able to give in the course of one brief article advice that would be useful to many.

The first trouble, and one which we are continually being asked about, is Nervousness, with its concomitants, diffidence, self-consciousness, and mental misery generally. All sorts and conditions of growing lads suffer thus; they never feel perfectly at home anywhere, except in bed—and sometimes not there either. They have only one piece of audaciousness in their hearts, and that is in believing that anybody in the world cares a cent how they look, or how they dress, or eat or talk.

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"Good-bye, mother," he cried, "don't weep; I will come back again, never fear!"

"Ah, my son," exclaimed the widow, "who can tell? Good-bye; be a brave boy and do your duty, and may the great God in heaven watch over you and guard you!"

A minute more and the drummer was at his post. He looked up at the window as he marched by, and saw his mother waving a handkerchief to him, so he held his head up bravely, and gave a loud roll on his drum, to let her know that he saw her. They were soon out of sight, and Jacques felt that now he was indeed a soldier; whilst his mother looked at the little empty bed, and sank on her knees beside it.

Jacques did not find that being a soldier was all fun. There was plenty of hard work to do; he had to be up very early in the morning, and beat the drum for the reveille; then he had to march with the regiment all day and often during part of the night, and besides this, had to keep his accoutrements clean and in order. But he had been accustomed from childhood to fatigue, for his duty at home was to watch the flocks on the mountains, so that he was able to march long distances without getting tired.

But the march through Russia was not without its dangers. Bands of Cossacks continually harassed the army, and many a skirmish was fought as they advanced. In some of these Jacques took part and bravely did his duty, beating his drum whilst he heard the bullets whistle round him, and saw his comrades falling at his side. Fortunately he was not wounded, and every night before he lay down in his tent he would thank God for taking care of him, as he had promised his mother he would do. Sometimes he could not help crying a little as he thought of his home, but he choked down the tears before anyone could see him, and remembered that he was a soldier, and that soldiers never cried. At least he thought they never did.

One dull afternoon in the latter part of August he was with the advance guard, when suddenly a band of Russians appeared in front of them. There was no time to retreat to the main body, so an attack was ordered, and Jacques beat his drum with all his might, and marched forward with the rest. But the cavalry came down like a whirlwind, and in a minute the little drummer was borne to the ground, bleeding and senseless.

How long he lay there he didn't know, but at last consciousness slowly returned to him. He looked around and could see nothing; it was pitch dark, not even a star was in the sky. His head ached fearfully, and he could feel that there was blood on his left temple. "What shall I do now?" he thought; "I shall die if I stay here

all night, and I don't know where I am." Just then he remembered a touching story he had heard told by the camp-fire of a favorite drummer who fell over a precipice in the Alps, during the march across them, and who let his comrades who could not reach him know where he was lying, by beating the reveille as long as his strength held out, and until the cold wrapped him in the deadly embrace from which he never woke again. So Jacques felt by his side; his drum was still sound and his sticks safe, so he sat up and beat a roll with all his might. Judge of his surprise when he heard a few yards in front of him the galloping of horses and the shouts of men; he was afraid he should be ridden over, but soon found that they were going away from him as fast as they could. A few minutes after he heard well-known voices behind him, and running towards them, found himself in the midst of his own regiment.

"Is it you, little Jacques?" cried the sergeant; "we had given you up for dead."

"Yes, it is I; but what has happened?"

"A fortunate thing for you, and for the French army. The Russians were stealing down on us unobserved, but your roll has made them think they were discovered, and they are now retreating, and we are in pursuit. Another minute or two and they would have been upon us. But you are wounded; go to the rear and see the surgeon."

Jacques obeyed, and scarcely felt his wounds, his heart was so light. At last he had been able to do something which his mother would rejoice to hear of. In the course of a few hours the French returned, having driven the enemy from the field, but by this time fatigue had overcome the little drummer and he was fast asleep.

What was his surprise next morning to find an aide-de-camp standing at his side and telling him that he was wanted by the Emperor. He walked as if in a dream until he saw the great Napoleon standing amongst his officers, and then he knew that he was awake. The Emperor smiled as he drew near, and said to one of his generals:

"So this is the little man who saved us from an attack last night."

"Yes, sire," replied the officer.

"Come here, my boy," said the Emperor, kindly, placing his hand on Jacques' head. "You are a brave lad, and have done France a good service. What do you wish for as a reward?"

"To die in your service, sire," replied the little drummer.

"Ah!" said Napoleon, with a sigh, "there is plenty of time for that yet; better live for the present. Well, we

won't forget you; you shall have a commission when you are sixteen, and here is something to remind you of my promise;" and he drew from his pocket a piece of gold and gave it to the happy boy. Who so proud as Jacques as he marched back to his post, with all his comrades cheering him? Oh, if only his mother could have spoken to the Emperor, and to be promised a commission! Ah, what a pity it was that he would have to wait such a long time before he was sixteen.

But Jacques' hopes, like those of many thousands more, were destined to be disappointed. It was not very long before the Emperor was defeated at Leipsic, and in the spring of the following year (1814) he abdicated and retired to Elba. Our hero still remained in the army, but obtained permission to visit his mother towards the close of the year. Who can paint the joy of the widow in clasping her son in her arms after so long an absence! You may be sure she made him repeat a hundred times the words the Emperor had said, and was never weary of looking at the gold napoleon which he had given him. Jacques had bored a hole in it, and his mother gave him a piece of ribbon with which to fasten it round his neck.

"I'll always wear it, mother," he said.

"Yes, my boy, they won't take that away from you, although you won't be an officer now, I suppose."

"Never mind, mother, there will be another war some day, and I may have another chance."

The fortnight's leave of absence soon rolled away, and Jacques returned to Paris again, but his life was not so quiet a one as he expected. All Europe was startled in March by the news that the Emperor had escaped from Elba, and was marching on Paris, and the regiment in which Jacques still held the position of drummer, was sent to oppose him. But instead of fighting against him, they all went over to his side, and Jacques once more found himself under the command of his beloved Emperor. Stirring events soon followed, for all Europe had risen and France stood alone. But for three months she bore up against the fearful odds against her, and then the 15th of June came, and with it the battle of Waterloo.

The regiment in which Jacques and the sergeant were was one of the reserve. All through that terrible Sunday they stood and watched the battle, and both wished that they were in the midst of it, doing something instead of standing idle.

"Never mind, Jacques," said the veteran, "our turn will come soon.

Part of the reserves have already been advanced."

The signal came at last, and the lines moved forward at quick march as evening drew on. The march soon changed to a charge, and down the slope of the hill they ran, Jacques beating the charge valiantly, his heart aflame with excitement. But a storm of bullets rained into them; man after man rolled in the dust, and suddenly Jacques felt a terrible pain in his shoulder, and fell to the ground unconscious. The cannon roared like thunder, the cries and shrieks of men and horses rent the air, but the little drummer boy did not hear them; he lay silent and motionless whilst his beloved regiment rushed on the foe.

"Is that you, Jacques?" a voice asked.

The little boy opened his eyes feebly and saw the old sergeant bending over him.

"Yes, it is, I am shot. I'm glad you've come before I died. Is the battle over?"

"Yes," said the old man, hoarsely, "and I still live when all brave men should be dead. We are defeated—the Emperor is flying."

"I'm not sorry I'm going to die, then," said Jacques.

"Where is your wound? Let me carry you with me."

"No; it's no use. I shall not live many minutes, I know, sergeant; you must tell my mother that I died bravely; you will, won't you?"

"Ah, Jacques, it will be a sad message to carry."

"And you remember Fritz in our village, whom I fought and who hated me. Tell him he may have my goat, the white one that followed me about everywhere. Oh, I'm so thirsty!"

The sergeant gave him a drink from his flask, which revived him a little, but it was only for a moment. His strength was fast failing, and he could only whisper now.

"Feel inside my jacket," he said. The sergeant did so, and found the napoleon which the Emperor had presented him. "I shall never be an officer now," said the boy, with a sad smile. "Give it to my mother," he continued, pushing the treasured coin into the old man's hand, "and tell her I send her a kiss. Stoop down, sergeant, closer, closer."

"You've been very good to me," whispered Jacques; "kiss me, sergeant. Good-bye!"

The old man could not speak, but he pressed the brave boy's forehead with his lips.

"Good-bye!" murmured the lad once more. Good-bye, mother!—good-bye!" His voice ceased.

The drummer boy was dead.

Especially written for "The New Boy."

When the New Boy Came.

BY CHARLES NORL DOUGLAS.

When the New Boy came to Ardingly we awaited eagerly
That gentleman's arrival, and wondered if he'd be
A valuable addition to our boats first eight
And wondered if at boxing he could go beyond his weight.
Or did he look a likely chap to torment or to lick,
And would he in the football team perchance be called to kick;
And help the school to victory in many a glorious game—
Were the questions we debated when the New Boy came.

Now Billy Benson said he'd heard—though he never mentioned where—
That the New Boy was quite big and strong, and wouldn't take a "dare."
That he pitched a curve at baseball with a most terrific break,
And in matches less than seven runs was never known to make.
At jumping he could clear with ease the highest kind of gate,
And could swim a mile at least—or more—at simply record rate.
Then run ten miles at hare and hounds, and never fetch up lame;
Which filled our souls with envy, ere the New Boy came.

Then Aubrey Montmorency said he thought that Benson erred,
And from little hints dropped here and there he knew—or p'raps inferred—
That the gentleman in question did not go in for sport,
But studied like a demon, and seclusion he would court,
To sweat away at Virgil, until he'd nearly drop,
Then scoop in all the prizes, and in his class be top.
This made us all disgusted, and it seemed so very tame,
And we looked quite tired and weary ere the New Boy came.

Then Maser John MacDonald here ventured to remark
That he'd private information—if we'd swear to keep it dark—
That the youth we were expecting was not studious but rich!
Which excited us instanter to the highest kind of pitch;
His parents simply rolled in wealth, and delighted to indulge
Their offspring's ev'ry fancy—and here our eyes would bulge!
And to school with less than fifty "bones" this Cræsus never came;
Which drove us simply frantic ere the New Boy came.

At last upon the playground that youthful soul emerged,
And wild and curious eager crowd like Indians round him surged,
But oh! what looks of horror, for there before us stood
A nine-year stripling, just removed from babyhood.
A measley, puny weakling, a tear drop in each eye;
Ah! in vain had some fond Mother that morning kissed them dry;
We were righteously indignant—such a very awful shame.
We were horribly disgusted when the New Boy came!

Ah! boys, dear boys, appearances will very oft deceive.
Not always does the fairest flower the sweetest fragrance leave.
The puniest of youngsters to robust strength will climb,
And captain all your baseball teams, if you'll but give them time.
For even mighty Nelson was delicate and frail,
Yet gloriously he followed in Fame's lustrous blazing trail.
So give the youngsters time to grow, and with pride you'll yet acclaim
The memorable occasion when the New Boy came.

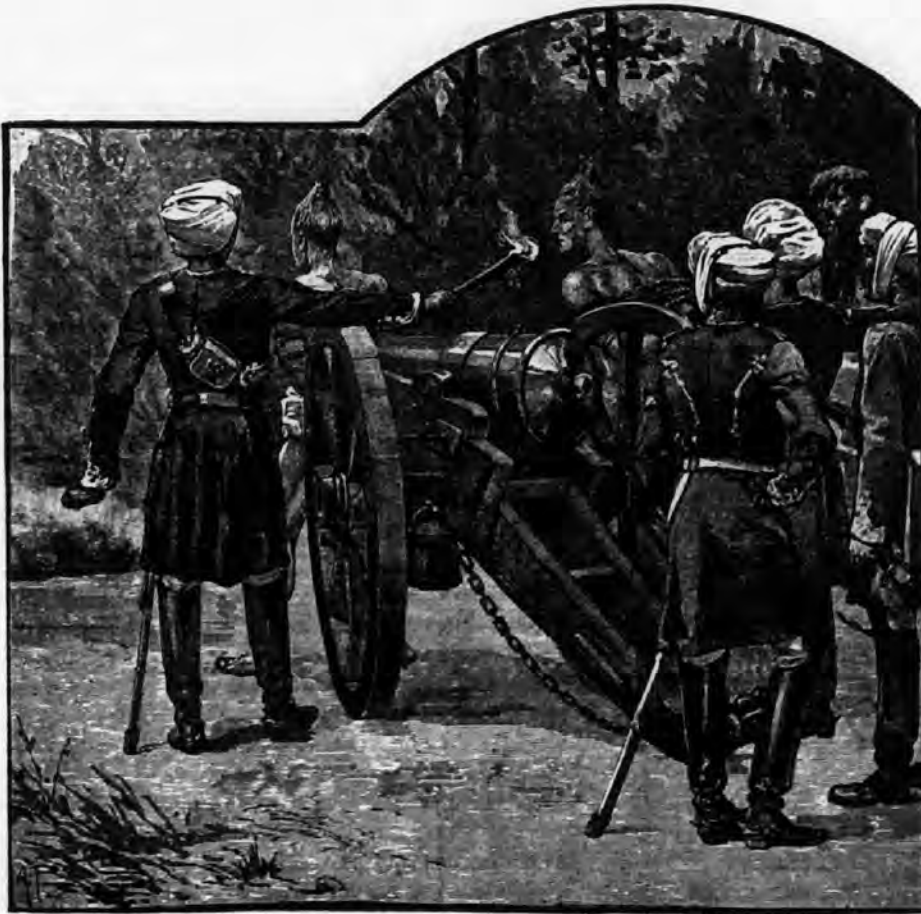
It is easy to live well among good people—but show me the boy who can preserve his temper, his wisdom, and his virtues, in spite of strong temptation and example.

There is more true greatness in generously owning a fault and making proper reparation for it, than in obstinately defending a wrong conduct. But quitting your purpose, retreat rather like a lion than a cur.

GULAB SINGH:

A STORY OF PERIL AND HEROISM.

By R. Martin.



"Awaiting Death."

CHAPTER X.—THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

It was, indeed, the celebrated fakeer! "Hark, ye, Father of Ashes." At the sound of the ringing clear voice of the tall fakeer, Janki Das ceased speaking, and he, with all the fakeers round him, including the aged leader who was thus directly addressed, turned towards the speaker.

"Tell me," continued Mohun Lal, "where is that wretch who, representing himself to be me, has wandered to your convent, and whom you have dared to receive?"

The Father of Ashes at once grasped the situation. He had been entertaining an impostor, and before the whole convent he had acknowledged the false Mohun Lal. He felt keenly the disgrace of his position, and, to give himself time, he said—

"And who art thou, who, with such scant courtesy, addresses the gura of this convent? Who art thou to call out loudly and command one whose years are more than those of thy father?"

The eagle eyes of Mohun Lal flashed with fire when he heard himself addressed in the singular number, the pronoun "thou" being used alone to an inferior, and even then only when necessary to mark his inferiority.

"Thou!" he said, as he strode into the midst of the group. "Dost thou dare to use 'thou' when speaking to me?"

"And wherefore not?" replied the man of ashes. "Me thou knowest. Father of Ashes hast thou called me, and yet thou hast addressed me in tones I do not brook to receive. 'Thou' I shall use in speaking to thee! Perchance thou wouldst wish me to say 'your honor?'"

"So, old man," commenced Mohun Lal, and not deigning to notice the contemptuous interruption, "Old man, indeed!" which burst from the lips of the Father of Ashes, he continued, "Old man, do you pretend—I will no longer use the pronoun 'thou,'—do you pretend not to know me—me, whom you have so often seen—Mohun Lal?" And as he spoke his name, he drew himself up to his full height and looked proudly down at the elder fakeer.

Meanwhile, all the fakeers of the convent had gathered together, over thirty in number, and at the mention of this name, consternation and surprise was visible in the faces of them all, except in that of the Father of Ashes, who, having already recognized Mohun Lal, was not startled by his name. Gravely he waved his hand towards Gulab, and said with much dignity—

"Who, then, is he?"

Gulab Singh, during the excited dispute between Mohun Lal and the Father of Ashes, had recovered to some extent his courage and presence of mind, and, shrewdly guessing that the old fakeer would not quickly acknowledge that he had been imposed upon, determined to continue the deception even in the face of Mohun Lal. He had settled himself in an attitude of meditation, so that when the Father of Ashes drew attention to him, he was found sitting cross-legged, apparently unconcerned, and counting the beads of his rosary.

"Ah!" hissed Mohun Lal, "art thou the false Mohun Lal?"

"Nay," replied Gulab Singh, "but thou art."

"What, to my face!" yelled the infuriated fakeer. "Dost thou to my face, with my eye upon thee, dare to deny the charge of falsehood and to throw the lie in my teeth? Little dost thou know of Mohun Lal."

Gulab rose with as much dignity as he could assume, and walking close to Mohun Lal, he eyed him all over, and turning to the Father of Ashes, he said—

"It is bravely done. Though why this fellow should thus personate me, I know not. Mad he must be."

Here Mohun Lal ground his teeth with rage, and would have burst forth in a torrent of angry words had not Gulab Singh quickly continued—

"His very rage shows the truth. I hold him mad. But, mad or no, I am ready to prove the truth."

"And I, too, am ready," replied Mohun Lal, who was now, to all appearance, cool and perfectly unexcited. "I, too, am ready; and though thou, my friend, should'st know somewhat of a sword's use"—and here he gave a glance at Gulab Singh, and then at his supposed disciples in a way that almost froze their hearts—"though, I say, thou knowest somewhat of a sword's use, I would not fear to fight thee with a sword; but it is no weapon for a fakeer's hands."

"No," replied Gulab Singh with a feigned composure he by no means felt. "No; but to the ordeal by fire I challenge thee, loud braggart though thou art!"

The challenge called forth a low buzz of applause from the bystanders, and Mohun Lal, drawing himself up, looked at Gulab, and said with evident emotion, "Man, I have never seen your like, and though your audacity does not deserve it, your courage does. By fire shall we be tried. And 'thou' I shall no longer use to so brave a foe. Between four

fires shall we sit. The sun has yet some hours to run, and if till the stars appear you can endure the fires your life shall be safe, and their lives too." Here he pointed to Alick and Jack. "See that none of these escape, My Lord, Father of Ashes," he continued, respectfully addressing the old fakeer.

Several fakeers motioned Alick and Jack to the well, where they were forced to sit in the midst of a number of others; and there was no hope of safety in flight; for how far could they fly beneath the rays of the fierce sun?

Other fakeers gathered a heap of sticks, and then Mohun Lal motioned to Gulab Singh, and the two men sat down opposite each other. They crossed their legs and sat so close that their knees were pressed against those of each other. A small square was drawn round them, and at each corner a fire was lit. The Father of Ashes piled on the fuel, and kept each fire burning with equal force. At first the smoke alone was trying to the two opponents in this strange trial of strength and endurance; but soon the heat of the fires became greater, and then the position, which was one at first only of intense discomfort, was almost unendurable. The fires, it is true, were not close enough actually to burn their bodies, but they scorched them; and at times, when the flames increased for a few moments after fresh fuel was put on, it almost seemed to the onlookers as if they must be roasted alive.

But this scorching was not the worst. The air inside the four fires became hotter, and was charged with smoke, so that it was with difficulty that either of the men could breathe.

It was not till the third hour was completed, when the sun was within half-an-hour of setting, that the spectators noticed what they thought would speedily end the conflict. Both men had been breathing for some time with evident difficulty, and now a slight breath of wind rising, blew a cloud of smoke straight into the face of Mohun Lal. He gasped for breath, and inhaling some of the smoke, was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Alick and Jack, who were in a state of the highest excitement and nervous apprehension, hailed this as a sign that the conflict was nearly over, and that Gulab would gain the victory.

They were disappointed. With an effort Mohun Lal recovered himself, and then, for the first time, one of the two opponents spoke. It was Mohun Lal. "Make the fire larger, my father," he said, "for in a few minutes the trial will be over."

His eye had seen what none of the others had noticed. Gulab Singh had almost lost consciousness. The heat and the suffocating smoke had given him an intense headache, and his face

was growing pale with approaching faintness.

The voice of Mohun Lal recalled him, and, concentrating his power of will, he opened his half-closed eyes, and looked Lal in the face.

"He is a brave man," said Mohun Lal to the Father of Ashes, as, in obedience to his request, he mad the fires larger than they had been.

In five minutes it was over. With a gasp Gulab Singh tottered, and would have fallen into one of the fires had not Mohun Lal seized him in his arms, and lifting him as easily as if he were a child, he carried the senseless form of the faithful trooper outside the fires.

"Bring water," he said. "The victory is mine."

During the last few hours Janki Das had been loud in his protestations of belief in the truth of Gulab Singh, and now, when Mohun Lal appeared victorious in the ordeal which they had undergone, he refused to acknowledge that the result had shown the truth.

"All last night and yesterday has he spent travelling from Beri, and now, when he is tired after forty miles of walking and a night of fighting before it, it is easy for another to overcome him."

"Thou art a fool!" replied the true Mohun Lal, after giving Gulab Singh to the care of Alick and Jack, who tried to revive him with water from the well. "Thou art a fool!" he said. "As far as he has walked have I also walked. To Beri I went from Delhi, where I heard of the imposture. I tracked him to Najafghar, and so great was the fame of my name that he who bore it was well known, and little difficulty had I in finding where he had gone. From the moment I left Beri, even until now, I have not halted, though those with whom I travelled had to wait and rest the horses on which they rode. I went on, determined to overtake the fugitives before they reached Karnal, and to keep them safe till the sepoys should come, burning with hate and longing for vengeance."

Gulab Singh had recovered from his swoon before Mohun Lal had finished speaking, and though the Father of Ashes and his fakeer disciples did not understand the full import of his speech, he knew that Mohun Lal had discovered their secret, and that sepoys, probably of their own regiment, would soon arrive. Once they arrived, all hope was at an end. Hurriedly he whispered to Alick and Jack, who could also understand from Mohun Lal's manner that he knew who they were.

"Fly this moment! do not pause! Bring help from Karnal!"

Alick and Jack sprang to their feet,

but the quick eye of the great fakeer was on them.

"Sieze the Englishmen!" he cried, springing himself towards them.

Alick and Jack sprang through the goup of fakeers, who, startled by the unexpected cry of Mohun Lal, made only feeble efforts to stop them. It seemed as if they would escape, and Alick was already clear, when a young fakeer seized Jack. He swung himself free, but the second's delay enabled Mohun Lal to reach him, and he was entwined in the arms of the powerful fakeer.

Alick turned and heitated a moment, not wishnig to leave his friend.

"Fly, Alick! Bring help!" shouted Jack in English.

The delay was almost fatal to Alick, who had to spring to one side to avoid a blow aimed at him with a stick by a young fakeer. He hesitated no longer. Unless he could fetch help from Karnal his young friend and faithful follower would soon be past all aid.

A dozen young fakeers pursued him through the garden, but Alick had little difficulty in keeping ahead of them, though with dogged persistence a few of them followed him, hoping to tire and catch him before he could reach safety.

CHAPTER XI.—AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH

In vain Jack struggled in the arms of Mohun Lal. No vice could have held him in a firmer and more relentless grasp. Overpowered, he lay on the ground, and was forced, though not without a despairing struggle, to submit while he was securely bound with cords to one of the trees in the garden. Gulab Singh was also bound a few yards from him, though the precaution seemed hardly necessary in his case.

Advancing towards him, Mohun Lal said, "Gulab Singh—ah! thou canst shrink at hearing thine own name—thou art a liar, and shalt meet a liar's reward! A few days ago I arrived in Delhi, and there men asked me why I had returned so soon. Surprised at first, I, in a short time heard of thy boldness in taking my name when thy fellow-troopers had thee in their grasp. It was not long before I had found him whom thou didst deceive. He now commands a troop of horse, and quickly we set forth to seek thee, for we heard that thou didst stop a while at Najafghar, and a comrade of thine knew of thy brother in Beri. Rightly we judged that to him thou hadst flown, and speedily we went to Beri—too speedily, for the horses could not travel further. Thou hadst been gone some hours, but after thee I came on foot knowing that I should catch thee before thou didst reach Karnal. Little, indeed, did I

think that thou wouldst have reached so far even as this. But thy companions follow me, and glad will they be to see thy face—right glad to welcome a former companion in arms. Then will they delight themselves in conversation with thee and the youth, thy disciple, and that other youth, who will not run far before he is taken by those whom habits of endurance will enable to run further than he can, even though they be not so swift. One chance I gave thee. Thou art a brave man, and so I let thee choose the fire, knowing that I could stand it twice as long as thou couldst. But thou hast lost the chance, and for the last time hast seen the sun. Catch the last glance, for even now it sets, and tomorrow who will say where thou shalt be?"

Gulab and Jack followed the directions of the fakeer's arm, and there through the trunks of the trees they could see the sun, almost sunk beneath the horizon. As they looked, the bright light faded—the sun was set.

"God bless you, Gulab!" said Jack. "You have been a faithful servant."

"Faithful to his master—a dog of an Englishman—but false to the country of his birth!" interrupted Mohun Lal.

"Thou liest, Mohun Lal!" said Gulab, with spirit. "To my country I am not untrue. When was a sikh a subject to that dotard who, spending his time with wine and women, calls himself Emperor of Hindostan? The men of the Punjab know not the King of Delhi, but remain true to the salt of their friends and masters."

"Ah!" said Mohun Lal. "Bethink thee of thy life, Gulab Singh; an hour hence the troopers will be here, and thy spirit shall be freed from the trammels of this earthly body."

"Be it so," said Gulab Singh. "I die doing my duty."

Before an hour had passed, and when day had been succeeded by night, and the light from a moon a few days old had taken the place of the bright glare of the sun, a noise was heard in the distance, which, growing louder, announced the approach of a considerable number of mounted men. Mohun Lal went forth to the road, and when the cavalcade reached him it halted, and a few minutes later a native officer, dressed in gorgeous uniform, and with a turban fringed with gold lace, approached Gulab Singh, led by the fakeer. It was the same officer who had come to Hosein's house.

"Ha, Gulab Singh! is it thou? Right glad am I to see thee. And you, too," he said, turning to Jack; and then, examining his face closely, he said to Mohun Lal, "It is the wrong man, father; the other who you tell me has escaped, was the one whom I

longed most to meet. But this one may take his friend's place."

He then turned on his heel and walked out of the garden. After a time he returned, followed by most of the troopers, of whom there were sixty men. Ten of these remained with the horses, the rest entered the open square in the center of the garden, some of their number drawing two field guns such as those which are used by horse artillery.

"Mutineers, as the English dogs call us, began the officer, addressing Jack, "are blown from the mouths of cannon. We will see how an Englishman will look strapped to a cannon's mouth. Now, my men, to work!"

Addressing this last sentence to his followers, they quickly unbound Gulab and Jack, and, drawing the two guns close together at one end of the opening, the two prisoners were stripped and tied one to each, so that the middle of their backs covered the mouths of the cannon. When all was ready the officer turned again to Mohun Lal and asked him how long it was since Alick escaped.

"An hour and a half," replied the fakeer; "and it may be that he has been caught by those that followed him. If not, in half an hour he will reach Karnal. It will take some time to tell his story and for orders to be given, but in three hours' time—if he has escaped, which is not likely—we may see English troopers here."

"An hour will we rest," said the rebel captain; "our horses must eat—we too are hungry. Will my Father of Ashes prepare some food quickly?—and for an hour these shall stand awaiting death. When we are fed and rested we shall start, but we must not delay more than an hour."

It was an awful hour for Jack. The fakeers moved here and there; the troopers busied themselves in preparing food. He could hear them talking and laughing, while the minutes seemed like hours. Only an hour of life! Three weeks ago he was a merry boy, now he felt that he was indeed a man, and as if it was years, instead of days since the morning when he hunted pig at the Mogul Emperor's tomb. Life was still dear to him. Many memories floated before his mind.

At last the time was nearly over. The troopers were busy at their meal, when he heard a sound behind him.

"Hist!" came a whispered voice, and from the heavy breathing Jack knew it was Janki Das. "Hist!" I have a knife, and will set you and the other free! Rush for the horses, but wait till both are free, and I escape myself!"

As he spoke the words Jack felt one of the ropes that bound him move as if

it was being cut, when another voice came from the darkness:

"Thou fool!" It was Mohun Lal that spoke and as he did so he seized the fat old merchant who, prompted by his kindly feelings, had risked his life. "Thou fool! Dost thou think that Mohun Lal sleeps? Thy life is forfeit, but it is not worth the taking. Return as thou didst come!"

Janki Das had turned almost white with terror, but he slunk away as quietly as he could, while Mohun Lal, with the knife in his hand which had so nearly set the prisoners free, stood before Jack and said, "Hope not for thy life! Only a few minutes hast thou to live! See, the slayers have finished their meal!" Turning towards Gulab Singh, he asked, "Art thou afraid to die?"

"It is my fate," replied Gulab. "Who can fight against fate?"

"Truly, no man," said the fakeer, as he left them; and, walking to the captain, he threw the knife before him and said, "Is it thus you watch your prisoners? But for me they would now be free!"

"Who dared to do this! The man must die!" angrily replied the captain.

"Nay, I have given him his life, and thou shalt not know his name," said Mohun Lal.

The rebel bit his lips to prevent an angry retort, but he feared the powerful fakeer too much to dare to arouse his hostility.

"Watch them," he said, "and we will saddle our horses, and when all is ready these shall die, and we will return to Delhi."

So saying, followed by the troopers, he strode down the path to where the horses were stabled.

Mohun Lal, knowing that Janki Das would not dare to repeat his bold attempt, and not apprehending danger from any other quarter, entered the courtyard of the convent, after telling the fakeers, all of whom were gathered together, to keep an eye on the prisoners.

Five minutes later the rebels returned, and the captain called the fakeers to get behind the prisoners, while he drew up his troopers in two rows, and ordered the gunners to prepare to fire. They were moving to their places, when, with a cheer, a party of troops were seen bursting from the trees of the garden at the opposite end of the opening, headed by a young fakeer and an English officer.

They were on the rebels before they could recover their surprise, and, though only half their number, the desperate nature of their onslaught bore the rebels back. One of the gunners hastened to the cannon to which

Continued on Page 11.

The New Boy Activities League

An Organization for the Explanation, Illustration and Practice of all the Fascinating and Healthful Activities of Boy Life

THE NEW BOY ACTIVITIES LEAGUE is a Campaign of Youthful Activity originated by the publishers of THE NEW BOY. Membership in the LEAGUE is free, and is open to the boys of all the world who are subscribers to THE NEW BOY. We want to get every boy in America interested in some fascinating and helpful hobby or interest. Tell us what your hobby is, or, if you have none, what Activity you want to take up, and we will have all of the other boys who are interested in the same thing write to you. You will have a chance to get acquainted with lots of boys by correspondence, and to exchange specimens, stamps, reading matter, etc. Every member will receive a handsome Certificate of Membership.

Goats Again.—Goats will not eat every kind of green thing that grows, but really very few plants come amiss to them; and, if you wish to keep your milch pet in good condition at a cheap rate, you may either gather food for it by the roadsides or take Nanny out to collect for herself. The former plan is perhaps the best, if you do not feel too high and mighty to do so.

Food for Milk Production.—When giving milk, in addition to hay and chaff mixed with grain, Nanny ought to have lots of nice green food, grass, and roots. About a kitchen-garden in summer there is always abundance of this—carrots, turnips, beet parsnips, etc.—even the weedings are greatly relished, and help to fill the milking 'cogie.' Clover is liked, and meadow hay, because it contains so many tit-bits.

Indian corn may be given bruised along with beans and peas, also crushed. Then we have oil-cake, which many make a practice of giving at the rate of a pound a day after kidding. Crush this also, and mix like the grains with the chaff. We will say a word or two about milking and the milk itself, another day. Meanwhile, if you bear in mind the hints already given, we think you may safely invest in a goat. But get one young and of good milk-giving strain. About two guineas ought to buy one that has just kidded. Only, in making your bargain, we advise you to "gang warily."

The Poultry Run.—We are not the clerk of the weather, however, and we cannot forget that last year the clerk turned on the rain-pipes; then, it seemed, he went from home, taking the keys with him, and forgot all about us, for it rained without intermission for months. We will continue now to set hens. Old cheese-boxes with the bottoms knocked out, and placed on the earth of cellar or outhouse, only in a quiet corner, do excellently well; a very little straw does. The feeding of the sitting hen is important. She will usually come off once a day to take the maize and water you have put down for her; if not, she must be gently lifted off, when as a rule she will eat greedily. Hens will often choose a place of their own accord in which to sit, and if you give them a choice egg or two you will soon find out whether

or not they really mean business. If the place chosen be on bricks or a wooden floor, you must put down a big turf or some earth, and over this the straw. After she has fairly settled down, you may give her the eggs. Only remember quiet and freedom from molestation are a sine qua non of success. A dust-bath ought to be placed handy for her.

Continue to feed chickens regularly. Do not get weary in well doing. If you have any pretty well grown, you had better separate the pullets from the cockerels. It is better so.

If you have cockerels ready to fatten or other useless fowls, pen them, and feed on rice, with milk and a little treacle, oatmeal with suet and milk, etc., and as soon as big and heavy enough, off with them to pot or market.

Do not fatten laying fowls, however. Even now table-scrap and lean scrapings from the butcher's, boiled and mixed with the soft food, will assist egg production.

Do not overcrowd. Keep everything sweet and clean and dry. Have as big a shelter-shed as possible, for we assure you a lot of fowls huddled together under the rain is not only a sad sight, but a very unthrifty style of business.

The Pigeon Loft.—We trust that, whether your pigeon-house be a loft or a garden house, everything is now going on swimmingly, and that you have eggs and squeakers both. The breeding season is one that demands all our care and attention, but if we are regular in our doings about our lofts, then we have our reward in seeing everything thriving and nice. And this is indeed a great reward. Illness must be guarded against by attention to the rules of hygiene. The floor should never be allowed to remain damp and sloppy, although the birds may have a bath once a day in the flight or aviary. We should see that the grains given are sound and fresh, and the water is clean, and that night or day the pigeons want for nothing, not even salt-cat. Dust is an enemy to health, so do not permit it to remain. A sprinkling of Sanitas is best in the loft at ordinary times.

The Bee World—Put supers on hives. Look out for possible swarming if the weather be sunny. If wet and cold, feeding is still to be kept up.

The Aviary.—Here also things ought to be going on swimmingly. Touching the vent with a feather dipped in oil, or holding the bird a moment or two over the steam from a cupful of hot water, should relieve egg-bound. It is a sign of debility. Probably the want of clean sand is the cause of this debility, for no bird can digest food if the gizzard is deprived of sand or gravel. Get ready the nursing-cages, for into this the young must go if the parents begin to nest again. The cock will feed them for a time, and you must teach them to eat seed, etc., bruised at first. When they can pick, take them away and place in an ordinary flight-cage.

The Rabbitry.—Are you rabbit lads saving your pennies to buy a book? Mind you this: there is more solid cash to be made out of rabbits than out of canaries, or pigeons either, unless you go in for breeding the chief fancy birds, and win prizes, make a name, and thus secure a sale. For good large crossbred rabbits there is always an open market. A country boy, therefore, who has not to pay much for food for his bunnies, and who collects his bedding and stores it, need never want silver to rattle in his pocket. We know many boys even in towns who make rabbit-keeping pay. Give plenty of exercise now; feed well and regularly. Do not forget to give water, whether the rabbits seem to want it or not.

The Kennel.—Exercise your dog, and exercise yourself. Boys are very fond of teaching their animals tricks; but it seems to me that there are many boys who never find out how the thing is managed. Perhaps it is a gift in the master. The dog must be gifted too. Poodles are the most teachable. Depend upon it, however, that if you really love your dog, and he knows it, that you are in a fair way to solve the mystery of trick-teaching.

The Window Garden.—Get a hanging basket, and fill it now with nice flowers. The ivy geranium, lobelia and calceolaria look well together. Plant out the box with summer flower and ferns.

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A Suggestion of Perspective.

BY H. J. HASSELBAUER.

Before we go any further in the study of illustrating we will take up the important subject of perspective, and we would ask you to give your entire attention to this branch of study which all amateurs desirous of being proficient in their work should know. By means of perspective one can correct the mistakes the eye very naturally makes in judging distances, in landscapes, and when sketching a building, for instance,—one which has many different sides, domes, turrets, etc.—you cannot make a successful drawing without the theme of perspective entering in your work.

If our eyes were sufficiently accurate we should only have to place our pictures upright beside the subject to be drawn, shut one eye and copy exactly from nature, in order to get a perfect representation in perspective, but as our eyes have not that proficiency, a certain knowledge of perspective becomes imperative. A complete knowledge can only be gained by studying it as a branch of descriptive geometry, and as this is impossible to most of our readers, we will give a few suggestions that will be of an exclusively practical nature—bearing directly on its use in sketching from nature.

If you place a sheet of glass upright between you and the subject you are about to draw, and then with only one eye open, and fixed at one point, you carefully draw the outline on everything you see on this glass in Chinese white, the result will be a drawing in perfect perspective.

If you place your eye nearer the glass you will find you can take in a greater range of the subject, and if farther, the range will be comparatively smaller. Examine carefully the outline of a scene through the glass, and noting where the sloping line of buildings run to, you will find that those that are level in nature all run towards points on what would be the horizon if we could see it.

Lines running in nature directly away from you, or at right angles to the plane of the picture (in this case the glass is what is called the "plane" of the picture) go towards the centre of the picture, called the Point of Light, and lines sloping obliquely go to points to the right and left, called Vanishing Points, called so because the side of the buildings, if carried out to infinity would vanish from sight at that point.

For example, let us take a street with buildings on both sides, and another one at the junction of the streets at the farther end of the block. You will notice that the near part of the street is in direct perspective; that is, the horizontal lines of the buildings go direct away from you to the Point of Sight, while those lines parallel to the plane of the picture must be drawn horizontal.

The lines in the building at the junction of the two streets go right and left obliquely to the plane of the picture. These lines if carried out will meet at points on the horizon called Vanishing Points. All the horizontal lines run to these points; the tops and sills of the windows, and

if the courses of the stones were to be shown these would also go to the same points.

It will be observed that all vertical lines in nature are vertical in the drawing, and houses are not drawn smaller as they ascend higher. In nature they appear to do so, yet perspective is perfectly right, for if the picture be held vertically in the right place, as regards the eye, the tops of the buildings will be farther off, and appear smaller in the exact proportion that they appear to be in nature.

When the eye of the spectator is in the right place the horizontal lines exactly facing us also taper off right and left, just as in nature.

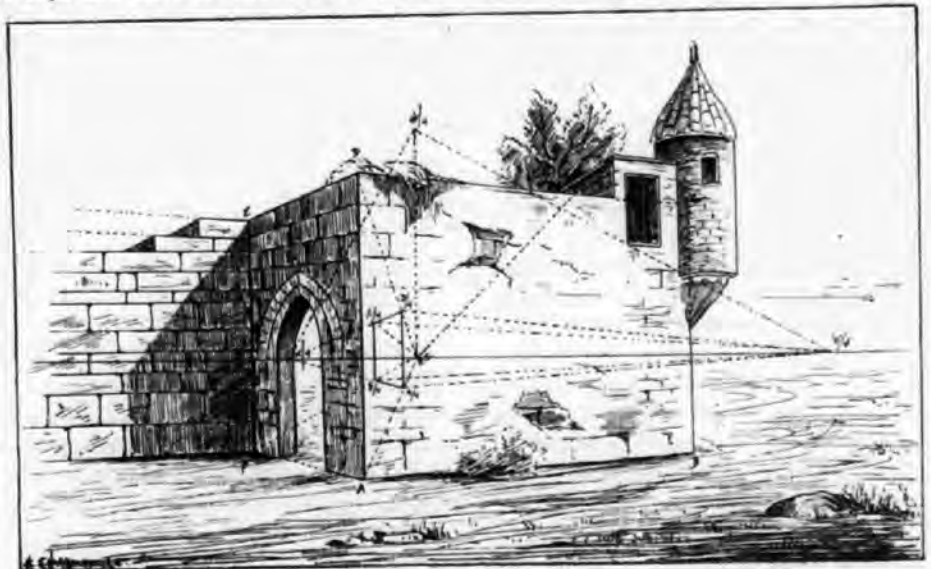
In other words, each part of a perspective picture must itself be seen in perspective in order to appear right, and any apparent exaggeration of perspective then becomes softened down and the drawing has a look of reality and solidity.

It should be your object to so place and design your picture that the person looking at it will naturally place himself in the right position, and obtain this air of reality that is not to be got any other way.

The placing of figures in a drawing is usually quite difficult, but the best way to overcome this is to compare the figure to an object of known size near them, or else may be drawn in the very front the full dimensions of a foreground figure, and lines from the head and feet carried to a point on the horizon where the lines would pass the point where the figure is to be placed.

After you have read the foregoing hints until you feel certain that you understand the subject sufficiently well to advance a little farther, look at the accompanying illustration, and study it carefully. It is an important part of perspective and cannot very well be overlooked.

Across the illustration is the horizon line, and if you will hold the drawing in front of the eye you will find that the point marked P. S. is the



centre of the picture, or the part which the eye naturally strikes first.

Make a rough outline drawing of the walls, connect the corners E, D, F, A to the Point of Sight, let the line E D meet the horizon line and noting the point, divide the distance between it and the Point of Sight into four parts.

By this means you will get the point in the picture marked K 4. Then draw a perpendicular line at right angles to the horizon line at P S, after which connect the points K-4 to the point H-4, and draw a line at right angles to it.

This gives you the point V-4, which is one-fourth the distance of the real vanishing point. This facilitates the drawing to a great extent, for if you desired to run out the lines D C and A B till they would meet at the full Vanishing Point you will have to have an enormous size of paper, and if the drawing would be made on a large plan, you would have to use instead of your drawing board to place your paper on, a long table or perhaps the floor or wall, which would not only be awkward but ludicrous.

After you have the line between H-4 and P S the rest is quite simple—you only measure off with your compass one-fourth the distances on all lines, and will get in succession points E-4, D-4, F-4 and A-4; connect these to V-4, and draw any lines you want parallel to them. For instance, the line E D is exactly parallel to the line E-4, D-4, and working your drawing out in this manner, you will have the walls in correct perspective.

We have not sufficient space to go further into the details of the study of perspective, and although we will discuss this subject in a later issue, we would for the present advise you to seek in the libraries books describing the value of this study to all those desiring to become proficient in correct drawing, as the theme of perspective enters in nearly all pictures.

It is quite evident that from the number of drawings we have received this month the subject of landscapes and marine sketching is quite popular with our young amateur artists, but if you will carefully study the more important subject of perspective, you will acquire the knowledge of something which will prove very beneficial to you, and will aid in correcting the errors you will very naturally make at first in sketching from nature.

Get to work with a vim, try your hand at a little perspective, and send in your drawings as usual before the end of the month. We will expect to receive even better landscape and marine sketches this month, as they will be improved by the knowledge you will derive from a careful study of perspective.



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GULAB SINGH.

Continued from page 6.

Jack was tied, but, quick as he was, before he could fire it the young fakeer who led the attacking party rushed upon him and felled him to the ground.

"To horse! to horse!" shouted the rebel captain, turning to fly.

Twenty of his followers succeeded with him in gaining their horses and riding off.

Alick—who, it is needless to say, was the brave young fakeer that had saved Jack's life—now hastened to release him from the perilous position that he occupied at the muzzle of a loaded cannon.

"Saved, Jack! saved!" said Alick, and the two brave young Englishmen threw themselves into each other's arms.

A groan from Gulab called their attention to him, and they reproached themselves that for even a moment in the joy of their safety they should have forgotten him to whom they owed their lives.

The lurid glare of the large fire close by showed them a horrid sight. Gulab Singh was still bound to the cannon, but in the melee one of the rebels had, in flying, struck at him, defenseless as he was, and a stream of blood was flowing from a deep gash in his head over his matted locks of hair.

Quickly they unbound him, and washing the wound with water, they tied a piece of cloth tightly round it, and in a few minutes were rejoiced to find the bleeding cease, and Gulab return to consciousness.

By this time the attacking party had been gathered together, and the English officer was rejoiced to find that he had not lost a man, and that only three of his party were wounded, and none of them severely.

Over twenty of the sixty rebel troopers lay dead in the opening and among the trees of the garden. About the same number had fled on horseback, and the rest, with the fakeers, had succeeded in escaping on foot.

As soon as a rough stretcher was made on which to carry Gulab Singh, who was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded, the officer ordered a move to be made, and the party started from the garden.

They had hardly left the opening, when Mohun Lal strode from behind a tree. Watching the retreating troops, though himself unperceived, he stood silently till the sound of their footsteps died in the distance, and then hissed forth between his teeth, in tones of bitter passion, "Cowards! Cowards are these men who, having rebelled against the English, fly before their face! Easy it is to see that their mutiny will end in the rule of our foes being made stronger than it was before!"

Turning on his heel, he re-entered the garden, and at once disappeared among the trees.

(To be continued.)

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All advertisements to appear under this heading must be accompanied by 50c for one year's subscription.

EXCHANGE wanted with collectors and dealers of stamps in Foreign countries. **GRAND STAMP CO., 312 E. 15th St., N. Y.**

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PACKET A. 25 different stamps for 5c. **Packet B.** 50 unused for 5c, 1000 stamp hinges 8c, 500 stamp hinges 5c. **R. W. ROBERTSON, 109 Narragansett Ave., Providence, R. I.**

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SEND me 10 cents and receive the following things: 2 foreign coins, 2 small sea shells and 25 different stamps. **EDWIN O. CHAPMAN, N. Broadway, Dayton, Ohio.**

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100 stamps, all different, U. S. and foreign, and 10c unused U. S. present issue, only 20c in silver. Also 1 3/4 x 3 1/4 Box Camera, uses plates, and all of outfit for developing pictures, only \$1. **IRVINE A. FRIDGE, Baton Rouge, La.**

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BOYS! I have a brand new Rugby by football and a set of athletic stories for sale or exchange. **WM. SCHWARTZ, 3026 3rd Ave., N. Y. City, Dept. E.**

SOUVENIR Post Cards wanted in exchange with collectors all over the world. Views only. Prompt returns. **IRVIN & WOLF, 3050 Boudnoit St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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STAMPS—One Malay unused given free for sending for my approval sheets. Best in Lehigh-ton at 50c. **CHARLES N. BALLET, 288 S. P St., Lehigh-ton, Pa.**

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SOME STAMPS NOTES.

The delegates from the United States to the International Postal Congress which convenes at Rome, Italy, next month, Capt. N. M. Brooks, chief of the bureau of foreign mails, and Mr. Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee, are on the deep blue sea, en route for their objective.

The question to be considered by the Congress of most vital importance to philatelists will be the universal postage stamp. The question of reduction of rates of letter postage to foreign countries will also be an important one.

Capt. Brooks, who knows as much about these matters as anybody, is not hopeful of the adoption of a universal postage stamp. While he, himself, thinks the differences in monetary standards is not sufficient to render the scheme impracticable, it is expected that the Congress will take the contrary view. Capt. Brooks is of the opinion, however, that a reply sheet, similar in a general way to that of the reply postal card, except that the sheet will be sealed, will be devised, thus providing a means for a writer to get a reply to an inquiry without requiring the person addressed, who may have no interest in the matter, to pay the postage.

It is almost certain the rate of foreign postage will be reduced. Either this will occur or the weight of first class mail that may be transmitted for five cents will be increased. Probably the weight will be doubled, making it one ounce for five cents, or the rate reduced to three cents for one-half ounce.

The Postmaster General issued an order that the book entitled 'Patriotic Studies' which has been circulated by an organization having in hand the cultivation of sentiment in opposition to the liquor habit, with Rev. W. F. Craft, at the head, cannot in future be sent under the frank of a congressman. This book is in fact extracts from

speeches delivered in Congress, and ordinarily speeches of this character are frankable, but the manner in which they have been compiled and given a head, makes the book fall without the scope of the meaning of the law in the judgment of the P. M. G. The policy of the department is to cut off every free piece of mail possible and make every unfrankable piece of mail pay its share of the freight.

A consul in Cuba calls attention to the fact that large numbers of people in the United States appear to be ignorant of the fact that the foreign rate of postage does not apply to Cuba, and that the rate is 2 cents on first class mail of one ounce or less. He says many people prepay letters with five cent stamps.

There is a movement to compel all classes of publications to pay a higher rate of postage than the present rate of one cent per pound. It is well known that this mail is carried by the government at a terrible loss and the plan of the department is to get the different classes of postage on a more equal basis to the end that at as early a date as possible the rate on letter postage may be reduced to one cent per ounce. Last year the department received \$6,186,000 from second class mail matter, at the rate of one cent per pound. On the other hand the department actually paid out over \$33,000,000 to have this same second class mail matter handled. Probably nothing will be done at this session of Congress but by the time the next session convenes data of a specific nature will be at hand which will enable the committees of Congress to act intelligently on the subject.

FREE 8 different Japanese revenue stamps, rare and interesting, to every honest stamp collector who sends a reference for my unexcelled 50¢ approval sheets and encloses 2 cents for return postage. 25 different unused stamps 8 cents. 40 different Japan only 20 cents. 10 long U. S. Revenues 15 cents.

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CO-OPERATIVE EXCHANGE,
85 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our Consul General at Frankfort, Germany, advises the state department that a new machine for stamping letters has been recently tested in Berlin which makes our machines appear tortoise-like. The machine will stamp 1,800 letters per minute—30 in a second; 108,000 an hour. It is operated by electricity.

At a recent meeting of the Chicago Philatelic Society, the following resolution was ordered sent to the senators of Illinois as representing the society's membership throughout the state and to the representatives of the ten congressional districts in Chicago, as representing the society's membership in Chicago: "Whereas, a bill has been introduced in Congress for the purchase by the government of the Deats collection of drawings, essays and proofs of United States revenue stamps, it is resolved, that in the opinion of this society, it is to the interest of the philatelist, the historian, the student and the general public to have this collection in the possession of the government in order that it may be available for public inspection and study; also, that such a collection should be a valuable possession for the government in being a practical form of record of certain interesting matters pertaining to national revenue."

India now has its national collection but while attention will be given only to its own stamps including the stamps of the Native States, we are assured that the inclusion of fiscals will give a wide range to its collecting possibilities.

The stamps of Lagos will be superseded by those of Southern Nigeria, to whose territory Lagos has been added for administrative purposes.

The International Stamp.

A proper step would be the issuance by each country in the postal union of a double stamp to be sold at 10c—one part, similar to the 5c or its equivalent current issue of each country and the other representing the International Return Stamp, having the same design and color for all the countries, unlike any other stamp in use by any country. For instance, a design representing the world, surcharged in red in large letters "United States," "England," "France," "Germany," etc. By being compelled to buy two stamps or double the usual amount, the speculator would have to invest a large sum, and then having to sell at a discount at least one of the stamps, there would be no profit for him commensurate with his trouble.

STAMPS—100 China, Java, etc. stamp dictionary and list of bargains 2c. Agts 50¢. **A. BULLARD & CO.,** Sta. A. Boston, Mass.

STAMPS 100 Hamburg, etc., valued over \$1.00 free, also big book on stamps. **I. E. STAMP CO.,** Station A. Boston, Mass.

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China High Value FREE to honest collectors who apply for my approval sheets at 50%. A packet and offer. Some corking good ones, weighed, not counted, will cat. over \$8 with a For. post. card worth from 5c-50c, price 25c, a splendid mixture. Netherlands 1891 50c cat 10c, price 1c with packet only. **W. T. McKay,** 15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.

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At less than half price. Cat. pr. Our pr. Great Britain 1902, I. R. Official, 1 sh. not priced by Scott, by Gibbons. \$6 25 \$2 75 Marschael Islands, Scott No 1..... 2 50 1 00 Japan, Scott No. 68..... 5 00 1 75 Japan, Scott No. 4..... 5 00 1 75 Japan, Scott No. 29..... 3 00 1 25 Orange Free States; Scott Nos. 57-59... 1 50 65 These are just a few merely to get acquainted with advanced collectors. We have got the goods. Write to us.

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40 Japanese, all different, mounted on sheets 25
12 Lewis and Clark souvenir stamps..... 10
Collectors applying for approvals at 50% discount will receive free 50 varieties foreign and 2 \$2 Revenues! Always enclose 2c for postage.
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3 different Morocco stamps FREE for names and addresses of 2 honest collectors and 2c postage. 1000 Best Hinges 4 cents.

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300 Foreign stamps 10c, 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 200 varieties 25c. 500 varieties, \$1.25. 1000 varieties, \$4.75. 32-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **J. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** Toledo, Ohio.

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And this premium free:—Belgium, 1902, Postal Packet, 8 large stamps cat. value 34c. Offer open to new subscribers only.

Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News,
R 508 Kast Bldg, Boston, Mass.

According to my views, the only drawback in the scheme is that certain countries, for instance the U. S., would sell more stamps probably than all Europe combined for the reasons that we have more foreign population than any other country, and then again in the U. S. 5 cents is easier to obtain even amongst the poor people than it is amongst the poorer classes of Europe. If the stamp was issued most of them would be sent by people here to their relatives across the sea. This would give to the U. S. a fictitious revenue to the detriment of other nations but by having the International Bureau at Berne acting for the countries as a "Clearing House," it seems that the difficulty would be overcome and each country would get credit for the postage on mail matter going through its offices.

New Stamps for Italy.

On the occasion of the Exposition of the Simplon, which will shortly be opened at Milan, a special series of stamps will be issued, which will be current only in the interior from April to November, 1906, according to *L'Espresso* and *Journal des Philateliste*. The designs will represent the King in different poses, and also various modes of communication by animals, steam, electricity, pigeons, etc. Various reports have been current about this series, and even now the information is not clear whether there is to be a single stamp for the Exposition, and a full series for the regular postal service, or whether the full set is to have the limited currency indicated above. Some of our foreign contemporaries have already given illustrations showing the various designs and very lately, what purported to be one of the values showing a portrait of the King. It will evidently be safe to wait for the actual issue of the stamps before making any definite attempt to chronicle them. As shown by advance illustrations, the designs do not give the impression of being likely to add much to the Philatelic treasures in the way of artistic,—or rather effective stamps.

FREE 100 var. Foreign Stamps for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 2c return postage. Only 1 packet to a customer. 35 var U. S. stamps 10c. 10 U. S. Revs., long, 15c. 1000 hinges 8c. Duplicate Album, board cover, space for 600 stamps, 10c. **READ STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.**

40 U. S. STAMPS FREE! All different. Postage 2c. When possible send the names of two collectors. 220 Foreign, fine, 25c. Agents 50 per cent. com. 600 sets from 1c up, FREE. Free offer good only to those mentioning this paper. **QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**

STAMPS FREE 100 all different for the names of 2 collectors and 2c postage. 20 Russian stamps, 10c; 20 Norway 10c; 30 Sweden 10c; 20 Japan 10c; 40 Japan Postage and Revenue mounted on sheet 25c; Dime Album 5c; Imperial Album, holds 8,500, 30c; 50 blank sheets 10c; 10 blank approval books 15c; 1000 hinges 8c; 5000 30c. Big lists free. Wholesale list for dealers. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**

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We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEM WIND American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; and a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the very brilliancy of a \$50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring, also a chain. Ladies or Gents style. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 123 Chicago.**



Gold Watch AND RING FREE
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