



# THE EAGLET.

VOL. I.

CORRY, PA., OCTOBER, 1901.

NO 2.

## A HERO (?)

"Cissy!"

"I ain't a Cissy!"

"Yes, you are. Don't I have to see you home?"

"No, you don't. I'll go up by my self. I ain't a bit afraid and I b'lieve you are, so there!"

"Do you think me a coward, you baby?" And more would have followed but just then Father's step was heard at the door as he quickly entered his office Tom sat very straight and sullen at the desk, while little Bob kicked his heels and scowled down from his lofty perch on the high office stool.

At last his bottled wrath burst forth, "Father!"

"Yes, Bob?"

"Am I a Cissy?"

"Of course not, boy who says so?" Answered Mr. Richards, taking the younger boy on his knee.

"Tom did, and just 'cause you told him to take me home."

"Is that so, Tom?" asked Mr. Richards.

"Yes, Sir."

"Don't you know that mother and the girls are out and even Bridget; and the house is empty tonight?"

"Yes, but it seems to me a boy of ten is big enough to see himself home on a moonlight night," growled Tom.

"And it seems to me," returned

Mr. Richards, sternly, "that a boy of fifteen should be gentleman enough to look after, and care for, any one who is younger and weaker than himself. Thomas, you may go home by yourself. Bob will remain until I come."

That settled it. When Mr. Richards said, "Thomas," Tom knew it was time to obey. So he marched off up the hill, leaving Bob with a broad wicked grin on his small, freckled face. To come home, late, 'Oh, late as 'leven o'clock, with Father, was a pleasure rarely tasted by young Bob.

Tom strode home in a hurry that night. He was angry and sulky and his face would have made a thunder-cloud envious. Around him gleamed the motionless ranks of glowing ovens, making the night unreal and the skies ablaze. The streets were crowded with the rough population of the coke regions, and now and then he passed a reeling miner on his way.

At last the house was reached and Tom let himself in with his key, wondering meanwhile why Bob couldn't come up alone just as well as he. However, his temper had not diminished his appetite and slipping into the pantry he proceeded to finish the apple pie. Then taking off his shoes he went quietly up the stairs.

Scarcely had he reached the top, when to his utter bewilderment, he

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THE EAGLET.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.]  
heard these astonishing words; "wha' you doin', prowlin' roun' heah?" And turned quickly to behold a burly negro at his mother's bedroom door.

Well, to say Tom was surprised, is putting it mildly; and as for, 'prowlin' roun', he rather thought he had as much right in his own home as any one.

But there was no time to think of that then. The negro had taken a step forward and with his hand had grabbed a chair close by. Tom

did not hesitate, he also took a chair, and 'then the fun began,' as Tom said afterward.

The man came straight for Tom, his chair uplifted; and down, with a thud, it descended, but not on Tom. He warded the blow with his chair, then dropped it and sprang at the negro's throat. His apprenticeship at football served him well, but soon he realized that it was more than a game they were playing and that his small strength would last but a short time in the clutches of this black giant.

Scuffling and wrestling, they worked their way across the hall until Tom, with a start, found himself at the top of the stairs, and realized the man's design; he was at the point of throwing him down the stairs!

At that same moment, it came to him that there, just behind him was his own open door. On the wall, close at hand, hung his two most proud possessions, his Grandfather's old flint lock and a gun of the Spanish American War.

With a sudden shove he sent the negro back a step and before the man recovered the gun was in his hands. "Now, you prow! out of this, and mighty quick, too!" cried the boy, and you would have thought a regiment had come to his aid instead of an unloaded gun.

At any rate, it could not have been more effective, for with an oath, the black man ran across the hall, and once more entered Mrs. Richard's room. This time he did not stop to look for valuables, he thought only of his own precious

life; and with one bound he cleared the window taking, merely as a souvenir, the lace curtains through which he jumped. A few painful groans in the darkness, and a grunt or two as he clambered over the hill, was the last Tom heard of his brawny burglar.

Nothing had been disturbed up stairs, he had been too soon interrupted; but below he found the silver neatly tied in a canvas sack, and the books had been pulled off the shelves in the search for hidden money.

Within the hour that followed, Tom had time to think. At first it was only of his victory, and puffed up with the feeling of elation that it gave him, he felt almost ready for another burglar should he come along.

But soon another thought occurred to him, "suppose little Bob had come up alone!" He shivered slightly as he thought of what might then have happened 'after all father was right,—it's a habit fathers have.

Soon the family returned and, as a disorderd dining-room, a broken chair, and scattered books would alarm the most unobserving of mothers, Tom quickly related his story, and was duly installed as a hero by his worshipping family. Mother couldn't praise him enough and even Nell went to the pantry to bring him a treat of apple pie—to find he had eaten it all.

But, somehow, through it all father looked grave and thoughtful and perhaps a little sad. He knew and Tom knew, that he had not been entirely heroic in all he had

done that night. It is only to the governor of his temper, and the defender of the weak, comes the true order of true knighthood even in these later ages. Tom had not ganned it yet; but in days to come he will.

L. E.



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WEEKLY.

The fate of the proposed mourning stamp is officially sealed, the Post Office Department being compelled to abandon the idea, chiefly through the inability of the Bureau to meet the desires of the Department. It was claimed that to impose the printing of a new stamp, which would require two impressions, upon the Bureau, was more than the mechanical facilities were capable of handling, taking into consideration the press of other and must "work" on hand. Our martyred President is however to be commemorated on a post card, the Post Office Department having decided to place the late President McKinley's head on the new issue of postal cards, which will appear shortly after December 1 next. The design, as explained by Acting Postmaster-General Madden, includes the year of birth and year of death immediately at the left and right, respectively, of the name "McKinley," which will be directly under the head. Above the head will be the words "Series of 1901," and above that "One Cent."

The inscription "United States of America" now appearing on the postal cards will be abandoned and replaced at a point lower down, so as to leave the space at the upper part of the card, about one-third of the width of the card, clear for post marks.

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